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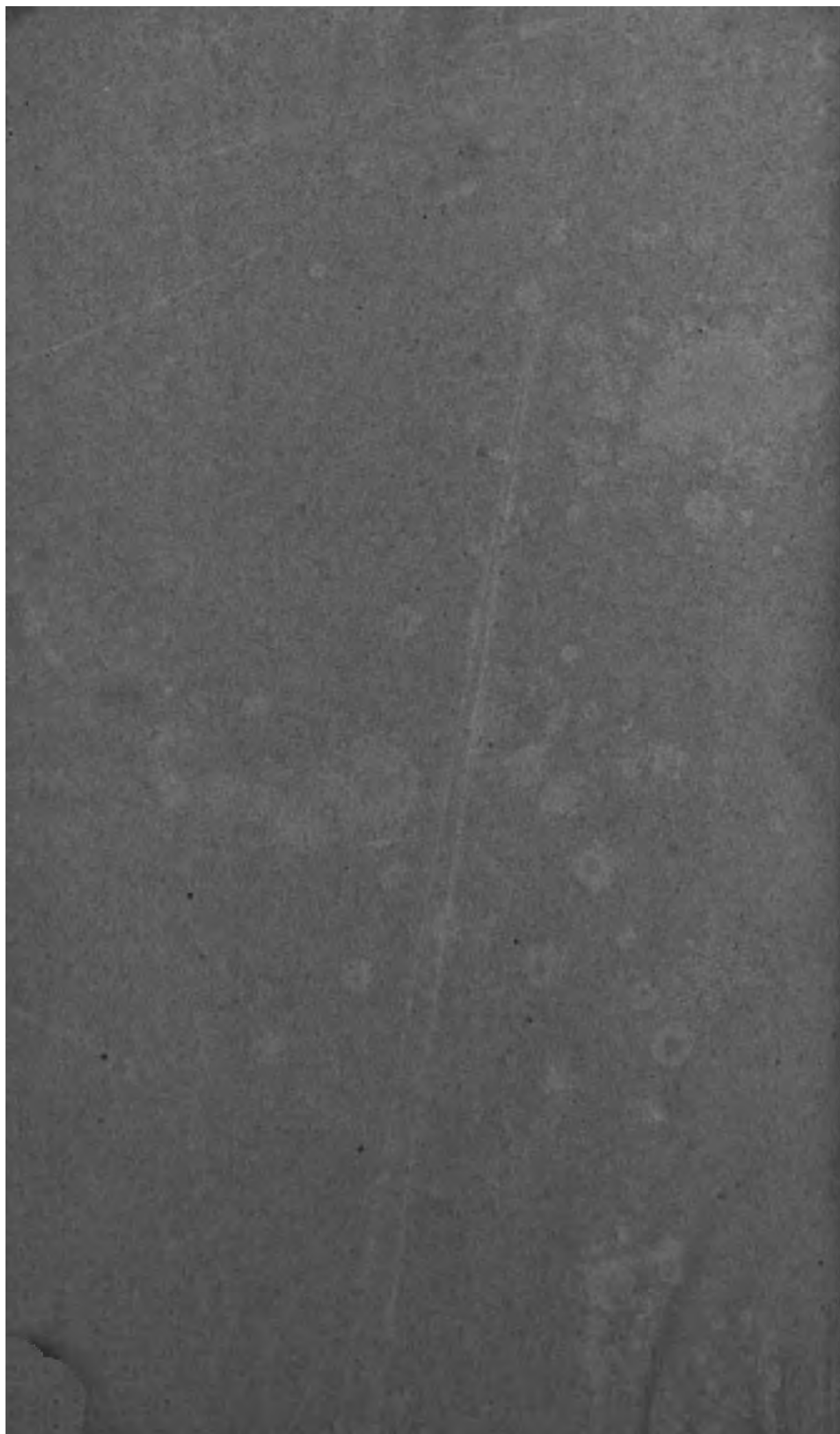




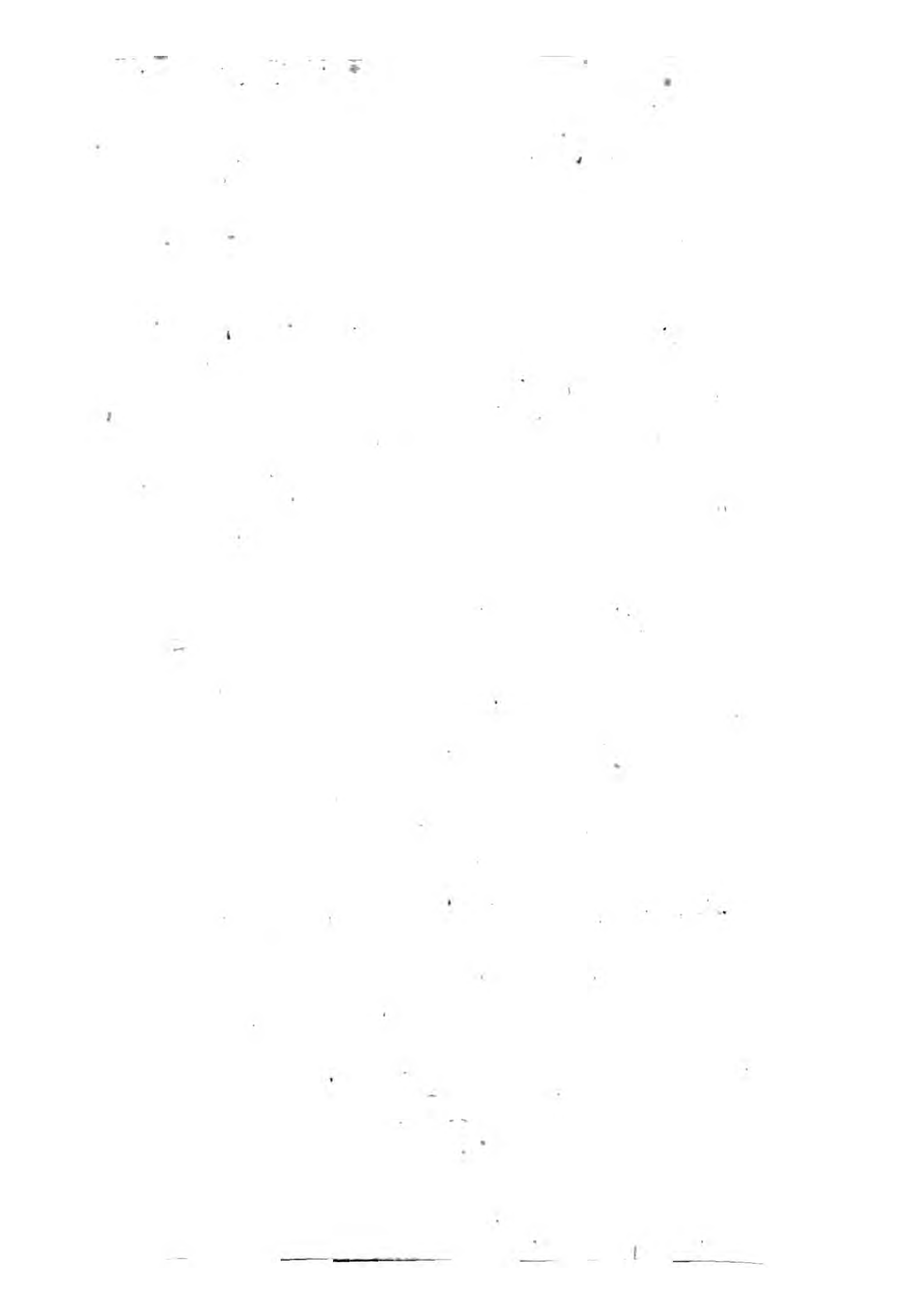
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THE
WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEAR:

VOLUME the SEVENTH.

CONTAINING,

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA.

CYMBELINE.

TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.



L O N D O N :

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MDCCXLVII.

E R R A T A.

Page 4. l. 15. *for are read art.* p. 63. l. 20. *for Now let it work read ANT. Now &c.* p. 118. l. 25. *for Cleo. read Char.* p. 129, l. 34. *for Here read Her.* p. 152. l. 31. *for Swan'd read Swan's,* p. 172. l. 20. *for The read Tho'.* p. 184. l. 20. *for cheek read check,* p. 255. l. 29. *for them read then.* p. 289. l. 19. *for wilderneys read wildnefs.* p. 325. l. 9. *for door read poor.* p. 330. l. 20. *for dread read dreaded.* p. 426. l. 33. *for 1710 read 1610,* p. 465. l. 14. *for hat read that,*



J U L I U S

C Æ S A R.



VOL. VII.

B

Dramatis Personæ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Octavius Cæsar,
 M. Antony,
 M. Æmilius Lepidus, } *Triumvirs, after the Death of Julius Cæsar.*

Cicero.

Brutus,

Cassius,

Casca,

Trebonius,

Ligarius,

Decius Brutus,

Metellus Cimber,

Cinna,

Popilius Læna,

Publius,

Flavius,

Marullus,

Messalla,

Titinius,

Artemidorus, a *Sophist of Cnidos.*

A Soothsayer.

Young Cato.

Cinna, a Poet.

Another Poet.

Lucilius,

Dardanius,

Volumnius,

Varro,

Clitus,

Claudius,

Strato,

Lucius,

Pindarus, *Servant of Cassius.*

Ghost of Julius Cæsar.

Cobler.

Carpenter.

Other Plebeians.

} *Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.*

} *Senators.*

} *Tribunes and Enemies to Cæsar.*

} *Friends to Brutus and Cassius.*

} *Servants to Brutus.*

Calphurnia, Wife to Cæsar.

Porcia, Wife to Brutus.

Guards and Attendants.

SCENE, for the three first *Acts*, at Rome: afterwards, at an *Isle near Mutina*; at *Sardis*; and *Philippi*.



JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in Rome.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commoners.

FLAVIUS.



HENCE; home, you idle creatures, get
you home;
Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession? speak, what trade art thou?

Car. Why, Sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, Sir, — What trade are you?

Cob. Truly, Sir, in respect of a fine workman, I
am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

Cob. A trade, Sir, that, I hope, I may use with
a safe conscience; which is, indeed, Sir, a mender
of bad soles.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Flav. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Cob. Nay, I beseech you, Sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out, Sir, I can mend you.

Flav. What mean'st thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow?

Cob. Why, Sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Cob. Truly, Sir, all, that I live by, is the awl: I meddle with no tradesmen's matters, nor woman's matters; but with-all, I am, indeed, Sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore are not in thy shop to day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Cob. "Truly, Sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work." But, indeed, Sir, we make holiday to see *Cæsar*, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice!—what conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to *Rome*,
 To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
 You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
 O you hard hearts! you cruel men of *Rome*!
 Knew you not *Pompey*? many a time and oft
 Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
 To Towers and windows, yea, to chimney tops,
 Your infants in your arms; and there have fate
 The live-long day with patient expectation,
 To see great *Pompey* pass the streets of *Rome*:
 And when you saw his chariot but appear,
 Have you not made an universal shout,
 That *Tyber* trembled underneath his banks
 To hear the replication of your sounds,
 Made in his concave shores?

And

And do you now put on your best attire?
 And do you now cull out an holiday?
 And do you now strew flowers in his way,
 That comes in triumph over *Pompey's* blood?
 Be gone——

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
 Pray to the Gods, to intermit the plague,
 That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav Go, go, good countrymen, and for that fault
 Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
 Draw them to *Tyber's* bank, and weep your tears
 Into the channel, 'till the lowest stream
 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Commoners.*]

See, wh'er their basest mettle be not mov'd;
 They vanish tongue-ty'd in their guiltiness.
 Go you down that way tow'rds the Capitol,
 This way will I; disrobe the images,
 If you do find them * deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?

You know it is the feast of *Lupercal*.

Flav. It is no matter, let no images
 Be hung with *Cæsar's* trophies; I'll about,
 And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
 So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
 These growing feathers, pluckt from *Cæsar's* wing,
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
 Who else would 'soar above the view of men,
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt severally.*]

* —*deck'd with ceremonies.*] *Ceremonies*, for religious ornaments. Thus afterwards he explains them by *Cæsar's trophies*; i. e. such as he had dedicated to the Gods.

1 ———*soar above the view of men,*] *Paterculus* says of this *Cæsar*, *animo super humanam & naturam & fidem evectus*, which is finely expressed, if we understand it to signify that he aspired to a power that was contrary to the rights of nature, and to the duty and good faith he owed his country.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, for the Course, Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calphurnia,——

Cæs. Peace, ho! *Cæsar* speaks.

Cæs. Calphurnia,——

Calp. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in *Antonius'* way,
When he doth run his Course——*Antonius,*——

Ant. *Cæsar,* my lord.

Cæs. Forget not in your speed, *Antonius,*
To touch *Calphurnia*; for our Elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chafe,
Shake off their steril curse.

Ant. I shall remember.

When *Cæsar* says, do this; it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

Sooth Cæsar,——

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Cæs. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again.

Cæs. Who is it in the Press, that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the musick,
Cry, *Cæsar.* Speak; *Cæsar* is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of *March.*

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the Ides of
March.

Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cæs. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon *Cæsar.*

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of *March.*

Cæs. He is a dreamer, let us leave him; pass.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and Train.*]

JULIUS CÆSAR.

7

S C E N E III.

Manent Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. Will you go see the order of the Courfe?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesom; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in *Antony*:

Let me not hinder, *Cassius*, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cas. *Brutus*, I do observe you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And shew of love, as I was wont to have;
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. *Cassius*,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Meerly upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself;
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviour:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
Among which number, *Cassius*, be you one;
Nor construe any farther my neglect,
Than that poor *Brutus*, with himself at war,
Forgets the shews of love to other men.

Cas. Then, *Brutus*, I have much mistook your
passion;

By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

Tell me, good *Brutus*, can you see your face?

Bru. No, *Cassius*; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflexion from some other things.

B 4

Cas.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Cas. 'Tis just.

And it is very much lamented, *Brutus*,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in *Rome*,
(Except immortal *Cæsar*) speaking of *Brutus*,
And groaning underneath this age's yolk,
Have wish'd, that noble *Brutus* had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, *Cassius*,
That you would have me seek into myself,
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to hear;
And since you know, you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflexion; I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself, which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle *Brutus*:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protector; if you know,
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know,
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*]

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the
People
Chuse *Cæsar* for their King.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think, you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, *Cassius*; yet I love him well:

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

What is it, that you would impart to me?

If it be aught toward the general good,

Set honour in one eye, and Death i'th' other,

And

And I will look on Death indifferently :
For, let the Gods so speed me, as I love
The name of Honour, more than I fear Death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, *Brutus*,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, Honour is the subject of my story :—
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as *Cæsar*, so were you;
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
“ For once upon a raw and gusty day,
“ The troubled *Tyber* chafing with his shores,

2 And I will look on both indifferently;] This is a contradiction to the lines immediately succeeding. If he *lov'd honour, more than he fear'd death*, how could they be both indifferent to him? Honour thus is but in equal balance to death, which is not speaking at all like *Brutus*: for, in a soldier of any ordinary pretensions, honour should always *preponderate*. We must certainly read,

And I will look on death indifferently.

What occasion'd the corruption, I presume, was, the transcribers imagining, the adverb *indifferently* must be applied to two things *oppos'd*. But the use of the word does not demand it; nor does *Shakespeare* always apply it so. In the present passage it signifies *neglectingly*; without *fear*, or *concern*: And so *Casca* afterwards, again in this act, employs it.

And dangers are to me indifferent.

I weigh them not; nor am deterr'd on the score of Danger.

3 For once upon a raw and gusty day, &c.] This was the common exercise of such of the *Roman* nobility as delighted in the use of arms. Therefore *Horace*, speaking of one enervated by love, says,

Cur timet flavum Tiberim tangere!

On which *Hermannus Figulus* makes this comment—*Natare. Nam Romæ primæ adolescentiæ juvenes, præter cæteras gymnasticas disciplinas, etiam natare discebant, ut ad belli munera firmiores aptioresque essent.* And he puts us in mind, from *Suetonius*, how expert a swimmer *Julius Cæsar* was.

Cæsar

JULIUS CÆSAR.

“ *Cæsar* says to me, dar’st thou, *Cassius*, now
 “ Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 “ And swim to yonder point? — Upon the word,
 “ Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
 “ And bid him follow; so, indeed, he did.
 “ The torrent roar’d, and we did buffet it
 “ With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
 “ And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
 “ But ere we could arrive the point propos’d,”

Cæsar cry’d, Help me, *Cassius*, or I sink.

I, as *Æneas*, our great Ancestor,
 Did from the flames of *Troy* upon his shoulder
 The old *Anchises* bear, so, from the waves of *Tyber*
 Did I the tired *Cæsar*: and this man
 Is now become a God; and *Cassius* is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
 If *Cæsar* carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in *Spain*,
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake: ’tis true, this God did shake;
 † His coward lips did from their colour fly,
 And that same eye, whose Bend doth awe the world,
 Did lose its lustre; I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the *Romans*
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas! it cry’d — give me some drink, *Titinius* —
 As a sick girl. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 “ So get the start of the majestick world,

“ And

4 *His coward lips did from their colour fly,*] A plain man would have said, the colour fled from his lips, and not his lips from their colour. But the false expression was for the sake of as false a piece of wit: a poor quibble, alluding to a coward flying from his colours.

5 — get the start of the majestick world, &c.] This image is extremely noble: it is taken from the olympic games. The majestick world is a fine periphrasis for the Roman empire: their citizens

“ And bear the Palm alone.” [Shout. Flourish

Bru. Another general shout!

I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on *Cæsar*.

Cæs. ‘ Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
world

‘ Like a *Colossus*; and we petty men
‘ Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
‘ To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
‘ Men at sometimes are masters of their fates:
‘ The fault, dear *Brutus*, is not in our stars,
‘ But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
‘ *Brutus* and *Cæsar*! what should be in that *Cæsar*?
‘ Why should that name be founded, more than yours?
‘ Write them together; yours is as fair a name:
‘ Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
‘ Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with ’em,
‘ *Brutus* will start a spirit, as soon as *Cæsar*.
‘ Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
‘ Upon what meat does this our *Cæsar* feed,
‘ That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham’d;
‘ *Rome*, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
‘ When went there by an age, since the great flood,
‘ But it was fam’d with more than with one man?
‘ When could they say, till now, that talk’d of *Rome*,
‘ That her wide walls encompass’d but one man?
Now is it *Rome*, indeed; and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook’d
Th’ eternal devil to keep his state in *Rome*,
As easily as a King.

citizens set themselves on a footing with *Kings*, and they called their dominion *Orbis Romanus*. But the particular allusion seems to be to the known story of *Cæsar*'s great pattern *Alexander*, who being asked, whether he would run the course at the *Olympic* games, replied, *Yes, if the racers were Kings*.

Bru.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous ;
 What you would work me to, I have some aim ;
 How I have thought of this, and of these times,
 I shall recount hereafter : for this present,
 I would not (so with love I might intreat you)
 Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
 I will consider ; what you have to say,
 I will with patience hear ; and find a time
 Both meet to hear, and answer such high things.
 'Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this ;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
 Than to repute himself a son of *Rome*
 Under such hard conditions, as this time
 Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
 Have struck but thus much shew of fire from *Brutus*.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cæsar and his Train.

Bru. The Games are done, and *Cæsar* is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck *Casca* by the sleeve,
 And he will, after his own fashion tell you,
 What hath proceeded worthy note to day.

Bru. I will do so ; but look you, *Cassius*, —
 The angry spot doth glow on *Cæsar's* brow,
 And all the rest look like a chidden train.

Calpurnia's cheek is pale ; and *Cicero*
 Looks with such ferret, and such fiery eyes,
 As we have seen him in the Capitol,
 Being crost in conf'rence by some Senators.

Cas. *Casca* will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. *Antonius*, —

Ant. *Cæsar* ?

Cæs. " Let me have men, about me that are fat,
 " Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep a-nights :
 " Yond

“ Yond *Cassius* has a lean and hungry look,
 “ He thinks too much ; such men are dangerous.
Ant. Fear him not, *Cæsar*, he’s not dangerous ;
 He is a noble *Roman*, and well given.
Cæs. ‘ Would he were fatter ; but I fear him not :
 ‘ Yet if my name were liable to fear,
 ‘ I do not know the man I should avoid,
 ‘ So soon as that spare *Cassius*. He reads much ;
 ‘ He is a great observer ; and he looks
 ‘ Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays,
 ‘ As thou dost, *Antony* ; he hears no musick ;
 ‘ Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort,
 ‘ As if he mock’d himself, and scorn’d his spirit,
 ‘ That could be mov’d to smile at any thing.
 ‘ Such men as he be never at heart’s ease,
 ‘ Whilst they behold a greater than themselves ;
 ‘ And therefore are they very dangerous.
 ‘ I rather tell thee what is to be fear’d,
 ‘ Than what I fear ; for always I am *Cæsar*.
 Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
 And tell me truly, what thou think’st of him.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and his Train.*]

S C E N E V.

Manent Brutus and Cassius : Casca, to them.

Casca. You pull’d me by the cloak ; would you
 speak with me ?

Bru. Ay, *Casca*, tell us what hath chanc’d to day,
 That *Cæsar* looks so fad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not ?

Bru. I should not then ask *Casca* what had chanc’d.

6 ‘*Would he were fatter ;—*] *Johnson*, in his *Bartholomew’s fair*, unjustly sneers at this passage, in *Knockbam’s* speech to the Pig-woman. *Come, there’s no malice in fat folks ; I never fear thee, and I can ’scape thy lean moon-calf there.*

Casca.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him; and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand thus, and then the people fell a shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, *Antony*.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Casca*.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was meer foolery, I did not mark it. I saw *Mark Antony* offer him a crown; yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets; and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again: then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement houted, and clap'd their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath, because *Cæsar* refus'd the crown, that it had almost choaked *Cæsar*; for he swooned, and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you; what, did *Cæsar* swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling Sickness.

Cas. No, *Cæsar* hath it not; but you and I, And honest *Casca*, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that ; but, I am sure, *Cæsar* fell down : If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they used to do the Players in the Theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself ?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the Crown, he pluckt me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut : An' I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues ; and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, " If he had done, or said any thing amiss, he desir'd their Worships to think it was his infirmity. " Three or four wenches where I stood, cry'd, " alas, " good soul ! " — and forgave him with all their hearts : but there's no heed to be taken of them ; if *Cæsar* had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away ?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did *Cicero* say any thing ?

Casca. Ay, he spoke *Greek*.

Cas. To what effect ?

Casca. Nay, an' I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' th' face again. But those, that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shook their heads ; but for mine own part, it was *Greek* to me. I could tell you more news too : *Marullus* and *Flavius*, for pulling scarfs off *Cæsar*'s Images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to night, *Casca* ?

Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to morrow ?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner be worth the eating.

Cas.

Cæs. Good, I will expect you.

Cæsca. Do so : farewell Both.

[*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?
He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Cæs. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form :
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is : for this time I will leave you.
To morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you ; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cæs. I will do so ; till then, think of the world.

[*Exit Brutus.*

Well, *Brutus*, thou art noble ; yet, I see,
Thy honourable Metal may be wrought
From what it is dispos'd ; therefore 'tis meet,
That noble minds keep ever with their likes :
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd ?
Cæsar doth bear me hard ; but he loves *Brutus*.
7 If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*,
He should not humour me.—I will, this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That *Rome* holds of his name : Wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at.

7 *If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me.—*] This is a reflexion on
Brutus's ingratitude ; which concludes, as is usual on such occa-
sions, in an encomium on his own better conditions. *If I were
Brutus, (says he) and Brutus, Cassius, he should not cajole me as
I do him.* To *humour* signifies here to turn and wind him, by
inflaming his passions. The *Oxford Editor* alters the last line to
Cæsar should not love me.

What he means by it, is not worth inquiring.

And,

And, after this, let *Cæsar* seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VI.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter Casca, his sword drawn;
and Cicero, meeting him.*

Cic. Good even, *Casca*; brought you *Cæsar* home?
Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of
earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O *Cicero*!

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds:
But never till to night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heav'n;
Or else the world, too saucy with the Gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave, you know him well by
fight,

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn,
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides, (I ha' not since put up my sword)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went furly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Ev'n at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Houting and shrieking. When these Prodigies

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
 "These are their reasons, they are natural :"
 For, I believe, they are portentous things
 Unto the Climate, that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time :
 But men may construe things after their fashion,
 Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
 Comes *Cæsar* to the Capitol to morrow ?

Casca. He doth : for he did bid *Antonius*
 Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.

Cic. Good night then, *Casca* ; this disturbed sky
 Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewel, *Cicero.* [Exit Cicero.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there ?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. *Casca*, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. *Cassius*, what night is this ?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heaven's menace so ?

Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full of
 faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
 Submitting me unto the perillous night ;
 And thus unbraced, *Casca*, as you see,
 Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone :
 And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
 The breast of heaven, I did present my self
 Ev'n in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the
 heav'ns ?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
 When the most mighty Gods, by tokens, send
 Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas.

Cas. You are dull, *Casca*; and those sparks of life,
That should be in a *Roman*, you do want,
Or else you use not; you look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast your self in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heav'ns:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind,
Why old men, fools, ^s and children calculate;
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures and pre-formed faculties
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That heaven has infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, *Casca*, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens Graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol;
A man no mightier than thy self, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis *Cæsar* that you mean; is it not, *Cassius*?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for *Romans* now
Have thewes and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits:
Our yoke and suff'rance shew us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the Senators to morrow
Mean to establish *Cæsar* as a King:
And he shall wear his Crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in *Italy*.

^s ——— and Children calculate;] *Calculate* here signifies to foretel or prophesy: For the custom of foretelling fortunes by judicial Astrology (which was at that time much in vogue) being performed by a long tedious calculation, *Shakespeare*, with his usual liberty, employs the *species*; [calculate] for the *genus* [foretel.]

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Cas. ' I know, where I will wear this dagger then :
 ' *Cassius* from bondage will deliver *Cassius*.
 ' Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak most strong ;
 ' Therein, ye Gods, you tyrants do defeat ;
 ' Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
 ' Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
 ' Can be retentive to the strength of spirit :
 ' But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
 ' Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
 ' If I know this ; know all the world besides,
 ' That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
 ' I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I :

So every bondman in his own hand bears
 The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should *Cæsar* be a tyrant then ?
 Poor man ! I know, he would not be a wolf,
 But that he sees, the *Romans* are but sheep ;
 He were no lion, were not *Romans* hinds.
 Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
 Begin it with weak straws. What trash is *Rome* ?
 What rubbish, and what offal ? when it serves
 For the base matter to illuminate
 So vile a thing as *Cæsar* ? But, oh, grief !
 Where hast thou led me ? I, perhaps, speak this
 Before a willing bondman : then I know,
 My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
 And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to *Casca*, and to such a man,
 That is no flaring tell-tale. Hold my hand :
 Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
 And I will set this foot of mine as far,
 As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
 Now know you, *Casca*, I have mov'd already
 Some certain of the noblest-minded *Romans*,
 To undergo, with me, an enterprize

Of

Of honourable dang'rous consequence ;
 And I do know, by this they stay for me
 In *Pompey's* Porch. For now, this fearful night,
 There is no stir, or walking in the streets ;
 9 And the complexion of the Elements
 Is fev'rous, like the work we have in hand ;
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Casca. Stand close a while, for here comes one in
 haste.

Cas. 'Tis *Cinna*, I do know him by his gate ;
 He is a friend. *Cinna*, where haste you so ?

Cin. To find out you : who's that, *Metellus Cimber* ?

Cas. No, it is *Casca*, one incorporate
 To our attempts. Am I not staid for, *Cinna* ?

Cin. I'm glad on't. What a fearful night is this ?
 There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for ? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.

O *Cassius* ! could you win the noble *Brutus*
 To our party——

9 *And the complexion of the ELEMENT*

Is fev'rous——] We find from the preceding relation,
 that it was not one Element only which was disturbed, but all ;
 being told that all the fway of Earth shook like a thing infirm ;
 that the winds rived the knotty oaks ; that the Ocean raged and
 framed ; and that there was a tempest dropping Fire. So that all the
 four ELEMENTS appear'd to be disorder'd. We should read
 therefore,

The complexion of the ELEMENTS,
 which is confirm'd by the following line,

Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Bloody referring to the water ; *fiery* to the air and fire ; and *terri-*
ble to the earthquakes ; as appears from *Calphurnia's* account,
 which is a comment on this line :

Graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead ;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Cas. Be you content. Good *Cinna*, take this paper;
And look you lay it in the Prætor's chair,
Where *Brutus* may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; fet this up with wax
Upon old *Brutus*' Statue: all this done,
Repair to *Pompey*'s porch, where you shall find us.
Is *Decius Brutus*, and *Trebonius* there?

Cin. All, but *Metellus Cimber*, and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers, as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to *Pompey*'s Theatre.

[*Exit Cinna,*

Come, *Casca*, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See *Brutus* at his house; three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Casca. O, he fits high in all the people's hearts:
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of
him,
You have right well conceited; let us go,
For it is after mid-night; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

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

BRUTUS's Garden.

Enter Brutus.

BRUTUS.

WHAT, *Lucius*! ho!—

I cannot by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day—*Lucius*, I say!

I would, it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, *Lucius*, when? awake, I say; what, *Lucius*.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, *Lucius*:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [Exit.]

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him;
But for the general. He would be crown'd——
“ How that might change his nature, there's the
question.

“ It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;

“ And that craves wary walking: crown him ——
that——

“ And then I grant we put a sting in him,

“ That at his will he may do danger with.

“ Th' abuse of Greatness is, when it disjoins

“ *Remorse from Power: and, to speak truth of *Cæsar*,

I have not known when his affections sway'd

More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,

‘ That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,

‘¹ Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;

‘ But when he once attains the upmost round,

‘ He then unto the ladder turns his back,

‘ Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees

‘ By which he did ascend: so *Cæsar* may:

Then, lest he may, prevent. And since the quarrel

† Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,

* Remorse from Power:—] Remorse, for mercy.

¹ Whereto the climber upward turns, &c.] Climber upward should be printed with a hyphen to avoid an ambiguity, of climbing upwards or turning upwards, for, understood in the latter sense, the thought is absurd and defective.

† Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,

Fashion it thus—] The metaphor from the wardrobe, when the Excellence of the fashion makes out for the defect of the colour.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Fashion it thus ; that what he is, augmented,
 Would run to these, and these extremities :
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
 Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mis-
 chievous ;
 And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, Sir :
 Searching the window for a flint, I found
 This paper thus seal'd up ; and, I am sure,
 It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

[Gives him the letter.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day :
² Is not to morrow, boy, the Ides of *March* ?

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Bru. Look in the kalendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir.

[Exit.

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
 Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[Opens the letter, and reads.

Brutus, thou sleep'st ; awake, and see thy self :

Shall Rome—speak, strike, redress.

Brutus, thou sleep'st : awake.

Such instigations have been often dropt,

Where I have took them up :

Shall Rome — thus must I piece it out,

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? what! *Rome?*

² *Is not to morrow, boy, the FIRST of March?* We should read *IDES* : For we can never suppose the speaker to have lost fourteen days in his account. He is here plainly ruminating on what the soothsayer told *Cæsar* [Act I: Scene 2.] in his presence, [*—Beware the Ides of March.*] The boy comes back and says, *Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.* So that the *morrow* was the *Ides of March*, as he supposed. For *March, May, July,* and *October* had six *nones* each, so that the fifteenth of *March* was the *Ides* of that month.

My

My ancestors did from the streets of *Rome*
 The *Tarquin* drive, when he was call'd a King.
Speak, strike, redress,—am I entreated then
 To speak, and strike? O *Rome*! I make thee promise,
 If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st
 Thy full petition at the hand of *Brutus*!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. ³ Sir, *March* is wasted fourteen days.

[knocks within.

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; some body
 knocks:

[Exit Lucius.

Since *Cassius* first did whet me against *Cæsar*,
 I have not slept. —————

⁴ Between the acting of a dreadful thing,

And

³ *Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.*] The editors are mightily
 mistaken: It was wasted but *fourteen* days; this was the dawn of
 the fifteenth, when the boy makes his report.

⁴ *Between the acting of a dreadful thing,*
And the first motion, &c.] That nice critic, *Dionysius* of
Halicarnassus, complains that, of all kind of beauties, those
 great strokes, which he calls the *terrible graces*, and which are
 so frequent in *Homer*, are the rarest to be found in the following
 writers. Amongst our countrymen it seems to be as much con-
 fined to the *British Homer*. This description of the condition of
 conspirators, before the execution of their design, has a pomp
 and terror in it that perfectly astonishes. The excellent Mr. *Addi-*
son, whose modesty made him sometimes diffident in his own
 genius, but whose true judgment always led him to the safest
 guides, (as we may see by those many fine strokes in his *Cato* bor-
 rowed from the *Philippics* of *Cicero*) has paraphrased this fine
 description; but we are no longer to expect those terrible graces
 which animate his original.

*O think, what anxious moments pass between
 The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods.*

Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,

Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death.

Cato.

I shall make two remarks on this fine imitation. The first is,
 that the subjects of the two conspiracies being so very different,
 (the fortunes of *Cæsar* and the *Roman Empire* being concerned in
 the one; and that of a few auxiliary troops only in the other)
 Mr. *Addison* could not, with propriety, bring in that magnificent
 circum-

- ‘ And the first motion, all the interim is
- ‘ Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream :
- ‘ The Genius, and the mortal instruments
- ‘ Are then in council; and the state of man,
- ‘ Like to a little Kingdom, suffers then
- ‘ The nature of an insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother *Cassius* at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

circumstance which gives one of the *terrible graces* of *Shake-
spear's* description;

*The Genius, and the Mortal Instruments
Are then in Council* ———

For *Kingdoms*, in the *Pagan* Theology, besides their *good*, had their *evil Genius's*, likewise; represented here, with the most daring stretch of fancy, as sitting in consultation with the conspirators, whom he calls their *Mortal Instruments*. But this, as we say, would have been too pompous an apparatus to the rape and desertion of *Syphax* and *Sempronius*. The other thing observable is, that *Mr. Addison* was so struck and affected with these *terrible graces* in his original, that instead of imitating his author's sentiments, he hath, before he was aware, given us only the copy of his own impressions made by them. For,

*Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with Horror all, and big with death,*

are but the affections raised by such forcible Images as these,

————— *All the Int'rim is*
Like a Phantasma, or a hideous Dream.
————— *the State of Man*
Like to a little Kingdom, suffers then
The Nature of an insurrection.

Comparing the troubled'mind of a conspirator to a state of Anarchy, is just and beautiful; but the *int'rim*, or interval, to an *hideous* vision, or a frightful *dream*, holds something so wonderfully of truth, and lays the soul so open, that one can hardly think it possible for any man, who had not some time or other been engaged in a conspiracy, to give such force of colouring to Nature.

Luc.

Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their Cloaks;
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let them enter. [*Exit* Lucius.
They are the faction. " O Conspiracy!
" Sham'ft thou to shew thy dang'rous brow by night,
" When Evils are most free? O then, by day
" Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,
" To mask thy monstrous visage? seek none, Con-
spiracy;
" Hide it in Smiles and Affability:
" For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
" Not *Erebus* itself were dim enough
" To hide thee from prevention.

S C E N E II.

Enter Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, and
Trebonius.

Cas. I think, we are too bold upon your Rest;
Good morrow, *Brutus*, do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men, that come along with you? [*Aside.*

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of your self,
Which every noble *Roman* bears of you.
This is *Trebonius*.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, *Decius Brutus*.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, *Casca*; this, *Cinna*;
And this, *Metellus Cimber*.

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves

Be-

Betwixt your eyes and night ?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word ? [*They whisper.*

Dec. Here lies the East : doth not the day break here ?

Casca. No.

Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth ; and yon grey lines,
That fret the Clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both deceiv'd :
Here, as I point my sword, the Sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the South,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.

Some two months hence, up higher toward the North
He first presents his fire ; and the high East
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. “ ‘ No, not an oath : if that the Fate of men,

5 *No, not an Oath: if that the FACE of men, &c.*] The conspirators propose an *oath* as the sanction of their mutual faith. This, *Brutus*, very much in character, opposes : Because an *oath* was the usual cement of those lawless cabals, which have not virtue enough in themselves to keep their members together : On this consideration his argument against an oath turns : And the motives he thought sufficient to preserve faith amongst them, were these : *The sufferance of their souls*, i. e. their commiseration for expiring liberty : *The time's abuse*, i. e. the general corruption of manners which had reduced publick liberty to this condition ; and which, that liberty restored, would reform. But now, what is *The FACE of men* ? Did he mean they had honest looks. This was a poor and low observation, unworthy *Brutus*, and the occasion, and the grandeur of his speech : Besides, it is foreign to the turn and argument of his discourse, which is to shew the strong cement of the confederacy, from *the justice of their cause*, not from the natural honour of the conspirators. His argument stands thus, *You require an oath to keep us together ; but sure the strong motives that drew us into confederacy will keep us confederated.* These motives he enumerates ; but *The FACE of men* not being one of these motives must needs be a corrupt reading. *Shakespeare*, without question, wrote,

If that the FATE of men,

Or of mankind, which, in the ideas of a *Roman*, was involved in the *fate* of their Republick. And this was the principal motive which engaged the God-like *Brutus* in the undertaking.

“ The

“ The sufferance of our souls, the time’s abuse, —
 “ If these be motives weak, break off betimes;
 “ And ev’ry man hence to his idle bed:
 “ So let ⁶ high-fighted tyranny range on,
 “ ’Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
 “ As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
 “ To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
 “ The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
 “ What need we any spur, but our own cause,
 “ To prick us to redress? what other bond,
 “ Than ⁷ secret *Romans*, that have spoke the word,
 “ And will not palter? and what other oath,
 “ Than honesty to honesty engag’d,
 “ That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
 “ Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
 “ Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
 “ That welcome wrongs: unto bad causes, swear
 “ Such creatures as men doubt; but ⁸ do not stain
 “ The even virtue of our enterprize,
 “ Nor th’ insuppressive mettle of our spirits;

“ To

6 — high-fighted *tyranny*—] The epithet alludes to a hawk soaring on high and intent upon its prey.

7 — secret *Romans*, —] *Secret*, for *federate*, used because secrecy is an essential quality in confederations.

8 ——— do not STAIN

The even virtue of our enterprize,

Nor th’ insuppressive mettle of our spirits, &c.] Admit-

ting that the *Opinion* that the cause or actors wanted an Oath to hold them together, might be called a *stain*, (which yet I think it could not, because such opinion does not necessarily imply a *suspicion* of the honesty of either; or if it did, such suspicion could not *stain* it, as an oath is no unjust means of union; for it is only an *unjust means* used for a *good end*, that could be said to *stain* that end.) However, I say, admitting that such an opinion might be called a *stain*, yet here the metaphor employed will not allow the use of the term. For the expression of *insuppressive mettle* alludes to the elastic quality of steel, which, being forced beyond its tone, loses its spring, and thereby becomes incapable of keeping that machine in motion which it is designed to actuate.

To

JULIUS CÆSAR.

“ To think, that or our cause, or our performance,
 “ Did need an oath : When ev’ry drop of blood,
 That ev’ry *Roman* bears, and nobly bears,
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,
 If he doth break the smallest particle
 Of any promise that hath past from him.

Cas. But what of *Cicero* ? shall we found him ?
 I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him, for his silver hairs
 Will purchase us a good opinion,
 And buy men’s voices to commend our deeds :
 It shall be said, his Judgment rul’d our hands ;
 Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
 But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not : let us not break with him ;
 For he will never follow any thing,
 That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch’d, but only *Cæsar* ?

Cas. *Decius*, well urg’d : I think, it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov’d of *Cæsar*,
 Should out-live *Cæsar* : we shall find of him
 A shrewd contriver. And you know, his means,
 If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
 As to annoy us all ; which to prevent,

To this idea the word *even* refers, signifying a constant moderate,
 well regulated tenour. To preserve therefore the integrity of the
 metaphor, I think we must read,

— do not STRAIN.

i. e. beyond its natural and proper tone ; the consequence of which
 will be the stopping the motion of the whole machine. So that the
 thought is this, *The present temper of our spirits is like the virtue
 of a steel spring which pushes forward and preserves the motion of
 the machine : But now, if, to the force of this natural disposi-
 tion, you add the artificial bend of an oath, you will overstrain it
 and destroy its power.*

Let

Let *Antony* and *Cæsar* fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, *Caius Cassius*,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
For *Antony* is but a limb of *Cæsar*.

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, *Caius*;
We all stand up against the spirit of *Cæsar*,
And in the spirit of man there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by *Cæsar's* spirit,
And not dismember *Cæsar*! but alas!

Cæsar must bleed for it — “ And, gentle friends,
“ Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
“ Let's carve him as a dish fit for the Gods,
“ Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds.
“ And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
“ Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
“ And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
Which, so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd Purgers, not murderers.
And for *Mark Antony*, think not of him;
For he can do no more than *Cæsar's* arm,
When *Cæsar's* head is off.

Cas. Yet I do fear him;

For in th' ingrafted love he bears to *Cæsar* —

Bru. Alas, good *Cassius*, do not think of him:
If he love *Cæsar*, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought, and die for *Cæsar*:
And that were much, he should; for he is giv'n
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,

If

JULIUS CÆSAR.

If *Cæsar* will come forth to day, or no:
 9 For he is superstitious grown of late,
 Quite from the main opinion he held once
 Of fantasie, of dreams, and ceremonies:
 It may be, these apparent prodigies,
 The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
 And the persuasion of his augurers,
 May hold him from the Capitol to day.

Dec. Never fear that; if he be so resolv'd,
 I can o'er-sway him; 1 " for he loves to hear,
 " That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
 " And bears with glassies, elephants with holes,
 " Lions with toils, and men with flatterers.
 " But when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
 " He says he does; being then most flattered.
 Leave me to work:

For I can give his humour the true bent;
 And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour, is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. *Caius Ligarius* doth bear *Cæsar* hard,

9 For he is superstitious grown of late,
 Quite from the main opinion he held once
 Of fantasie, of dreams, and ceremonies:]

Cæsar, as well as *Cassius*, was an *Epicurean*. By main opinion, *Cassius* intends a compliment to his sect, and means solid, fundamental opinion grounded in truth and nature: As by *fantasie* is meant ominous forebodings; and by *ceremonies*, atonements of the Gods by means of religious rites and sacrifices. A little after, where *Calphurnia* says,

Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
 Yet now they fright me:—

The poet uses *Ceremonies* in a quite different sense, namely, the turning accidents to omens, a principal superstition of antiquity.

1 — for he loves to hear, &c.] It was finely imagined by the poet, to make *Cæsar* delight in this sort of conversation. The Author of *St. Evremond's* life tells us, that the great Prince of *Conde* took much pleasure in remarking on the foible and ridicule of characters.

Who

Who rated him for speaking well of *Pompey* ;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good *Metellus*, go along to him :
He loves me well ; and I have giv'n him reasons ;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon's ; we'll leave you,
Brutus ;

And, friends ! disperse your selves ; but all remember
What you have said, and shew your selves true *Romans*.

Bru. Good Gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;
Let not our looks put on our purposes ;
But bear it, as our *Roman* actors do,
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy ;
And so, good morrow to you every one. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Brutus.

Boy ! *Lucius* ! fast asleep ? it is no matter,
“ Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of Slumber :
“ Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
“ Which busie care draws in the brains of men ;
“ Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

S C E N E III.

Enter Porcia.

Por. *Brutus*, my lord !

Bru. *Porcia*, what mean you ? wherefore rise you
now ?

It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. “ You've ungently,
Brutus,

“ Stole from my bed : and, yesternight at supper,
“ You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
“ Musing and sighing, with your arms a-crofs :
“ And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,
“ You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.

“ I urg’d you further ; then you scratch’d your head,
 “ And too impatiently stamp’d with your foot :
 “ Yet I insisted, yet you answer’d not ;
 “ But with an angry wafture of your hand,
 “ Gave sign for me to leave you : so I did,
 “ Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
 “ Which seem’d too much inkindled ; and, withal,
 “ Hoping it was but an effect of humour ;
 “ Which sometime hath his hour with every man.

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;
 And could it work so much upon your shape,
 As it hath much prevail’d on your condition,
 I should not know you, *Brutus*. Dear my lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. *Brutus* is wise, and, were he not in health,
 He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do : good *Porcia*, go to bed.

Por. Is *Brutus* sick ? and is it physical
 To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
 Of the dank morning ? what, is *Brutus* sick ?
 And will he steal out of his wholsom bed,
 To dare the vile contagion of the night ?
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air,
 To add unto his sickness ? no, my *Brutus*,
 You have some sick offence within your mind,
 Which, by the Right and Virtue of my place,
 I ought to know of : and, upon my knees,
 I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
 By all your vows of love, and that great vow
 Which did incorporate and make us one,
 That you unfold to me, your self, your half,
 Why you are heavy : and what men to night
 Have had resort to you : for here have been
 Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
 Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle *Porcia*.

Por.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
 Within the bond of marriage, tell me, *Brutus*,
 Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
 That appertain to you? am I your self,
 But, as it were, in sort or limitation?
 To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
 And talk to you sometimes? dwell I but in the suburbs
 Of your good pleasure? if it be no more,
Porcia is *Brutus*' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
 As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
 That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this
 secret.

I grant, I am a woman; but withal,
 A woman that lord *Brutus* took to wife:
 I grant, I am a woman; but withal,
 'A woman well reputed' *Cato*'s daughter.
 Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
 Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
 Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
 I have made strong proof of my constancy,
 Giving my self a voluntary wound
 Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
 And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye Gods!

1 *A woman well reputed; Cato's Daughter.*] This false pointing should be corrected thus,

A woman well reputed Cato's daughter.

i. e. worthy of my birth, and the relation I bear to *Cato*. This indeed was a good reason why she should be intrusted with the secret. But the false pointing, which gives a sense only implying that she was a woman of a good character, and that she was *Cato*'s daughter, gives no good reason: For she might be *Cato*'s daughter, and yet not inherit his firmness; and she might be a woman well reputed, and yet not the best at a secret. But if she *was well reputed Cato's daughter*, that is, worthy of her birth, she could neither want her father's love to her country, nor his resolution to engage in its deliverance.

Render me worthy of this noble wife. [Knock.

Hark, hark, one knocks: *Porcia*, go in a while;

And, by and by, thy bosom shall partake

The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,

All the charactery of my sad brows.

Leave me with haste. [Exit *Porcia*.

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's there that knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

Bru. *Caius Ligarius*, that *Metellus* spake of.

Boy, stand aside. *Caius Ligarius!* how?

Cai. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave

Caius,

To wear a kerchief? 'would, you were not sick!

Cai. I am not sick, if *Brutus* have in hand

Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, *Ligarius*,
Had you an healthful ear to hear of it.

Cai. By all the Gods the *Romans* bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of *Rome!*

Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!

Thou, like an Exorcist, hast conjur'd up

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible;

Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick men
whole.

Cai. But are not some whole, that we must make sick?

Bru. That we must also. What it is, my *Caius*,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.

Cai. Set on your foot,

And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,

To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,

That

That *Brutus* leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to Cæsar's Palace.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Julius Cæsar.

Cæs. **N**OR heav'n, nor earth, have been at peace
to night;

Thrice hath *Calphurnia* in her sleep cry'd out,
"Help, ho! they murder *Cæsar.*" Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My lord? —

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Ser. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, *Cæsar*? think you to walk
forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to day.

Cæs. *Cæsar* shall forth; the things, that threatned me,
Ne'er lookt but on my back: when they shall see
The face of *Cæsar*, they are vanished.

Cal. *Cæsar*, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: there is one within,
(Besides the things that we have heard and seen)
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the Watch.
A lions hath whelped in the streets,
And Graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead?
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air;
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;

D 3

And

And Ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O *Cæsar*! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet *Cæsar* shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to *Cæsar*.

Cal. When Beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heav'ns themselves blaze forth the death of Princes.

Cæs. "Cowards die many times before their deaths,
"The valiant never taste of death but once:
"Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
"It seems to me most strange, that men should fear:
"Seeing that death, a necessary end,
"Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What say the Augurs?

Ser. They would not have you to stir forth to day.
Plucking the entrails of an Offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

[Exit Servant.]

Cæs. The Gods do this in shame of cowardise:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to day for fear.
No. *Cæsar* shall not; Danger knows full well,
That *Cæsar* is more dangerous than he.
We (*a*) were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And *Cæsar* shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence:
Do not go forth to day; call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send *Mark Antony* to the Senate-house,

[(a) Were, Mr. Theobald. — Vulg. bears.]

And

And he will say, you are not well to day :
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. *Mark Antony* shall say, I am not well ;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

S C E N E V.

Enter Decius.

Here's *Decius Brutus*, he shall tell them so.

Dec. *Cæsar*, all hail ! good morrow, worthy *Cæsar* ;
I come to fetch you to the Senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my Greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to day :
Cannot, is false ; and that I dare not, falser ;
I will not come to day ; tell them so, *Decius*.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Cæs. Shall *Cæsar* send a lye ?
Have I in conquest stretcht mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell Grey-beards the truth ?
Decius, go tell them, *Cæsar* will not come.

Dec. Most mighty *Cæsar*, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come ;
That is enough to satisfie the Senate.
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.

Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home :
She dreamt last night, she saw my Statue,
Which, like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood : and many lusty *Romans*
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
These she applies for warnings and portents
(a) Of evils imminent ; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to day.

[(a) *Of evils.* Oxford Editor.— Vulg. *And evils.*]

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Dec. This Dream is all amiss interpreted ;
It was a Vision fair and fortunate :
Your Statue, spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling *Romans* bath'd,
Signifies, that from You great *Rome* shall suck
Reviving blood : ² and that Great Men shall press

* * * * *

For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognisance.
This by *Calphurnia's* Dream is signify'd.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say ;
And know it now, the Senate have concluded
To give this day a Crown to mighty *Cæsar*.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock

² — and that great men shall press

For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognisance.] That this dream of the statue's spouting blood should signify, the increase of power and empire to *Rome* from the influence of *Cæsar's* arts and arms, and wealth and honour to the noble *Romans* through his beneficence, expressed by the words, *From you, great Rome shall suck reviving blood*, is intelligible enough. But how these great men should literally press *for tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognisance*, when the spouting blood was only a symbolical vision, I am at a loss to apprehend. Here the circumstances of the dream, and the interpretation of it, are confounded with one another. This line therefore,

For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognisance

must needs be in way of similitude only ; and it so, it appears that some lines are wanting between this and the preceding ; which want should, for the future, be marked with asterisks. The sense of them is not difficult to recover, and, with it, the propriety of the line in question. The speaker had said, the Statue signified, that by *Cæsar's* influence *Rome* should flourish and increase in empire, and that great men should press to him to partake of his *good fortune*, just as men run with handkerchiefs, &c. to dip them in the blood of martyrs, that they may partake of their *merit*. It is true, the thought is from the Christian History ; but so small an anachronism is nothing with our poet. Besides, it is not my interpretation which introduces it, it was there before : For the line in question can bear no other sense than as an allusion to the blood of the Martyrs, and the superstition of some Churches with regard to it.

Apt

JULIUS CÆSAR.

41

Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Break up the Senate 'till another time,
When *Cæsar's* wife shall meet with better Dreams:
If *Cæsar* hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, *Cæsar* is afraid!
Pardon me, *Cæsar*; for my dear, dear, love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this:
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your Fears seem now, *Calpurnia*?
I am ashamed, I did yield to them.
Give me my Robe, for I will go:

S C E N E VI.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, Cinna and Publius.

And, look, where *Publius* is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Welcome, *Publius*.

What, *Brutus*, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good morrow, *Casca*: *Caius Ligarius*,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,
As that same Ague which hath made you lean.
What is't o' clock?

Bru. *Cæsar*, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesie.

Enter Antony.

See! *Antony*, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, *Antony*.

Ant. So to most noble *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now, *Cinna*; now, *Metellus*; what, *Trebonius*!

³ To your proceeding ———] Proceeding for advancement, establishment.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

I have an hour's talk in store for you,
Remember, that you call on me to day ;
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will ; — and so near will I be,
[*Aside.*

That your best Friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good Friends, go in, and taste some wine
with me.

And we, like Friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O *Cæsar,*
[*Aside.*

The heart of *Brutus* yerns to think upon ? [Exit.

S C E N E VII.

Changes to a Street near the Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, reading a Paper.

CÆSAR, beware of Brutus ; take heed of Cassius ;
come not near Casca ; have an eye to Cinna ; trust
not Trebonius ; mark well Metellus Cimber ; Decius
Brutus loves thee not ; thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius.
There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent
against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about thee :
security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty Gods de-
fend thee !

Thy Lover, Artemidorus.

Here will I stand, 'till *Cæsar* pass along,

And as a suitor will I give him this :

My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.

If thou read this, O *Cæsar,* thou may'st live ;

If not, the fates with Traitors do contrive. [Exit.

Enter Porcia and Lucius.

Por. I pr'ythee, Boy, run to the Senate-house ;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone :

Why

Why dost thou stay ?

Luc. To know my errand, Madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there—

O Constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue ;
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might :
How hard it is for women to keep counsel !

Art thou here yet ?

Luc. Madam, what should I do ?

Run to the Capitol, and nothing else ?

And so return to you, and nothing else ?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy Lord look
well,

For he went sickly forth : and take good note,
What *Cæsar* doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy ! what noise is that ?

Luc. I hear none, Madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well :

I heard a bustling rumour like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Artemidorus.

Por. Come hither, fellow, which way hast thou
been ?

Art. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o' clock ?

Art. About the ninth hour, Lady.

Por. Is *Cæsar* yet gone to the Capitol ?

Art. Madam, not yet ; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to *Cæsar*, hast thou not ?

Art. That I have, Lady, if it will please *Cæsar*
To be so good to *Cæsar*, as to hear me :
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm intended tow'rds
him ?

Art.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Art. None that I know will be, much that I fear;
 Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
 The throng, that follows *Cæsar* at the heels,
 Of Senators, of Prætors, common Suitors,
 Will crowd a feeble Man almost to death:
 I'll get me to a place more void, and there
 Speak to great *Cæsar* as he comes along. [Exit.

Por. I must go in—aye me! how weak a thing
 The heart of woman is! O *Brutus!* *Brutus!*
 The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize!
 Sure, the Boy heard me:—*Brutus* hath a Suit,
 That *Cæsar* will not grant.—O, I grow faint:
 Run, *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord;
 Say, I am merry; come to me again,
 And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[Exeunt severally.]

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

The Street before the Capitol; and the Capitol open.

Flourish. Enter *Cæsar*, *Brutus*, *Cassius*, *Casca*, *Decius*, *Metellus*, *Trebonius*, *Cinna*, *Antony*, *Lepidus*, *Artemidorus*, *Popilius*, *Publius*, and the *Sooth-sayer*.

CÆSAR.

THE Ides of *March* are come.

Sooth. Ay, *Cæsar*, but not gone.

Art. Hail, *Cæsar*: read this schedule.

Dec. *Trebonius* doth desire you to o'er-read,
 At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O *Cæsar*, read mine first; for mine's a suit,
 That touches *Cæsar* nearer. Read it, great *Cæsar*.

Cæs. What touches us our self, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, *Cæsar*, read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub.

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Pop. I wish, your enterprize to day may thrive.

Cæs. What enterprize, *Popilius*?

Pop. Fare you well.

Bru. What said *Popilius Lena*?

Cæs. He wish'd, to day our enterprize might thrive:
I fear, our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to *Cæsar*; mark him.

Cæs. *Casca*, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done, if this be known?

Cassius, or *Cæsar*, never shall turn back;

For I will slay myself.

Bru. *Cassius*, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purpose;

For, look, he smiles, and *Cæsar* doth not change.

Cæs. *Trebonius* knows his time; for look you, *Brutus*,
He draws *Mark Antony* out of the way.

Dec. Where is *Metellus Cimber*? let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to *Cæsar*.

Bru. He is address'd; press near, and second him.

Cin. *Casca*, you are the first that rears your hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready? what is now amiss,
That *Cæsar* and his Senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant
Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat [*Kneeling*:
An humble heart.

Cæs. I must prevent thee, *Cimber*;
These couchings and these lowly curtesies
Might stir the blood of ordinary men,

[*Might fire the blood of ordinary men,*] It is plain we should read,

Stir the blood——

Submission does not fire the blood, but melt it to compassion; or,
as he says just after, *stir* it. So afterwards in this play he says,

The power of speech to stir mens bloods.

And

2 And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
 Into the lane of children. Be not fond,
 To think that *Cæsar* bears such rebel blood,
 That will be thaw'd from the true quality
 With That which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words;
 Low-crooked curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.
 Thy brother by decree is banished;
 If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
 I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
 Know, *Cæsar* doth not wrong; nor without cause
 Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
 To sound more sweetly in great *Cæsar*'s ear,
 For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, *Cæsar*;
 Desiring thee, that *Publius Cimber* may
 Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, *Brutus*!

Cæs. Pardon, *Cæsar*; *Cæsar*, pardon;
 As low as to thy foot doth *Cassius* fall,
 To beg enfranchisement for *Publius Cimber*.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
 If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
 But I am constant as the northern star,
 Of whose true, fixt, and resting quality,
 There is no fellow in the firmament;
 The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,
 They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
 But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
 So, in the world, 'tis furnish'd well with men,
 And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
 Yet, in the number, I do know but one
 That unassailable holds on his rank,
 Unshak'd of motion; and that I am he,
 Let me a little shew it, even in this;

2 And turn pre-ordinance —] *Pre-ordinance*, for ordinance already established.

That I was constant, *Cimber* should be banish'd;
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cim. O *Cæsar*——

Cæf. Hence! wilt thou lift up *Olympus*?

Dec. Great *Cæsar*——

Cæf. Doth not *Brutus* bootless kneel?

Cæf. Speak hands for me. [They stab *Cæsar*.

Cæf. *Ei tu, Brute?*—then fall, *Cæsar*! [Dies.

Cin. Liberty! freedom! Tyranny is dead——

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets——

Cæf. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement.

Bru. People, and Senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not, stand still. Ambition's debt is paid.

Cæf. Go to the Pulpit, *Brutus*.

Dec. And *Cassius* too.

Bru. Where's *Publius*?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friends of *Cæsar*'s
Should chance——

Bru. Talk not of standing. *Publius* good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no *Roman* else; so tell them, *Publius*.

Cæf. And leave us, *Publius*, lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so; and let no man abide this deed,
But we the Doers.

S C E N E II.

Enter Trebonius.

Cæf. Where is *Antony*?

Tre. Fled to his House amaz'd.

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were Dooms-day.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures;
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,

And

JULIUS CÆSAR.

And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cæs. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we *Cæsar's* friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.

Cæs. ³ Stoop, *Romans*, stoop;
And let us bathe our hands in *Cæsar's* blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;
Then walk we forth even to the Market-place,
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, "peace! freedom! and liberty!"

Cæs. Stoop then, and wash—how many ages hence
[*Dipping their swords in Cæsar's blood.*]
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted o'er,
In States unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times shall *Cæsar* bleed in sport,
That now on *Pompey's* Basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust?

Cæs. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cæs. Ay, every man away.
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest, and best hearts of *Rome*.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of *Antony's*.

Ser. Thus, *Brutus*, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall down; [*kneeling.*]
And, being prostrate, thus he bad me say.
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant and honest;

³ In all the editions this speech is ascribed to *Brutus*, than which nothing is more inconsistent with his mild and philosophical character. But (as I often find speeches in the later editions put into wrong mouths, different from the first published by the author) I think this liberty not unreasonable.

Mr. Pope.
Cæsar

Cæsar was mighty, royal, bold and loving;
 Say, I love *Brutus*, and I honour him;
 Say, I fear'd *Cæsar*, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
 If *Brutus* will vouchsafe that *Antony*
 May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
 How *Cæsar* hath deserv'd to lie in death:
Mark Antony shall not love *Cæsar* dead,
 So well as *Brutus* living; but will follow
 The fortunes and affairs of noble *Brutus*,
 Thorough the hazards of this untrod State,
 With all true faith. So says my master *Antony*.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant *Roman*;
 I never thought him worse.
 Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
 He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
 Depart untouch'd.

Ser. I'll fetch him presently. [Exit *Servant*.]

Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to friend.

Cæs. I wish, we may: but yet have I a mind,
 That fears him much; and my misgiving still
 Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

S C E N E III.

Enter *Antony*.

Bru. But here comes *Antony*. Welcome, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. O mighty *Cæsar*! dost thou lye so low?
 "Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
 "Shrunk to this little measure?—fare thee well.
 I know not, Gentlemen, what you intend,
 Who else must be let blood, who else is rank;
 If I myself, there is no hour so fit
 As *Cæsar*'s death's hour; nor no instrument
 Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
 With the most noble blood of all this world.
 I do beseech ye, if ye bear me hard,

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:

“ No place will please me so, no meane of death,

“ As here by *Cæsar*, and by you cut off,

“ The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O *Antony*! beg not your death of us:

Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,

As, by our hands, and this our present act,

You see, we do; yet see you but our hands,

And this the bleeding business they have done:

Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;

And pity to the general wrong of *Rome*

(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity;)

Hath done this deed on *Cæsar*: For your part,

To you our swords have leaden points, *Mark Antony*;

Our arms exempt from malice; “ and our hearts,

“ Of brothers’ temper, do receive you in

With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cæs. Your voice shall be as strong as any man’s
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, ’till we have appeas’d

The multitude, beside themselves with fear;

And then we will deliver you the cause,

Why I, that did love *Cæsar* when I strook him,

Proceeded thus.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.

Let each man render me his bloody hand;

First, *Marcus Brutus*, will I shake with you;

Next, *Caius Cassius*, do I take your hand;

Now, *Decius Brutus*, yours; now yours, *Metellus*;

Yours, *Cinna*; and, my valiant *Casca*, yours;

Tho’ last, not least in love, yours, good *Trebonius*.

Gentlemen all—alas, what shall I say?

My credit now stands on such slippery ground,

That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,

Either a coward or a flatterer.

That

That I did love thee, *Cæsar*, oh, 'tis true;
 If then thy spirit look upon us now,
 Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
 To see thy *Antony* making his peace,
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
 Most Noble! in the presence of thy corse?
 Had I as many eyes, as thou hast wounds,
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
 It would become me better, than to close
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
 Pardon me, *Julius*— here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
 Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and ⁴crimson'd in thy lethe.
 O world! thou wast the forest to this hart,
 And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
 How like a deer, stricken by many Princes,
 Dost thou here lye?

Cæs. *Mark Antony*——

Ant. Pardon me, *Caius Cassius*:

The enemies of *Cæsar* shall say this:
 Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cæs. I blame you not for praising *Cæsar* so,
 But what compact mean you to have with us?
 Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
 Sway'd from the point, by looking down on *Cæsar*.
 Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
 Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
 Why, and wherein *Cæsar* was dangerous.

⁴——*crimson'd in thy Lethe.*] Mr. Theobald says, *The dictionaries acknowledge no such word as Lethe; yet he is not without supposition, that Shakespear coin'd the word; and yet for all that, the L. might be a D. imperfectly wrote, therefore he will have death instead of it.* After all this pother, *Lethe* was a common French word, signifying death or destruction, from the latin *lethum*. So in *Anthony and Cleopatra* he says,

——*Ev'n to a lethi'd dulness.*

i. e. deadly.

Bru. Or else this were a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, *Antony*, the Son of *Cæsar*,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek;
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the Pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, *Mark Antony*.

Cas. *Brutus*, a word with you.——

You know not what you do; do not consent, [*Aside.*
That *Antony* speak in his funeral:
Know you, how much the People may be mov'd
By That which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon,
I will myself into the Pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our *Cæsar*'s death.
What *Antony* shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave, and by permission:
And that we are contented, *Cæsar* shall
Have all due rites, and lawful ceremonies:
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Bru. *Mark Antony*, here, take you *Cæsar*'s body:
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of *Cæsar*;
And say, you do't by our permission:
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you shall speak
In the same Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt Conspirators.*

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

Manet Antony.

Ant. O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth!
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand, that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesie,
(Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
A curse shall light^s upon the line of men;
Domestick fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of *Italy*;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd by the hands of war:
All pity choak'd with custom of fell deeds;
" And *Cæsar*'s spirit, ranging for revenge,
" With *Até* by his side come hot from hell,
" Shall in these confines, with a Monarch's voice,
" Cry Havock, and let slip the Dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter Octavius's Servant.

You serve *Octavius Cæsar*, do you not?

Ser. I do, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. *Cæsar* did write for him to come to *Rome*.

Ser. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth——

O *Cæsar*!

[*Seeing the Body.*

5 — upon the LIMBS of men;] We should read,

LINE of men;

i. e. human race.

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep;
 Passion I see is catching; for mine eyes,
 Seeing those Beads of sorrow stand in thine,
 Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Ser. He lyes to night within seven leagues of *Rome*.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath
 chanc'd.

Here is a mourning *Rome*, a dangerous *Rome*,
 No *Rome* of safety for *Octavius* yet;
 Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while;
 Thou shalt not back, 'till I have borne this corse
 Into the market-place: there shall I try
 In my Oration, how the people take
 The cruel issue of these bloody men;
 According to the which, thou shalt discourse
 To young *Octavius* of the state of things.
 Lend me your hand. [Exeunt with Cæsar's body.]

S C E N E V.

Changes to the Forum.

*Enter Brutus, and mounts the Rostra; Cassius, with
 the Plebeians.*

Pleb. WE will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me
 audience, friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street,
 And part the numbers:

Those, that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
 Those, that will follow *Cassius*, go with him;
 And publick reasons shall be rendered
 Of *Cæsar's* death.

1st Pleb. I will hear *Brutus* speak,

2^d Pleb. I will hear *Cassius*, and compare their
 reasons,

When

When sev'rally we! hear them rendered.

[Exit Cassius, with some of the Plebeians.

Pleb. 3 The noble *Brutus* is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient 'till the last.

Romans, 6 Countrymen, and Lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.

' If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of
' *Cæsar's*, to him I say, that *Brutus's* love to *Cæsar*
' was no less than his. If then that friend demand,
' why *Brutus* rose against *Cæsar*, this is my Answer:
' Not that I lov'd *Cæsar* less, but that I lov'd *Rome*
' more. Had you rather *Cæsar* were living, and dye
' all slaves; than that *Cæsar* were dead, to live all
' free-men? As *Cæsar* lov'd me, I weep for him; as
' he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant,
' I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him.
' There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune,
' honour for his valour, and death for his ambition.
' Who's here so base, that would be a bond-man? If
' any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here
' so rude, that would not be a *Roman*? if any, speak;
' for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that
' will not love his Country? if any, speak; for him
' have I offended——I pause for a Reply——

6 ——*Countrymen and Lovers! &c.*] There is no where, in all *Shakespeare's* works, a stronger proof of his not being what we call a scholar, than this; or of his not knowing any thing of the genius of learned antiquity. This speech of *Brutus* is wrote in imitation of his famed laconic brevity, and is very fine in its kind. But no more like that brevity, than his times were like *Brutus's*. The ancient laconic brevity was simple, natural and easy: this is quaint, artificial, gingling, and abounding with forced antithesis's. In a word a brevity, that for its false eloquence would have suited any character, and for its good sense would have become the greatest of our author's time; but yet, in a stile of declaiming, that fits as ill upon *Brutus* as our author's trowsers or collar-band would have done.

All. None, *Brutus*, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended—I have done no more to *Cæsar*, than you shall do to *Brutus*. The question of his death is inroll'd in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony*; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that as I slew my best lover for the good of *Rome*; I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my Country to need my death.

All. Live, *Brutus*, live! live!

1 *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Pleb.* Give him a statue with his Ancestors.

3 *Pleb.* Let him be *Cæsar*.

4 *Pleb.* *Cæsar's* better Parts

Shall be crown'd in *Brutus*.

1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My Countrymen——

2 *Pleb.* Peace! silence! *Brutus* speaks.

1 *Pleb.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone, And, for my sake, stay here with *Antony*; Do grace to *Cæsar's* corps, and grace his speech Tending to *Cæsar's* glories; which *Mark Antony* By our permission is allow'd to make.

I do intreat you, not a man depart, Save I alone, till *Antony* have spoke.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E VI.

1 *Pleb.* Stay, ho, and let us hear *Mark Antony*.

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the publick Chair,

We'll

We'll hear him: noble *Antony*, go up.

Ant. For *Brutus*' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Pleb.* What does he say of *Brutus*?

3 *Pleb.* He says, for *Brutus*' sake

He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Pleb.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of *Brutus* here.

1 *Pleb.* This *Cæsar* was a Tyrant.

3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain;

We are blest, that *Rome* is rid of him.

2 *Pleb.* Peace; let us hear what *Antony* can say.

Ant. You gentle *Romans*—

All. Peace, ho, let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, *Romans*, Countrymen, lend me your ears;

' I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him.

' The Evil, that men do, lives after them;

' The Good is oft interred with their bones;

' So let it be with *Cæsar*! noble *Brutus*

' Hath told you, *Cæsar* was ambitious;

' If it were so, it was a grievous fault;

' And grievously hath *Cæsar* answer'd it.

' Here, under leave of *Brutus*, and the rest,

' (For *Brutus* is an honourable man,

' So are they all, all honourable men)

' Come I to speak in *Cæsar*'s funeral.

' He was my friend, faithful and just to me;

' But *Brutus* says, he was ambitious;

' And *Brutus* is an honourable man.

' He hath brought many captives home to *Rome*,

' Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;

' Did this in *Cæsar* seem ambitious?

' When that the poor have cry'd, *Cæsar* hath wept;

' Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.

' Yet *Brutus* says, he was ambitious;

' And *Brutus* is an honourable man,

' You all did see, that, on the *Lupercal*,

‘ I thrice presented him a kingly crown ;
 ‘ Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
 ‘ Yet *Brutus* says, he was ambitious ;
 ‘ And, sure, he is an honourable man.
 ‘ I speak not, to disprove what *Brutus* spoke,
 ‘ But here I am to speak what I do know.
 ‘ You all did love him once, not without cause :
 ‘ What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?
 ‘ O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 ‘ And men have lost their reason—bear with me,
 ‘ My heart is in the coffin there with *Cæsar*,
 ‘ And I must pause ’till it come back to me. †

1 *Pleb.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

If thou consider rightly of the matter,

7 *Cæsar* has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* Has he, Masters? I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark’d ye his words? he would not take the crown ;

Therefore, ’tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Pleb.* There’s not a nobler man in *Rome* than *Antony*.

7 *Cæsar has had great wrong.*] 3 *Pleb.* *Cæsar had never wrong but with just cause.* If ever there was such a line written by *Shakespeare*, I should fancy it might have its place here, and very humourously in the character of a *Plebeian*. One might believe *Ben Johnson*’s remark was made upon no better credit than some blunder of an actor in speaking that verse near the beginning of the third act,

*Know, Cæsar doth not wrong ; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.*—

But the verse, as cited by *Ben Johnson*, does not connect with *Will he be satisfied*. Perhaps this play was never printed in *Ben Johnson*’s time, and so he had nothing to judge by but as the actor pleased to speak it.

Mr. Pope.

4 *Pleb.*

4 *Pleb.* Now, mark him, he begins to speak.

Ant. ‘ But yesterday the word of *Cæsar* might
 ‘ Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
 ‘ And none so poor to do him reverence.
 ‘ O masters! if I were dispos’d to stir
 ‘ Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 ‘ I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong;
 ‘ Who, you all know, are honourable men.
 ‘ I will not do them wrong: I rather chuse
 ‘ To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you;
 ‘ Than I will wrong such honourable men.
 ‘ But here’s a parchment, with the seal of *Cæsar*,
 ‘ I found it in his closet, ’tis his Will;
 ‘ Let but the Commons hear this Testament,
 ‘ (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
 ‘ And they would go and kiss dead *Cæsar*’s wounds,
 ‘ And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
 ‘ Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 ‘ And dying, mention it within their Wills,
 ‘ Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
 ‘ Unto their issue.

4 *Pleb.* We’ll hear the Will, read it, *Mark Antony*.

All. The Will, the Will; we will hear *Cæsar*’s
 Will.

Ant. ‘ Have patience, gentle friends, I must not
 read it;

‘ It is not meet you know how *Cæsar* lov’d you.
 ‘ You are not wood, you are not stones, but men:
 ‘ And, being men, hearing the Will of *Cæsar*,
 ‘ It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
 ‘ ’Tis good you know not, that you are his *heirs*;
 ‘ For if you should—O what would come of it?

4 *Pleb.* Read the Will, we will hear it, *Antony*;
 You shall read us the Will, *Cæsar*’s Will.

Ant. ‘ Will you be patient? will you stay a while?
 ‘ (I have o’er-shot myself, to tell you of it.)
 ‘ I fear, I wrong the honourable men,

‘ Whose

JULIUS CÆSAR.

‘ Whose daggers have stabb’d *Cæsar*—I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors——honourable men!

All. The Will! the Testament!

2 *Pleb.* They were villains, murtherers; the Will!
read the Will.

Ant. ‘ You will compel me then to read the Will?

‘ Then make a ring about the corps of *Cæsar*,

‘ And let me shew you him, that made the Will.

‘ Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 *Pleb.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*

3 *Pleb.* You shall have leave.

4 *Pleb.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Pleb.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the
body.

2 *Pleb.* Room for *Antony*—most noble *Antony*.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me, stand far off.

All. Stand back——room——bear back——

Ant. ‘ If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

‘ You all do know this mantle; I remember,

‘ The first time ever *Cæsar* put it on,

‘ ’Twas on a summer’s evening in his tent,

‘ ⁸ That day he overcame the *Nervii*——

‘ Look! in this place, ran *Cassius*’ dagger through;—

‘ See, what a rent the envious *Casca* made.——

‘ Through this, the well-beloved *Brutus* stabb’d;

‘ And as he pluck’d his curst steel away,

‘ Mark, how the blood of *Cæsar* follow’d it!

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv’d,

If *Brutus* so unkindly knock’d, or no?

‘ For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæsar*’s angel.

8 *That day he overcame the Nervii*—] Here *Shakespeare*, describing a *great* General, makes him put on his new habit, or robes of triumph, after his victory. *Homer* describing a *vain-glorious* one, makes him put them on before the fight, and while he only expected to overcome.

δ' ἐνδύει χιτῶνα
καλὸν νηγάτος!——

‘ Judge,

‘ Judge, oh you Gods! how dearly *Cæsar* lov’d him;
 ‘ This, this, was the unkindest cut of all;
 ‘ For when the noble *Cæsar* saw him stab,
 ‘ Ingratitude, more strong than traitors’ arms,
 ‘ Quite vanquish’d him; then burst his mighty heart:
 ‘ And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 ‘ Which all the while ran blood, great *Cæsar* fell,
 ‘ Even at the Base of *Pompey’s* Statue.
 ‘ O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 ‘ Then I, and you, and all of us fell down:
 ‘ Whilst bloody treason flourish’d over us.
 ‘ O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
 ‘ The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
 ‘ Kind souls! what, weep you when you but behold
 ‘ Our *Cæsar’s* vesture wounded? look you here!
 ‘ Here is himself, marr’d, as you see, by traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Pleb.* O noble *Cæsar*!

3 *Pleb.* O woful day!

4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Pleb.* O most bloody fight!

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng’d: revenge: about—
 seek—burn—fire—kill—slay! let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, Countrymen—

1 *Pleb.* Peace there, hear the noble *Antony*.

2 *Pleb.* We’ll hear him, we’ll follow him, we’ll die
 with him.—

Ant. ‘ Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
 you up

9 *Even at the Base of Pompey’s Statue,*

Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.] Plutarch
 tells us, that *Cæsar* received many wounds in the face on this
 occasion, so that it might be said to run blood. But, instead of
 that, the Statue, in this reading, and not the face, is said to do
 so; it is plain these two lines should be transposed: And then the
 reflection, which follows,

O what a fall was there—

is natural, lamenting the disgrace of being at last subdued in that
 quarrel in which he had been compleat victor.

‘ To

- ' To such a sudden flood of mutiny :
 ' They, that have done this deed, are honourable.
 ' What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
 ' That made them do it: they are wise and honour-
 able;
 ' And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.
 ' I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
 ' I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is:
 ' But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 ' That love my friend; and that they know full well,
 ' That give me publick leave to speak of him:
 ' For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 ' Action nor utt'rance, nor the power of speech,
 ' To stir men's blood; I only speak right on.
 ' I tell you that, which you your selves do know;
 ' Shew you sweet *Cæsar's* wounds, poor, poor, dumb
 mouths!
 ' And bid them speak for me. But were I *Brutus*,
 ' And *Brutus*, *Antony*, there were an *Antony*
 ' Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 ' In every wound of *Cæsar*, that should move
 ' The stones of *Rome* to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny——

1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the house of *Brutus*.

3 *Pleb.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, Countrymen; yet hear me
 speak.

All. Peace, ho, hear *Antony*, most noble *Antony*.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not
 what.

Wherein hath *Cæsar* thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas, you know not; I must tell you then:

You have forgot the Will, I told you of.

All. Most true—the Will—let's stay and hear the
 Will.

Ant. Here is the Will, and under *Cæsar's* seal.

To ev'ry *Roman* citizen he gives,

To

To ev'ry sev'ral man, sev'nty five drachma's.

2 *Pleb.* Most noble *Cæsar!* we'll revenge his death.

3 *Pleb.* O royal *Cæsar!*

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On that side *Tiber*; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate your selves.

Here was a *Cæsar*, when comes such another?

1 *Pleb.* Never, never; come, away, away;
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire all the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

2 *Pleb.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Pleb.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Pleb.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Plebeians with the body.*]

Now let it work; Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. *Octavius* is already come to *Rome*.

Ant. Where is he?

Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæsar's* house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him;
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Ser. I heard him say, *Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are rid, like madmen, through the gates of *Rome*.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to *Octavius*.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

JULIUS CÆSAR.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cin. I dreamt to night, that I did feast with *Cæsar*,
' And things unluckey charge my fantasie;
I have no will to wander forth of doors:
Yet something leads me forth.

1 *Pleb.* What is your name?

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married man, or a batchelor?

2 *Pleb.* Answer every man, directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? whither am I going?
where do I dwell? am I a married man, or a batche-
lor? then to answer every man directly and briefly,
wisely and truly; wisely, I say—I am a batchelor.

2 *Pleb.* "That's as much as to say, they are fools
"that marry; you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear;
"proceed directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to *Cæsar*'s funeral.

1 *Pleb.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Pleb.* That matter is answer'd directly.

4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling; briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Pleb.* Your name, Sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is *Cinna*.

1 *Pleb.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am *Cinna* the poet, I am *Cinna* the poet.

1 *And things unluckily charge my fantasie;*] Both for the sake
of the sense and measure we should read,

And thing unluckey charge my fantasie,

i. e. unluckey things; for the ancient superstition divided things
into *luckey* and *unluckey*.

4 *Pleb.*

4 *Pleb.* "Tear him for his bad verses, tear him
" for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not *Cinna* the conspirator.

4 *Pleb.* It is no matter, his name's *Cinna*; pluck
but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him; come, brands, ho,
fire-brands:

To *Brutus*, to *Cassius*, burn all. Some to *Decius's*
house,

And some to *Casca's*, some to *Ligarius*: away, go.

[*Exeunt.*

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

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

A N T O N Y.

T H E S E many then shall die, their names are
prickt.

Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, *Lepidus*?

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, *Antony*.

Lep. Upon condition, *Publius* shall not live;
Who is your sifter's son, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn
him.

But, *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæsar's* house;
Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What? shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*

Ant. This is a slight, unmeritable, man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand

One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him ;
And took his voice who should be prickt to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you ;
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease our selves of divers stand'rous loads ;
He shall but bear them, as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Or led or driven, as we point the way ;
And, having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will ;
But he's a try'd and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, *Octavius* : and, for that,
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on ;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is *Lepidus* but so ;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth ;
A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds
On (a) abject Ors, and imitations :
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, *Octavius,*
Listen great things——*Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are levying powers ; we must straight make head.
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd ;
Our best friends made, and our best means stretcht out ;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

[(a) abject Ors. Mr. Theobald. — Vulg. objects, arts.]

Oct.

Oct. Let us do so; for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies:
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Before Brutus's Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, and soldiers: Titinius
and Pindarus meeting them.

Bru. STAND, ho!

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand!

Bru. What now, *Lucilius*? is *Cassius* near?

Luc. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you salutation from his master.

Bru. He greets me well. Your master, *Pindarus*,
In his own charge, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone; but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear,
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, *Lucilius* —
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

1 In his own charge, or by ill officers,] The sense of which is this, Either your master, by the change of his virtuous nature, or by his officers abusing the power he had intrusted to them, hath done some things I could wish undone. This implies a doubt which of the two was the case. Yet, immediately after, on *Pindarus's* saying, His master was full of regard and honour, he replies, he is not doubted. To reconcile this we should read,

In his own CHARGE, or by ill officers.

i. e. either by those under his immediate command, or under the command of his lieutenants who had abused their trust. Charge is so usual a word in *Shakespeare*, to signify the forces committed to the trust of a commander, that I think it needless to give any instances.

Luc. With courtesie, and with respect enough ;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling ; ever note, *Lucilius*,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain, and simple faith :
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle ;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crest, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the tryal. Comes his army on ?

Luc. They mean this night in *Sardis* to be quarter'd ;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with *Cassius*. [*Low march within.*

Enter Cassius and soldiers.

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd ;
March gently on to meet him.

Cas. Stand, ho !

Bru. Stand, ho ! speak the word along.

Within. Stand !

Within. Stand !

Within. Stand !

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you Gods ! wrong I mine enemies ?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother ?

Cas. *Brutus*, this sober form of yours hides wrongs,
And when you do them —

Bru. *Cassius*, be content,
Speak your griefs softly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
(Which should perceive nothing, but love, from us)
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away ;
Then in my Tent, *Cassius*, enlarge your griefs,

And

And I will give you audience.

Caf. Pindarus,

Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, 'till we have done our conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard the door. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Changes to the Inside of Brutus's Tent.

Re-enter Brutus and Cassius.

Caf. **T**HAT you have wrong'd me, doth appear
in this,

You have condemn'd and noted *Lucius Pella,*
For taking bribes here of the *Sardians* ;
Wherein, my letter (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man,) was slighted of.

Bru. You wrong'd your self to write in such a case.

Caf. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That ² ev'ry nice offence should bear its comment.

Bru. Yet let me tell you, *Cassius,* you your self
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm ;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Caf. I an itching palm ?
You know, that you are *Brutus,* that speak this ;
Or, by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of *Cassius* honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Caf. Chastisement!—— [member !

Bru. “³ Remember *March,* the Ides of *March* re-
“ Did

² —ev'ry nice offence——] *i. e.* small trifling offence.

³ Remember *March,* &c.

What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,

And not for justice?——] The thought here is infinitely

“ Did not great *Julius* bleed for justice sake ?
 “ What villain touch’d his body, that did stab,
 “ And not for justice ? what, shall one of us,
 “ That struck the foremost man of all this world,
 “ But for supporting robbers ; shall we now
 “ Contaminate our fingers with base bribes ?
 “ And sell the mighty space of our large honours
 “ For so much trash, as may be grasped thus ? —
 “ ⁴ I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
 “ Than such a *Roman*.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
 I’ll not endure it ; you forget your self,
 To hedge me in ; I am a soldier, I,
 Older in practice, abler than your self
 To make conditions.

Bru. ⁵ Go to ; you are not *Cassius*.

Cas.

noble ; yet by reason of the laconic brevity here represented, it is obscure. We must imagine *Brutus* speaking to this effect, *Remember the ides of March, when we had a cause in hand, so great and sanctified that the most corrupt men, intent only on the public, cast aside all private regards, engaged in the cause of liberty, and stab’d for justice : remember too, that this is but the same cause continued ; all corrupt and private motives should be therefore neglected and despised.* This is the sense, in which the dignity of the sentiment, and the propriety of it to the case in hand, are altogether worthy the character of the speaker.

⁴ *I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,*

Than such a Roman.] The poets and common people, who generally *think* and *speak* alike, suppose the dog bays the moon out of envy to its brightness ; an allusion to this notion makes the beauty of the passage in question : *Brutus* hereby insinuates a covert accusation against his friend, that it was only envy at *Cæsar’s* glory which set *Cassius* on conspiring against him ; and ancient history seems to countenance such a charge. *Cassius* understood him in this sense, and with much conscious pride retorts the charge by a like insinuation,

———— *Brutus, bay not me.*

⁵ *Go to ; you are not Cassius.]* We are not to understand this as if *Brutus* had said, *You are not an able soldier*, which would be wrangling on a childish question beneath the character of *Brutus*.

On

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget my self—
Have mind upon your health—tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?——

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

“ Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares?

Cas. O Gods! ye Gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this! ay, more. Fret, 'till your proud
heart break;

“ Go, shew your slaves how cholerick you are,

“ And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?

Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humour? by the Gods,

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,

Tho' it do split you: For, from this day forth,

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,

When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier;

Let it appear so; make your Vaunting true,

And it shall please me well. For mine own part,

I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way——you wrong me,

Brutus;

I said, an elder soldier; not a better.

Did I say, better?——

Bru. If you did, I care not.

On the contrary, when *Cassius* had made so unbecoming a boast, *Brutus*, in his reply, only reproves him for *degeneracy*: And he could not do it in words more pathetic than in saying, *You are not Cassius*; i. e. *You are no longer that brave, disinterested, philosophic Cassius, whose character was made up of honour and patriotism; but are sunk down to the impotency and corruption of the times.*

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Cas. When *Cæsar* liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not! ———

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love; I may do that, I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that, you should be sorry for.

“ There is no terror, *Cassius*, in your threats;
 “ For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
 “ That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
 “ Which I respect not. I did send to you
 “ For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me;
 “ For I can raise no money by vile means;
 “ By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
 “ And drop my blood for drachma's, ⁶ than to wring
 “ From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
 “ By any Indirection. I did send
 “ To you for gold to pay my legions,
 “ Which you denied me; was that done like *Cassius*?
 “ Should I have answer'd *Caius Cassius* so?
 “ When *Marcus Brutus* grows so covetous,
 “ To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
 “ Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts,
 “ Dash him to pieces.

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not—he was but a fool,

6 ——— than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,] This is a noble sentiment, altogether in character, and expressed in a manner inimitably happy. For *to wring*, implies both to get unjustly, and to use force in getting: And *hard hands* signify both the peasant's great labour and pains in acquiring, and his great unwillingness to quit his hold.

That

That brought my answer back.—*Brutus* hath riv'd my heart.

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But *Brutus* makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. ⁷ I do not. Still you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatt'rer's would not, tho' they do appear
As huge as high *Olympus*.

Cas. Come, *Antony*, and young *Octavius*, come;
Revenge your selves alone on *Cassius*,

For *Cassius* is a weary of the world;

Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;

Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd;

Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,

To cast into my teeth. O I could weep

My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,

And here my naked breast—within, a heart

Dearer than *Plutus*' Mine, richer than gold;

⁸ If that thou needst a *Roman*'s, take it forth.

I,

⁷ *Bru.* I do not, TILL you practise them on me.] But was this talking like *Brutus*? *Cassius* complained that his friend made his infirmities greater than they were. To which *Brutus* replies, not till those infirmities were injuriously turned upon me. But was this any excuse for aggravating his friend's failings? *Shakespeare* knew better what was fit for his hero to say, and certainly wrote and pointed the line thus,

I do not. STILL you practise them on me.

i. e. I deny your charge, and this is a fresh injury done me.

⁸ *If that thou BEEST A ROMAN, take it forth. &c.*] But why is he bid to rip out his heart, if he were a *Roman*? There is no other sense but this, If you have the courage of a *Roman*. But this is so poor, and so little to the purpose, that the reading may be justly suspected. The occasion of this quarrel was *Cassius*'s refusal to supply the necessities of his friend, who charges it on him as a dishonour and crime, with great asperity of language. *Cassius*, to shew him the injustice of accusing him of avarice, tells him he was ready to expose his life in his service; but at the same time,

I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart;
Strike as thou didst at *Cæsar*; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him
better

Than ever thou lov'dst *Cassius*.

Bru. Sheath your dagger;

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;

“ Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.

“ O *Cassius*, you are yoked with a Lamb,

“ That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;

“ Who, much enforced, shews a hasty spark,

“ And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath *Cassius* liv'd

To be but mirth and laughter to his *Brutus*,

When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too. [Embracing.]

Cas. O *Brutus*!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, *Cassius*, and from henceforth

When you are over-earnest with your *Brutus*,

He'll think, your mother chides, and leave you so.

[A noise within.]

Poet. [within.] Let me go in to see the Generals;

time, provoked and exasperated at the other's reproaches, he upbraids him with the severity of his temper, that would pardon nothing, but always aimed at the life of the offender; and delighted in his blood, tho' a *Roman*, and attached to him by the strongest bonds of alliance; hereby obliquely insinuating the case of *Cæsar*. The sense being thus explained, it is evident we should read,

If that thou NEEDST A ROMAN'S, take it forth.

i. e. if nothing but another *Roman's* death can satisfy the unrelenting severity of your temper, take my life as you did *Cæsar's*.

There

There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [*within.*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now? what's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you Generals; what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha—how vilely doth this Cynick rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, firrah; saucy fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, *Brutus*, 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his
time;

What should the wars do with these jingling fools?
Companion, hence.

Cas. Away, away, begone. [*Exit Poet.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Lucilius, and Titinius.

Bru. *Lucilius* and *Titinius*, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to night.

Cas. And come your selves, and bring *Messala* with
you

Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*]

Bru. *Lucius*, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think, you could have been so angry.

Bru. 'O *Cassius*, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. 'Of your philosophy you make no use,
' If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. 'No man bears sorrow better—*Porcia's* dead.

Cas. 'Ha! *Porcia!*—

Bru. 'She is dead.

Cas. 'How 'scap'd I killing, when I crost you so?
O insupportable and touching loss!

Upon

Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And grief, that young *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*
Have made themselves so strong: (for with her death
That tidings came) With this she fell distract,
And (her Attendants absent) swallow'd fire.

Cas. And dy'd so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter Boy with Wine and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her: give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, *Cassius*. [Drinks.]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, *Lucius*, 'till the wine o'er-swell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of *Brutus'* love.

Bru. Come in, *Titinius*;—welcome, good *Messala*.

S C E N E V.

Enter Titinius, and Messala.

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. O *Porcia*! art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,
Come down upon us with a mighty Power,
Bending their expedition tow'rd *Philippi*.

Mes. My self have letters of the self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by Proscription and bills of Outlawry,
Octavius, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*
Have put to death an hundred Senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of sev'nty Senators that dy'd
By their Proscriptions, *Cicero* being one.

Cas.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

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Cas. Cicero one? —

Mes. Cicero is dead; and by that order of pro
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord

Bru. No, *Messala*.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her

Bru. Nothing, *Messala*.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a *Roman*, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a *Roman* bear the truth I tell;
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, *Porcia*—we must die, *Messala*.
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Ev'n so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. ⁹ I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our Work alive. What do you think
Of marching to *Philippi* presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

'Tis better, that the enemy seek us;
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must of force give place to better.
The people, 'twixt *Philippi* and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution.
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new added, and encourag'd;

⁹ I have as much of this in art, as you,] i. e. I have as much of that assistance which *Philosophy* affords as you have. *Art* for *Philosophy*.

From

From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
These People at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother——

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,
That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim full, our cause is ripe;
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.

‘ There is a tide in the affairs of men,
‘ Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
‘ Omitted, all the Voyage of their life
‘ Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
‘ On such a full sea are we now a-float:
‘ And we must take the current when it serves,
‘ Or lose our ventures,

Cas. Then, with your will, go on: we will along
Our selves, and meet them at *Philippi*.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say.

Cas. No more; good night; ——
Early to morrow will we rise, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. *Lucius*, my gown; farewell, good *Messala*,
Good night, *Titinius*: noble, noble *Cassius*,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls;
Let it not, *Brutus*!

Enter Lucius with the Gown.

Bru. Ev'ry thing is well.

Tit. Messa. Good night, lord *Brutus*.

Bru.

Bru. Farewel, every one [*Exeunt.*
Give me the Gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here, in the Tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowfily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call *Claudius*, and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my Tent.

Luc. *Varro*, and *Claudius*! —

S C E N E VI.

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, Sirs, lie in my Tent, and sleep;
It may be, I shall raise you by and by,
On business to my brother *Cassius*.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your
pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so; lie down, good Sirs:
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, *Lucius*, here's the book I fought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

Luc. I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,
And touch thy instrument, a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy;
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, Sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee.

[*Musick and a Song.*

This

JULIUS CÆSAR.

This is a sleepy tune—O murth'rous slumber!
 Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
 That plays thee musick? gentle knave, good night.
 I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
 If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument,
 I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
 But let me see—is not the leaf turn'd down,
 Where I left reading? here it is, I think.

[*He sits down to read.*]

S C E N E VII.

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns!—ha! who comes here?
 I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,
 That shapes this monstrous apparition!—
 It comes upon me—Art thou any thing?
 Art thou some God, some angel, or some devil,
 That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
 Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, *Brutus*.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at *Philippi*.

Bru. Then, I shall see thee again.—

Ghost. Ay, at *Philippi*. [Exit *Ghost*.]

Bru. Why, I will see thee at *Philippi* then.—

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:

Ill Spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

Boy! *Lucius!* *Varro!* *Claudius!* *Sirs!* awake!

Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he is still at his instrument.

Lucius! awake.

Luc. My lord!—

Bru. Didst thou dream, *Lucius*, that thou so cried'st
 out?

Luc.

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst ; didst thou see any thing ?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, *Lucius* ; firrah, *Claudius*, fellow !
Varro ! awake.

Var. My lord !

Clau. My lord !

Bru. Why did you so cry out, *Sirs*, in your sleep ?

Both. Did we, my lord ?

Bru. Ay, saw you any thing ?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go and commend me to my brother *Cassius* ;
Bid him set on his Pow'rs betimes before,
And we will follow.

Both. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

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

The Fields of Philippi, with the two Camps.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

O C T A V I U S.

NOW, *Antony*, our hopes are answered.
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions ;
It proves not so ; their battles are at hand,
They mean to warn us at *Philippi* here,
Answering, before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know

[*Thou! awake.*] The accent is so unmusical and harsh, 'tis impossible the poet could begin his verse thus. *Brutus* certainly was intended to speak to both his other men ; who both awake and answer at an instant.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Wherefore they do it ; they could be content
 To visit other places, and come down
 With fearful bravery ; thinking, by this face,
 To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage.
 But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you, Generals ;
 The enemy comes on in gallant shew ;
 Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
 And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
 Upon the left hand of the even field.

Octa. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent ?

Octa. I do not cross you ; but I will do so. [*March.*]

S C E N E II.

Drum. *Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their army.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, *Titinius,* we must out and talk.

Octa. *Mark Antony,* shall we give sign of battle ?

Ant. No, *Cæsar,* we will answer on their charge.
 Make forth, the Generals would have some words.

Octa. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows : is it so, countrymen ?

Octa. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, *Octa-*
vius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, *Brutus,* you give good
 words.

Witness the hole you made in *Cæsar's* heart,
 Crying, " long live ! hail, *Cæsar* !

Cas. Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown ;
 But for your words, they rob the *Hybla* bees,

And

And leave them honeylefs.

Ant. Not ftinglefs too.

Bru. O yes, and foundlefs too :

For you have ftoln their buzzing, *Antony* ;
And very wifely threat, before you fting.

Ant. Villains! you did not fo, when your vile
daggers

Hack'd one another in the fides of *Cæfar*.

You fhew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like
hounds,

And bow'd like bond-men, kissing *Cæfar*'s feet ;

Whilst damned *Cafca*, like a cur behind,

Struck *Cæfar* on the neck. O flatterers !

Caf. Flatterers! now, *Brutus*, thank your felf ;

This tongue had not offended fo to day,

If *Caffius* might have rul'd.

Ofta. Come, come, the caufe. If arguing make
us fweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Behold, I draw a fword againft confpirators ;

When think you, that the fword goes up again ?

Never, 'till *Cæfar*'s three and twenty wounds

Be well aveng'd ; or 'till another *Cæfar*

Have added flaughter to the fword of traitors.

Bru. *Cæfar*, thou canft not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'ft them with thee.

Ofta. So I hope ;

I was not born to die on *Brutus*' fword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the nobleft of thy Strain,

Young man, thou couldft not die more honourable.

Caf. A peevious fchool-boy, worthlefs of fuch
honour,

Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old *Caffius* ftill!—

Ofta. Come, *Antony*, away ;

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth :

If you dare fight to day, come to the field ;

If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and army.*]

S C E N E III.

Cas. Why, now blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Lucilius,—hark, a word with you.

[*Lucilius and Messala stand forth.*]

Luc. My lord.

[*Brutus speaks apart to Lucilius.*]

Cas. Messala.

Mes. What says my General?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was *Cassius* born. Give me thy hand, *Messala*:

Be thou my witness, that, against my will,

As *Pompey* was, am I compell'd to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know, that I held *Epicurus* strong,

And his opinion; now I change my mind;

And partly credit things, that do presage.

Coming from *Sardis*, on our foremost ensign

Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd;

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,

Who to *Philippi* here conformed us:

This morning are they fled away and gone,

And, in their steads, do^r ravenous crows and kites

Fly o'er our heads; and downward look on us,

As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem

A canopy most fatal, under which

I ——— RAVENS, *crows and kites*] A *raven* and a *crow* is the same bird of prey: the first name taken from its nature; the other from its voice. We should therefore read,

——do RAVENOUS *crows and kites*:

Besides, this epithet denotes the circumstances that make the speaker consider them as birds of omen.

Our

Our army lies ready to give the ghost.

Mef. Believe not so.

Caf. I but believe it partly ;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all peril very constantly.

Bru. Even so, *Lucilius*.

Caf. Now, most noble *Brutus*,
The Gods to day stand friendly ; that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age !
But since th' affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
'The very last time we shall speak together.
What are you then determin'd to do ?

Bru. Ev'n by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame *Cato* for the death
Which he did give himself ; I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly, and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life ; * * * arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Caf. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of *Rome* ?

Bru. ' No, *Cassius*, no ; think not, thou noble
' *Roman*,
' That ever *Brutus* will go bound to *Rome* ;
' He bears too great a mind. But this same day

2 *The very last time we shall speak together.*

What are you then determin'd to do ?] i. e. I am resolv'd
in such a case to kill myself. What are you determin'd of ?

3—*arming myself with patience, &c.*] It is evident, that,
between these words and the foregoing, a sentence is dropped out
to this effect [*on the contrary, true courage is seen in the*] *arm-*
ing myself with patience, &c. As the text stands at present, the
two different sentiments of *dislike* and *approbation* are run together,
as parts related to one another.

' Must end that Work, the Ides of *March* begun ;
 ' And, whether we shall meet again, I know not ;
 ' Therefore our everlasting farewell take ;
 ' For ever, and for ever, farewell, *Cassius* !
 ' If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;
 ' If not, why, then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, *Brutus* !
 If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed ;

If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. ' Why then, lead on. O, that a man might know
 ' The end of this day's business ere it come !
 ' But it sufficeth, that the day will end ;
 ' And then the end is known. Come, ho, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Alarum. Enter *Brutus* and *Messala*.

Bru. Ride, ride, *Messala* ; ride, and give these bills
 Unto the legions, on the other side. [*Loud alarum.*
 Let them set on at once ; for I perceive
 But cold demeanor in *Octavius*' wing ;
 A sudden Push gives them the overthrow.
 Ride, ride, *Messala* ; let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter *Cassius* and *Titinius*.

Cas. O look, *Titinius*, look, the villains fly !
 Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy ;
 This ensign here of mine was turning back,
 I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early ;
 Who, having some advantage on *Octavius*,
 Took it too eagerly ; his soldiers fell to spoil,
 Whilst we by *Antony* were all inclos'd.

Enter *Pindarus*.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off ;
Mark Antony is in your Tents, my lord ;

Fly

Fly therefore, noble *Cassius*, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, *Titinius*,
Are those my Tents, where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. *Titinius*, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
'Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, ev'n with a thought. [*Exit.*]

Cas. Go, *Pindarus*, get higher on that hill,
My sight was ever thick; regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.
This day I breathed first; time is come round;
And, where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run its compass. Now, what news?

Pind. [*above.*] Oh, my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pind. *Titinius* is inclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him;
Titinius! now some light—oh, he lights too—
He's ta'en—and hark, they shout for joy. [*Shout.*]

Cas. Come down, behold no more;
Oh, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither, *Varrah*;
In *Parthia* did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath,
Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through *Cæsar's* bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer; here, take thou the hilt;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Guide thou the sword——*Cæsar*, thou art reveng'd,
Ev'n with the sword that kill'd thee.——

[*Kills himself.*

Pind. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my Will. Oh, *Cassius!*
Far from this country *Pindarus* shall run,
Where never *Roman* shall take note of him. [Exit.

S C E N E V.

Enter *Titinius*, and *Messala*.

Mes. It is but change, *Titinius*; for *Octavius*
Is overthrown by noble *Brutus'* power,
As *Cassius'* legions are by *Antony*.

Tit. These Tidings will well comfort *Cassius*.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With *Pindarus* his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. Oh my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, *Messala*;
But *Cassius* is no more! Oh, setting Sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood *Cassius'* day is set;
The Sun of *Rome* is set! our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done;
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
Oh hateful Error, Melancholy's child!
Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? Error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, *Pindarus*? where art thou, *Pindarus*?

Mes. Seek him, *Titinius*; whilst I go to meet
The noble *Brutus*, thrusting this report

Into

Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts invenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of *Brutus*,
As tidings of this fight.

Tit. Hye you, *Messala*,
And I will seek for *Pindarus* the while. [*Exit Mes.*
Why didst thou send me forth, brave *Cassius*!
Did I not meet thy friends, and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? didst thou not hear their
shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstru'd ev'ry thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow.
Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee; and I
Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace;
And see how I regarded *Caius Cassius*.
By your leave, Gods—This is a *Roman's* part.

[*Stabs himself.*
Come, *Cassius's* sword, and find *Titinius's* heart. [*Dies.*

S C E N E VI.

Alarum. Enter *Brutus*, *Messala*, young *Cato*, *Strato*,
Volumnius, and *Lucilius*.

Bru. Where, where, *Messala*, doth his body lye?

Mes. Lo, yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.

Bru. *Titinius's* face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. Oh *Julius Cæsar*, thou art mighty yet!
Thy Spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*

Cato. Brave *Titinius*!

Look, if he have not crown'd dead *Cassius*!—

Bru. Are yet two *Romans* living, such as these?

Thou last of all the *Romans*! fare thee well;

It is impossible, that ever *Rome*

Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears

To

JULIUS CÆSAR.

To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.
 I shall find time, *Cassius*, I shall find time——
 Come, therefore, and to *Thassos* send his body:
 His funeral shall not be in our Camp,
 Lest it discomfort us. *Lucilius*, come;
 And come, young *Cato*; let us to the field.
Labeo, and *Flavius*, set our battles on.
 'Tis three o' clock; and, *Romans*, yet ere night
 We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

Alarum. Enter *Brutus*, *Messala*, *Cato*, *Lucilius*, and
Flavius.

Bru. Yet, Countrymen, oh yet, hold up your
 heads.

Cato. What bastard doth not? who will go with
 me?

I will proclaim my name about the field.
 I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho!
 A foe to tyrants, and my Country's friend,
 I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho!

Enter Soldiers and fight.

Bru. And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I;
Brutus, my Country's friend; know me for *Brutus*.
 [*Exit.*

Luc. Oh young and noble *Cato*, art thou down?
 Why, now thou diest as bravely as *Titinius*;
 And, may'st be honour'd, ⁴ being *Cato's* Son.

Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

⁵ *Luc.* Only I yield to die.

* * * * *

There

⁴———being *Cato's son.*] *i. e.* worthy of him.

⁵ *Luc.* Only I yield to die;

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;] This
 last line is unintelligible; the reason of which is the loss of the
 pre-

JULIUS CÆSAR.

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There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight ;
Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.

Sold. We must not. A noble Prisoner!

Enter Antony.

2 Sold. Room, ho! tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is ta'en.

1 Sold. I'll tell the news, here comes the General :
Brutus is ta'en, *Brutus* is ta'en, my Lord.

Ant. Where is he ?

Luc. Safe, *Antony*; *Brutus* is safe enough.

I dare assure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble *Brutus* :
The Gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him alive, or dead,
He will be found like *Brutus*, like himself.

Ant. This is not *Brutus*, friend, but I assure you,
A prize no less in worth; keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness. I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see if *Brutus* be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto *Octavius*' Tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

preceding. For by the circumstances I collect, that the reply of the soldier to the words, *Only I yield to die*, is wanting; which circumstances may lead us too to the discovery of what that reply was; and reciprocally by that reply to the recovery of the sense of this unintelligible line. I think then it appears probable, that when *Lucilius* had said, *Only I yield to die*; the soldier, by a very natural curiosity, pertinently demanded, *Whether there was yet much resistance on the part of the enemy?* To which *Lucilius* who had a mind to die, as pertinently answer'd,

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;

i. e. so much resistance still on foot, that thou wilt choose to rid me out of the way, that thou may'st go, without the embarrass of prisoners, to the assistance of thy friends who still want it.

S C E N E

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to another part of the Field.

*Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and
Volumnius.*

Bru. COME, poor Remains of friends, rest on
this rock.

Cl. *Statilius* shew'd the torch-light, but, my Lord,
He came not back, he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, *Clitus*; slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, *Clitus*—

[Whispering.]

Cl. What I, my Lord? no, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cl. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, *Dardanius*!

Dar. I do such a deed?

Cl. Oh, *Dardanius*!

Dar. Oh, *Clitus*!

Cl. What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, *Clitus*: look, he meditates.

Cl. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good *Volumnius*; list a word.

Vol. What says my Lord?

Bru. Why, this, *Volumnius*;
The Ghost of *Cæsar* hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at *Sardis* once;
And, this last night, here in *Philippi*'s fields.
I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my Lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, *Volumnius*.
Thou see'st the world, *Volumnius*, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: *[Alarum.]*
It is more worthy to leap in our selves,

Than

Than tarry, 'till they push us. Good *Volumnius*,
Thou know'st, that we two went to school together ;
Even for that, our love of old, I pr'ythee,
Hold thou my sword's hilt, while I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a Friend, my Lord.

[*Alarum still.*

Cli. Fly, fly, my Lord ; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewel to you, and you, and you, *Volumnius*.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep ;

Farewel to thee too, *Strato*.—Countrymen,

My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,

I found no man, but he was true to me.

I shall have Glory by this losing day,

More than *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,

By this vile Conquest shall attain unto.

So, fare you well at once ; for *Brutus'* tongue

Hath almost ended his life's History.

Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, Fly, fly, fly.*

Cli. Fly, my Lord, fly.—

Bru. Hence ; I will follow thee.

I pr'ythee, *Strato*, stay thou by thy Lord ;

Thou art a Fellow of a good respect ;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in't.

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, *Strato* ?

Stra. Give me your hand first—fare you well,
my Lord.

Bru. Farewel, good *Strato* ;—*Cæsar*, now be still ;
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword and dies.*

S C E N E

S C E N E IX.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala, Lucilius, and the army.

Octa. What Man is that?

Mes. My Master's Man. *Strato*, where is thy Master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, *Messala*;
The Conqu'rors can but make a fire of him:
For *Brutus* only overcame himself;
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So *Brutus* should be found. I thank thee,
Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd *Lucilius'* Saying true.

Octa. All that serv'd *Brutus*, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if *Messala* will prefer me to you.

Octa. Do so, good *Messala*.

Mes. How died my Lord, *Strato*?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. *Octavius*, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my Master.

Ant. This was the noblest *Roman* of them all.
All the Conspirators, save only he,
Did That they did in envy of great *Cæsar*:
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common Good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixt in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world; "This was a Man!"

Octa. According to his virtue, let us use him;
With all respect, and rites of burial.
Within my Tent his bones to night shall lye,
Most like a Soldier, order'd honourably.
So call the field to Rest; and let's away,
To part the Glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

A N T O N Y



A N T O N Y

A N D

C L E O P A T R A .



Dramatis Personæ.

M. ANTONY.

Octavius Cæsar.

Æmilius Lepidus.

Sex. Pompeius.

Domitius Enobarbus,

Ventidius,

Canidius,

Eros,

Scarus,

Decretas,

Demetrius,

Philo.

Mecænas,

Agrippa,

Dolabella,

Proculcius,

Thyreus.

Gallus,

Menas,

Menecrates,

Varrius.

Silius, *an Officer in Ventidius's Army.*

Taurus, *Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.*

Alexas,

Mardian,

Diomedes.

A Soothsayer.

Clown.

Cleopatra, *Queen of Ægypt.*

Octavia, *Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.*

Charmian,

Iras.

} *Friends and Followers of Antony.*

} *Friends to Cæsar.*

} *Friends to Pompey.*

} *Servants to Cleopatra.*

} *Ladies attending on Cleopatra.*

Ambassadors from Antony to Cæsar, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE is dispers'd in several Parts of the Roman Empire.

ANTONY




A N T O N Y
A N D
C L E O P A T R A.

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

The Palace at Alexandria in Ægypt.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

P H I L O.

“  A Y, but this dotage of our General
“ O'er-flows the measure; those his
“ goodly eyes,
“ That o'er the files and musters of the
“ war
“ Have glow'd like plated *Mars*, now bend, now turn,
“ The office and devotion of their view
“ Upon a tawny front. His Captain's heart,
“ Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst

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H

“ The

“ The buckles on his breast, ¹ reneges all temper;
 “ And is become the bellows, and the fan,
 “ To cool a Gypfy's lust. Look, where they come!

Flourish. Enter Antony and Cleopatra, her Ladies
 in the train, Eunuchs fanning her.

Take but good note, and you shall see in him

“ ² The triple pillar of the world transform'd
 “ Into a Strumpet's Stool. 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 ³ bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heav'n,
 new earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, my good Lord, from Rome.

Ant. It grates me. Tell the sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear it, *Antony.*

Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or who knows,
 If the scarce-bearded *Cæsar* have not sent
 His powerful Mandate to you, Do this, or this;
 Take in that Kingdom, and infranchise that;
 Perform't, or else we damn thee.—

Ant. How, my love?

Cleo. Perchance, (nay, and most like,)

¹ *reneges*] Renounces.

Mr. Pope.

² *The triple pillar of the world transform'd*

Into a Strumpet's FOOL.—] The metaphor is here miserably
 mangled. We should read,

Into a Strumpet's STOOL.

The *pillar* of the world, says he, is transformed into a *strumpet's Stool*. Alluding to the custom of *strumpets* sitting in the lap of their lovers. So *Ajax* in *Troilus and Cressida*, calls *Thersites*, *Thou STOOL for a witch*. *Shakespeare* too, in the use of *pillar* and *stool*, had regard perhaps to the etymology of the latter word, which comes from ΣΤΥΛΩ, *columna*.

³ *ourn*] Bound or limit.

Mr. Pope.

You

You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
Is come from *Cæsar*; therefore hear it, *Antony*.
Where's *Fulvia's* Process? *Cæsar's*? I'd say, both?
Call in the Messengers; as I'm *Ægypt's* Queen,
Thou blushest, *Antony*, and that blood of thine
Is *Cæsar's* homager: else, so thy cheeks pay shame,
When shrill-tongu'd *Fulvia* scolds. The Messengers—

Ant. "Let *Rome* in *Tyber* melt, ⁴ and the wide arch
"Of the rais'd Empire fall! here is my space;
Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man; the nobleness of life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual Pair, [*Embracing*,
And such a twain can do't; in which, I bind
(On pain of punishment) the world ⁵ to weet,
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry *Fulvia*, and not love her?
I'll seem the fool, I am not. *Antony*
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by *Cleopatra*.
Now for the love of love, and his soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh;
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
'Without some pleasure new: what sport to night?

Cleo. Hear the Ambassadors.

Ant. "Fie, wrangling Queen!
"Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
"To weep: whose every passion fully strives
"To make it self in thee fair and admired.
No Messenger, but thine;—and all alone,

⁴ — and the wide arch] Taken from the Roman custom of raising triumphal arches to perpetuate their victories. Extremely noble.

⁵ to weet,] To know.

Mr. Pope.

⁶ Without some pleasure now:—] We should read NEW: A sentiment much in character of the luxurious and debauched *Antony*. It is the antithesis to *conference harsh*.

To night we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of People. Come, my Queen,
Last night you did desire it. Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt, with their Train.*]

Dem. Is *Cæsar* with *Antonius* priz'd so slight?

Phil. Sir, sometimes, when he is not *Antony*,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with *Antony*.

Dem. I'm sorry,
That he approves the common liar, Fame,
Who speaks him thus at *Rome*; but I will hope
Of better deeds to morrow. Rest you happy!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a
Sooth-fayer.

Char. *Alexas*, sweet *Alexas*, most any thing *Alexas*,
almost most absolute *Alexas*, where's the Sooth-fayer
that you prais'd so to th' Queen? ⁷ Oh! that I knew
this husband, which you say, must charge his horns
with garlands.

Alex. Soothfayer,——

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man? Is't you, Sir, that know
things?

Sooth. In Nature's infinite Book of Secrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly: wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good Sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

⁷ *Ob! that I knew this husband, which you say, must CHANGE
his horns with garlands.]* This is corrupt; the true reading evi-
dently is, *must CHARGE his horns with garlands*, i. e. make him
a rich and honourable cuckold, having his horns hung about with
garlands.

Char.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience, be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more loving, than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! let me be married to three Kings in a forenoon, and widow them all; let me have a child at fifty, to whom *Herod of Jewry* may do homage! find me, to marry me with *Octavius Cæsar*, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall out-live the Lady whom you serve.

⁸ *Char.* Oh, excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen, and proved, a fairer former fortune, than that which is to approach.

Char. ⁹ Then, belike, my children shall have no names;

⁸ *Char.* *Oh, excellent! I love long life better than figs.*] Here *Shakespeare* has copied ancient manners with as much beauty as propriety: This being one of those *ominous* speeches, in which the ancients were so superstitious: For the aspicks, by which *Charmian* died, and after her mistress, were conveyed in a basket of figs. *Omens* (a superstition which *Pythagoras* first taught the *Greeks*) were the undesigned consequence of words casually spoken. The words were sometimes taken from the speaker, and applied by the hearers to the speaker's own affairs, as in the case of *Paulus Æmilius*, after his conquest of *Macedon*. Sometimes again the words of the speaker were transferred to the affairs of the hearer, as in the case of the same *Paulus* before his conquest of *Macedon*. *Itaque rebus divinæ quæ publicè fierent, ut faverent linguis, imperabatur.* Cicero de *Divin.* l. 1.

⁹ *Then, belike, my children shall have no names.*] *i. e.* be of no note, a *Greek* mode of expression; in which language, *διώνυμος* signifies both *double-named* and *famous*, because anciently famous men had an agnomen taken from their exploits.

Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have ?

Sooth. ¹ If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertil every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool ! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell *Iras* hers. ———

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes to night, shall be to go drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Ev'n as the o'erflowing *Nilus* presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Pr'ythee, tell her but a workyday fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how ? ——— give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she ?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you chuse it ?

Iras. Not in my Husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heav'ns mend ! *Alexas*, ——— Come, *his* fortune ; *his* fortune. ——— O, let him marry a Woman that cannot go, sweet *Iris*, I beseech thee ; and let her die too, and give him a worse ; and let worse follow worst, 'till the worst of all fol-

¹ *If every of your wishes had a womb,
And foretold every wish, a million.]* This nonsense should be reformed thus,

*If ev'ry of your wishes had a womb,
And fertil ev'ry wish, ———*

low him laughing to his Grave, fifty-fold a Cuckold !
good *Isis*, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me
a matter of more weight ; good *Isis*, I beseech thee !

Iras. Amen, dear Goddess, hear that prayer of the
people ! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a hand-
some man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow to be-
hold a foul knave uncuckolded ; therefore, dear *Isis*,
keep *decorum*, and fortune him accordingly.

Char. Amen !

Alex. Lo, now ! if it lay in their hands to make me
a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but
they'd do't.

S C E N E III.

Enter Cleopatra.

Eno. Hush ! here comes *Antony*.

Char. Not he, the Queen.

Cleo. Saw you my Lord ?

Eno. No, Lady.

Cleo. Was he not here ?

Char. No, Madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth, but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him. *Enobarbus*,—

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither ; where's
Alexas ?

Alex. Here at your service ; my Lord approaches.

Enter Antony with a Messenger, and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him ; go with us.

[*Exeunt.*

Mes. *Fulvia* thy Wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother *Lucius* ?

Mes. Ay, but soon that war had end, and the time's
state

Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst
Cæsar :

Whose better issue in the war from *Italy*,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mes. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. "When it concerns the fool or coward; on.—
Things, that are past, are done, with me. 'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in the tale lye death,
I hear, as if he flatter'd.

Mes. *Labienus* (this is stiff news)
Hath, with his *Parthian* force, ² extended *Asia*;
From *Euphrates* his conquering banner shook,
From *Syria* to *Lydia*, and *Ionia*;
Whilst——

Ant. *Antony*, thou wouldst say——

Mes. Oh, my Lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the gen'ral
tongue;

Name *Cleopatra* as she's call'd in *Rome*.

Rail thou in *Fulvia's* phrase, and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. Oh, then we bring forth weeds,
³ When our quick minds lye still; and our ill, told us,
Is as our earing; fare thee well a while.

Mes. At your noble pleasure.

Ant. From *Sicyon*, how the news? speak there.

Mes. The Man from *Sicyon*, is there such an one?

[Exit first Messenger.]

Attend. He stays upon your will.

² ——extended *Asia* ;] *i. e.* widened or extended the bounds of the lesser *Asia*.

³ *When our quick WINDS lye still;——*] We should read MINDS. The *m* was accidentally turn'd the wrong way at the press. The sense is this, *While the active principle within us lies immersed in sloth and luxury, we bring forth vices instead of virtues, weeds instead of flowers and fruits: But the laying before us our ill condition plainly and honestly is, at it were, the first culture of the mind, which gives hopes of a future harvest.* This he says to encourage the messenger to hide nothing from him.

Ant.

Ant. Let him appear ;
These strong *Ægyptian* fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage. What are you ?

Enter another Messenger, with a Letter.

2 *Mes.* *Fulvia* thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she ?

2 *Mes.* In *Sicyon*.

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears.

Ant. Forbear me. ——— [*Exit second Messenger.*
There's a great spirit gone ! thus did I desire it.
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again ; + the present pleasure,
By revolution lowring, does become
The opposite of itself ; she's good, being gone ;
The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd her on.
I must from this enchanting Queen break off.
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch. How now, *Enobarbus* ?

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your pleasure, Sir ?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then we kill all our women. We see,
how mortal an unkindness is to them ; if they suffer
our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die.
It were pity to cast them away for nothing ; though
between them and a great cause, they should be esteem'd
nothing. *Cleopatra*, catching but the least noise of this,

4 ——— the present pleasure,
By revolution lowring, does become
The opposite of itself ; ———] The allusion is to the sun's
diurnal course ; which rising in the east, and by revolution lowering,
or setting in the west, becomes the opposite of itself.

dies instantly ; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment : I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her ; she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, Sir, no ; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears : they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report. This cannot be cunning in her : if it be, she makes a show'r of rain as well as *Jove*.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her !

Eno. Oh, Sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work, which, not to have been blest withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. Sir !

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. *Fulvia* ?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, Sir, give the Gods a thankful sacrifice : when it pleaseth their Deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shews to man the tailor of the earth ; comforting him therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but *Fulvia*, then had you indeed a cut, and the case were to be lamented : this grief is crowned with consolation ; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat, and, indeed, the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business, she hath broached in the state, Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business, you have broach'd here, cannot be without you ; especially that of *Cleopatra's*, which wholly depends on your abroad.

Ant. No more light answers : let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break

The

' The cause of our expedience to the Queen,
 And get her leave to part. For not alone
 The death of *Fulvia*, with more urgent touches,
 Do strongly speak t'us; but the letters too
 Of many our contriving friends in *Rome*
 Petition us at home. *Sextus Pompeius*
 Hath giv'n the dare to *Cæsar*, and commands
 The Empire of the Sea. Our slipp'ry people,
 (Whose love is never link'd to the deserfer,
 'Till his deserts are past,) begin to throw
Pompey the Great and all his Dignities
 Upon his son; who high in name and pow'r,
 Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
 For the main Soldier; whose quality going on,
 The sides o' th' world may danger. Much is breeding;
 Which, like ⁶ the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
 And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
 To such whose place is under us, requires
 Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I'll do't.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See, where he is, who's with him, what he
 does.—

I did not send you:—If you find him sad,
 Say, I am dancing: if in mirth, report,
 That I am sudden sick. Quick, and return.

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,

⁵ *The cause of our expedience—*] *Expedience*, for expedition.

⁶ — *the courser's hair, &c.*] Alludes to an old idle notion
 that the hair of a horse, dropt into corrupted water, will turn to
 an animal. Mr. Pope.

You

You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in
nothing.

Cleo. Thou teacheest, like a fool : the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so, too far. I wish, forbear ;
In time we hate That, which we often fear.

Enter Antony.

But here comes *Antony*.

Cleo. I'm sick, and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.

Cleo. Help me away, dear *Charmian*, I shall fall ;
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature

[*Seeming to faint.*

Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest Queen,——

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good
news.

What says the marry'd woman? you may go ;
'Would, she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no pow'r upon you : hers you are.

Ant. The Gods best know,——

Cleo. O, never was there Queen
So mightily betray'd ; yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. *Cleopatra*,——

Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine, and
true,

Though you with swearing shake the throned Gods,
Who have been false to *Fulvia*? riotous madness
To be entangled with these mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant.

Ant. Most sweet Queen,——

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words; no going, then; —
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our Brows' bent, none our parts so poor,
But was ⁷ a race of heav'n. They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How, now, lady?

Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou should'st know,
There were a heart in *Ægypt*.

Ant. Hear me, Queen;
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a-while; but my full heart
Remains in Use with you. Our *Italy*
Shines o'er with civil swords; *Sextus Pompeius*
Makes his approaches to the port of *Rome*.
Equality of two domestick Pow'rs
Breeds scrupulous faction; the hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd *Pompey*,
Rich in his father's Honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'n
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change. My more particular,
And that which most with you should (a) salve my
going,
Is *Fulvia's* death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me
freedom,
It does from childishness. Can *Fulvia* die?

Ant. She's dead, my Queen.

⁷ —— a race of heav'n.—] *i. e.* had a smack or flavour of heaven.

[(a) *salve*. Mr. Theobald.—Vulg. *saves*.]

Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
The garboyls she awak'd ; at the last, best.
See, when, and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love !

Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
With sorrowful water ? now I see, I see,
In *Fulvia's* death, how mine shall be receiv'd.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear ; which are, or cease,
As you shall give th' advices. By the fire,
That quickens *Nilus'* slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant, making peace or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, *Charmian*, come ;
But let it be, ^s I'm quickly ill, and well :
So, *Antony* loves.

Ant. My precious Queen, forbear,
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So *Fulvia* told me.
I pry'thee, turn aside, and weep for her ;
Then bid adieu to me and say, the tears
Belong to *Ægypt*. Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood ; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet ; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now by my sword——

Cleo. And target—Still he mends :
But this is not the best. Look, pry'thee, *Charmian*,
How this *Herculean Roman* does become

8 — *I'm quickly ill, and well, ——*
So, Antony loves.] It should be pointed thus,

I'm quickly ill and well :

So Antony loves.

So, i. e. thus fantastically and capriciously. But the common pointing makes her say the quite contrary.

The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word;

Sir, you and I must part; (but that's not it,)

Sir, you and I have lov'd; (but there's not it;

That you know well;) something it is, I would:

' Oh, my oblivion is a very *Antony*,

And I am all forgotten.

Ant. ' But that your royalty

Holds Idleness your subject, I should take you
For Idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour

To bear such Idleness so near the heart,

As *Cleopatra*, this. But, Sir, forgive me;

Since my becoming kill me, when they do not

Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence,

Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,

And all the Gods go with you! On your sword

Sit laurell'd victory, and smooth success

Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go: come,

Our separation so abides and flies,

That thou, residing here, goest yet with me,

9 *Oh, my oblivion is a very Antony,*

And I am all forgotten.] The plain meaning is, *My forgetfulness makes me forget my self.* But she expresses it by calling *forgetfulness, Antony*; because *forgetfulness* had forgot her, as *Antony* had done. For want of apprehending this quaintness of expression, the *Oxford Editor* is forced to tell us news, *That all forgotten is an old way of speaking, for apt to forget every thing.*

1 *But that your royalty*

Holds Idleness your subject, I should take you

For Idleness itself.] i. e. *But that your charms hold me, who am the greatest fool on earth in chains, I should have adjudged you to be the greatest.* That this is the sense, is shewn by her answer,

'Tis sweating labour

To bear such Idleness so near the heart,

As Cleopatra, this.—

And

And I, hence fleeing, here remain with thee.

Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Changes to Cæsar's Palace in Rome.

Enter Octavius Cæsar reading a letter, Lepidus, and attendants.

Cæs. YOU may see, *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
It is not *Cæsar's* natural vice to hate
One great competitor. From *Alexandria*
This is the news; he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manly
Than *Cleopatra*; nor the Queen of *Ptolemy*
More womanly than he. Hardly gave audience,
Or did vouchsafe to think that he had partners.
You shall there find a man, who is the abstract
Of all faults all men follow.

Lep. I must not think,
They're evils enough to darken all his goodness;
His faults in him seem as the spots of heav'n,
More fiery by night's blackness: hereditary,
Rather than purchast; what he cannot change,
Than what he chuses.

Cæs. You're too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not
Amis to tumble on the bed of *Ptolemy*,
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit
And keep the turn of tipling with a slave,
To reel the streets at noon; and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat; say, this becomes
him;

(As his composure must be rare, indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish;) yet must *Antony*
No way excuse his foils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd

His

His vacancy with his voluptuousness ;
 Full surfeits, and the driness of his bones,
 Call on him for't. But to confound such time,
 That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
 As his own state, and ours ; 'tis to be chid,
 As we rate boys, who, (a) immature in knowledge,
 Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
 And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mes. Thy biddings have been done ; and every hour,
 Most noble *Cæsar*, shalt thou have report
 How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is strong at Sea,
 And, it appears, he is belov'd of those
 That only have fear'd *Cæsar* : to the ports
 The Discontents repair, and mens' reports
 Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less ;
 'T hath been taught us from the primal State,
 That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were :
 And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,

*2 It hath been taught us from the primal State,
 That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were :
 And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
 Comes fear'd, by being lack'd.]*

Let us examine the sense of this in plain prose. *The earliest histories inform us, that the man in supreme command was always wish'd to gain that command, till he had obtain'd it. And he, whom the multitude has contentedly seen in a low condition, when he begins to be wanted by them, becomes to be fear'd by them. But do the multitude fear a man, because they want him ? Certainly, we must read ;*

Comes dear'd, by being lack'd.

i. e. endear'd, a favourite to them. Besides, the context requires this reading ; for it was not fear, but love, that made the people flock to young *Pompey*, and what occasion'd this reflexion. So in *Coriolanus*,

I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd.

[(a) immature in knowledge. Oxford Editor. — Vulg. being mature in knowledge.]

Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lacquying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mef. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and *Menas*, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind. Many hot inrodes
They make in *Italy*, the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen: for *Pompey's* name strikes more,
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails;— When thou once
Wert beaten from *Mutina*, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and *Pansa* Consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow, whom thou fought'st against
(Though daintily brought up) with patience more
Than Savages could suffer. Thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at. Thy Palate then did
deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge:
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st. On the *Alps*,
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on; and all this,
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now)
Was bore so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to *Rome*; time is it, that we twain
Did shew ourselves i'th' field; and to that end
Assemble we immediate council; *Pompey*
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep.

Lep. To morrow, *Cæsar*.
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly,
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To front this present time.

Cæs. 'Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewel.

Lep. Farewel, my lord:
What you shall know mean time of stirs abroad,
I shall beseech you, let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt it not, Sir; I knew it for my bond.
Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

Changes to the Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. *Charmian*,—
Char. Madam?

Cleo. Ha, ha—give me to drink *Mandragoras*.

Char. Why, Madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time,
My *Antony* is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 'tis treason.—

Char. Madam, I trust not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch, *Mardian*,—

Mar. What's your Highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing. I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has; 'tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of *Ægypt*. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious Madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, Madam; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,

What *Venus* did with *Mars*.

Cleo. Oh *Charmian*!

Where think'st thou he is now? stands he, or sits he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?

Oh happy horse, to bear the weight of *Antony*!

Do bravely, horse; for, wot'st thou, whom thou mov'st?

The demy *Atlas* of this earth, the arm

And burgonet of man. "He's speaking now,

"Or murmuring, where's my serpent of old *Nile*?—

"(For so he calls me;) Now I feed myself

"With most delicious poison. Think on me,

"That am with *Phæbus*' amorous pinches black,

"And wrinkled deep in time. Broad-fronted *Cæsar*,

When thou wast here above the ground, I was

A morsel for a monarch; and great *Pompey*

Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;

There would he anchor his aspect, and die

With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sovereign of *Ægypt*, hail!

Cleo. How much art thou unlike *Mark Antony*?

Yet coming from him, that great med'cine hath

With his tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my brave *Mark Antony*?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear *Queen*,

He kist, the last of many doubled kisses,

This orient pearl.—His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,

Say, the firm *Roman* to great *Ægypt* sends

This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,

To mend the petty present, ³ I will pace

Her

³ — I will PIECE

Her opulent throne with kingdoms.—] This expression of piecing her throne, is indeed tolerable; but barely so. No bungling

Her opulent throne with kingdoms. All the east,
 Say thou, shall call her mistress. So, he nodded;
 4 And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
 5 Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke,
 Was beastly done by him.

bungling carpenter could have expressed his labour worse. I suspect that *Shakespear* wrote,

———— I will FACE

Her opulent throne with kingdoms.

i. e. I will erect an imperial throne for her, and every step up to it shall be a kingdom. The expression is noble, and the idea vastly magnificent.

4 *And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,*] *i. e.* his steed worn lean and thin by much service in war. So *Farefax*,

His stall-worn steed the champion stout bestrode.

5 *Who neigh'd so loud, that what I would have spoke,*

Was beastly DUMB by *dim.*] Mr. *Theobald* reads *dumb'd*, put to silence. *Alexas* means (says he) the horse made such a neighing that if he had spoke he could not have been heard. A very pretty speech, and agreeable to the politeness of one of *Cleopatra's* courtiers. *Shakespear* wrote,

Who neigh'd so loud, that what I would have spoke

Was beastly DONE by him.

i. e. the sense of what I would have spoke the horse declared, tho' in inarticulate sounds. The case was this, *Alexas* came to take leave of *Antony*, who recommended a message to him to his mistress. *Alexas* then had no more to do but make his compliments: But in that instant *Antony* mounted his war-horse, long accustomed to bear him, who no sooner felt his master's weight, but, as is usual for horses of service, neighed in a very sprightly manner. This circumstance, (such a one as poets and romancers when they speak of their heroes' adventures, never fail to improve) *Alexas* is made to turn to a compliment on *Antony*, which could not but please *Cleopatra*. *I was going*, says he, *to pay my farewell compliments to Antony, to predict his future successes, and to salute him with the usual appellations of victory, when the horse got the start of me; and by his neighing so high and sprightly, shewed him to be sensible that he had a hero on his back whom he was bearing to conquest.* But we are not to suppose that *Alexas* after this did not make his speech, but let the hero's horse do it for him. This was only a small interruption to his compliments, which, as a flattering circumstance, he mentions to please his mistress. The error of *dumb* for *done*, seems to have been occasioned by the editor's mistaking the word *high* for *loud*, whereas it here signifies *sprightly*.

Cleo. What, was he sad or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o'th' year, between th' extreams

Of hot and cold, he was nor sad, nor merry.

Cleo. Oh well-divided disposition!

Note him, good *Charmian*, 'tis the man; but note him;

He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his: He was not merry,
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In *Ægypt* with his joy; but between both.

Oh heav'nly mingle! be't thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else. Met'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, Madam, twenty several messengers.
Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day,
When I forget to send to *Antony*,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, *Charmian*.
Welcome, my good *Alexas*. Did I, *Charmian*,
Ever love *Cæsar* so?

Char. Oh, that brave *Cæsar*!

Cleo. Be choak'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave *Antony*.

Cleo. The valiant *Cæsar*.

Cleo. By *Isis*, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with *Cæsar* paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. 'My fallad days;

When

6 *My fallad days:*

When I was green in judgment, cold in blood!

To say, as I said then,—] This puzzles the late editor Mr. *Theobald*. He says, *Cleopatra may speak very naturally here with contempt of her judgment at that period: But how truly with regard to the coldness of her blood may admit some question: And then employs his learning to prove, that at this cold season of her blood*

she

When I was green in judgment.—Cold in blood!
 To say, as I said then,—But come away,
 Get me ink and paper;
 He shall have every day several greetings, or I'll
 unpeople *Ægypt*. [*Exeunt*.

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

S I C I L Y.

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas.

P O M P E Y.

IF the great Gods be just, they shall assist
 The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy *Pompey*,
 That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pomp. While we are suitors to their Throne, delay's
 The thing we sue for.

Men.

she had seen twenty good years. But yet he thinks his author may be justified, because *Plutarch* calls *Cleopatra* at those years, *Κόρη*, which by ill luck proves just the contrary; for that state which the *Greeks* designed by *Κόρη*, was the very height of blood. But *Shakespeare's* best justification is restoring his own sense, which is done merely by a different pointing.

My fallad days;

When I was green in judgment. Cold in blood!

To say as I said then.

Cold in blood, is an upbraiding expostulation to her maid. *Those*, says she, *were my fallad days, when I was green in judgment; but your blood is as cold as my judgment, if you have the same opinion of things now as I had then.*

While we are suitors to their Throne, DECAYS

The thing we sue for.] This nonsense should be read thus,

While we are suitors to their Throne, DELAY'S

The thing we sue for.

Men. We, ignorant of our selves,
 Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
 Deny us for our good; so find we profit
 By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:

The people love me, and the sea is mine;
 My pow'r's (a) a crescent, and my auguring hope
 Says, it will come to th' full. *Mark Antony*
 In *Ægypt* sits at dinner, and will make
 No wars without doors. - *Cæsar* gets mony, where
 He loses hearts; *Lepidus* flatters Both,
 Of Both is flatter'd; but he Neither loves,
 Nor Either cares for him.

Mene. *Cæsar* and *Lepidus* are in the field,
 A mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.

Mene. From *Silvius*, Sir.

Pom. He dreams; I know, they are in *Rome* to-
 gether,

Looking for *Antony*: but all the charms of love,
 Salt *Cleopatra*, soften thy wan lip!

Let witchcraft join with beauty; lust with both!

Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,

Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,

Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;

That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,

Even 'till a *Lethe'd* dulness—

Menecrates had said, *The Gods do not deny that which they delay.*
 The other turns his words to a different meaning, and replies,
Delay is the very thing we beg of them. i. e. the delay of our
enemies in making preparation against us; which he explains
afterwards, by saying Mark Antony was tied up by lust in Ægypt;
Cæsar, by avarice at Rome; and Lepidus employed in keeping
well with both.

[(a) a crescent. Mr. Theobald. — Volg. are crescent.]

Enter

Enter Varrius.

How now, *Varrius*?

Var. This is most certain, that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in *Rome*
Expected. Since he went from *Ægypt*, 'tis
A space for farther travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear. *Menas*, I did not think,
This am'rous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war; his soldiership
Is twice the other twain; but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of *Ægypt's* widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied *Antony*.

Men. I cannot hope,
Cæsar and *Antony* shall well greet together.
His wife, who's dead, did trespasses to *Cæsar*;
His brother warr'd upon him, although I think,
Not mov'd by *Antony*.

Pom. I know not, *Menas*,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant, they should square between them-
selves;

For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords; but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be't, as our Gods will hav't! it only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
Come, *Menas*.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

Changes to Rome.

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. **G**OOD *Enobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, t'entreat your
Captain

To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him

To answer, like himself; if *Cæsar* move him,

Let *Antony* look over *Cæsar's* head,

And speak as loud as *Mars*. By *Jupiter*,

² Were I the wearer of *Antonio's* beard,

I would not shav't to day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for private stomaching.

Eno. Every time

Serves for the matter that is then born in't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not, if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion;

But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes

The noble *Antony*.

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder, *Cæsar*.

Enter Cæsar, Mecænas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to *Parthia*.—

Hark, *Ventidius*.

Cæs. I do not know; *Mecænas*, ask *Agrippa*.

Lep. Noble friends,

² *Were I the wearer of Antonio's beard,*

I would not shav't to day.] Alluding to the phrase, *I will*
hear him.

That

That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
 A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
 May it be gently heard. When we debate
 Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
 Murder in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,
 (The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)
 Touch you the softest points with sweetest terms,
 Nor curstness grow to th' matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well ;
 Were we before our armies, and to fight,
 I should do thus.

[*Flourish.*]

Cæs. Welcome to *Rome*.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, Sir.

Cæs. Nay, then——

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so:
 Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
 If, or for nothing, or a little, I
 Should say myself offended, and with you
 Chiefly i'th' world ; More laugh'd at, that I should
 Once name you derogately, when to sound
 Your name it not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in *Ægypt*, *Cæsar*, what was't to you ?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at *Rome*
 Might be to you in *Ægypt*: yet, if you there
 Did practise on my state, your being in *Ægypt*
 Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practise'd ?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
 By what did here befall. ³ Your Wife and Brother

Made

3 ————— Your Wife and Brother

Made Wars upon me, and their Contestation

[Was *them* for you, you were the Word of War.] The only
 meaning of this can be, that the war, which *Antony's* wife and
 brother made upon *Cæsar*, was *them* for *Antony* too to make
 war ; or was the occasion why he did make war. But this

Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was them'd for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business: † my brother
never

Did urge me in his act: I did require it,
And have my learning from some true reports
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
(As matter whole you've not to make it with,)
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself,
By laying defects of Judgment to me: but
You patch up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, (I'm certain on't,)
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your Partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with grateful eyes attend those wars,
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my Wife,
I would, you had her spirit in such another;
The third o'th' world is yours, which with a snaffle
You may pace easie; but not such a Wife.

Eno. 'Would, we had all such Wives, that the Men
might go to wars with the Women!

is directly contrary to the context, which shews, *Antony* did neither encourage them to it, nor second them in it. We cannot doubt then, but the poet wrote;

————— *and their contestation*
Was them'd for you.

i. e. The pretence of their war was on your account, They took up arms in your name, and you were made the theme and subject of their insurrection.

† ————— *my brother never*
Did urge me in his act: ———] *i. e.* never did make use of
my name as a pretence for the war.

Ant.

Ant. So much uncurbable her garboiles, *Cæsar*,
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet: For That you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
When rioting in *Alexandria*, you
Did pocket up my letters; and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell on me, ere admitted: then
Three Kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i'th' morning: but, next day,
' I told him of my self; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife: if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath, which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, *Cæsar*.—

Ant. No, *Lepidus*, let him speak;
' The Honour's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing, that I lackt it: but on, *Cæsar*,
The article of my oath—

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid, when I requir'd them,
The which you both deny'd.

Ant. Neglected, rather:
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge; as nearly as I may,
I'll play the Penitent to you. But mine honesty
Shall not make poor my Greatness; nor my Power
Work without it. Truth is, that *Fulvia*,
To have me out of *Ægypt*, made wars here;

5 *I told him of my self;—*] *i. e.* told him the condition I was in, when he had his last audience.

6 *The Honour's sacred—*] *Sacred*, for unbroken, unviolated.

For which my self, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine Honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember, that the present Need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, *Mecenas*.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the in-
stant, you may, when you hear no more words of
Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle
in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a Soldier, only speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost
forgot.

Ant. You wrong this Presence, therefore speak no
more.

Eno. Go to then: your considerate stone. —

Cæs. ' I do not much dislike the manner, but
The matter of this speech: for't cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop would hold us staunch, from edge to edge
O' th' world, I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Speak, *Agrippa*.

7 I do not much dislike the matter, but

The manner of his speech: —] What, not dislike the *matter*
of it? when he says presently after, that he would do every thing
to prevent the evil *Enobarbus* predicted. Besides, are we to suppose
that common civility would suffer him to take the same liberty
with *Antony's* lieutenant, that *Antony* himself did? *Shakespeare*
wrote,

I do not much dislike the manner, but

The matter of his speech: —

i. e. 'tis not his liberty of speech, but the mischiefs he speaks of,
which I dislike. This agrees with what follows, and is said with
much urbanity, and show of friendship.

Agr.

Agr. Thou hast a Sister by the Mother's side,
Admir'd *Octavia!* great *Mark Antony*
Is now a Widower.

Ces. Say not so, *Agrippa*;
If *Cleopatra* heard you, your Approof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, *Cesar*, let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual Amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take *Antony*
Octavia to his Wife; whose Beauty claims
No worse a Husband than the best of men;
Whose Virtue, and whose general Graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truths would be but tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both,
Would each to other, and all loves to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will *Cesar* speak?

Ces. Not 'till he hears, how *Antony* is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What Power is in *Agrippa*
(If I would say, "*Agrippa*, be it so,")
To make this good?

Ces. The Power of *Cesar*, and
His Power unto *Octavia*.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shews,
Dream of impediment! let me have thy hand;
Further this act of grace: and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!

Ces. There is my hand:

A Sister I bequeath you, whom no Brother
Did ever love so dearly. Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our Hearts, and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen.

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst
Pompey,

For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me. I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defie him.

Lep. Time calls upon's:
Of us must *Pompey* presently be fought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lyes he?

Cæs. About the Mount *Misenum.*

Ant. What is his strength by Land?

Cæs. Great, and increasing: but by Sea
He is an absolute Master.

Ant. So is the fame.

'Would, we had spoke together! haste we for it;
Yet, ere we put our selves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my Sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, *Lepidus*, not lack your company.

Lep. Noble *Antony*, not sickness should detain me.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Manent Enobarbus, Agrippa, *Mecænas.*

Mec. Welcome from *Ægypt*, Sir.

Eno. Half the heart of *Cæsar*, worthy *Mecænas*!
my honourable friend, *Agrippa*!—

Agr. Good *Enobarbus*!

Mec.

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well digested: you stay'd well by't in *Ægypt*.

Eno. Ay, Sir, we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there;—Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a flie by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant Lady, if report be square to her.

Eno. When she first met *Mark Antony*, she purs'd up his heart upon the river of *Cydnus*.

Agr. There she appear'd, indeed; or my reporter devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you;

“ The Barge she sat in, like a burnish'd Throne,
 “ Burnt on the water; the poop was beaten gold,
 “ Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
 “ The Winds were love-sick with 'em; th' oars were
 “ silver,
 “ Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
 “ The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
 “ As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
 “ It beggar'd all description; she did lye
 “ In her pavilion, cloth of gold, of tissue,
 “ ⁸ O'er-picturing that *Venus*, where we see
 “ The Fancy out-work Nature. On each side her,
 “ Stood pretty dimpled Boys, like smiling *Cupids*,
 “ With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
 “ To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 “ And what they undid, did.

Agr. Oh, rare for *Antony*!

Eno. “ Here Gentlewomen, like the *Nereids*,

⁸ O'er-picturing that *Venus*, where we see &c.] Meaning the *Venus* of *Protogenes* mentioned by *Pliny*, l. 35. c. 10.

" So many Mermaids, tended her i' th' eyes,
 " 9 And made their Bends adorings. At the helm,
 " A seeming Mermaid steers; the silken tackles
 " Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
 " That yarely frame the office. From the Barge
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The City cast
 Her People out upon her; and *Antony*,
 Enthron'd i' th' Market-place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to th' air; ' which, but for vacancy,
 Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
 And made a gap in Nature.

Ag. Rare *Egyptian!*

Eno. Upon her landing, *Antony* sent to her,
 Invited her to supper: she reply'd,
 It should be better, he became her guest;
 Which she intreated. Our courteous *Antony*,
 Whom ne'er the word of *No Woman* heard speak,
 Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
 And for his ordinary, pays his heart,
 For what his eyes eat only.

Ag. Royal Wench!

She made great *Cæsar* lay his sword to bed;

9 *And made their bends* ADORNINGS.—] This is sense indeed, and may be understood thus, her maids bowed with so good an air, that it added new graces to them. But this is not what *Shakespeare* would say: *Cleopatra*, in this famous scene, personated *Venus* just rising from the waves: at which time the Mythologists tell us, the Sea-deities surrounded the goddess to adore, and pay her homage. Agreeably to this fable *Cleopatra* had dressed her maids, the poet tells us, like *Nereids*. To make the whole therefore conformable to the story represented, we may be assured, *Shakespeare* wrote,

And made their bends ADORNINGS.

They did her observance in the posture of adoration, as if she had been *Venus*.

1 ————*which, but for vacancy*

Had gone—] Alluding to an axiom in the peripatetic philosophy then in vogue, that *Nature abhors a vacuum*.

He

He plough'd her, and she cropt.

Eno. I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the publick street:
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted
That she did make defect, perfection,
And breathless power breathe forth.

Mec. Now *Antony* must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never, he will not.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy Priests
Bless her, when she is riggish.

Mec. ² If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of *Antony*, *Octavia* is
A blest allot'try to him.

Ag. Let us go.

Good *Enobarbus*, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, Sir, I thank you. [Exeunt.]

Enter Antony, Cæsar, Octavia between them.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will some-
times
Divide me from your bosom.

Ota. All which time,
Before the Gods my knee shall bow in prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, Sir. My *Octavia*,

² If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle

The heart of *Antony*, *Octavia* is

A blessed LOTTERY to him.] Methinks, it is a very indis-
ferent compliment in *Mecenas* to call *Octavia* a lottery, as if she
might turn up blank, as well as prove a prize to *Antony*. The
poet wrote, as I have reform'd the text, ALLOTTERY, there be-
ing as much difference between lottery and allottery, as between a
present designation and a future chance,

Read not my blemishes in the world's report :
I have not kept my square, but That to come
Shall all be done by th' rule; good night, dear Lady.

Octa. Good night, Sir.

Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, firrah! do you wish your self in *Ægypt* ?

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor
you thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. ² I see it in my Motion, have it not in my
Tongue; but yet hie you to *Ægypt* again.

Ant. Say to me, whose fortune shall rise higher,
Cæsar's or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.—Therefore, oh *Antony*, stay not
by his side.

Thy *Dæmon*, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, couragious, high, unmatchable,
Where *Cæsar's* is not. But, near him, thy angel
³ Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd; and there-
fore

Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to
thee.—

If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou'rt sure to lose: and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds. Thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by: I say again, thy Spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him.

² *I see it in my motion,*—] *i. e.* the divinitory agitation.

³ *Becomes a Fear,*—] *i. e.* a fearful thing. The abstract for
the concrete.

But,

But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:

Say to *Ventidius*, I would speak with him.

[*Exit* Sooth.

He shall to *Partbia*; — be it art, or hap,
He hath spoke true. The very dice obey him;
And, in our Sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance; if we draw lots, he speeds;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought: and his quails ever
Beat mine, in-hoop'd at odds. I will to *Ægypt*;
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' th' east my pleasure lies. Oh, come, *Ventidius*.

Enter *Ventidius*.

You must to *Partbia*, your commission's ready:

Follow me and receiv't.

[*Exeunt*.

Enter *Lepidus*, *Mecænas*, and *Agrippa*.

Lep. Trouble your selves no farther: pray you,
hasten

Your Generals after.

Agr. Sir, *Mark Antony*

Will e'en but kiss *Octavia*, and we'll follow.

Lep. 'Till I shall see you in your Soldiers' dress,
Which will become you Both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,

As I conceive the journey, be at th' mount
Before you, *Lepidus*.

Lep. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.

Both. Sir, good success.

Lep. Farewel.

[*Exeunt*.

S C E N E V.

Changes to the Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras and Alexas.

Cleo. **G**IVE me some musick: musick, moody
food

Of us that trade in love——

Omnes. The musick, hoa!

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to billiards: come, *Charmian*.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with *Mardian*.

Cleo. As well a woman with an Eunuch play'd,
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me,
Sir?

Mar. As well as I can, Madam.

Cleo. And when good will is shew'd, tho't come
too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.
Give me mine angle, we'll to th' river, there,
My musick playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fish; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an *Antony*,
And say, ah, ha! you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time!—oh times!——
I laught him out of patience, and that night
I laught him into patience; and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed:

Then

⁵ Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword *Philippan*. Oh, from *Italy*;

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy faithful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mef. Madam! Madam!—

Cleo. *Antony's* dead?—

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:
But well and free,

If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss: a hand, that Kings
Have lipt, and trembled kissing.

Mef. First, Madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, firrah, mark,
we use

To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold, I give thee, will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mef. Good Madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will:

But there's no goodness in thy face. If *Antony*
Be free and healthful; why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings? if not well,
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with
snakes,

⁶ Not like a formal man:

Mef. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st;
Yet, if thou say *Antony* lives, 'tis well,
Or friends with *Cæsar*, or not captive to him,

⁵ *Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.*—] This is finely imagined. The
speaker is supposed to do this in imitation of *Omphale*, in her
treatment of *Hercules* the great ancestor of *Antony*.

⁶ *Not like a formal man.*] *Formal*, for ordinary.

7 I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mef. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mef. And friends with *Cæsar*.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mef. *Cæsar* and he, are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mef. But yet, Madam——

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay

8 The good precedence; fie upon *but yet*:

But yet is as a jaylor to bring forth

Some monstrous Malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,

Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,

The good and bad together: he's friends with *Cæsar*,

In state of health, thou say'st; and thou say'st, free.

Mef. Free, Madam! no: I made no such report.

He's bound unto *Octavia*.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mef. For the best turn i' th' bed.

Cleo. I am pale, *Charmian*.

Mef. Madam, he's married to *Octavia*.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[*Strikes him down.*]

Mef. Good Madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?

[*Strikes him.*]

7 I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail

Rich pearls upon thee.] That is, I will give thee a kingdom; it being the eastern ceremony, at the coronation of their Kings, to powder them with gold-dust and seed-pearl: so Milton,

——the gorgeous East with liberal hand

Showers on her Kings barbaric pearl and gold.

In the life of *Timur-bec* or *Tamerlane* written by a *Persian* contemporary author, are the following words, as translated by *Monsieur Petit de la Croix*, in the account there given of his coronation, Book ii. chap. i. *Les Princes du sang royal & les Emirs repandirent à pleines mains sur sa tête quantité d'or & de pierres selon la coûtume.*

8 The good precedence;—] *Precedence*, for precedent.

Hence,

Hence, horrible villain, or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:

[She bales him up and down.]

Thou shalt be whipt with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingring pickle.

Mes. Gracious Madam,

I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow, thou had'st,
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mes. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[Draws a dagger.]

Mes. Nay, then I'll run:

What mean you, Madam? I have made no fault. *[Exit.]*

Char. Good Madam, keep your self within your
self,

The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt —
Melt *Ægypt* into *Nile*; and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents! call the slave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him; call.

Char. He is afraid to come,

Cleo. I will not hurt him.

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself: since I myself
Have given myself the cause. Come hither, Sir.

Re-enter the Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message
An host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mes. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,

If you again say, *Yes*.

Mef. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. The Gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

Mef. Should I lie, Madam?

Cleo. Oh, I would, thou didst;

So half my *Ægypt* were submerg'd, and made

A cistern for scal'd snakes! go, get thee hence,

Hadst thou *Narcissus* in thy face, to me

Thou wouldst appear most ugly: he is married?—

Mef. I crave your Highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?—

Mef. Take no offence, that I would not offend you;

To punish me for what you make me do,

Seems much unequal: he's married to *Octavia*.

Cleo. Oh, that his fault should make a knave of thee,

(a) That say'st but what thou'rt sure of!—Get thee hence,

The merchandises, thou hast brought from *Rome*,

Are all too dear for me:

Lye they upon thy hand, and be undone by 'em!

[*Exit Mef.*]

Cbar. Good your Highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising *Antony*, I have disprais'd *Cæsar*.

Cbar. Many times, Madam.

Cleo. I am paid for it now: lead me from hence, I faint; oh *Iras*, *Charmian*—'tis no matter.—

Go to the fellow, good *Alexas*, bid him

Report the feature of *Octavia*, her years,

Her inclination, let him not leave out

The colour of her hair. Bring me word quickly,—

Let him for ever go—let him not, *Charmian*;

[(a) *That say'st but what*—Oxford Editor.—Vulg. *That art not what*—]

Though

Though he be painted one way like a *Gorgon*,
Th' other way he's a *Mars*. Bid you *Alexas*
Bring word, how tall she is: pity me, *Charmian*,
But speak not to me. Lead me to my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Changes to the Coast of Italy, near Misenum.

Enter Pompey and Menas, at one door, with drum and trumpet: At another, Cæsar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Mecænas, Agrippa, with Soldiers marching.

Pom. YOUR hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet,

That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,
And carry back to *Sicily* much tall youth,
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,

The Senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the Gods,—I do not know,
Wherefore my Father should Revengers want,
Having a Son and Friends; since *Julius Cæsar*,
(Who at *Philippi* the good *Brutus* ghosted,)
There saw you labouring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale *Cassius* to conspire? and what
Made Thee, all-honour'd, honest *Roman Brutus*,
With the arm'd rest, Courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man, but a man? And That is it,
Hath made me rig my Navy: At whose burthen
The anger'd Ocean foams, with which I meant
To scourge th' ingratitude that despightful *Rome*
Cast on my noble Father.

Cæs.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, *Pompey*, with thy sails,
We'll speak with thee at sea. At land, thou know'st,
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my Father's house.
But since the cuckow builds not for himself,
Remain in't, as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the present,) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be intreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You've made me offer
Of *Sicily*, *Sardinia*: and I must
Rid all the sea of Pirates; then to send
Measures of wheat to *Rome*: this 'greed upon,
To part with unhackt edges, and bear back
Our targe undinted.

Omnes. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: But *Mark Antony*
Put me to some impatience.—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When *Cæsar* and your Brother were at blows,
Your Mother came to *Sicily*, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, *Pompey*,
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, Sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i'th' East are soft; and thanks to you,
That

That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither :
For I've gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not,
What counts hard fortune casts upon my face ;
But in my bosom she shall never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pomp. I hope so, *Lepidus*, thus we are agreed :
I crave, our composition may be written
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part, and let's
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That I will, *Pompey*.

Pom. No, *Antony*, take the lot :
But, first or last, your fine *Ægyptian* cookery
Shall have the fame. I've heard, that *Julius Cæsar*
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much,

Pom. I have fair meaning, Sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard.
And I have heard, *Apollodorus* carried——

Eno. No more of that : he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you ?

Eno. A certain Queen to *Cæsar* in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now, how far'st thou, Soldier ?

Eno. Well ;

And well am like to do ; for, I perceive,
Four Feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand,
I never hated thee : I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

9 *What counts hard fortune casts, &c.*] Metaphor from making marks or lines in casting accounts in arithmetick.

Eno.

Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee;
Aboard my Galley I invite you all.
Will you lead, Lords?

All. Shew's the way, Sir.

Pomp. Come. [*Exeunt. Manent Eno. and Menas.*]

Men. Thy Father, Pompey, would ne'er have made
this Treaty.

You and I have known, Sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, Sir.

Eno. " You have done well by water.

Men. " And you by land.

Eno. " I will praise any man that will praise me,
though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own
safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land-service; but give me
your hand, *Menas*, if our eyes had authority, here
they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands
are.

Eno. But there is ne'er a fair woman, has a true
face.

Men. No slander—they steal hearts.

[*I will praise any man that will praise me,*] The poet's art in
delivering this humorous sentiment (which gives us so very true
and natural a picture of the commerce of the world) can never be
sufficiently admired. The confession could come from none but a
frank and rough character like the speaker's; and the moral lesson
insinuated under it, that *flattery* can make its way thro' the most
stubborn manners, deserves our serious reflexion.

Eno.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a Drinking. *Pompey* doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep't back again.

Men. You've said, Sir; we look'd not for *Mark Antony* here; pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra*?

Eno. *Cæsar's* Sister is called *Octavia*.

Men. True, Sir, she was the Wife of *Caius Marcellus*.

Eno. But now she is the Wife of *Marcus Antonius*.

Men. Pray ye, Sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is *Cæsar* and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this Unity, I would not prophesie so.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band, that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity: *Octavia* is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his Wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is *Mark Antony*. He will to his *Ægyptian* Dish again; then shall the sighs of *Octavia* blow the fire up in *Cæsar*, and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. *Antony* will use his affection where it is: He married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, Sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, Sir: we have us'd our throats in *Ægypt*.

Men. Come, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

On Board Pompey's Galley.

Musick plays. Enter two or three Servants with a Banquet.

1 *Ser.* **H**ERE they'll be, man: some o'their plants are ill rooted already, the least wind i'th' world will blow them down.

2 *Ser.* *Lepidus* is high-colour'd.

1 *Ser.* 2 They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Ser.* 3 As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to th' Drink.

1 *Ser.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Ser.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lieve have a reed that will do me no service, as a Partizan I could not heave.

1 *Ser.* To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disalter the cheeks.

Trumpets. Enter Cæsar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecænas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, Sir: they take the flow o'th' Nile

By certain scale i'th' pyramid; they know,

2 *They have made him drink alms-drink,*] A phrase, amongst good-fellows, to signify that liquor of another's share which his companion drinks to ease him. But it satirically alludes to *Cæsar* and *Antony's* admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themselves the load of envy.

3 *As they pinch one another by the disposition,*] A phrase equivalent to that now in use, of *Touching one in a sore place.*

By

By th' height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth,
Or foizon, follow. The higher *Nilus* swells,
The more it promises; as it ebbs, the Seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You've strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, *Lepidus*.

Lep. Your serpent of *Ægypt* is bred now of your
mud by the operation of your Sun; so is your Crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sirrah, some wine! a health to *Lepidus*.

Lep. I am not so as I should be:

But I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not 'till you have slept; I fear me, you'll be
in, 'till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the *Ptolemy's*
Pyramis is are very goodly things; without contra-
diction, I have heard that.

Men. *Pompey*, a word.

[*Aside.*]

Pom. Say in mine ear, what is't?

Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, Captain.
And hear me speak a word.

Pom. Forbear me, 'till anon.
This wine for *Lepidus*.

[*Whispers.*]

Lep. What manner o'thing is your Crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd, Sir, like itself; and it is as broad
as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves
with its own organs. It lives by that which nour-
isheth it; and the elements once out of it, it trans-
migrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it's own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so, and the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that *Pompey* gives him, else
he is a very Epicure.

Pom. Go hang, Sir, hang! tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you. Where's the Cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool.

Pom. I think, thou'rt mad; the matter?

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: what's
else to say? be jolly, Lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, *Lepidus*,
Keep off them, 'fore you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world? that's
twice.

Pom. How shall that be?

Men. But entertain it,
And though you think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, *Pompey*, I have kept me from the Cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly *Jove*:
What e'er the Ocean pales, or Sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Shew me which way.

Men. These three World-sharers, these Competitors,
Are in thy Vessel. Let me cut the cable:
And when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All then is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoken on't. In me, 'tis villany;
In thee, 't had been good service: thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it: repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act. Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men.

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA. 147

Men. For this,
I'll never follow ⁴ thy pall'd fortunes more;
Who seeks and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to *Lepidus*.

Ant. Bear him aloof, I'll pledge it for him, *Pompey*.

Eno. Here's to thee, *Menas*.

Men. *Enobarbus*, welcome.

Pom. Fill 'till the Cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, *Menas*.——
[Pointing to *Lepidus*.

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears the third part of the world, man!
feest not?

Men. The third part then is drunk; I would, it
were all,

That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou, encrease the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not an *Alexandrian Feast*.

Ant. It ripens towards it; strike the vessels, ho,
Here is to *Cæsar*.

Cæf. I could well forbear it;
It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o'th' time.

Cæf. Possess it, I'll make answer; but I had rather
Fast from all, four days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave Emperor, shall we dance now
the *Ægyptian Bacchanals*, and celebrate our Drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good Soldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands;
'Till that the conquering wine hath steep't our sense
In soft and delicate *Lethe*.

⁴ ——— thy pall'd fortunes—] Pall'd, *i. e.* dead. Metaphor
taken from funeral solemnities.

Eno. All take hands :

Make battery to our ears with the loud musick,
The while I'll place you ; then the Boy shall sing :
The Holding every man shall beat as loud
As his strong sides can volly.

[*Musick plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.*]

The S O N G.

*Come, thou Monarch of the Vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne.
In thy vats our cares be drown'd :
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd !
Cup us, 'till the world go round ;
Cup us, 'till the world go round.*

Cæs. What would you more ? *Pompey*, good night.
Good Brother,

Let me request you off ; our graver business
Frowns at this levity. Gentle Lords, let's part ;
You see, we have burnt our cheeks. Strong *Enobarbus*
Is weaker than the wind ; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks ; the wild disguise hath almost
Antickt us all. What needs more words ? good night.
Good *Antony*, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the shoar.

Ant. And shall, Sir ; give's your hand.

Pom. ' Oh, *Antony*, you have my father's house.
But, what ! we're friends ; come down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not, *Menas*.

Men. I'll not on shoar.

No, to my cabin——these drums !

[*Oh, Antony, you have my father's house.*] The historian *Paterculus* lays, *Cum Pompeio quoque circa Misenum pax inita: Qui haud absurdè cum in navi Cæsaremque & Antonium cœna exciperet, dixit: In Carinis suis se cœnam dare: referens hoc dictum ad loci nomen, in quo paterna domus ab Antonio possidebatur.* Our author, tho' he lost the joke, yet seems willing to commemorate the story.

These

These trumpets, flutes! what!
 Let *Neptune* hear, we bid a loud farewell
 To these great fellows. Sound, and be hang'd, found
 out. [Sound a flourish, with drums.]
Eno. Hoo, says 'a! there's my cap.
Men. Hoa!— noble Captain, come. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Camp in a Part of Syria.

Enter Ventidius, as after Conquest; the dead body of Pacorus borne before him, Silius, Roman Soldiers, and Attendants.

V E N T I D I U S.

NOW, darting *Partbia*, art thou struck; and
 now
 Pleas'd Fortune does of *Marcus Crassus'* death
 Make me revenger. Bear the King's son's body
 Before our Host; thy *Pacorus*, *Orodes*,
 Pays this for *Marcus Crassus*.

Sil. Noble *Ventidius*,
 Whilst yet with *Parthian* blood thy sword is warm,
 The fugitive *Parthians* follow: Spur through *Media*,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
 The routed fly. So thy grand Captain *Antony*
 Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
 Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. Oh *Silius*, *Silius*,
 I've done enough. A lower place, note well,
 May make too great an act: for learn this, *Silius*,
 Better to leave undone, than by our deed
 Acquire too high a fame, when he, we serve, 's away.
Cesar and *Antony* have ever won
 More in their officer, than person. *Sossius*,

One of my Place in Syria, his Lieutenant,
 For quick accumulation of renown,
 Which he atchiev'd by th' minute, lost his Favour.
 Who does i'th' wars more than his Captain can,
 Becomes his Captain's Captain; and ambition,
 (The soldier's virtue) rather makes choice of loss,
 Than gain which darkens him.

I could do more to do *Antonius* good,
 But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
 Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, *Ventidius*,¹ That, without the which
 A soldier and his sword grant scarce distinction:
 Thou wilt write to *Antony*?

Ven. I'll humbly signifie what in his name,
² That magical word of war, we have effected;
 How with his Banners, and his well-paid Ranks,
 The ne'er-yet-beaten Horse of *Parthia*
 We've jaded out o'th' field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to *Athens*; with what haste
 The weight we must convey with's will permit,
 We shall appear before him. On, there; ——— pass
 along. [Exeunt.]

¹ ——— That, without the which
 A soldier and his sword grant scarce distinction:] Grant, for
 afford. It is badly and obscurely expressed; but the sense is this,
 Thou hast that, *Ventidius*, which if thou didst want, there would
 be no distinction between thee and thy sword. You would both be
 equally cutting and senseless. This was wisdom or knowledge of
 the world. *Ventidius* had told him the reasons why he did not
 pursue his advantages: And his friend, by this compliment, ac-
 knowledges them to be of weight.

² That magical word of war, ———] This admirably well
 expresses what the *Romans* meant by their *Auspicium Ducis*; in
 which they were so remarkably superstitious.

S C E N E II.

*Changes to ROME.**Enter Agrippa at one door, Enobarbus at another.**Agr.* WHAT, are the brothers parted?*Eno.* They have dispatch'd with Pompey,
he is gone,

The other three are sealing. *Octavia* weeps,
To part from Rome: *Cæsar* is sad: and *Lepidus*,
Since *Pompey's* feast, as *Menas* says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble *Lepidus*.*Eno.* A very fine one; oh, how he loves *Cæsar*!*Agr.* Nay, but how dearly he adores *Mark Antony*!*Eno.* *Cæsar*? why, he's the *Jupiter* of men.*Agr.* What's *Antony*, the God of *Jupiter*?*Eno.* Speak you of *Cæsar*? oh! the non-pareil!*Agr.* Oh *Antony*, oh thou *Arabian* bird!*Eno.* Would you praise *Cæsar*, say, — *Cæsar*; go
no further.*Agr.* Indeed, he plied them both with excellent
praises.*Eno.* But he loves *Cæsar* best, yet he loves *Antony*:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figure, scribes, bards, poets,
cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho!

His love to *Antony*. But as for *Cæsar*,

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder —

Agr. Both he loves.*Eno.* They are his shards, and he their beetle; so —
This is to horse; adieu, noble *Agrippa*. [Trumpets.]*Agr.* Good fortune, worthy soldier, and farewell.

L 4

Enter

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Ant. No farther, Sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of my self:
Use me well in't. Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and my farthest bond
Shall pass on thy approval. Most noble *Antony*,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the Ram to batter
The Fortrefs of it: for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I've said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear; so the Gods keep you,
And make the hearts of *Romans* serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewel, my dearest sister, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Oct. My noble brother!

Ant. The *April's* in her eyes: it is love's Spring,
And these the showers to bring it on; be chearful.

Oct. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

Cæs. What, *Octavia*?

Oct. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue; "the swan'd down-
feather,

" That stands upon the swell at full of tide,

" And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will *Cæsar* weep?

Agv. He has a cloud in's face.

Eno.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
So is he, being a man.

Agr. Why, *Enobarbus*?

When *Antony* found *Julius Caesar* dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept,
When at *Philippi* he found *Brutus* slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a
rheum;
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd;
Believe't, 'till I wept too.

Cæs. No, sweet *Octavia*,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, Sir, come,
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love.
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the Gods.

Cæs. Adieu, be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the Stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewel, farewell!

[Kisses *Octavia*.

Ant. Farewel!

[Trumpets sound. Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Changes to the Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. WHERE is the fellow?

Alex. Half afraid to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to; come hither, Sir.

Enter the Messenger as before.

Alex. Good Majesty!

Herod of *Jewry* dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That *Herod's* head

I'll have; but how? when *Antony* is gone,
Through whom I might command it:—Come Thou
near.

Mef. Most gracious Majesty,——

Cleo. Didst thou behold

Octavia?

Mef. Ay, dread Queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mef. In *Rome*, Madam.

I lookt her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and *Mark Antony*.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mef. She is not, Madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongu'd,
or low?

Mef. Madam, I heard her speak, she is low-voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good; he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? oh *Isis!* 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, *Charmian*; dull of tongue and
dwarfish.

What Majesty is in her gate? remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on Majesty.

Mef. She creeps;

Her motion and her station are as one:

She shews a body rather than a life,

A statue than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mef. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in *Ægypt*

Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing.

I do perceive't; there's nothing in her yet.

The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

3 Or I have no observance.] *Observance*, for observation or
ability of observing.

Cleo.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mef. Madam, she was a widow.

Cleo. Widow? *Charmian*, hark.

Mef. And I do think, she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? it's long, or round?

Mef. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For th' most part too,
They're foolish that are so. Her hair, what colour?

Mef. Brown, Madam; and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill,
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd.

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much,
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. O, nothing, Madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some Majesty, and should
know.

Char. Hath he seen Majesty? *Isis* else defend!
And serving you so long?

Cleo. I've one thing more to ask him yet, good
Charmian:

But 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: all may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, Madam. [Exeunt.]

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

*Changes to Athens.**Enter Antony and Octavia.*

Ant. **N**AY, nay, *Octavia*, not only That,
That were excusable, That and thousands
more

Of semblable import, but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst *Pompey*; made his Will and read it
To publick ear; spoke scantily of me;
When perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me;
When the best hint was given him, he (*a*) not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Oct. Oh, my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts: the good Gods will mock me,
When I shall pray, oh, bless my lord and husband!
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
Oh, bless my brother! Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extreams at all.

Ant. Gentle *Octavia*,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it; if I lose mine honour,
I lose my self; better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Your self shall go between's; the mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war,
Shall stain your brother; make your soonest haste;

[(*a*) not took't. *Dr. Thirlby*.—Vulg. not look'd]

So, your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.

The *Jove* of Power make me, most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! ⁴ wars 'twixt you 'twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your Going;
Chuse your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [Exeunt.

Enter Enobarbus and Eros.

Eno. How now, friend *Eros*?

Eros. There's strange news, come, Sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. *Cæsar* and *Lepidus* have made war upon *Pompey*.

Eno. This is old; what is the success?

Eros. *Cæsar*, having made use of him in the wars
'gainst *Pompey*, presently denied him rivalry, would
not let him partake in the glory of the action; and
not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly
wrote to *Pompey*. Upon his own appeal, seizes him;
so the poor *Third* is up, 'till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then 'would thou had'st a pair of chaps, no
more: and throw between them all the food thou hast,
they'll grind the other. Where's *Antony*?

Eros. He's walking in the garden thus; and spurns
The rush that lies before him. Crys, "fool *Lepidus*!"

4 ——— wars 'twixt you 'twain would be, &c.] The
thought is wonderfully sublime. It is taken from *Curtius's* leap-
ing into the gulf in the Forum, in order to close the gap. As that
was closed by one *Roman*, so it is insinuated, that if the whole
world were to cleave, *Romans* only could solder up the chasm.
The expression is exact. For as metal is soldered by metal more
pure and noble, so the globe was to be soldered up by men, who
are only a more refined earth.

And

And threatens the throat of that his Officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great Navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy and Cæsar; more, *Domitius*,
My lord desires you presently; my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught; but let it be; bring me to
Antony.

Eros. Come, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Changes to the Palace in Rome.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mecænas.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and
more,

In Alexandria; here's the manner of it:
I'th' market-place on a Tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publickly enthron'd; at the feet, sat
Cæsario, whom they call my father's son;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt, made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute Queen.

Mec. This in the publick eye?

Cæs. I'th' common shew-place, where they exercise,
His sons were there proclaim'd the Kings of Kings;
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: the
In the habiliments of the Goddess Isis
That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus inform'd.

Agg.

Ag. Who, queasie with his insolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it, and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Ag. Whom does he accuse?

Cæs. *Cæsar*; and that having in *Sicily*
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o'th' Isle. Then does he say, he lent me
Some Shipping unrestor'd. Lastly, he frets,
That *Lepidus* of the Triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Ag. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and his messenger gone:
I told him, *Lepidus* was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his Change. For what I've conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his *Armenia*,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I
Demand the like

Mec. He'll ne'er yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must he then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia, with Attendants.

Oct. Hail, *Cæsar*, and my lord! hail, most dear
Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee Cast-away!

Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why hast thou stol'n upon us thus? you come
not

Like *Cæsar's* sister; the wife of *Antony*
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear. The trees by th' way
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heav'n,

Rais'd

Rais'd by your populous troops; but you are come
A market-maid to *Rome*, and have prevented
The ostentation of our love; which, left unshewn,
Is often left unlov'd; we should have met you
By sea and land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord, *Mark Antony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieving ear withal; whereon I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an Obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Oct. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind:
Where is he now?

Oct. My lord, in *Athens*.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; *Cleopatra*
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore, who now are levying
The Kings o' th' earth for war. He hath assembled
Bocchus the King of *Libya*, *Archelaus*
Of *Cappadocia*, *Philadelphos* King
Of *Paphlagonia*; the *Thracian* King *Adullas*,
King *Malchus* of *Arabia*, King of *Pont*,
Herod of *Jewry*, *Mithridates* King
Of *Comagene*, *Polemon* and *Amintas*,
The King of *Mede*, and *Lycaonia*,

5 Which soon he granted,

Being an Abstract 'tween his lust and him.] *Antony* very
soon comply'd to let *Octavia* go at her request, says *Cæsar*;
and why? Because she was an abstract between his inordinate pas-
sion and him; this is absurd. We must read,

Being an Obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

i. e. his wife being an obstruction, a bar to the prosecution of his
wanton pleasures with *Cleopatra*.

With

With a more larger list of scepters.

Oct. Ay me most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither;
Your letters did with-hold our breaking forth,
'Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger; cheer your heart.
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to Destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to *Rome*;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought; and the high Gods,
To do you justice, make their ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Be of comfort,
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear Madam.
Each heart in *Rome* does love and pity you;
Only th' adulterous *Antony*, most large
In his abominations, turns you off,
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noses it against us.

Oct. Is it so, Sir?

Cæs. It is most certain: sister, welcome; pray you,
Be ever known to patience. My dear'st sister!

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

Near the Promontory of Actium.

Enter Cleopatra and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoke my being in these wars;
And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well; is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not denounc'd against us? why should not we be there in person?

Eno. Well, I could reply: if we should serve with horse and mares together, the horse were merely lost; the mares would bear a soldier and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle *Antony*:
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity, and 'tis said in *Rome*,
That *Photinus* an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink *Rome*, and there tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' th' war;
And, as the president of my Kingdom, will I
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it,
I will not stay behind.

Enter Antony and Canidius.

Eno. Nay, I have done: here comes the Emperor.

Ant. Is it not strange, *Canidius*,
That from *Tarentum*, and *Brundusium*,
He could so quickly cut th' *Ionian* sea,
And take in *Toryne*? You have heard on't, Sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well become the best of men
To taunt at slackness. *Canidius*, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea, what else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For That he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at *Pbarsalia*,
Where *Cesar* fought with *Pompey*. But these offers,
Which

Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd,
Your mariners are muliteers, reapers, people
Ingroft by swift impress. In *Cæsar's* fleet
Are those that often have against *Pompey* fought;
Their ships are yare, yours heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen: leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance, and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security,

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, *Cæsar* none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn,
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of
Actium

Beat the approaching *Cæsar*. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business?

Mes. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken *Toryne*.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible.
Strange, that his power should be so. *Canidius*,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse. We'll to our ship;
Away, my *Thetis*!

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier?

Sol. Oh noble Emperor, do not fight by sea,

M 2

Trust

Trust not to rotten planks: do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? let the *Ægyptians*
And the *Phœnicians* go a ducking: we
Have us'd to conquer standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt* *Ant.* *Cleo.* and *Enob.*]

Sol. By *Hecrules*, I think, I am i' th' right.

Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't: so our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sol. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. *Marcus Octavius*, *Marcus Junius*,
Publicola, and *Cælius*, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of *Cæsar's*
Carries beyond belief.

Sol. While he was yet in *Rome*,
His power went out in such distractions as
Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sol. They say, one *Taurus*.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Emperor calls *Canidius*.

Can. With news the time's in labour, and throws
forth,
Each minute, some. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cæsar, with his army marching.

Cæs. *Taurus*?

Taur. My lord.

Cæs. Strike not by land. Keep whole, provoke
not battle,

'Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroul: our fortune lyes
Upon this jump.

[*Exeunt.*
Enter.]

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond side o' th' hill,
In eye of *Cæsar's* battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

Canidius, marching with his land-army one way over the stage; and Taurus, the lieutenant of Cæsar, the other way: after their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight. Alarum. Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught, I can behold no longer;
'Th' *Antonias*, the *Ægyptian* admiral,
With all their sixty, flie, and turn the rudder:
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods and Goddesse,
All the whole Synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. ' The greater cante of the world is lost]
With very ignorance; we have kist away
Kingdoms and Provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. " On our side like the token'd pestilence,
" Where death is sure. Your ⁸ ribauld nag of *Ægypt*,
" (Whom leprosie o'ertake!) i' th' midst o' th' fight,
" (When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd
" Both as the same, or rather ours the elder;)
" The breeze upon her, like a cow in *June*,

⁶ *Th' Antonias &c.*] Which *Plutarch* says, was the name of *Cleopatra's* ship. *Mr. Pope.*

⁷ *The greater cante*—] A piece or lump. *Mr. Pope.*

⁸ *Ribauld*] A luxurious squanderer. *Mr. Pope.*

“ Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. “ She once being looft,

“ The noble ruin of her magick, *Antony*,

“ Claps on his sea-wing, like a doating mallard,

“ Leaving the fight in height, flies after her :

I never saw an action of such shame;

Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before

Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack.

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our General
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
Oh, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? why then, good
night, indeed.

Can. Towards *Peloponnesus* are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't.

And there I will attend what further comes.

Can. To *Cæsar* will I render
My legions and my horse; six Kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow

The wounded chance of *Antony*, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. — [*Exeunt, severally.*]

Enter Antony, with Eros and other Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is asham'd to bear me. Friends, come hither,
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever. I've a ship
Laden with gold, take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with *Cæsar*.

Omnes.

Omnes. Fly! not we.

Ant. I've fled myself, and have instructed cowards
To run, and shew their shoulders. Friends, be gone.
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you. Be gone,
My treasure's in the harbour. Take it——oh,
I follow'd That I blush to look upon;
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doating. Friends, be gone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of lothness; take the hint,
Which my despair proclaims. Let them be left,
Which leave themselves. To the sea-side straight-way:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now——
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I've lost command,
Therefore, I pray you——I'll see you by and by.

[Sits down.]

Enter Cleopatra, led by Charmian and Iras, to Antony.

Eros. Nay, gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear Queen.

Char. Do? why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down; oh *Junio!*

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, Sir!

Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.

Char. Madam——

Iras. Madam, oh good Empress!

Eros. Sir, Sir.

Ant. "Yes, my lord, yes; he at *Philippi* kept
" His sword e'en like a dancer, while I strook
" The lean and wrinkled *Cassius*; 'and 'twas I,

" That

9 ——and 'twas I,

[That the MAD Brutus ended;—] Nothing can be more in
character, than for an infamous debauched tyrant to call the

“ That the mad *Brutus* ended; he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war; yet now—no matter—

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The Queen, my lord, the Queen—

Iras. Go to him, Madam, speak to him,
He is unqualified with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, sustain me; oh!

Eros. Most noble Sir, arise, the Queen approaches;
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation;
A most unnoble swerving—

Eros. Sir, the Queen.

Ant. O whither hast thou led me, *Ægypt*? see,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes;
By looking back on what I've left behind,
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. Oh, my lord, my lord;
Forgive my fearful sails; I little thought,
You would have follow'd.

Ant. *Ægypt*, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by th' string,
And thou should'st tow me after. O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the Gods
Command me.

Cleo. Oh, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must

To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shift of lowness; who,
With half the bulk o' th' world, play'd as I pleas'd,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would

heroic love of ones country and publick liberty, *madness*; yet the
Oxford Editor changes it to *sad* Brutus.

Obey

Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. O, pardon, pardon.

— *Ant.* Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: give me a kiss,
Even this repays me.——

We sent our schoolmaster; is he come back?

Love, I am full of lead; some wine,

Within there, and our viands: Fortune knows,

We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to Cæsar's Camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Thyreus, with others.

Cæs. LET him appear, that's come from *Antony*.
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster;
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He sends so poor a pinnion of his wing,
Which had superfluous Kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Antony.

Cæs. Approach and speak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from *Antony*:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea.

Cæs. Be't so, declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in *Ægypt*; which not granted,
He lessens his requests, and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heav'ns and earth,
A private man in *Athens*: this for him.

Next, *Cleopatra* does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves

The

The circle of the *Ptolemies* for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For *Antony*,

I have no ears to his request. The Queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail, so she
From *Ægypt* drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there. This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them Both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands:

[*Exit Ambassador.*]

To try thy eloquence now 'tis time; dispatch,
From *Antony* win *Cleopatra*, promise; [*To Thyreus.*
And, in our name, when she requires, add more
(From thine invention) offers. Women are not
In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, *Thyreus*;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. *Cæsar*, I go.

Cæs. Observe how *Antony* becomes his flaw;
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. *Cæsar*, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

Changes to Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. **W**HAT shall we do, *Enobarbus*?

Eno. ¹ (a) Drink, and die.

Cleo. Is *Antony*, or we, in fault for this?

Eno.

¹ *Drink, and die.*] This reply of *Enobarbus* seems grounded upon a particularity in the conduct of *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, which is related by *Plutarch*: that, after their defeat at *Actium*,

they
[(a) *Drink, and die.* Oxford Editor.—Vulg. *think, and die.*]

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
 Lord of his reason. What although you fled
 From that great face of war, whose several ranges
 Frighted each other? why should he follow you?
 The itch of his affection should not then
 Have nickt his captainship; at such a point,
 When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
 The meered question. 'Twas a shame no less
 Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
 And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter Antony, with the Ambassador.

Ant. Is that his answer?

Amb. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The Queen shall then have courtesie,
 So she will yield us up.

Amb. He says so.

Ant. Let her know't.

To the boy *Cæsar* send this grizled head,
 And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
 With Principalities.

Cleo. Thy head, my lord?

Ant. To him again; tell him, he wears the rose
 Of youth upon him; from which, the world should
 note

Something particular; his coyn, ships, legions,
 May be a coward's, whose ministers would prevail
 Under the Service of a child, as soon

As i' th' command of *Cæsar*. I dare him therefore
² To lay his gay comparifons apart,

And

they instituted a society of friends who entered into engagement
 to die with them, not abating in the mean time any part of their
 luxury, excels and riot, in which they had liv'd before. *Oxford*
Editor.

² To lay his gay comparifons apart,

And answer me declin'd,——] The sense is, let him not in-
 sist on the inequality of our conditions, but descend to my low
 estate,

And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
Our selves alone; I'll write it, follow me.

[Exit Antony.]

Eno. Yes, like enough; high-battled *Cæsar* will
Unstate his happiness, and be staged to th' shew
Against a sworder.—“ I see, men's judgments are
“ A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
“ Do draw the inward quality after them,
“ To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full *Cæsar* will
Answer his emptiness!—*Cæsar*, thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A messenger from *Cæsar*.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony? see, my
women,——

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, Sir.

Eno. Mine honesty and I begin to square;
The loyalty, well held, to fools does make
Our faith meer folly: yet he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' th' story.

Enter Thyreus.

Cleo. *Cæsar's* will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends; say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to *Antony*.

estate, and meet me single. I suppose *Shakespeare* coined the word *comparisons* analogically from the *Italian*, which says, *vestito positivamente*, to signify one clothed simply and modestly, in opposition to the *comparative* and *superlative*. But, as usual, he has made it serve to quibble to—*decline*, another term of *Grammar*.

Eno.

Eno. ³ He needs as many, Sir, as *Cæsar* has :
Or needs not us if *Cæsar* please. Our master
Will leap to be his friend : for, as you know,
Whose he is, we are, and that's *Cæsar*'s.

Thyr. So.

Thus then, thou most renown'd, ⁴ *Cæsar* intreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further than he is *Cæsar*.

Cleo. Go on ;—right royal.

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not *Antony*
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. Oh ! [*Aside.*

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a God, and knows
What is most right. Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd meerly.

Eno. To be sure of that,—
I will ask *Antony*—Sir, thou'rt so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit Eno.*

³ *He needs as many, Sir, as Cæsar has :*
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap &c.] All sense is lost in this false pointing, which
should be reformed thus,

He needs as many, Sir, as Cæsar has ;
Or needs not us if Cæsar please. Our master
Will leap &c.

i. e. while he is at enmity with *Cæsar* he needs a power equal
to *Cæsar*'s ; but if he pleases to receive *Antony* into his friendship
he will then want no other support. This is sensible and polite.

⁴ ——— *Cæsar intreats,*
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further than he is Cæsar.] *i. e.* *Cæsar intreats, that at the*
same time you consider your desperate fortunes, you would consider
he is Cæsar : That is, generous and forgiving, able and willing
to restore them.

Thyr.

Thyr. Shall I say to *Cæsar*
 What you require of him? he partly begs,
 To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
 That of his fortunes you would make a staff
 To lean upon. But it would warm his spirits,
 To hear from me you had left *Antony*,
 And put yourself under his shroud, the universal land-
 lord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is *Thyreus*.

Cleo. ⁵ Most kind messenger,
 Say to great *Cæsar* this; in deputation
 I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I'm prompt
 To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel.
 Tell him, that from his all-obeying breath
 I hear the doom of *Ægypt*.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course:
 "Wisdom and fortune combating together,
 "If that the former dare but what it can,
 "No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
 My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your *Cæsar*'s father oft,
 When he hath mus'd of taking Kingdoms in,
 Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
 As it rain'd kisses.

⁵ *Most kind messenger;*

Say to great Cæsar this in DISPUTATION,

I kiss his conqu'ring hand:—] The poet certainly wrote,

Most kind messenger,

Say to great Cæsar this; in DEPUTATION

I kiss his conqu'ring hand:

i. e. by *Proxy*; I depute you to pay him that duty in my name.

SCENE

S C E N E X.

Enter Antony, and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours! by *Jove*, that thunders.—

[*Seeing Thyreus kifs her hand.*

What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach there—ah, you kite! now, Gods
and Devils!

Authority melts from me of late.—When I cry'd, ho!
'Like boys unto a mufs, Kings would start forth,
And cry, your will? have you no ears?
I'm *Antony* yet. Take hence this *Jack*, and whip him.

Enter Servants.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!—

Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greatest Tribu-
taries

That do acknowledge *Cæsar*, should I find them
So faucy with the hand of *She* here, (what's her name,
Since she was *Cleopatra*?)—whip him, fellows—
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thyr. *Mark Antony*—

Ant. Tug him away; being whipp'd,
Bring him again: this *Jack* of *Cæsar*'s shall
Bear us an errand to him. [*Exeunt with Thyreus.*
You were half blasted, ere I knew you: ha!
Have I my pillow left unprest in *Rome*,

6 *Like boys unto a mufs,—*] i. e. a scramble.

Forborn the getting of a lawful race,
And by a jern of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my Lord,——

Ant. You have been a boggler ever.

But when we in our vicioufness grow hard,
(Oh misery on't!) the wife Gods seal our eyes:
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. Oh, is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead *Cæsar's* trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of *Cneius Pompey's*; besides what hotter hours,
Unregistred in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pickt out. For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, God quit you, be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts!—O that I were
Upon the hill of *Basan*, to out-roar
The horned herd, for I have savage cause!
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him. Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter a Servant, with Thyreus.

Ser. Soundly my lord.

Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd a' pardon?

Ser. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow *Cæsar* in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him. Hence-
forth,

The

The white hand of a lady feaver thee,
 Shake to look on't.—Go, get thee back to *Cæsar*,
 Tell him thy entertainment: look, thou say,
 He makes me angry with him: For he seems
 Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
 Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry;
 And, at this time, most easie 'tis to do't:
 When my good stars, that were my former guides,
 Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
 Into the abyſm of hell. If he miſlike
 My ſpeech, and what is done, tell him, he has
Hipparchus my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
 He may at pleaſure whip, or hang, or torture,
 As he ſhall like, to quit me. Urge it thou:—
 Hence with thy ſtripes, be gone. [*Exit Thyreus.*]

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon is now eclips'd,
 And it portends alone the fall of *Antony*.

Cleo. I muſt ſtay his time.—

Ant. To flatter *Cæſar*, would you mingle eyes
 With one that tyes his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me!

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be ſo,
 From my cold heart let heaven ingender hail,
 And poiſon't in the ſource, and the firſt ſtone
 Drop in my neck; as it determines, ſo
 Diſſolve my life! the next *Cæſario* ſmite!
 'Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
 Together with my brave *Ægyptians* all,
 By the (a) diſcandying of this pelleted ſtorm,
 Lie graveleſs; 'till the flies and gnats of *Nile*
 Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I'm ſatiſfied:
Cæſar ſets down in *Alexandria*, where

[*(a) diſcandying.* Dr. *Thirlby.*—*Fiſt Folio. diſcandering.*]

I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
 Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
 Have knit again, and float, threatening most sea-like.
 Where hast thou been, my heart? dost thou hear, lady?
 If from the field I should return once more
 To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
 I and my sword will earn my chronicle;
 There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord.

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
 And fight maliciously: for when my hours
⁷ Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
 Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth,
 And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
 Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
 All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
 Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day;
 I had thought, t'have held it poor: But since my lord
 Is *Antony* again, I will be *Cleopatra*.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them, and to night I'll
 force

The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my
 Queen;

There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
 I'll make death love me: for I will contend
 Even with his pestilent scythe. [Exeunt.

Eno. "Now he'll out-stare the lightning; to be
 furious,
 "Is to be frightened out of fear; and, in that mood,
 "The dove will peck the estridge; and, I see still,
 "A diminution in our captain's brain

⁷ *Were nice and lucky, —*] *Nice*, for delicate, courtly, flowing
 in peace.

“ Restores his heart ; when valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with : I will seek
Some way to leave him. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

CÆSAR'S Camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mæcenas, with their
Army. Cæsar reading a Letter.

CÆSAR.

HE calls me boy ; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of *Ægypt*. My messenger
He hath whipt with rods, dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die : mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. *Cæsar* must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction : never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know that to morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight. Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd *Mark Antony* but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See, it be done ;
And feast the army ; we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor *Antony!*

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

*The Palace in Alexandria.**Enter Antony and Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, with others.**Ant.* HE will not fight with me, *Domitius.**Eno.* No.*Ant.* Why should he not?*Eno.* He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He's twenty men to one.*Ant.* To morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?*Eno.* I'll strike, and cry, "take all.*Ant.* Well said, come on:
Call forth my household servants, let's to night*Enter Servants.*Be bounteous at our meal. Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest; so hast thou,
And thou, and thou, and thou: you've serv'd me well
And Kings have been your fellows.*Cleo.* What means this?*Eno.* 'Tis one of those odd Traits, which sorrow
shoots

1 'Tis one of those odd TRICKS, —] The uniformity of the metaphor leads us to see that *Shakespeare* wrote TRAITs, arrows, shafts. A similar expression we have in *Cymbeline*: 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing, which the brain makes of fumes. *J'ai été quelque tems à entendre ce que vous voulez me dire par un TRAIT que vos tirez contre moi*, says *M. de Turenne* in one of his letters; where the word *trait* has much the same signification as in the place before us. The *Oxford Editor* alters it to *freaks*; but sure any thing which is predicated of *freaks* may be predicated of *tricks*, and nonsense for nonsense, the old should keep its ground as being in possession.

Out

Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too :

I wish, I could be made so many men ;
And all of you clapt up together in
An *Antony* ; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Omnes. The Gods forbid !

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to night ;
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me,
As when mine Empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean ?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to night ;
May be, it is the period of your duty ;
Haply, you shall not see me more ; or if, ———
A mangled shadow. It may chance to morrow,
You'll serve another master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away ; but like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death :
Tend me to night two hours, I ask no more,
And the Gods yield you for't !

Eno. What mean you, Sir,
To give them this discomfort ? look, they weep.
And I, an afs, am onion-ey'd ; for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho !
Now ² the witch take me, if I meant it thus !
Grace grow, where those drops fall ! my hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sence ;
I spake t' you for your comfort, did desire you
To burn this night with torches : know, my hearts,
I hope well of to morrow, and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,

2 ——— *the witch take me, —*] *i. e.* blast, bewitch.

Than death and honour. Let's to supper, come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE. *A Court of Guard before the Palace.*

Enter a company of Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* **B**Rother, good night : to morrow is the day.
2 *Sold.* It will determine one way : Fare
you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets ?

1 *Sold.* Nothing : what news ?

2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour ; good night to you.

1 *Sold.* Well, Sir, good night.

[*They meet with other Soldiers.*]

2 *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.

1 *Sold.* And you, good night, good night.

[*They place themselves in every corner of the stage.*]

2 *Sold.* Here, we ; and if to morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

Our landmen will stand up.

1 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army, and full of purpose.

[*Musick of the hautboys is under the stage.*]

2 *Sold.* Peace, what noise ?

1 *Sold.* Lift, lift !

2 *Sold.* Hark !

1 *Sold.* Musick i'th' air. ———

3 *Sold.* Under the earth. ———

It signes well, does it not ?

2 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.* Peace, I say : what should this mean !

2 *Sold.* 'Tis the God *Hercules*, who loved *Antony*,

Now leaves him.

1 *Sold.* Walk, let's see if other watchmen

Do hear what we do.

2 *Sold.* How now, masters ? [*Speak together.*]

Omnes.

Omnes. How now? how now? do you hear this?

1 Sold. Is't not strange?

3 Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1 Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter,
Let's see how 'twill give off.

Omnes. Content: 'tis strange. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Changes to Cleopatra's Palace.

Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with others.

Ant. EROS, mine armour, *Eros.*

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck: *Eros*, come, mine armour,
Eros.

Enter Eros.

Come, my good fellow, put thine iron on;
If fortune be not ours to day, it is
Because we brave her. Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too, *Antony.*

What's this for? ah, let be, let be; thou art
The armourer of my heart;—false, false; this, this;—
Sooth-la, I'll help: thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well, we shall thrive now;
Seest thou, my good fellow? Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, Sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.

Thou fumblest, *Eros*; and my Queen's a squire
More tight at this than thou; dispatch. O love!

That thou could'st see my wars to day, and knew'st

The royal occupation ; thou should'st see
A workman in't.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee, welcome ;
Thou look'st like him, that knows a warlike charge :
To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to't with delight.

Sold. A thousand, Sir,
Early though't be, have on their rivetted trim,
And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*]

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Cap. The morn is fair ; good morrow, General !

All. Good morrow, General !

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, so ; come, give me that, — this way — well said.
Fare thee well, dame, what e'er becomes of me,
This is a soldier's kiss : rebukeable,
And worthy shameful cheek it were, to stand
On more mechanick compliment : I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel. You, that will fight,
Follow me close, I'll bring you to't : adieu. [*Exeunt.*]

Char. Please you to retire to your chamber ?

Cleo. Lead me :

He goes forth gallantly : That he and *Cæsar* might
Determine this great war in single fight !

Then, *Antony*, — but now, — well on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

*Changes to a Camp.**Trumpets sound. Enter Antony and Eros; a Soldier meeting them.*

Sold. THE Gods make this a happy day to *Antony!*
Ant. 'Would, thou and those thy scars had
 once prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

Eros. Hadst thou done so,
 The Kings, that have revolted, and the Soldier,
 That has this morning left thee, would have still
 Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Eros. Who?

One ever near thee. Call for *Enobarbus*,
 He shall not hear thee; or from *Cæsar's* camp
 Say, "I am none of thine."

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,

He is with *Cæsar*.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
 He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, *Eros*, send his treasure after, do it,
 Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him,
 I will subscribe gentle adieus, and greetings:
 Say, that I wish he never find more cause
 To change a master. Oh, my fortunes have
 Corrupted honest men! dispatch, my *Eros*. [*Exeunt*,

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

Changes to Cæsar's Camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, with Enobarbus, and Dolabella.

Cæs. GO forth, *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:
 3 Our will is, *Antony* be took alive;
 Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall.

Cæs. The time of universal Peace is near;
 Prove this a prosp'rous day, the three-nook'd world
 4 Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. *Mark Antony* is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge, *Agrippa*;
 Plant those, that have revolted, in the Van,
 That *Antony* may seem to spend his fury
 Upon himself. [Exeunt.]

Eno. *Alexas* did revolt, and went to *Jewry* on
 Affairs of *Antony*; there did perswade
 Great *Herod* to incline himself to *Cæsar*,
 And leave his master *Antony*. For this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him: *Canidius*, and the rest,

3 *Our will is, Antony be took alive;*] It is observable with what judgment *Shakespeare* draws the character of *Octavius Antony* was his Hero; so the other was not to shine: yet being an historical character, there was a necessity to draw him like. But the ancient historians his flatterers, had delivered him down so fair, that he seems ready cut and dried for a Hero. Amidst these difficulties *Shakespeare* has extricated himself with great address. He has admitted all those great strokes of his character as he found them, and yet has made him a very unamiable character, deceitful, mean-spirited, narrow-minded, proud and revengeful.

4 *Shall bear the olive freely.*] *i. e.* shall spring up every where spontaneously and without culture,

That

That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust: I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony

Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty over-plus. The messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock me not, *Enobarbus,*

I tell you true; best you see safe the bringer
Out of the host: I must attend mine office.
Or would have done't myself. Your Emperor
Continues still a *Jove*. [*Exit.*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel, I am so, most. O *Antony,*
Thou Mine of bounty, how would't thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This bows my heart;
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall out-strike thought; but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight against thee!—no, I will go seek
Some ditch, where I may die; the foul't best fits
My latter part of life.

S C E N E VI.

Before the Walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa.

Agr. **R**etire, we have engag'd our selves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, ^s and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exit.*

^s —and our oppression] *Oppression*, for opposition.

Alarum.

Alarum. Enter Antony, and Scarus wounded.

Scar. O my brave Emperor! this is fought indeed;
Had we done so at first, we had droven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They're beaten, Sir, and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [Exeunt.]

Alarum. Enter Antony again in a March, Scarus
with others.

Ant. We've beat him to his camp; ⁶ run one before,
And let the Queen know of our Gest's; to morrow,
Before the sun shall see's, we'll spill the blood
That has to day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought

6 ————— run one before,

And let the Queen know of our Gest's;—] What Gest's was
the Queen to know of? Antony was to fight again on the morrow;
and he had not yet said a word of marching to *Alexandria*, and
treating his officers in the Palace. We must read,

And let the Queen know of our Gest's.

i. e. *res gestæ*; our feats, our glorious actions. A term then in
common use.

Not

Not as you serv'd the cause, but as't had been
Each man's like mine; you've shewn yourselves all
Hectors.

Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats, whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole. Give me thy hand,
[To Scarus.

Enter Cleopatra.

“⁷ To this great Faery I'll commend thy acts,
“ Make her thanks bless thee. O thou day o'th' world,
“⁸ Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
“ Through proof of harness, to my heart, and there
“⁹ Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of Lords!

Oh, infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from

“ The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale!

We've beat them to their beds. What! Girl, though
gray

Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet
ha'we

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man,
Commend unto his lips thy¹ favouring hand;
Kiss it, my warrior; he hath fought to day,
“ As if a God in hate of mankind had
“ Destroyed in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,

An armour all of gold; it was a King's.

⁷ *To this great Faery*—] For *Inchantress*, in which sense the word is often used in the old romances.

⁸ *Chain mine arm'd neck*;—] Alluding to the gothic custom of men of worship wearing gold chains about the neck.

⁹ *Ride on the pants triumphing.*] Alluding to an admiral ship on the billows after a storm. The metaphor is extremely fine.

¹ Here *Mr. Theobald* restores an *f* deposed by the printer to make room for an *s*.

Ant.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
 Like holy *Phæbus'* Car. — Give me thy hand ;
 Through *Alexandria* make a jolly march ;
² Bear our hackt targets, like the men that owe them.
 Had our great palace the capacity
 To camp this host, we would all sup together ;
 And drink carowfes to the next day's fate,
 Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,
 With brazen din blast you the city's ear,
 Make mingle with our ratling tabourines,
 That heav'n and earth may strike their sounds together,
 Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

Changes to Cæsar's Camp.

Enter a Centry, and his Company. Enobarbus follows.

Cent. IF we be not reliev'd within this hour,
 We must return to th' Court of Guard ; the
 night

Is shiny, and, they say, we shall embattle
 By th' second hour i'th' morn.

¹ *Watch.* This last day was a shrewd one to's.

Eno. O bear me witness, night!

² *Watch.* What man is this?

¹ *Watch.* Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
 When men revolted shall upon record
 Bear hateful memory ; poor *Enobarbus* did
 Before thy face repent.

Cent. *Enobarbus?*

³ *Watch.* Peace ; hark further.

Eno. “ Oh sovereign Mistress of true melancholy,

² *Bear our hackt targets, like the men that owe them.] i. e.*
 hackt as much as the men are, to whom they belong.

“ The

“ The poisonous damp of night ² dispunge upon me,
 “ That life, a very rebel to my will,
 “ May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
 Against the flint and hardness of my fault,
 Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
 And finish all foul thoughts. Oh *Antony*,
 Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
 Forgive me in thine own particular ;
 But let the world rank me in register
 A master-leaver, and a fugitive :
 Oh *Antony!* oh *Antony!* [Dies.]

1 *Watch.* Let's speak to him.

Cent. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
 May concern *Cæsar*.

2 *Watch.* Let's do so, but he sleeps.

Cent. Swoons rather, for so bad a prayer as his
 Was never yet for sleep.

1 *Watch.* Go we to him.

2 *Watch.* Awake, Sir, awake, speak to us.

1 *Watch.* Hear you, Sir?

Cent. The hand of death has raught him.

[Drums afar off.]

3 *Hark,* how the drums demurely wake the sleepers :
 Let's bear him to the Court of Guard ; he is of note.
 Our hour is fully out.

2 *Watch.* Come on then, he may recover yet.

[Exeunt.]

2 ———dispunge upon me.] *Dispunge* a word of his own invention, from the squeezing out a sponge upon any one.

3 *Hark, how the drums demurely*——] *Demurely* for solemnly. The *Oxford Editor* changes *demurely* to *din early*.

S C E N E VIII.

Between the two Camps.

Enter Antony, and Scarus, with their Army.

Ant. THEIR preparation is to day by sea,
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my Lord.

Ant. I would, they'd fight i' th' fire, or in the air,
We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the City
Shall stay with us. Order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven: further on,
* Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæsar, and his Army.

Cæs. ⁵ But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his Gallies. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*

[*Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.*

Enter Antony and Scarus.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd:
Where yond pine stands, I shall discover all,

⁴ *Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour.] i. e.* where we may best discover their numbers, and see their motions.

⁵ *But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take't, we shall; —] i. e.* unless we be charged we will remain quiet at land, which quiet I suppose we shall keep. *But being charged* was a phrase of that time, equivalent to *unless we be*, which the *Oxford Editor* not understanding, he has alter'd the lines thus,

*Not being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which as I take't we shall not.*

I'll bring thee word straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

Scar. Swallows have built
In *Cleopatra's* sails their nests. The *Augurs*
Say, they know not—they cannot tell—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. *Antony*
Is valiant, and dejected; and by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear
Of what he has, and has not. [*Exit.*

S C E N E IX.

Changes to the Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Antony.

Ant. ALL's lost! this foul *Ægyptian* hath betray'd
me!

My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this Novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly,
For when I am reveng'd upon my Charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly, be gone.

“ Oh, Sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
“ Fortune and *Antony* part here, even here
“ Do we shake hands—all come to this!— ‘the hearts,
“ That pantler'd me at heels, to whom I gave,
“ Their

7 ——— *The hearts*

That PANNELL'D me at heels, &c.] Pannelling at heels must mean here, following: but where was the word ever found in such a sense? Pannel signifies but three things, that I know, in the English tongue, none of which will suit with the allusions here requisite; viz. That roll or schedule of parchment on which the names of a Jury are enter'd, which therefore is call'd empannelling; a pane or slip of wainscot; and a pack-saddle for beasts of burden. The text is corrupt, and Shake/pear must certainly have wrote;

That PANTLER'D me at heels;

i. e. run after me like footmen, or pantlers; which word originally

“ Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
 “ On blossoming *Cæsar*: and this pine is bark'd,
 That over-topt them all. Betray'd I am.
 Oh, this false soul of *Ægypt*! this gay Charm,
 Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them
 home,
 Whose bosom was my Crownet, my chief end,
 Like a right Gipsie, hath at fast and loose
 Beguil'd me ⁸ to the very heart of loss.
 What *Eros*! *Eros*!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah! thou spell! avant.—

Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd against his Love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
 And blemish *Cæsar*'s Triumph. Let him take thee,
 And hoist thee up to the shouting *Plebeians*;
 Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
 Of all thy sex. ⁹ Most monster-like, be shewn
 For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let
 Patient *Octavia* plough thy visage up

signified the servants who have the care of the bread, but is used by our poet for a menial servant in general, as well as in its native acceptation.

Thus in *Cymbeline*,

A biding for a liv'ry, a Squire's cloth,

A PANTLER;—

And *Timon*,

—page thy heels,

And skip when thou point'st out.

⁸ ——— to the very heart of loss.] *i. e.* to the very centre; alluding to the term of the heart of wood.

⁹ ——— most monster-like, be shewn

For poor'st diminutives, for DOITS;—] As the allusion here is to monsters carried about in shews, it is plain, that the words, *for poorest diminutives*, must mean for the least piece of money; we must therefore read the next word,

for DOITS, i. e. farthings.

which shews what he means by *poorest diminutives*.

With

' With her prepared nails. 'Tis well, thour't gone;
[Exit Cleopatra.

If it be well to live. But better 'twere,
Thou fell'st into my fury; for one death
Might have prevented many. *Eros*, ho!
The shirt of *Nessus* is upon me; teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor; thy rage
Led thee lodge *Lichas* on the horns o' th' Moon,
And with those hands that graspt the heaviest club,
Subdue (b) thy worthiest self. The Witch shall die;
To the young *Roman* boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under his plot: she dies for't. *Eros*, ho! [Exit.

Re-enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! oh, he is more mad
Than *Telamon* for his shield; the boar of *Thessaly*
Was never so imboist.

Char. To th' Monument,
There lock your self, and send him word you're dead:
" The soul and body rive not more in parting,
" Than Greatness going off.

Cleo. To th' Monument:
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was *Antony*;
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously. Hence, *Mardian*,
And bring me how he takes my death. To th'
Monument. [Exeunt.

1 *With her prepared nails.*—] *i. e.* with nails which she suffered to grow for this purpose.

2 *Led thee lodge Lichas on the horns o' th' moon.*] This image our poet seems to have taken from *Seneca's Hercules*, who says *Lichas* being lanced into the air, sprinkled the clouds with his blood. *Sophocles*, on the same occasion, talks at a much soberer rate.

[(a) *Led thee lodge Lichas.*—Oxford Editor—Vulg. *Let me lodge Lichas.*]

[(b) —*thy worthiest self.*—Oxford Editor—Vulg. *my worthiest self*]

S C E N E X.

Re-enter Antony, and Eros.

Ant. *Eros*, thou yet behold'st me.

Eros. Ay, noble Lord.

Ant. ' Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish;
' A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
' A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
' A forked mountain, or blue promontory
' With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
' And mock our eyes with air. Thou'st seen these
' signs,
' They are black Vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my Lord.

Ant. ' That, which is now a horse, even with a
' thought
' The Rack dissimns, and makes it indistinct
' As water is in water.

Eros. It do's, my Lord.

Ant. My good knave, *Eros*, now thy Captain is
Even such a body; here I'm *Antony*,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for *Ægypt*; and the Queen,
Whose heart, I thought, I had, (for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex unto't
A million more, now lost!) she, *Eros*, has
' Packt cards with *Cæsar*, and false play'd my Glory
Unto an enemy's triumph——

Nay,

3 Packt cards *with Cæsar, and false play'd my Glory*

Unto an enemy's triumph——] *Shakespear* has here, as usual, taken his metaphor from a low trivial subject; but has enobled it with much art, by so contriving that the principal term in the subject from whence the metaphor was taken, should belong to, and suit the dignity of the subject to which the metaphor is transferred: thereby providing at once for the integrity of the figure, and the nobleness of the thought. And this by the word TRIUMPH, which either signifies *Octavius's* conquests, or what
we

Nay, weep not, gentle *Eros*, there is left us
Our selves to end our selves.

Enter Mardian.

Oh, thy vile Lady!
Sh' has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, *Antony!*

My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy Eunuch, peace, she hath be-
tray'd me,

And she shall die the death.

Mar. ' Death of one person can be paid but once,
' And that she has discharg'd. What thou would'st do,
' Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
' Was, *Antony!* most noble *Antony!*
' Then in the midst a tearing Groan did break
' The name of *Antony*; it was divided
' Between her heart and lips; she render'd life,
' Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then;

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm me, *Eros*, the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep; that thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; go. [*Exit Mardian.*
Off, pluck off;—

The seven-fold shield of *Ajax* cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case! apace, *Eros*, apace.

we now call, contractedly, the *trump* at cards, then called the *triumph* or the *triumphing sort*. This use of the word fitted the venerable *Latimer* with a quibbling text to a sermon, preached to the scholars at *Cambridge* against card-playing, from *Proverbs*, as it is in the old translation, *My son be wise, and make the heart triumph*; which signified either, *Make the heart glad, or make hearts trumps*.

No more a Soldier—bruised pieces, go;

[Unarming himself.

You have been nobly borne;—from me a while — —

[Exit Eros.

I will o'ertake thee, *Cleopatra*, and
Weep for my pardon. So't must be, for now
All length is torture; since the torch is out,
Lye down and stray no further. Now all labour
Marrs what it does, yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength; ⁴ seal then, and all is done.
Eros!—I come, my Queen—*Eros!*—stay for me,
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the Ghosts gaze;
⁵ *Dido* and her *Sichæus* shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, *Eros, Eros!*

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?

Ant. Since *Cleopatra* died,

I've liv'd in such dishonour, that the Gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword

⁴—seal then, and all is done.] Metaphor taken from civil contracts, where, when all is agreed on, the sealing compleats the contract; so he had determined to die, and nothing remain'd but to give the stroke. The *Oxford Editor* not apprehending this, alters it to — sleep then, —

⁵ *Dido* and her *ÆNEAS* shall want troops.] But *Dido's* fondness did not reach to the other world: She then despised *Æneas*, and return'd to her old affection for *SICHÆUS*.

*Tandem corripuit sese, atque inimica refugit
In Nemo umbriferum: Coniunx ubi pristinus illi
Respondet curis, æquatque Sichæus amorem.*

I should think, therefore, that the poet wrote,

Dido and her *SICHÆUS* — —

And the rather, because the comparison of *Antony* to *Sichæus* is remarkably apposite. *Sichæus* was murder'd by his brother *Pygmalion* for his wealth, on which his wife *Dido* fled into *Africa*: So *Antony* was fought with and defeated at *Actium* by his brother *Octavius*, for his share of the dominion of the world, whereon *Cleopatra* fled from the victor's rage into *Egypt*.

Quarter'd

Quarter'd the world, and o'er green *Neptune's* back,
 With ships, made cities; condemn myself, to lack
 The courage of a woman; less noble minded
 Than she, which, by her death, our *Cæsar* tells,
 "I'm conqueror of myself." Thou art sworn, *Eros*,
 That when the exigent should come, which now
 Is come indeed, when I should see behind me
 Th' inevitable prosecution of disgrace
 And horror, that on my command thou then
 Would'st kill me. Do it, for the time is come:
 Thou strik'st not me, 'tis *Cæsar* thou defeat'st,
 Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The Gods with-hold me!
 Shall I do That, which all the *Parthian* darts,
 Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
 Would'st thou be window'd in great *Rome*, and see
 Thy master thus with pleacht arms, bending down
 His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd
 To penetrative shame: whilst the wheel'd seat
 Of fortunate *Cæsar*, drawn before him, branded
 His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
 Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
 Most useful for thy Country.

Eros. Oh, Sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not
 then
 To do this when I bade thee? do it at once,
 Or thy precedent services are all
 But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
 Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee. —————

[Turning from him.

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once

ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA.

The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear Master,
My Captain, and my Emp'ror! Let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man, —— and farewell.

Eros. Farewel, great Chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, *Eros.*

Eros. Why, there then— [Eros kills himself.
Thus do I escape the sorrow
Of *Antony's* death. [Dies.

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, oh, valiant *Eros*, what
I should, and thou could'st not; my Queen and *Eros*
Have by their brave instruction got upon me
A Nobleness in Record. But I will be
A Bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a Lover's bed. Come then; and, *Eros*,
Thy Master dies thy Scholar; to do thus

[Falling on his sword.
I learnt of thee. How, not yet dead? not dead? —
The guard—ho!—oh, dispatch me.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Dercetas, and Guard.

1 *Guard.* What's the noise?

Ant. I've done my work ill, friends:
O, make an end of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The star is fallen.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period!

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him, that loves me, strike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Nor I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one.

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly. [Exeunt.
This

This sword but shewn to *Cæsar*, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's *Antony*?

Der. There, *Diomed*, there.

Dio. Lives he? wilt thou not answer, man?

Ant. Art thou there, *Diomed*? draw thy sword,
and give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute Lord,
My Mistress *Cleopatra* sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my Lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lockt in her Monument. She had a prophe-
fying fear

Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with *Cæsar*; and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent word she was dead.
But fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth, and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good *Diomed*; call my Guard, I
pr'ythee.

Dio. What, ho! the Emperor's Guard. The Guard,
What, ho!
Come, your Lord calls.

Enter the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where *Cleopatra* bides
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

Guard. Woe are we, Sir! you may not live to
wear

All your true follow'rs out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant.

ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA.

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp
Fate

To grace it with your sorrows. Bid That welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up,
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.

[*Exeunt, bearing Antony.*]

S C E N E XII.

Changes to a magnificent Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras, above.

Cleo. O H Charmian, I will never go from hence.
Char. Be comforted, dear Madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomedes.

How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' th' other side your Monument,
His Guard have brought him thither.

Enter Antony, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O thou Sun,
Turn from th' great Sphere thou mov'st in!—dark-
ling stand
The varying shore o' th' world! O Antony!

Help,

6 O thou Sun,

BURN the great Sphere thou mov'st in—darkling stand
The varying shore o' th' world!]—The varying shore o'
th' world! i. e. of the Earth, where light and darkness make
an

Help, *Charmian*; help, *Iras*, help; help, friends,
Below; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace.

Not *Cæsar's* valour hath o'er-thrown *Antony*,
But *Antony* hath triumph'd on himself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but *Antony*
Should conquer *Antony*; but, woe, 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying; only yet
I here importune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—Come down.

Cleo. I dare not,

(Dear, dear my Lord, your pardon, that I dare
not;)

Left I be taken; not th' imperious shew
Of the full-fortun'd *Cæsar* ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe;
Your Wife *Octavia*, with her modest eyes
7 And still conclusion shall acquire no honour,
Demuring upon me. But come, come, *Antony*,
Help me, my women; we must draw thee up—
Assist, good friends.

Ant. Oh, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport, indeed!—how heavy weighs
my Lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight. Had I great *Juno's* power,

an incessant *variation*. But then, if the Sun should set on fire the whole Sphere, in which he was supposed to move, how could the Earth stand darkling? On the contrary it would be in perpetual light. Therefore, if we will allow *Cleopatra* not to be quite mad, we must believe she said,

TURN FROM th' great Sphere thou mov'st in!—

i. e. forsake it, fly off from it: and then indeed the consequence would be, that the *varying shore* would become *invariably dark*.

7 And still conclusion,—] *i. e.* sedately collected in herself, which even the sight of me could not stir up into passion.

The

The strong-wing'd *Mercury* should fetch thee up,
 And set thee by *Jove's* side. Yet come a little,—
 Wishers were ever fools. Oh come, come, come—

[*They draw Antony up to Cleopatra.*

And welcome, welcome. Die, where thou hast
 liv'd;

Quicken with kissing; had my lips that power,
 Thus would I wear them out.

All. O heavy fight!

Ant. I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying.

Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak, and let me rail so high,
 That the false hufewife Fortune break her wheel,
 Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet Queen.

Of *Cæsar* seek your honour, with your safety—
 you—

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me;

None about *Cæsar* trust, but *Proculeius*.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust;
 None about *Cæsar*.

Ant. The miserable change, now at my end,
 Lament, nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts
 In feeding them with those my former fortunes,
 Wherein I liv'd the greatest prince o' th' world,
 The noblest once; and do not now basely die,
 Nor cowardly put off my helmet to
 My countryman: A *Roman*, by a *Roman*
 Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
 I can no more ——— [Antony dies.

Cleo. Noblest of men!—woo't die?

Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
 In this dull world, which in thy absence is
 No better than a sty? O see, my women!
 The crown o' th' earth doth melt—my Lord!
 Oh, wither'd is the garland of the war,

The

The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls
 Are level now with men; the odds is gone;
 And there is nothing left remarkable,
 Beneath the visiting moon.

[*She faints.*

Char. Oh, quietness, Lady!

Iras. She's dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady!

Iras. Madam!

Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam——

Iras. Royal *Ægypt!* Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, *Isis!*

Cleo.

8 *Peace, peace, IRAS.*] *Cleopatra* is fallen into a swoon; her maids endeavour to recover her by invoking her by her several titles. At length, *Charmian* says to the other, *Peace, peace, Iras*; on which *Cleopatra* comes to herself, and replies to these last words, *No, you are mistaken I am a mere woman like yourself.* Thus stands this senseless dialogue. But *Shakespeare* never wrote it so: We must observe then, that the two women call her by her several titles, to see which best pleased her; and this was highly in character: the Ancients thought, that not only Men, but Gods too, had some names which, above others, they much delighted in, and would soonest answer to; as we may see by the hymns of *Orpheus*, *Homer*, and *Callimachus*. The Poet, conforming to this notion, makes the maids say, *Sovereign Lady, Madam, Royal Ægypt, Empress.* And now we come to the place in question: *Charmian*, when she saw none of these titles had their effect, invokes her by a still more flattering one;

Peace, peace, ISIS!

for so it should be read and pointed: *i. e.* peace, we can never move her by these titles: Let us give her her favourite name of the Goddess *ISIS*. And now *Cleopatra's* answer becomes pertinent and fine;

*No more but a mere woman; and commanded
 By such poor passion as the maid that milks.*

i. e. I now see the folly of assuming to myself those flattering titles of divinity. My misfortunes, and my impotence in bearing them, convince me I am a mere woman and subject to all the passions of the meanest of my species. Here the Poet has followed History exactly, and what is more, his author *Plutarch in Antonio*; who says, that *Cleopatra* assumed the habit and attributes of that Goddess, and gave judgments or rather oracles to her people

Cleo. “ No more but a meer woman; and commanded

“ By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
 “ And does the meanest chares!—It were for me
 “ To throw my scepter at th’ injurious Gods;
 “ To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
 “ ’Till they had stol’n our jewel. All’s but naught:
 “ Patience is sottish, and impatience does
 “ Become a dog that’s mad: Then is it sin,
 “ To rush into the secret house of death,
 “ Ere death dare come to us? how do you, women?
 “ What, what, good cheer! why, how now, *Charmian*?
 “ My noble girls?—ah, women, women! look,
 “ Our lamp is spent, it’s out—good Sirs, take heart,
 “ We’ll bury him: and then what’s brave, what’s
 noble,
 “ Let’s do it after the high *Roman* fashion,
 “ And make death proud to take us. Come away,
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
 Ah, women, women! come, we have no friend
 But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt, bearing off Antony’s body.*

people under the quality of the NEW ISIS. Κλεοπάτρα
 μὲν γὰρ καὶ τότε καὶ τὸν ἄλλον χρόνον εἰς πλῆθος ἐξίσα,
 στολὴν ἑτέραν ἱερῶν ΙΣΙΔΟΣ ἐλάμβανε, καὶ ΝΕΑ ΙΣΙΣ
 ἐχρημάτιζε.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

CÆSAR'S Camp.

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mæcenas,
Gallus, and Train.*

CÆSAR.

GO to him, *Dolabella*, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him,
He mocks the pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit *Dolabella*.

Enter Dercetas, with the sword of Antony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that
dar'st

Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd *Dercetas*;

Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd; whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master, and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to *Cæsar*: If thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st?

Der. I say, oh, *Cæsar*, *Antony* is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack. The round world should have shook
Lions into civil streets, and citizens
Into their dens——The death of *Antony*
Is not a single doom, in that name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, *Cæsar*,

Not

Not by a publick minister of justice,
 Nor by a hired knife; but that self-hand,
 Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
 Hath with the courage, which the heart did lend it,
 Splitted the heart. This is his sword,
 I robb'd his wound of it: behold it stain'd
 With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends:—
 The Gods rebuke me, but it is a tiding
 To wash the eyes of Kings!

Agr. And strange it is,
 That nature must compel us to lament
 Our most perfisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
 Weigh'd equal in him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
 Did steer humanity; but you Gods will give us
 Some faults to make us men. *Cæsar* is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
 He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O *Antony*!
 I've follow'd thee to this—but we do lance
 Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce
 Have shewn to thee such a declining day,
 Or look on thine; we could not stall together
 In the whole world. But yet let me lament
 With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
 That thou my brother, my competitor
 In top of all design, my mate in Empire,
 Friend and companion in the front of war,
 The arm of mine own body, and the heart
 Where mine its thoughts did kindle; that our stars,
 Unreconcilable, should have divided

Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends,
 But I will tell you at some meeter season.—
 The business of this man looks out of him,
 We'll hear him what he says. Whence are you?

Enter

Enter an Egyptian.

Egypt. A poor *Egyptian* yet; the Queen my mistress,

Confin'd in all she has, (her monument)
Of thy intents desires instruction;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To th' way she's forc'd to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourably and how kindly we
Determine for her. For *Cæsar* cannot live,
To be ungentle.

Egypt. May the Gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*

Cæs. Come hither, *Proculeius*; go, and say,
We purpose her no shame; give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Lest in her greatness by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us: for her life in *Rome*
(a) Would be eternaling our triumph. Go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit Proculeius.*

Cæs. *Gallus*, go you along;—where's *Dolabella*,
To second *Proculeius*? [*Exit Gallus.*

All. *Dolabella*!

Cæs. Let him alone; for I remember now,
How he's employ'd: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my Tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings. Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this. [*Exeunt.*

[(a) would be eternaling. Oxford Editor.—Vulg. would be eternal in.]

S C E N E II.

*Changes to the Monument.**Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian, and Seleucus, above.*

Cleo. **M**Y desolation does begin to make
 A better life; 'tis paltry to be *Cæsar*;
 Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
 A minister of her Will; ¹ and it is great
 To do that thing, that ends all other deeds;
 Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
 [Lulls wearied nature to a sound repose]
 (Which sleeps, and never palates more the Dugg:)
 The beggar's nurse, and *Cæsar*'s.

¹ ————— and it is great

To do that thing, that ends all other deeds;

Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;

Which sleeps, and never palates more the DUNO:

The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's.] The action of Suicide is

here said, *to shackle accidents; to bolt up change; to be the*

beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's. So far the description is intelligible.

But when it is said, that *it sleeps and never palates more the Dugg,* we find neither sense nor propriety: which is occasion'd by the loss of a whole line between the third and fourth, and the corrupt reading of the last word in the fourth. We should read the passage thus,

————— and it is great

To do that thing, that ends all other deeds;

Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;

[Lulls wearied nature to a sound repose]

(Which sleeps, and never palates more the DUGG:)

The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's.

That this line in hooks was the substance of that lost, is evident from its making sense of all the rest: which are to this effect, *It is great to do that which frees us from all the accidents of humanity, lulls our over-wearied nature to repose (which now sleeps, and has no more appetite for worldly enjoyments,) and is equally the nurse of Cæsar and the beggar.*

Enter

Enter Proculeius.

Pro. *Cæsar* sends Greeting to the Queen of *Ægypt*,
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is *Proculeius*.

Cleo. *Antony*

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a Queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That Majesty, to keep *decorum*, must
No less beg than a Kingdom; if he please
To give me conquer'd *Ægypt* for my Son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer:
You're fal'n into a princely hand, fear nothing;
Make your full ref'rence freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find
A Conqu'ror² that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him,
I am his fortune's vassal,³ and I send him
The Greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i'th' face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.

² ——— that will pray in aid for kindness,] *Praying in aid*
is a law term, used for a petition made in a court of justice for
the calling in of help from another that hath an interest in the
cause in question. *Oxford Editor.*

³ ——— and I send him
The Greatness he has got. ———] *i. e.* I have nothing to send
him, alluding to the presents sent by vassals to their lords.

Have comfort, for, I know, your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it.

[Here Gallus, and Guard, ascend the Monument by
a Ladder, and enter at a back Window.

Gall. You see, how easily she may be surpriz'd.

Pro. Guard her, 'till *Cæsar* come.

Iras. O Royal Queen!

Char. Oh *Cleopatra*! thou art taken, Queen. —

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[Drawing a Dagger.

[The Monument is open'd; *Proculeius* rushes in,
and disarms the Queen.

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:

Do not your self such wrong, ⁴ who are in this
Bereav'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too, that rids our dogs of
languish?

Pro. Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
Th' undoing of your self: let the world see
His Nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, Death?

Come hither, come: oh come, and take a Queen
Worth many babes and beggars.

Pro. Oh, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, Sir:

⁴ ——— ~~who are in this~~

RELIEV'D, but not betray'd.] As plausible as this reading
is, it is corrupt. Had *Shakespear* used the word *reliev'd*, he
would have added, *and not betray'd*. But that he used another
word the reply shews, *What, of death too*: which will not agree
with *relieved*; but will direct us to the genuine word, which is,

BEREAV'D, but not betray'd.

i. e. bereav'd of death, or of the means of destroying your self,
but not betray'd to your destruction. By the particle *too*, in her
reply, she alludes to her being before bereav'd of *Antony*. And
thus his speech becomes correct, and her reply pertinent.

If

5 If idle time will once be necessary,
 I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,
 Do *Cæsar* what he can. Know, Sir, that I
 Will not wait pinion'd at your master's Court,
 Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
 Of dull *Octavia*. Shall they hoist me up,
 And shew me to the shouting varlotry
 Of cens'ring *Rome*? rather a ditch in *Ægypt*
 Be gentle Grave unto me! rather on *Nilus'* mud
 Lay me stark nak'd, and let the water-flies
 Blow me into abhorring! rather make
 My Country's high *Pyramides* my gibbet,
 And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
 These thoughts of horror further than you shall
 Find cause in *Cæsar*.

S C E N E III.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius.

What thou hast done thy master *Cæsar* knows,
 And he hath sent for thee; as for the Queen,
 I'll take her to my guard;

Pro. So, *Dolabella*,

It shall content me best; be gentle to her;
 To *Cæsar* I will speak what you shall please,
 If you'll employ me to him.

Clea. Say, I would die. [Exit *Proculeius*.]

Dol. Most noble Empress, you have heard of me.

Clea. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

5 If idle ~~time~~ ^{TAKE} will once be necessary,] This nonsense should
 be reform'd thus.

If idle ~~time~~ ^{TAME} will once be necessary.

i. e. if repose be necessary to cherish life, I will not sleep.

Cleo. No matter, Sir, what I have heard or known:
You laugh, when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, Madam.

Cleo. I dreamt, there was an Emp'ror *Antony*;
Oh such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please ye——

Cleo. His face was as the heav'ns; and therein stuck
A Sun and Moon, which kept their course, and
lighted
The little ⁶ O o'th' Earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature!——

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean, his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned Spheres, when that to friends:
But when he meant to quail, and shake the Orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't: An (*a*) Autumn 'twas,
'That grew the more by reaping. His delights
Were dolphin-like, they shew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in; in his livery
Walk'd Crowns and Coronets, realms and islands were
As plates dropt from his pocket.

Dol. *Cleopatra* ——

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a
man
As this I dreamt of?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the Gods;
But if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff

⁶ A round O restored by Mr. Theobald.

[(*a*) *Autumn*. Mr. Theobald.——Vulg. *Antony*.]

To vye strange forms with Fancy, ⁷ yet t' imagine
An *Antony*, were Nature's Prize 'gainst Fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good Madam:

Your loss is as your self, great; and you bear it,
As answ'ring to the weight: 'would, I might never
O'er-take pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, Sir.

Know you, what *Cæsar* means to do with me?

Dol. I'm loth to tell you, what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, Sir.

Dol. Though he be honourable—

Cleo. He'll lead me in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will, I know't.

All. Make way there,—*Cæsar*.

7 ————— yet t' imagine

An *Antony* were Nature's PRIZE 'gainst Fancy,

Condemning shadows quite.] This is a fine sentiment; but by the false reading and pointing become unintelligible. Though when set right, obscure enough to deserve a comment. *Shakespeare* wrote,

————— yet t' imagine

An *Antony*, were Nature's PRIZE 'gainst Fancy,

Condemning shadows quite.

The sense of which is this, *Nature*, in general, has not materials enough to furnish out real forms, for every model that the boundless power of the imagination can sketch out: [Nature wants matter to vye strange forms with Fancy] But tho' this be true in general, that nature is more poor, narrow, and confined than fancy, yet it must be owned, that when nature presents an *Antony* to us, she then gets the better of fancy, and makes even the imagination appear poor and narrow: Or, in our author's phrase, [condemns shadows quite.] The word PRIZE, which I have restored, is very pretty, as figuring a contention between *nature* and *imagination* about the larger extent of their powers; and *nature* gaining the PRIZE by producing *Antony*.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Mæcenas, Proculeius, and Attendants.

Cæs. Which is the Queen of *Ægypt*?

Dol. It is the Emperor, Madam. [Cleo. kneels]

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:

I pray you, rise, rise, *Ægypt*,

Cleo. Sir, the Gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts;
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole Sir o'th' world,
I cannot procter mine own cause so well
To make it clear, but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our Sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than inforce:
If you apply your self to our intents,
(Which tow'rds you are most gentle) you shall find
A benefit in this Change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave your self
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you relie. I'll take my leave.

8 *I cannot project mine own cause so well*] *Project* signifies to invent a cause, not to plead it; which is the sense here required. It is plain then we should read,

I cannot PROCTER my own cause so well
The technical term, to plead by an advocate.

Cleo.

Cleo. And may, through all the world : 'tis yours ;
and we,

Your scutcheons, and your signs of Conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for *Cleopatra*.

Cleo. This is the brief of mony, plate, and jewels
I am possess'd of—'tis exactly valued,
Not petty things omitted—where's *Seleucus* ?

Sel. Here, Madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer, let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To my self nothing. Speak the truth, *Seleucus*.

Sel. Madam, I had rather seal my lips,
Than to my peril speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back ?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made
known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, *Cleopatra* ; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, *Cæsar* ! Oh, behold,
How Pomp is follow'd ; mine will now be yours,
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.

Th' ingratitude of this *Seleucus* do's
Ev'n make me wild. Oh slave, of no more Trust
Than love that's hir'd—What, goest thou back ? thou
halt

Go back, I warrant thee : but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings. Slave, soul-less villain, dog,
O rarely base !

Cæs. Good Queen, let us intreat you.

Cleo. O *Cæsar*, what a wounding shame is this,
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness

To one so weak, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy ! Say, good *Cæsar*,
That I some lady-trifles have reserv'd,

Immement toys, things of such Dignity
 As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
 Some nobler token I have kept apart
 For *Livia* and *Octavia*, to induce
 Their mediation, must I be unfolded
 By one that I have bred? the Gods!—it smites me
 Beneath the Fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;—
 Or I shall shew the cinders of my spirits
 Through th' ashes of my chance: wert thou a man,
 Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, *Seleucus*.

Cleo. ' Be't known, that we, the Greatest, are mis-
 thought
 For things that others do. And when we fall
 We answer. Others' merits, in our names
 Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs.

9 *Through th' ashes of my chance:*] Or *fortune*. Alluding to an imperial edifice burnt down and reduced to ashes. So that the meaning is, *Begone*, or I shall exert that royal spirit which I had in my prosperity, in spite of the imbecillity of my present weak condition. This taught the *Oxford Editor* to alter it to *mischance*.

1 ' *Be't known, that we the Greatest are misbought
 For things that others do; and when we fall,
 We answer others' merits, in our names*

Are therefore to be pitied.] This false pointing has rendered the sentiment, which was not very easy at best, altogether unintelligible. The lines should be pointed thus,

*Be't known, that we, the Greatest, are misbought
 For things that others do. And when we fall
 We answer. Others' merits, in our names
 Are therefore to be pitied.*

i. e. *We monarchs, while in power, are accused and blamed for the miscarriages of our ministers; and when any misfortune hath subjected us to the power of our enemies, we are sure to be punished for those faults. As this is the case, it is but reasonable that we should have the merit of our ministers' good actions, as well as bear the blame of their bad. But she softens the word merit into pity. The reason of her making the reflexion was this: Her former conduct was liable to much censure from Octavius, which she would hereby artfully insinuate was owing to her evil ministers,*

Cæs. Cleopatra,

Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put We i'th' roll of Conquest, still be't yours;
Bestow it at your pleasure, and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore, be cheer'd:
Make not your thoughts your prisons; no, dear
Queen,

For we intend so to dispose you, as
Your self shall give us counsel: feed, and sleep.
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs. Not so:—adieu. [*Exeunt Cæsar and his train.*]

S C E N E V.

Cleo. He words me, Girls, he words me,
That I should not be noble to my self,
But hark thee, *Charmian.* [*Whispers Charmian.*]

Iras. Finish, good lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again. ———
I've spoke already, and it is provided;
Go put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will. [*Exit Charm.*]

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the Queen?

Iras. And as her present conduct, in concealing her treasures,
appeared to be her own act, she being detected by her minister;
she begs, that as she now answers for her former minister's miscar-
riages, so her present minister's merit in this discovery, might
likewise be placed to her account: Which she thinks but reason-
able. The *Oxford Editor* is here again at his old work of altering
what he did not understand, and so transforms the passage thus,

————— *And when we fall,*
We pander others' merits with our names;
And therefore to be pitied.

Char.

Char. Behold, Sir.

Cleo. Dolabella.

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn, by your Command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: *Cæsar* through *Syria*
Intends his journey, and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before;
Make your best use of this. I have perform'd
Your pleasure and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.

Adieu, good Queen; I must attend on *Cæsar*. [*Exit.*

Cleo. Farewel, and thanks. Now, *Iras*, what
think'st thou?

Thou, an *Egyptian* puppet, shalt be shewn
In *Rome* as well as I: mechanick slaves
With greasie aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view. In their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The Gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, *Iras*: saucy lictors
Will catch at us like strumpets, and scall'd rhimers
Ballad us out-o'-tune. The quick Comedians
Extemp'rally will stage us, and present
Our *Alexandrian* revels: *Antony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking *Cleopatra* boy my Greatness,
I'th' posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good Gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never see it; for, I'm sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents. Now, *Charmian*,

Enter

Enter Charmian.

Shew me, my women, like a Queen: go fetch
My best attires. I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony. Sirrah Iras, go—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed;
And when thou'rt done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till dooms-day—bring our Crown, and all.

[*A noise within.*]

Wherefore this noise?

Enter a Guardsman.

Guards. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your Highness' presence;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an instrument
[*Exit Guardsman.*]

May do a noble deed!—he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me; now from head to foot
I'm marble constant: 'now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Enter Guardsman and Clown with a basket.

Guards. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid and leave him. [Exit Guardsman.]

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly, I have him: but I would not be
'the party should desire you to touch him, for his
'biting is immortal: those, that do die of it, do seldom
'or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'ft thou any that have dy'd on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard
'of one of them no longer than yesterday, a very ho-

2 ——— now the fleeting moon

No planet is of mine.] Alluding to the Egyptian devotion
paid to the moon under the name of Isis.

‘ nest woman, but something given to lie, as a woman
 ‘ should not do, but in the way of honesty. How she
 ‘ dy’d of the biting of it, what pain she felt! truly,
 ‘ she makes a very good report o’th’ worm : ³ but he,
 ‘ that will believe half that they say, shall never be
 ‘ saved by all that they do : but this is most fallible,
 ‘ the worm’s an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell.

Clown. ‘ I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewel.

Clown. ‘ You must think this, look you, that the
 ‘ worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay, farewell.

Clown. ‘ Look you, the worm is not to be trusted
 ‘ but in the keeping of wise people ; for, indeed, there
 ‘ is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care, it shall be heeded.

Clown. ‘ Very good : give it nothing, I pray you,
 ‘ for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. ‘ You must not think, I am so simple, but
 ‘ I know, the devil himself will not eat a woman:
 ‘ I know, that a woman is a dish for the Gods, if
 ‘ the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same
 ‘ whore-son devils do the Gods great harm in their
 ‘ women! for, in every ten that they make, the
 ‘ devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewell.

Clown. ‘ Yes, forsooth, I wish you joy o’th’ worm.

[*Exit.*

3 — *But he, that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do.*] Shakespear’s Clowns are always jokers, and deal in sly satire. It is plain this must be read the contrary way, and *all* and *half* change places.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Cleo. " Give me my Robe, put on my Crown ;

" I have

" Immortal Longings in me. Now no more

" The juice of *Ægypt's* grape shall moist this lip.

" Yare, yare, good *Iras* ; quick—methinks, I hear

" *Antony* call, I see him rouse himself

" To praise my noble act. I hear him mock

" The luck of *Cæsar*, which the Gods give men ;

" T' excuse their after-wrath. Husband, I come ;

" Now to that name my courage prove my title !

" I am fire, and air ; my other elements

" I give to baser life. So——have you done ?

" Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.

" Farewel, kind *Charmian* ; *Iras*, long farewel.

[*Applying the asp.*

" Have I the aspick in my lips ? dost fall ? [To *Iras*.

" If thou and nature can so gently part,

" The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,

" Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lye still ?

" If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world,

" It is not worth leave taking. [Iras dies.

Char. Dissolve, thick Cloud, and rain, that I may say,
The Gods themselves do weep.

Cleo. This proves me base——

If she first meet the curled *Antony*,

He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss,

Which is my heav'n to have. " Come, mortal

" wretch,

" With thy sharp teeth ⁴ this knot intricicate

[To the serpent.

" Of life at once untie : poor venomous fool,

⁴ ——*this knot intricicate*] The expression is fine ; it signifies a hidden, secret [*intrinsecus*] knot, as that which ties soul and body together.

" Be

“ Be angry, and dispatch. Oh, could’st thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great *Cæsar* afs,
Unpolicied!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. ‘ Peace, peace !

• Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,

• That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O break! O break?

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,
O *Antony!*—Nay, I will take thee too.

[*Applying another Asp to her Arm.*

What should I stay—

[*Dies.*

Char. In this wild world? so fare thee well:
Now, boast thee, Death, in thy possession lies
A las unparallel’d—Downy windows, close;
And golden *Phæbus* never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! your Crown’s awry;
I’ll mend it, and then play—

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 *Guard.* Where’s the Queen;

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* *Cæsar* hath sent—

[*Charmian applies the Asp.*

Char. Too slow a messenger.

Oh, come apace, dispatch, I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! all’s not well. *Cæsar*’s
beguil’d.

2 *Guard.* There’s *Dolabella* sent from *Cæsar*; call
him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here, *Charmian*? is this
well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a Princess
Descended of so many royal Kings.

Ah, soldiers!—

[*Charmian dies.*

Enter

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

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Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 Guard. All dead!

Dol. *Cæsar*, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this; thy self art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So fought'st to hinder.

Enter *Cæsar* and Attendants.

All. Make way there, make way for *Cæsar*.

Dol. Oh, Sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That, you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at last:
She levell'd at our purpose, and, being royal,
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her
figs:

This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then!

1 Gent. Oh *Cæsar*!

This *Charmian* liv'd but now, she stood and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropt.

Cæs. Oh noble weakness!
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling; but she looks like sleep;
As she would catch another *Antony*
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The like is on her arm.

1 Guard. This is an aspick's trail;
And these fig-leaves have slime upon them, such
As th' aspick leaves upon the caves of *Nile*.

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Q

Cæs.

Cæs. Most probable,
 That so she dy'd ; for her physician tells me,
 She has pursu'd conclusions infinite
 Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed,
 And bear her women from the monument :
 She shall be buried by her *Antony*.
 No grave upon the earth shall clip in it,
 A pair so famous. High events as these
 Strike those that make them ; and their story is
 No less in pity, than his glory, which
 Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
 In solemn shew, attend this funeral ;
 And then to *Rome* : come, *Dolabella*, see
 High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt omnes.*]





CYMBELINE.

A

TRAGEDY.





DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CYMBELINE, King of Britaine.

Cloten, Son to the Queen by a former Husband,

Leonatus Posthumus, a Gentleman in love with the Princess, and privately married to her.

*Guiderius, } Disguis'd under the names of Paladour and
Arviragus, } Cadwal, supposed Sons to Belarius.*

Belarius, a banish'd Lord, disguis'd under the name of Morgan.

Philario, an Italian, Friend to Posthumus.

Iachimo, Friend to Philario.

Caius Lucius, Ambassador from Rome.

Pisanio, Servant to Posthumus.

A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.

Cornelius, a Doctor, Servant to the Queen.

Two Gentlemen.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.

Imogen, Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.

Helen, Woman to Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Ghosts, a Soothsayer, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, sometimes in Britaine; sometimes in Italy.



C Y M B E L I N E.

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

Cymbeline's *Palace in Britaine.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

I GENTLEMAN.



YOU do not meet a man, but frowns:
Our brows
No more obey the heavens than our
courtiers;
But seem, as does the King's.

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1 *Gent.*

1 *You do not meet a man, but frowns: our BLOODS*

No more obey the heavens than our Courtiers;

But seem, as does the King's.] The thought is this, we are not now (as we were wont) influenced by the weather but by the King's looks. *We no more obey the heavens [the sky] than our Courtiers obey the heavens [God]* By which it appears, that the reading—*our bloods* is wrong. For tho' the *blood* may be affected with the weather, yet that affection is discovered not by change of colour, but by change of countenance. And it is the *outward* not the *inward* change that is here talked of, as appears from the word *seem*. We should read therefore,

—our BROWS

No more obey the heavens &c.

Q 3

Which

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of's Kingdom,
(whom

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, a widow
That late he married) hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor, but worthy, gentleman.
She's wedded; ———

Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: All
Is outward sorrow, though, I think, the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the King?

1 *Gent.* He, that hath lost her, too: so is the
Queen,

That most desir'd the match. But not a courtier,
(Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the King's look) but hath a heart that is
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the Princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and, he that hath her,
(I mean that marry'd her, alack, good man!
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such,
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within
Endows a man but him.

Which is evident from the preceding words,

You do not meet a man but frowns.

And from the following,

——— *But not a Courtier,
Altho' they wear their faces to the bent
Of the King's look, but hath a heart that is
Glad at the thing they scowl at*———

The *Oxford Editor* improves upon this emendation, and reads,
——— *our looks*

No more obey the heart ev'n than our courtiers;

But by venturing too far, at a second emendation, he has stript it
of all thought and sentiment.

2 *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* 2 You speak him far.

1 *Gent.* 3 I don't extend him, Sir: Within himself
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure fully.

2 *Gent.* What's his name and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was called *Sicilius*, who did join his honour
Against the *Romans*, with *Cassibelan*;
But had his titles by *Tenantius*, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success;
So gain'd the sur-addition, *Leonatus*:

And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons; who, in the wars o' th' time,
Dy'd with their swords in hand: For which, their
father,

(Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow,
That he quit Being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theam, deceas'd,
As he was born. The King, he takes the babe
To his protection, calls him *Posthumus*,
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:

2 *You speak him far.*] *i. e.* largely in his praise. *Shakespeare*
with his common licence, only uses the *length* for the *breadth*.

3 I DO EXTEND him, Sir, within himself;

Crush him together,——] Thus the late Editor, Mr. *Theobald*, has given the passage, and explained it in this manner; *I extend him within the lists and compass of his merit*: Which is just as proper as to say, *I go out within doors*. To *extend* a thing *within* itself is the most insufferable nonsense: because the very etymology of the word shews, that it signifies the drawing out any thing BEYOND its *lists and compass*. Besides, a common attention was sufficient to perceive that *Shakespeare*, in this sentence, used *extend and crush together*, as the direct opposites to one another; which, in this Editor's sense, they are not; but only different degrees of the same thing. We should read and point the passage thus,

I DON'T EXTEND him, Sir: *within himself*
Crush him together——

i. e. I do not extend him; on the contrary I crush him together.

Puts to him all the Learnings that his time
 Could make him the receiver of, which he took
 As we do air, fast as 'twas ministred.
 His spring became a harvest: liv'd in Court
 (Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd,
 A sample to the young'st; to th' more mature,
 A glass that featur'd them; and to the graver
 A child that guided dotards. To his mistress,
 (For whom he now is banish'd) her own price
 Proclaims, how she esteem'd him and his virtue.
 By her election may be truly read,
 What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him, ev'n out of your report.
 But tell me, is she sole child to the King?

1 *Gent.* His only child.

He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing
 Mark it;) the eldest of them at three years old,
 I' th' swathing cloaths the other, from their nursery
 Were stol'n; and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
 Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a King's children should be so con-
 vey'd,

So slackly guarded, and the search so slow
 That could not trace them,——

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
 Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
 Yet is it true, Sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear. Here comes the Gentle-
 man,
 The Queen, and Princess.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, Imogen, and attendants.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me,
daughter,

After the slander of most step-mothers,
I'll-ey'd unto you: You're my pris'ner, but
Your goaler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, *Posthumus*,
So soon as I can win th' offended King,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet,
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his Sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your Highness,
I will from hence to day.

Queen. You know the peril:
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the King
Hath charg'd, you should not speak together. [*Exit.*]

Imo. Dissembling courtesie! how fine this tyrant
Can tickle, where she wounds! My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath, but nothing
(Always reserv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My Queen! my Mistress!
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyall'st husband, that did e'er plight troth;
My residence in *Rome*, at one *Philario's*;
Who to my father was a friend, to me

Known

Known but by letter; thither write, my Queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you;
If the King come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure—yet I'll move him
[*Aside.*

To walk this way; I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries: to be friends,
Pays dear for my offences. [Exit.

Post. Should we be taking leave,
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathsomeness to depart would grow:—adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little—
Were you but riding forth to air your self,
Such Parting were too petty. Look here, Love,
This diamond was my mother's; take it, heart,
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.

Post. How, how, another!
You gentle Gods, give me but this I have,
And tear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death. Remain, remain thou here,
[*Putting on the ring.*
While sense can keep thee on! and Sweetest, Fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
I still win of you. For my sake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love, I'll place it

[*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*
Upon this fairest pris'ner.

Imo. O, the Gods!
When shall we see again?

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post. Alack, the King! ———

Cym. Thou basest Thing, avoid; hence, from my
fight:

If, after this Command, thou fraught the Court
With thy unworthiness, thou dy'st. Away!
Thou'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The Gods protect you,
And bless the good remainders of the Court!
I'm gone.

[*Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. ⁴ O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth, thou heap'st
A yare age on me.

Imo. I beseech you, Sir,
Harm not your self with your Vexation;
I'm senseless of your wrath; ⁵ a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

⁴ *O disloyal thing,*

Thou should'st repair my youth, thou heap'st

A Year's age on me.] The King lov'd his daughter, and was
much vex'd and disappointed at her having married against his
consent. But, surely, his sorrow was not very extreme, if the
effects of it only added one year to his age; we must correct,

A yare age on me.

i. e. a sudden, precipitate, old age. For the word signifies not
only *nimble, dextrous*, as it is many times employ'd in our author;
but likewise, as SKINNER expounds it, *fervidus, promptus, præ-*
ceps, impatiens. But the *Oxford Editor* amends it thus,

————— *Thou heapest many*

A year's age on me.

⁵ — *a touch more rare]* More strong, forcible; alluding to the
stroke of lightning.

Imo.

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past
grace.

Cym. Thou might'st have had the sole son of my
Queen.

Imo. O, blest, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made
my Throne

A Seat for Baseness.

Imo. No, I rather added

A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault, that I have lov'd *Posthumus* :
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is
A man, worth any woman; over-buys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What!—art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, Sir; heav'n restore me! 'would I
were

A neat-herd's daughter, and my *Leonatus*
Our neighbour-shepherd's son!

Enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish Thing;—

They were again together, you have done

Not after our Command. Away with her,
And pen her up. [To the Queen.]

Queen. Beseech you patience; peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace. Sweet Sovereign,
Leave us t'our selves, and make your self some comfort
Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a-day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly.

[Exit.]

Enter

Enter Pisanio.

Queen. Fie, you must give way:
Here is your servant. How now, Sir? what news?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Hah!

No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd, than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I'm very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend, he takes his part.
To draw upon an exile: O brave Sir! —
I would they were in *Africk* both together,
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back. Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command; he would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When't pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your Highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence, pray you, speak
with me;
You shall, at least, go see my Lord aboard.
From this time leave me.—

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

1 Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt;
the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacri-
fice. Where air comes out, air comes in: there's
none abroad so wholsom as That you vent.

Clot.

Clot. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—
Have I hurt him?

2 Lord. No, faith: Not so much as his patience.

[*Aside.*

1 Lord. Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt. It is a thorough-fare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2 Lord. His steel was in debt, it went o' th' back-side the town.

[*Aside.*

Clot. The villain would not stand me.

2 Lord. No, but he fled *forward* still, towards your face.

[*Aside.*

1 Lord. Stand you? you have land enough of your own; but he added to your *Having*, gave you some ground.

2 Lord. As many inches as you have oceans, puppies!

[*Aside.*

Clot. I would, they had not come between us.

2 Lord. So would I, 'till you had measur'd how long a fool you were upon the ground.

[*Aside.*

Clot. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me! —————

2 Lord. If it be a sin to make a true election, she's damn'd.

[*Aside.*

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together. 'She's a good Shine, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 Lord. She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

[*Aside.*

Clot. 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.

[*Aside.*

6 She's a good sign.] If *sign* be the true reading, the poet means by it *constellation*, and by *reflection* is meant *influence*. But I rather think, from the answer, that he wrote *shine*. So in his *Venus* and *Adonis*,

As if, from thence, they borrowed all their shine.

Clot.

Clot. You'll go with us?

1 Lord. I'll attend your Lordship.

Clot. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Imogen's Apartment.

Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.

Imo. **I** Would, thou grew'st unto the shores o'th' heaven,

And question'd'st every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake with thee?

Pis. 'Twas, His Queen, his Queen!

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, Madam.

Imo. Senseless linnen, happier therein than I!
And that was all?

Pis. No, Madam; ⁸ for so long

⁷ ——— 'twere a paper lost

As offer'd mercy is —] i. e. Should one of his letters miscarry, the loss would be as great as the offer'd mercy of heaven neglected or rejected. But the Oxford Editor amends it thus,

————— 'twere a paper lost,

With offer'd mercy in it.

⁸ ——— for so long

As he could make me with his eye, or ear,

Distinguish him from others,—] But how could Posthumus make himself distinguish'd by his ear to Pisanio? By his tongue he might, to the other's ear: and this was certainly Shakespeare's intention. We must therefore read,

As he could make me with this eye, or ear,

Distinguish him from others.

The expression is *δεικτικῶς*, as the Greeks term it: the party speaking points to the part spoken of.

As he could make me with this eye, or ear,
 Distinguish him from others, he did keep
 The deck, with glove or hat, or handkerchief,
 Still waving, as the fits and stirs of 's mind
 Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
 How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him
 As little as a crow, or less, ere left
 To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. ' I would have broke mine eye-strings ; crackt
 'em, but
 ' To look upon him ; ' 'till the diminution
 ' Of's space had pointed him sharp as my needle ;
 ' Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
 ' The smallness of a gnat, to air ; and then
 ' Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good

Pisanio,
 When shall we hear from him ?

Pis. Be assur'd, Madam,
 With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
 " Most pretty things to say : ere I could tell him,
 " How I would think on him, at certain hours,
 " Such thoughts, and such ; or, I could make him
 swear,
 " The She's of *Italy* should not betray
 " Mine interest, and his honour ; or have charg'd him,
 " At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,

9 ——— 'till the diminution

OF SPACE had pointed him sharp as my needle ;] But the
 increase of distance is the augmentation, not the *diminution* of
 space between the object and the beholder : which augmentation
 occasions the diminution of the object. We should read therefore,

————— 'till the diminution

OF'S SPACE—————

i. e. of his space, or of that space which his body occupied ; and
 this is the *diminution* of the object by the augmentation of space.

" T'encounter

“T’encounter me with Orisons; (for then
 “I am in heaven for him;) ¹ or ere I could
 “Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
 “Betwixt two charming words, ² comes in my Father;

¹ ————— or ere I could

Give him the parting kiss, which I had set

Between two charming words.—] There is an inexpressible prettiness in the whole of this idea. The image is taken from a gem set between two others of a different kind. But what were these two *charming words*, between which the *kiss* was set? This may be thought too nice an inquiry. If we consider *Shakespeare* as having only the vague idea of two fond words in general, the *douceurs*, with which lovers are used to entertain one another, the whole force and beauty of the passage will be lost. Without question by these *two charming words* she would be understood to mean,

A D I E U. P O S T H U M U S.

The one *Religion* made so; and the other, *Love*.

² ————— comes in my Father;

And, like the tyrannous breathing of the North,

Shakes all our buds from GROWING.] Had *Imogen* employed this image of the *North wind shaking the tender buds*, to express her father’s rage at the discovery of the marriage, it had been proper to have said,

Shakes all our buds from growing;

because by banishing *Posthumus*, he quite cut off the fruits of their loves and alliance, which were things of duration; and in this case the *buds* of *fruit-trees* had been meant. But that was a thing passed, the discovery had been made, and his banishment denounced. She is here telling, how her father came in while *Posthumus* was taking his last farewell of her; and while they were going to interchange some tender words to one another, which was a pleasure, had it not been interrupted, but of a short and momentary duration. In this case then it is plain, that not *buds* of *fruit-trees*, but *buds* of *flowers* are alluded to: and if so, the present reading, which refers to *buds* of *fruit-trees*, is corrupt, and we must conclude that *Shakespeare* wrote,

Shakes all our buds from BLOWING.

i. e. from opening, as full-blown flowers do. And I suppose that his using the word *blowing* here, was the reason why in the foregoing line he says, *BREATHING of the North*, instead of *blowing* of the North; (tho’ *breathing* be not very proper to express the rage and bluster of the North wind) the repetition of which word, as it had then been used in two different senses, would have had an ill effect.

“ And, like the tyrannous breathing of the North,
 “ Shakes all our buds from blowing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The Queen, Madam,
 Desires your Highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.
 I will attend the Queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt:*

S C E N E VI.

Changes to Rome.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, and a French man.

Iach. BELIEVE it, Sir, I have seen him in *Britaine*;
 he was then of a crescent Note; expected to
 prove so worthy, as since he has been allowed the
 name of. But I could then have look'd on him, with-
 out the help of admiration; though the catalogue of
 his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to
 peruse him by *Items*.

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd,
 than now he is, with That which makes him both
 without and within.

French. I have seen him in *France*; we had very
 many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as
 he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his King's Daughter,
 (wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her value, than
 his own) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from
 the matter.

French. And then his banishment——

Iach. Ay, and the approbations of those, that weep
 this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonder-
 fully to extend him; be it but to fortifie her Judg-
 ment, which else an easie battery might lay flat, for
 taking

taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Pbil. His father and I were soldiers together, to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the *Briton*. Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. I beseech you all, be better known to this Gentleman; whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have been known together in *Orleans*.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness; I was glad I did atone my Countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, Sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shun'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences; but upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say, it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have slain both.

Iach. Can we with manners ask, what was the difference?

French. 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 bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified, and less attemptable than any the rarest of our ladies in *France*.

Iach. That Lady is not now living; or this Gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her, 'fore ours of *Italy*.

Post. Being so far provok'd, as I was in *France*, I would abate her nothing; tho' I profess my self her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, a kind of hand-in-hand comparison, had been something too fair and too good for any Lady in *Britany*.³ If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lusters many I have beheld, I could believe, she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd Mistress is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle.

³ *If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lusters many I have beheld, I could not believe she excelled many*] What? if she did really excel others, could he not believe she did excel them? Nonsense. We must strike out the negative, and the sense will be this, *I can easily believe your mistress excels many, tho' she be not the most excellent; just as I see that diamond of yours is of more value than many I have beheld, tho' I know there are other diamonds of much greater value.*

Post.

Post. You are mistaken; the one may be sold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift. The other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods have given you :—

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stoln too; so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail and the other casual. A cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your *Italy* contains none so accomplish'd a Courtier ⁴ to convince the honour of my mistress; if in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail, I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves, notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, Gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair Mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding: had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.—

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'er-values it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: And to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any Lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a per-

⁴ to convince the honour of my mistress;] *Convince*, for overcome.

swasion; and, I doubt not, you'd sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's That?

Post. A repulse; though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a punishment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this; it came in too suddenly, let it die as it was born; and I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would, I had put my estate and my neighbour's, on th' approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What Lady would you chuse to assail?

Iach. Yours; who in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserv'd.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: 'my ring I hold dear as my finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser; if you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting. But, I see, you have some Religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my Speeches, and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you? I shall but lend my diamond 'till your Return; let there be covenants drawn between us. My Mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match; here's my ring.

5 ——— *my ring I hold dear as my finger, 'tis part of it.*

Iach. *You are a Friend, and therein the wiser;*] I correct it,

You are afraid, and therein the wiser.

What *Iachimo* says, in the close of his speech, determines this to have been our Poet's reading.

But, I see, you have some Religion in you, that you fear.

Phil.

Phil. I will have it no Lay.

Iach. By the Gods it is one. ' If I bring you sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are mine; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours; provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us; only, thus far you shall answer; if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate. If she remain uneduc'd, you not making it appear otherwise; for your ill opinion, and th' assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand, a covenant; we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for *Britaine*, lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

6 *Iach.* — *If I bring you NOT sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are YOURS; so is your diamond too; if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours, &c.*

Post. *I embrace these conditions, &c.*] This was a wager between the two speakers. *Iachimo* declares the conditions of it; and *Posthumus* embraces them: as well he might; for *Iachimo* mentions only *that* of the two conditions, which was favourable to *Posthumus*, namely, that if his wife preserved her honour he should win: concerning the other, (in case she preserved it not) *Iachimo*, the accurate expounder of the wager, is silent. To make him talk more in character, for we find him sharp enough in the prosecution of his bet, we should strike out the negative, and read the rest thus, *If I bring you sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd, &c. my ten thousand ducats are MINE; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour, &c. she your jewel, &c. and my gold are yours.*

R 4

Post.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil. Signior *Iachimo* will not from it.

Pray, let us follow 'em.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

Changes to Cymbeline's Palace in Britaine.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius with a Viol.

Queen. WHILE yet the dew's on ground, gather
those flowers:

Make haste.—Who has the note of them?

1 Lady. I, Madam.

Queen. Dispatch.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*

Now, master Doctor, you have brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your Highness, ay; here they are,
Madam;

But I beseech your Grace, without offence,
(My conscience bids me ask) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most pois'nous compounds?
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly.

Queen. I do wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question; have I not been
Thy pupil long? hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so,
That our great King himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? having thus far proceeded,
(Unless thou think'st me dev'lish,) is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, (but none human;)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their sev'ral virtues and effects.

Cor.

Cor. Your Highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart;
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noysome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

Here comes a flatt'ring rascal, upon him
Will I first work; he's for his master's sake
An enemy to my son. How now, *Pisanio*?
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way. [*Aside.*

Cor. I do suspect you, Madam: [*Aside.*
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. Hark thee, a word.— [*To Pisanio.*

Cor. I do not like her. She doth think, she has
Strange ling'ring poisons; I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those, she has,
Will stupifie and dull the sense a while;
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterwards up higher; but there is
No danger in what shew of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, Doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? dost thou
think, in time

She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? do thou work;
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I'll tell thee on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master; greater; for

His

His fortunes all lye speechless, and his name
 Is at last gasp. Return he cannot, nor
 Continue where he is: to shift his being,
 Is to exchange one misery with another;
 And every day, that comes, comes to decay
 A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
 To be depender on a thing that leans?
 Who cannot be new built, and has no friends,
 So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up

[Pisanio looking on the Viol.

Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour;
 It is a thing I make, which hath the King
 Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know
 What is more cordial. Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;
 It is an earnest of a farther Good
 That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
 The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself:
 Think, what a chance thou chancest on; but think;—
 Thou hast thy mistress still: to boot, my son;
 Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the King
 To any shape of thy preferment, such
 As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound
 To load thy merit richly. Call my women—

[Exit Pisanio.

Think on my words—A sly and constant knave,
 Not to be shak'd; the agent for his master;
 And the remembrancer of her, to hold
 The hand fast to her Lord.—I've giv'n him That,
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of leigers for her sweet; and which she, after,
 Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd
 To taste of too.

Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

So, so; well done, well done;
 The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,

Bear

Bear to my closet; fare thee well, *Pisano*,
Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

Pis. And shall do:

But when to my good Lord I prove untrue,
I'll choak myself; there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to Imogen's Apartments.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. **A** Father cruel, and a Stepdame false,
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd—O, that husband!
My supream crown of grief, ⁸ and those repeated
Vexations of it—Had I been thief-stoln,
As my two brothers, happy! ⁹ but most miserable
Is the desire, that's glorious. ¹ Bless'd be those,
How mean foe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? fie!

Enter

⁸ ——— and those repeated

Vexations of it——] Meaning the Queen and her son: these are set, in comparison, with her husband, and make the sentiment extremely fine.

⁹ ——— but most miserable

Is the desire, that's glorious.] Her husband, she says, proves her supreme grief. She had been happy had she been stoln as her brothers were, but now she is miserable, as all those are who have a sense of worth and honour superior to the vulgar, which occasions them infinite vexations from the envious and worthless part of mankind. Had she not so refined a taste as to be content only with the superior merit of *Posthumus*, but could have taken up with *Cloten*, she might have escaped these persecutions. This elegance of taste, which always discovers an excellence and chuses it, she calls with great sublimity of expression, *The desire that's glorious*; which the *Oxford Editor* not understanding alters to, *The degree that's glorious.*

¹ ——— Bless'd be those

*How mean foe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.*——] The last words are equivocal: but the meaning is this, Who are beholden only to the seasons
for

CYMBELINE.

Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a noble Gentleman of *Rome*
Comes from my Lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, Madam?
The worthy *Leonatus* is in safety,
And greets your Highness dearly.

Imo. Thanks, good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare, [Aside.
She is alone th' *Arabian* bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, Audacity, from head to foot:
Or, like the *Partbian*, I shall flying fight,
Rather directly fly.

Imogen reads.

*He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am
most infinitely tyed. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you
value your trust.*

Leonatus.

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by th' rest, and takes it thankfully.——
You are as welcome, worthy Sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do,

Iach. Thanks, fairest Lady——
What! are men mad? hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, ² and the rich cope
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
for their support and nourishment; so that, if those be kindly,
such have no more to care for or desire.

2 ——— and the rich CROP

[Of sea and land—] He is here speaking of the covering of
sea and land, *Shakespeare* therefore wrote,

— And the rich COPE

Upon

³ Upon th' humbl'd beach? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul.

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' th' eye; (for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such she's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mowes the other :) Nor i' th' judg-
ment ;

For Ideots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: Nor i' th' appetite:
Slutt'ry, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
⁴ Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
That satiate, yet unsatisfy'd desire, (that tub
Both fill'd and running;) ravening first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage——

Imo. What, dear Sir,
Thus raps you? are you well?

Iach. Thanks, Madam, well——'Beseech you, Sir,
[*To Pifanio.*

Desire my man's abode, where I did leave him;
⁵ He's strange, and peevish.

Pif. I was going, Sir,

³ Upon th' UNNUMBER'D beach?—] Sense and the antithesis
oblige us to read this nonsense thus,

Upon the HUMBL'D beach.

i. e. because daily insulted with the flow of the tide.

⁴ Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.] *i. e.* that appetite, which is not allur-
red to feed on such excellence, can have no stomach at all; but,
tho' empty, must nauseate every thing.

⁵ He's strange and peevish.] *i. e.* ignorant of foreign manners,
and impatient of contradiction. * This, I think, was a good reason
for his master to order him to stay within doors. But the *Oxford*
Editor, with great acumen, alters it to,

He's strange and sheepish.

To

To give him welcome.

Imo. Continues well my Lord
His health, 'beseech you?

Iach. Well, Madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry, and so gamesome; he is call'd
The *Britaine* Reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness, and oft times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad,
There is a *Frenchman* his companion, one,
An eminent Monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A *Gallian* girl at home. He furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly *Briton*,
(Your Lord, I mean,) laughs from's free lungs, cries
Oh! ———

Can my sides hold, to think, that man, who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot chuse
But must be, will his free hours languish out
For assur'd bondage?

Imo. Will my Lord say so?

Iach. Ay, Madam, with his eyes in flood with
laughter.

It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the *Frenchman*: but heav'n
knows,

Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he. But yet heav'n's bounty tow'rd's him
might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you, whom I count his, beyond all talents;
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo.

Imo. What do you pity, Sir?

Iach. Two creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one, Sir?

You look on me ; what wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity

Iach. Lamentable! what!

To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' th' dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, Sir,

Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,

I was about to say, enjoy your——— but
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know

Something of me, or what concerns me ; pray
you,

(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do ; for certainties
Or are past remedies, or timely knowing,
The remedy then born ;) discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek

To bath my lips upon ; this hand, whose touch,
Whose ev'ry touch would force the feeler's soul
To th' oath of loyalty ; this object, which
Takes pris'ner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here ; should I, (damn'd them,)
Slaver with lips, as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol ; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falshood, as with labour ;
Then glad myself by peeping in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoaky light
That's fed with stinking tallow ; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo.

Imo. My Lord, I fear,
Has forgot *Britaine*.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of this change; but 'tis your graces,
That from my muteſt conſcience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. Oh deareſt ſoul! your cauſe doth ſtrike my
heart

With pity, that doth make me ſick. A Lady
So fair, and faſten'd to an empery,
Would make the great'ſt King double! to be partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that ſelf-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield!—with diſeaſ'd
ventures,

That play with all infirmities for gold,
Which rottenneſs lends nature! ſuch boyl'd ſtuff,
As well might poiſon Poiſon! Be reveng'd;
Or ſhe, that bore you, was no Queen, and you
Recoil from your great ſtock.

Imo. Reveng'd!

How ſhould I be reveng'd, if this be true?
(As I have ſuch a heart, that both mine ears
Muſt not in haſte abuſe;) if it be true,
How ſhall I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like *Diana's* Priest, betwixt cold ſheets?
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps
In your deſpight, upon your purſe? Revenge it:—
I dedicate myſelf to your ſweet pleaſure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue faſt to your affection,
Still cloſe, as ſure.

Imo. What ho, *Piſanio*!——

Iach. Let me my ſervice tender on your lips.

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So

So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
 Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
 For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange:
 Thou wrong'st a Gentleman, who is as far
 From thy report, as thou from honour; and
 Sollicit'st here a Lady, that disdains
 Thee, and the Devil alike. What ho, *Pisanio!*——
 The King my father shall be made acquainted
 Of thy assault; if he shall think it fit,
 A faucy stranger in his court to mart
 As in a *Romish* stew, and to expound
 His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
 He little cares for, and a daughter whom
 He not respects at all. What ho, *Pisanio!*

Iach. O happy *Leonatus*, I may say;
 The credit, that thy Lady hath of thee,
 Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
 Her assur'd credit! blessed live you long,
 A Lady to the worthiest Sir, that ever
 Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
 For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
 I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
 Were deeply rooted; and shall make your Lord,
 That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
 The truest-manner'd, such a holy witch,
 That he enchants societies into him:
 Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mong men, like a descended God:
 He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
 More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
 Most mighty Princess, that I have adventur'd
 To try your taking of a false report; which hath
 Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment,
 In the election of a Sir, so rare,
 Which, you know, cannot err. The love I bear him,
 Made me to fan you thus; but the Gods made you,

Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, Sir; take my pow'r i' th' court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks; I had almost forgot
T' intreat your Grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your Lord; myself, and other noble friends
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen *Romans* of us, and your Lord,
(Best feather of our wing,) have mingled fums
To buy a present for the Emperor:
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In *France*; 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form, their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage: may it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;

And pawn mine honour for their safety. Since
My Lord hath int'rest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to morrow.]

Imo. O no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech you: or I shall short my word,
By length'ning my return. From *Gallia*,
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your Grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to morrow?

Iach. O, I must, Madam.

Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to night.
I have outstood my time, which is material

To

To th' tender of our present.

Imo. I will write :

Send your trunk to me, it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You're very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

C Y M B E L I N E's *Palace.*

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

C L O T E N.

WAS there ever man had such luck! when I
kiss'd the Jack upon an up-cast, to be hit
away! I had an hundred pound on't; and then a
whorson jack-an-apes must take me up for swearing,
as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not
spend them at my pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that? you have broke
his pate with your bowl.

2 Lord. If his wit had been like him that broke it,
it would have run all out. [*Aside.*]

Clot. When a gentleman is dispos'd to swear, it is
not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths. Ha?

2 Lord. No, my lord; nor crop the ears of them.

Clot. Whorson dog! I give him satisfaction?
'would, he had been one of my rank. [*Aside.*]

2 Lord. To have smelt like a fool.— [*Aside.*]

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in the
earth,—a pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as
I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the
Queen my mother; every Jack-slave hath his belly
full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a
cock that no body can match.

S 2

2 Lord.

2 *Lord*. You are a cock and a capon too ; and you crow, cock, with your comb on. [*Aside*.

Clot. Say'st thou ?

2 *Lord*. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion, that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that ; but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord*. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.—

Clot. Why, so I say.

1 *Lord*. Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to night ?

Clot. A stranger, and I not know on't ?

2 *Lord*. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*Aside*.

1 *Lord*. There's an *Italian* come, and, 'tis thought, one of *Leonatus*'s friends.

Clot. *Leonatus* ! a banish'd rascal ; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger ?

1 *Lord*. One of your lordship's pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to look upon him ? is there no derogation in't ?

2 *Lord*. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clot. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord*. You are a fool granted, therefore your issues being foolish do not derogate. [*Aside*.

Clot. 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 Clot*.

That such a crafty devil as his mother,
Should yield the world this afs !—a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain ; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen.—Alas, Poor Princess,
Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'st !
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots ; a wooer,

More

More hateful than the foul expulsion is
 Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
 Of the divorce (a) Hell-made. The heav'ns hold firm
 The walls of thy dear Honour; keep unshak'd
 That Temple, thy fair Mind; that thou may'st stand
 T' enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Changes to a magnificent Bed-chamber; in one
 part of it a large trunk.*

*Imogen is discover'd reading in her bed, a Lady
 attending.*

Imo. WHO's there? my woman *Helen*?
Lady. Please you, Madam——

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, Madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then, mine eyes are
 weak,

Fold down the leaf where I have left; to bed—

Take not away the taper, leave it burning:

And if thou canst awake by four o'th' clock,

I pr'ythee, call me——sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*]

To your protection I commend me, Gods;

From Fairies, and the Tempters of the night,

Guard me, 'beseech ye. [Sleeps.]

[*Iachimo rises from the trunk.*]

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd
 sense

Repairs itself by rest: our *Tarquin* thus

Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd

[(a) of the divorce Hell-made. Oxford Editor.—Vulg. of the
 divorce he'ld make.]

The chastity he wounded. *Cytherea,*
 How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lilly,
 And whiter than the sheets! that I might touch,
 But kifs, one kifs—rubies unparagon'd,
 How dearly they do't!—'tis her breathing, that
 Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o'th' taper
 Bows tow'rd her, and would under-peep her lids,
 To see th' inclosed light, now canopy'd
 Under these windows: white ¹ with azure lac'd,
 The blue of heav'n's own tinct—But my design's
 To note the chamber—I will write all down,
 Such, and such, pictures—there, the window,—such
 Th' adornment of her bed—the arras, figures—
 Why, such, and such—and the contents o'th' story—
 Ah, but some nat'ral notes about her body,
 Above ten thousand meaner moveables,
 Would testify, t'enrich my inventory.
 O Sleep, thou ape of Death, lye dull upon her!
 And be her sense but as a monument,
 Thus in a chappel lying!—Come off, come off.—

[Taking off her bracelet.

As slipp'ry, as the *Gordian* knot was hard.—
 'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the conscience do's within,
 To th' madding of her lord. On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
 I'th' bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
 Will force him think, I've pick'd the lock; and ra'en
 The treasure of her honour. No more—to what end?
 Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,
 Screw'd to my mem'ry? She hath been reading, late,

¹ — white AND azure, lac'd

WITH blue of heav'n's own tinct.] We should read,

—white with azure lac'd,

THE blue of heav'n's own tinct.

i. e. the white skin laced with blue veins.

The tale of *Tereus*; here the leaf's turn'd down,
 Where *Philomele* gave up—I have enough.—
 To th' trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you Dragons of the night! ² that dawning
 May bear the raven's eye: I lodge in fear,
 Though this a heav'nly angel, hell is here. [*Clock strikes.*
 One, two, three: time, time!

[*Goes into the trunk, the Scene closes.*

S C E N E III.

*Changes to another part of the Palace, facing
 Imogen's Apartments.*

Enter Cloten, and Lords.

¹ *Lord.* YOUR lordship is the most patient man in
 loss, the coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to lose.

¹ *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the noble
 temper of your lordship; you are most hot, and fu-
 rious, when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage: If I
 could get this foolish *Imogen*, I should have gold
 enough: It's almost morning, is't not?

² ————— *that dawning*

May bear the raven's eye:—] Some copies read *bare* or
 make *bare*; others, *ope*. But the true reading is *bear*, a term
 taken from heraldry, and very sublimely applied. The meaning
 is, that morning may assume the colour of the raven's eye, which
 is *grey*. Hence it is so commonly called the *grey-ey'd morning*.
 And *Romeo and Juliet*,

I'll say you grey is not the morning's eye.

Had *Shakespeare* meant to *bare* or *open* the eye, that is, to awake,
 he had instanced rather in the lark than raven, as the earlier riser.
 Besides, whether the morning *bared* or *opened* the raven's eye was
 of no advantage to the speaker, but it was of much advantage that
 it should *bear* it, that is, become light. Yet the *Oxford Editor*
 judiciously alters it to,

May bare its raven-eye.

S 4

¹ *Lord.*

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

Clot. I would, this musick would come: I am advis'd to give her musick o'mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on, tune; if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too; if none will do, let her remain: but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air with admirable rich words to it; and then let her consider.

S O N G.

*Hark, hark! the lark at heav'n's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
3 His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lyes:
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing (a) that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone——if this penetrate, I will consider your musick the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats'-guts, nor the voice of unpav'd eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[Exeunt Musicians.]

Enter Queen and Cymbeline.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason

3 *His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lyes:] i. e. the morning sun dries
up the dew which lies in the cups of flowers.*

[(a) that pretty bin. Oxford Editor.—Vulg. that pretty is.]

I was up so early : he cannot chuse but take this service I have done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter ? Will she not forth ?

Clot. I have assail'd her with musicks, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new ; She hath not yet forgot him : some more time Must wear the print of his remembrance out, And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to th' King, Who lets go by no vantages, that may Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself To orderly sollicit ; and be friended With aptness of the season ; make denials Encrease your services ; so seem, as if You were inspir'd to do those duties, which You tender to her : that you in all obey her, Save when command to your dismissal tends, And therein you are senseless.

Clot. Senseless ? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. So like you, Sir, Ambassadors from Rome ; The one is *Caius Lucius*.

Cym. A worthy fellow, Albeit he comes on angry purpose now ; But that's no fault of his : we must receive him According to the honour of his sencer ; And towards himself, ⁴ his goodness fore-spent on us, We must extend our notice :—Our dear son, When you have giv'n good morning to your mistress,

⁴ ——— his goodness fore-spent on us,] *i. e.* the good offices done by him to us heretofore.

Attend

Attend the Queen and us; we shall have need
 T' employ you towards this *Roman*. Come, our
 Queen. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Clot. ' If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
 Let her lye still, and dream. By your leave, ho!
 [*Knocks.*]

I know, her women are about her——what,
 If I do line one of their hands?——'tis gold,
 Which buys admittance, (oft it doth,) yea, makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
 Their deer to th' stand o'th' stealer: and 'tis gold,
 Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
 Nay, sometimes, hangs both thief and true-man: what
 Can it not do, and undo? I will make
 One of her women lawyer to me, for
 I yet not understand the case myself.
 By your leave.— [*Knocks.*]

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clot. A Gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clot. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
 Can justly boast of: what's your lordship's pleasure?

Clot. Your lady's person; is she ready?

Lady. Ay, to keep her chamber.

Clot. There is gold for you, sell me your good
 report.

5 *If she be up, &c.*] It is observable, that *Shakespear* makes his fools deal much in that kind of wit called the *double entendre* with only a single meaning; since his time transferred to the fine Gentleman of the drama.

Lady.

Lady. How, my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good? The Princess—

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good morrow, fairest : sister, your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow, Sir; you lay out too much
pains

For purchasing but trouble; the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me—faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesie
To your best kindness: ⁶ one of your great knowing
Should learn (being tort) forbearance.

6 ——— one of your great knowing

Should learn (being TAUGHT) forbearance.] But sure,
whoever is *taught*, necessarily *learns*. *Learning* is not the fit
and reasonable consequence of being *taught*, but is the thing itself.
As it is superfluous in the expression, so (which is the common
condition of nonsense) it is deficient in the sentiment. It is no
mark of a *knowing* person that he has *learnt forbearance* simply.
For forbearance becomes a virtue, or point of civil prudence, only
as it respects a forbidden object. *Shakespeare*, I am persuaded,
wrote,

————— one of your great knowing
Should learn (being TORT) forbearance.

i. e. one of your wisdom *should learn* (from a sense of your pur-
suing a forbidden object) *forbearance*: which gives us a good and
pertinent meaning in a correct expression. *Tort*, an old *French*
word, signifying the *being in the wrong*, is much in use amongst
our old *English* writers, which those who have not read them,
may collect from its being found in the *Etymologicon* of the judi-
cious *Skinner*.

Clot.

Clot. 7 To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin ;
I will not.

Imo. Fools cure not mad folks.

Clot. Do you call me fool ?

Imo. As I am mad, I do :

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad ;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, Sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners
By being so verbal : and learn now for all,
That I, who know my heart, do here pronounce
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you :
And am so near the lack of charity
T' accuse my self, I hate you : which I had rather
You felt, than make my boast.

Clot. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father ; for
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o'th' court,) it is no contract, none :
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,

7 To leave you in your Madness, 'twere my Sin ;
I will not.

Imo. Fools ARE not mad folks.

Clot. Do you call me fool ?

Imo. As I am mad, I do.] But does she really call him fool ?
The acutest critic would be puzzled to find it out, as the text
stands. The reasoning is perplex'd by a slight corruption ; and
we must restore it thus,

Fools CURE not mad folks.

You are mad, says he, and it would be a crime in me to leave
you to yourself. Nay, says she, why should you stay ? A fool
never cur'd madness. Do you call me fool ? replies he, &c. All
this is easy and natural. And that *cure* was certainly the poet's
word, I think, is very evident from what *Imogen* immediately
subjoins.

*If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad ;
That cures us both.*

i. e. if you'll cease to torture me with your foolish solicitations,
I'll cease to shew towards you any thing like madness : so a double
cure will be effected, of your folly, and my suppos'd frenzy.

(Yet

(Yet who than he, more mean?) to knit their souls
 (On whom there is no more dependency
 But brats and beggary,) * in self-finger'd knot;
 Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
 The consequence o'th' crown; and must not foil
 The precious note of it with a base slave,
 A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth;
 A pantler; not so eminent.——

Imo. Prophane fellow!

Wert thou the son of *Jupiter*, and no more
 But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
 To be his groom: thou wert dignify'd enough,
 Ev'n to the point of Envy, if 'twere made
 Comparative for your virtues, to be stil'd
 The under-hangman of his realm; and hated
 For being preferr'd so well.

Clot. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than
 come

To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
 That ever had but clipt his body, 's dearer
 In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
 Were they all made such men. How now, *Pisanio*?

Enter Pisanio.

Clot. His garment? now, the devil——

Imo. To *Dorothy*, my woman, hye thee presently.

Clot. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool.

Frighted, and angred worse—go, bid my woman

* — in SELF-FIGUR'D knot;] This is nonsense. We should read,

SELF-FINGER'D knot.

i. e. a knot solely of their own tying, without any regard to parents, or other more public considerations.

Search for ⁹ a jewel, that too casually
 Hath left mine arm—it was thy master's. ¹ 'Shrew me,
 If I would lose it for a revenue
 Of any King in *Europe*. I do think,
 I saw't this morning; confident I am,
 Last night 'twas on my arm; I kissed it.
² I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
 That I kiss aught but him.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so; go, and search.

Clot. You have abus'd me ———

His meanest garment? — —

Imo. Ay, I said so, Sir;

If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clot. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too;

She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,

But the worst of me. So I leave you, Sir,

To th' worst of discontent. [Exit.

Clot. I'll be reveng'd, ———

His meanest garment? — well. [Exit.

⁹ — — — *a jewel, that too casually
 Hath left my arm—*] *i. e.* too many chances of losing it
 have arisen from my carelessness.

¹ — — — *'Shrew me,*

If, &c.] i. e. may I fall under an evil tongue, if, &c.

² *I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord*

That I kiss aught but him. | This is fine. It was gone on that
 errand. And we are to consider this passage as alluding to those
 ominous speeches concerning which the ancients were so super-
 stitious. See another instance of this kind in the foregoing play,
 Act I. Scene II.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

*Changes to Rome.**Enter Posthumus, and Philario.*

Post. FEAR it not, Sir; I would, I were so sure
To win the King, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Pbi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any, but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish,
That warmer days would come; in these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratifie your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Pbi. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'er-pays all I can do. By this, your King
Hath heard of great *Augustus*; *Caius Lucius*
Will do's commission throughly. And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute; send th' arrearages,
E'er look upon our *Romans*, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be,)
That this shall prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions, now in *Gallia*, sooner landed
In our not fearing *Britain*, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our Countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when *Julius Cæsar*
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy of frowning at. Their discipline,
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers, they are people such
As mend upon the world.

. 3 To their approvers. —] i. e. to those who try them.

S C E N E

S C E N E VI.

Enter Iachimo.

Phil. See, *Iachimo*.—

Post. Sure, the swift harts have posted you by land,
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Post. Welcome, Sir.

Phi. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your Return.

Iach. Your lady
Is of the fairest I e'er look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Post. Was *Caius Lucius* in the *Britain* Court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.
Sparkles this stone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I've lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold;
I'll make a journey twice as far, t' enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in *Britain*; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easie.

Post. Make not, Sir,
Your loss your sport; I hope, you know, that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach.

Iach. Good Sir, we must,
If you keep covenant; had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant,
We were to question farther; but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed; my hand,
And ring is yours. If not, the foul opinion,
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses
Your sword or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe; whose strength
I will confirm with oath, which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber——
(Where, I confess, I slept not; but profess,
Had That was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
“ Proud *Cleopatra*, when she met her *Roman*,
“ ⁴ And *Cydnus* swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride,——A piece of work

So

⁴ *And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride, ——*] This is an agreeable ridi-
cule on poetical exaggeration, which gives human passions to in-
animate things: and particularly, upon what he himself writes in
the foregoing play on this very subject,

————— *And made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes.*

But the satire is not only agreeably turned, but very artfully em-
ployed; as it is a plain indication, that the speaker is secretly
VOL. VII. T mocking

Post. Very true,
And so, I hope, he came by't;—back my ring;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stole.

Iach. By *Jupiter*, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by *Jupiter* he swears,
'Tis true—nay, keep the ring—'tis true; ⁶ I'm sure
She could not lose it; her attendants are
All honourable; they induc'd to steal it!
And, by a stranger!—no, he hath enjoy'd her.
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this; she hath bought the name of Whore thus
dearly;

There, take thy hire, and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Pbi. Sir, be patient;
This is not strong enough to be believ'd,
Of one persuaded well of. ———

Post. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast,
Worthy the pressing, lyes a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging. By my life,

6 ——— I'm sure

*She could not lose it; her attendants are
All honourable; they induc'd to steal it!*

And, by a stranger!—no,——] The absurd conclusions of
jealousy are here admirably painted and expos'd. *Posthumus*, on
the credit of a bracelet, and an oath of the party concerned,
judges against all appearances from the intimate knowledge of his
wife's honour, that she was false to his bed; and grounds that
judgment, at last, upon much less appearances of the honour of
her attendants. Now common sense, from his belief of the honour
of his wife's attendants, should either have made him conclude in
favour of hers; or if he rejected the much stronger appearances
of honour in her, he should, at the same time, have rejected those
much weaker in her attendants. But *Shakespear* knew at what
distance *reason* and *love* are wont to be, and has, therefore, made
them keep their distance here.

I kist it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iacb. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetick.
Count not the Turns: once, and a million!

Iacb. I'll be sworn——

Post. No swearing:
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie.
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou'ft made me cuckold.

Iacb. I'll deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there, and do't i' th' Court, before
Her father——I'll do something—— [Exit.

Pbi. Quite besides
The government of patience! you have won;
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iacb. With all my heart. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VII.

Re-enter Posthumus.

Post. ' Is there no way for men to be, but women
' Must be half-workers? we are bastards all;
' And that most venerable man, which I
' Did call my father, was I know not where,
' When I was stamp't. Some coyner with his tools
' Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother seem'd
' The *Dian* of that time; so doth my wife
' The non-pareil of this—Oh vengeance, vengeance!
' Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
' And pray'd me, oft, forbearance; did it with

- ' A pudency so rosie, the sweet view on't
 ' Might well have warm'd old *Saturn*—that I
 ' thought her
 ' As chaste, as unsmn'd snow. Oh, all the Devils!
 ' This yellow *Iachimo* in an hour—was't not?—
 ' Or less: at first? perchance, he spoke not, but
 ' Like a full-acorn'd Boar, a churning on,
 ' Cry'd oh! and mounted; found no opposition
 ' From what he look'd for should oppose, and she
 ' Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
 ' The woman's part in me—for there's no motion
 ' That tends to vice in man, but, I affirm,
 ' It is the woman's part; be't lying, note it,
 ' The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
 ' Lust, and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges,
 ' hers;
 ' Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
 ' Nice longings, slanders, mutability;
 ' All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
 ' Why, hers, in part, or all; but rather all.—For
 ' even to vice
 ' They are not constant, but are changing still;
 ' One vice, but of a minute old, for one
 ' Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
 ' Detest them, curse them—yet 'tis greater skill,
 ' In a true hate to pray, they have their Will;
 ' The very Devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*]



A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter, in State, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords at one door; and at another, Caius Lucius and attendants.

CYMBELINE.

NOW say, what would *Augustus Cæsar* with us?
Luc. When *Julius Cæsar*, (whose remembrance yet

Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues
 Be theme, and hearing ever) was in this *Britaine*,
 And conquer'd it, *Cassibelan*, thine uncle,
 (Famous in *Cæsar's* praises, no whit less
 Than in his feats deserving it) for him,
 And his succession, granted *Rome* a Tribute,
 Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
 Is left untender'd,

Queen. And, to kill the marvail,
 Shall be so ever.

Clot. There be many *Cæsars*,
 Ere such another *Julius*: *Britaine* is
 A world by't self; and we will nothing pay
 For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
 Which then they had to take from's, to resume
 We have again. Remember, Sir, my liege,
 The Kings your ancestors: together with
 The nat'ral Brav'ry of your Isle; which stands,
 As *Neptune's Park*, ribbed and paled in
 (a) With rocks unskaleable, and roaring waters;
 With Sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,

[(a) *With rocks unskaleable*,—Oxford Editor.—Vulg. *with
 eaks unskaleable.*]

T 4

But

But suck them up to th' top-mast. A kind of Conquest
Cæsar made here, but made not here his brag
Oi, came, and saw, and overcame. With shame,
 (The first, that ever touch'd him) he was carried
 From off our coast, 'twice beaten; and his shipping,
 ('Poor ignorant baubles) on our terrible seas,
 Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
 As easily 'gainst our rocks. For joy whereof,
 The fam'd *Cassibelan*, who was once at point
 (Oh, giglet fortune!) to master *Cæsar's* sword,
 Mad *Lud's* town with rejoicing fires bright,
 And *Britons* strut with courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid.
 Our Kingdom is stronger than it was at that time;
 and, as I said, there is no more such *Cæsars*; other
 of them may have crook'd noses, but, to own such
 strait arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us can gripe as
 hard as *Cassibelan*; I do not say, I am one; but I
 have a hand.—Why, [Tribute? Why should we
 pay Tribute? if *Cæsar* can hide the Sun from us with
 a blanket, or put the Moon in his pocket, we will
 pay him Tribute for light; else, Sir, no more Tribute,
 pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
 'Till the injurious *Roman* did extort
 This tribute from us, We were free. *Cæsar's* ambition,
 Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
 The sides o' th' world, against all colour, here
 Did put the yoke upon's; which to shake off,
 Becomes a warlike people (which we reckon
 Our selves to be) to do. Say then to *Cæsar*,
 Our ancestor was that *Mulmutius*, who
 Ordain'd our Laws, whose use the sword of *Cæsar*
 Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise

1 Poor ignorant baubles] *Ignorant*, for of no use.

Shall,

Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though *Rome* be therefore angry: That *Mulmutius*,
Who was the first of *Britaine*, which did put
His brows within a golden Crown, and call'd
Himself a King.

Luc. I'm sorry, *Cymbeline*,
That I am to pronounce *Augustus Cæsar*
(*Cæsar*, that hath more Kings his servants, than
Thyself domestick officers) thine enemy.
Receive it from me then.— War and Confusion
In *Cæsar's* name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For Fury, not to be resisted. Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for my self.

Cym. Thou'rt welcome, *Caius*;
Thy *Cæsar* knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him: of him I gather'd honour,
Which he to seek of me again perforce,
Behooves me ² keep at utterance. I am perfect,
That the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians*, for
Their Liberties, are now in arms: a Precedent
Which, not to read, would shew the *Britons* cold:
So *Cæsar* shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clot. His Majesty bids you welcome. Make pas-
time with us a day or two, or longer: If you seek us
afterwards on other terms, you shall find us in our salt
water girdle, if you beat us out of it, it is yours: if
you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the bet-
ter for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, Sir. —

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the Remain is, Welcome. [Exeunt.

² keep at utterance.] i. e. at extreme distance.

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

Enter Pifanio, reading a Letter.

Pif. How? of adultery? wherefore write you not?
 What monsters have accus'd her? *Leonatus!*
 Oh master, what a strange infection
 Is fall'n into thy ear? what false *Italian,*
 (As pois'nous-tongu'd, as handed) hath prevail'd
 On thy too ready Hearing!—Disloyal? no,
 She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes
 More Goddess-like, than wife-like, such assaults
 As would take in some virtue. “ Oh, my master!
 “ Thy mind to her's is now as low, as were
 “ Thy fortunes. How? that I should murder her?
 Upon the love and truth and vows, which I
 Have made to thy Command!———I, her!———her
 blood!

If it be so to do good service, never
 Let me be counted serviceable.———How look I,
 That I should seem to lack humanity,
 So much as this fact comes to? *Do't*———*the letter,*
[*Reading.*

That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity.———Damn'd paper!
 Black as the ink that's on thee: senseless bauble!
 Art thou a fœdarie for this act, and look'ft
 So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I'm ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, *Pifanio?*

Pif. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who! thy lord? that is my lord *Leonatus:*

Oh, learn'd, indeed, were that astrologer,

3 Oh, learn'd, indeed, were that astrologer &c.] This was a very natural thought. She must needs be supposed, in her circumstances, to be extremely solicitous about the future; and desirous of coming to it by the assistance of that superstition.

That

That knew the stars, as I his characters :
 He'd lay the Future open.—You good Gods,
 Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
 Of my lord's health, of his content ;—yet not,
 That we two are afunder ; let that grieve him !
 Some griefs are medicinable ; that is one of them,
 For it doth physick love ;—of his content,
 All but in that,—Good wax, thy leave,—Blest be
 You bees, that make these locks of counsel ! Lovers,
 And men in dang'rous bonds, pray not alike.
 Though forfeitures you cast in prison, yet
 You clasp young *Cupid's* tables : good news, Gods !

[Reading.

*JUSTICE, and your father's wrath, should be take
 me in his Dominion, could not be so cruel to me ; but
 you, oh the dearest of creatures, would even renew me
 with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at
 Milford-Haven : what your own love will, out of this,
 advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness,
 that remains loyal to his vow, and your increasing in
 love ;*
 Leonatus Posthumus.

“ Oh, for a horse with wings ! hear'st thou, *Pisano* ?
 “ He is at *Milford-Haven* : read and tell me
 “ How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
 “ May plod it in a week, why may not I
 “ Glide thither in a day ? then, true *Pisano*,
 “ Who long'st like me to see thy lord ; who long'st,
 “ (Oh, let me 'bate) but not like me ; yet long'st—
 “ But in a fainter kind—oh, not like me ;
 “ For mine's beyond, beyond—Say, and speak thick,
 Love's counsellor should fill the bores of Hearing
 To th' smoth'ring of the Sense—“ How far it is
 “ To this same blessed *Milford* : and, by th' way,
 “ Tell me how *Wales* was made so happy, as
 “ T' inherit such a haven. But, first of all,
 “ How may we steal from hence ? and for the gap
 “ That

“ That we shall make in time, from our hence going
 “ Till our return, t’excuse — but first, how get hence?
 “ Why should excuse be born, or ere begot?
 “ We’ll talk of that hereafter. Pr’ythee, speak,
 “ How many score of miles may we well ride
 “ ’Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score ’twixt sun and sun,
 Madam, ’s enough for you: and too much too.

Imo. “ Why, one that rode to’s execution, man,
 “ Could never go so slow: I’ve heard of riding wagers,
 Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
 † That run i’th’ clock’s behalf. But this is fool’ry.
 Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say,
 She’ll home t’ her father: and provide me, present,
 A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
 A *Franklin’s* housewife.

Pis. Madam, you’d best consider.

Imo. † I see before me, man: nor here, nor here,
 Nor what ensues, that have a fog in them,
 That I cannot look thro’. Away, I pr’ythee,
 Do as I bid thee; there’s no more to say;
 Accessible is none but *Milford* way. [Exeunt.]

4 *That run i’th’ clock’s behalf.*—] This fantastical expression means no more than sand in an hour-glass, used to measure time,

5 *I see before me, man: nor here nor there,
 Nor what ensues, BUT have a fog in them,*

That I cannot look thro’.—] *Shakespeare* says she can see before her, yet on which side soever she looks, there is a fog which she cannot see thro’. This nonsense is occasioned by the corrupt reading of, *BUT have a fog*, for, *THAT have a fog*; and then all is plain. I see before me, (says she) for there is no fog on any side of me which I cannot see thro’. *Mr. Theobald* objects to *a fog in them*, and asks for *the substantive to which the relative plural [THEM] relates*. The substantive is *places*, implied in the words *here, there*, and *what ensues*: for not to know that *Shakespeare* perpetually takes these liberties of grammar, is knowing nothing of his author. So that there is no need for his strange stuff of *a Fog in Ken*.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Changes to a Forest with a Cave, in Wales.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. ⁶ *‘* **A** Goodly day! not to keep house, with such
‘ Whose roof's as low as ours: see, boys!
‘ this gate

‘ Instructs you how t'adore the heav'ns; and bows you
‘ To morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs
‘ Are arch'd so high, that Giants may jet through
‘ And keep their impious Turbands on, without
‘ Good morrow to the Sun. Hail, thou fair heav'n!
‘ We house i'th' rock, yet use thee not so hardly
‘ As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heav'n!

Bel. *‘* Now for our mountain sport, up to yond hill,
‘ Your legs are young: I'll tread these flats. Consider,
‘ When you, above, perceive me like a crow,
‘ That it is *place* which lessens and sets off;
‘ And you may then revolve what tales I told you,
‘ Of Courts, of Princes, of the tricks in war,
‘ That service is not service, so being done,
‘ But being so allow'd. ⁷ To apprehend thus,
‘ Draws us a profit from all things we see:
‘ And often, to our comfort, shall we find

⁶ *A goodly day! not to keep house, with such*

Whose roof's as low as ours:—] The passage above was a liberty of grammar; but this is a liberty with grammar. The meaning is, it is not for such as us who live in a cottage, to keep within doors on so fine a day.

⁷ *— To apprehend thus,*

Draws us a profit from all things we see:] The observing Nature in this view, gave birth to a very fine book of one of the wisest men of this age; which was unjustly ridiculed by one of the wittiest.

‘ The

' The sharded beetle in a safer hold,
 ' Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh, this life
 ' Is nobler than attending for a check ;
 ' Richer, ⁸ than doing nothing for a bauble ;
 ' Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk :
 ' Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
 ' Yet keeps his book uncross'd ; no life to ours.

Guid. ' Out of your proof you speak ; we, poor,
 unfledg'd,

' Have never wing'd from view o'th' nest ; nor know,
 ' What air's from home. Hap'ly, this life is best,
 ' If quiet life is best ; sweeter to you,
 ' That have a sharper known : well corresponding
 ' With your stiff age ; but unto us, it is
 ' A cell of ign'rance ; travelling a-bed ;
 ' A prison, for a debtor that not dares
 ' To stride a limit.

Arv. ' What should we speak of,
 ' When we are old as you ? when we shall hear
 ' The rain and wind beat dark *December* ? how,
 ' In this our pinching Cave, shall we discourse
 ' The freezing hours away ? We have seen nothing ;
 ' We're beastly ; subtle as the fox for prey,
 ' Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat :
 ' Our valour is to chase what flies ; our cage
 ' We make a choir, as doth the prison'd bird,
 ' And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. ' How you speak !
 ' Did you but know the city's usuries,
 ' And felt them knowingly ; the art o'th' Court,
 ' As hard to leave, as keep ; whose top to climb,
 ' Is certain falling ; or so slipp'ry, that
 ' The fear's as bad as falling ; the toil of war ;
 ' A pain, that only seems to seek out danger

8 ——— *than doing nothing for a bauble ;*] *i. e.* vain titles
 of honour gained by an idle attendance at Court. But the *Oxford*
Editor reads, for a bribe.

- 'I'th' name of fame and honour; which dies i'th' search,
- And hath as oft a sland'rous epitaph,
- As record of fair act; nay, many time,
- Doth ill deserve, by doing well: what's worse,
- Must curt'ie at the censure:—" Oh, boys, this story
- " The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
- " With *Roman* swords; and my Report was once
- " First with the best of note. *Cymbeline* lov'd me;
- " And when a soldier was the theam, my name
- " Was not far off: then was I as a tree,
- " Whose boughs did bend with fruit. But, in one night,
- " A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
- " Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves;
- " And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,

But that two villains (whose false oaths prevail'd
 Before my perfect honour) swore to *Cymbeline*,
 I was confed'rate with the *Romans*: so,
 Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,
 This rock and these demeasnes have been my world;
 Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; pay'd
 More pious debts to heaven, than in all
 The fore-end of my time.—But, up to th' mountains!
 This is not hunters' language; he, that strikes
 The venison first, shall be the lord o'th' feast;
 To him the other two shall minister,
 And we will fear no poison, which attends
 In place of greater State:
 I'll meet you in the valleys. [*Exeunt Guid. and Arvir.*]

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
 These boys know little, they are Sons to th' King;
 Nor *Cymbeline* dreams, that they are alive.

They

They think, they're mine, ' tho' trained up thus
meanly.

I'th' Cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roof of Palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
' Beyond the trick of others. This *Paladour*,
(The heir of *Cymbeline* and *Britaine*, whom
The King his father call'd *Guiderius*,) *Jove!* —

“ When on my three-foot-stool I sit, and tell
“ The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly out
“ Into my story: say, thus mine enemy fell,
“ And thus I set my foot on's neck—even then
“ The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
“ Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
“ That acts my words——The younger brother
Cadwall,

(Once, *Arviragus*,) in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
His own conceiving. Hark, the game is rouz'd—
Oh *Cymbeline!* heav'n and my conscience know,
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
At three and two years old, I stole these babes;

9 ———— *tho' trained up thus meanly,*
I'th' Cave, THERE ON THE BROW,—] The old editions
read, *I'th' Cave* WHEREON THE BOW; which tho' very cor-
rupt, will direct us to the true reading, which when rightly
pointed, is thus,

————— *tho' trained up thus meanly.*
I'th' Cave WHEREIN THEY BOW ————

i. e. thus meanly brought up. Yet in this very Cave, which is
so low that they must bow or bend in entering it, yet are
their thoughts so exalted, &c. This is the antithesis. *Belarius*
had spoken before of the lowness of this cave.

*A goodly day! not to keep house with such
Whose roof's as low as ours: see, boys! this gate
Instructs you how t'adore the heav'ns; and bows you
To morning's holy office.*

1 Beyond the trick of others. —] *Trick*, for custom, habits

Thinking

Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
 Thou rest'st me of my lands. *Euripbile*,
 Thou wast their nurse; they take thee for their mother,
 And every day do honour to thy Grave;
 My self *Belarius*, that am *Morgan* call'd,
 They take for natural father. The game's up. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Pisanio, and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse,
 the place
 Was near at hand. Ne'er long'd my mother so
 To see me first, as I have now—*Pisanio*,
 Where is *Posthumus*? What is in thy mind,
 That makes thee stare thus? wherefore breaks that
 sigh
 From th' inward of thee? one, but painted thus,
 Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
 Beyond self-explication. Put thy self
 Into a 'haviour of less fear, ere wilderness
 Vanquish my stayder senses—what's the matter?
 Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
 A look untender? if't be summer news,
 Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st
 But keep that count'nance still. My husband's hand?
 That drug-damn'd *Italy* hath out-craftied him,
 And he's at some hard point. Speak man; thy tongue
 May take off some extremity, which to read
 Would be e'en mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
 And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
 The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imogen reads.

THY mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd the strumpet in my
 bed: the testimonies whereof lye bleeding in me. I
 VOL. VII. U speak

Speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part thou, Pisanio, must act for me. If thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers, let thine hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven. She hath my letter for the purpose; where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the Pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.

Pis. ' What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper

- ' Hath cut her throat already. — No, 'tis slander;
 - ' Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
 - ' Out-venoms all the worms of *Nile*; whose breath
 - ' Rides on the posting winds, and doth belye
 - ' All corners of the world. Kings, Queens, and states,
 - ' Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the Grave
 - ' This viperous slander enters. What cheer, Madam?
- Imo.* ' False to his bed! what is it to be false?
- ' To lye in watch there, and to think on him?
 - ' To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
 - ' To break it with a fearful dream of him,
 - ' And cry my self awake? that false to's bed!

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? thy conscience witness, *Iachimo*,—
 Thou didst accuse him of incontinency,
 Thou then look'dst like a villain: now, methinks,
 Thy favour's good enough. ² Some Jay of *Italy*
 (³ Whose meether was her painting) hath betray'd him:

Poor

² ————Some Jay of Italy] There is a prettiness in this expression, *Putta*, in *Italian*, signifying both a *Jay* and a *Whore*. I suppose from the gay feathers of that bird.

³ Whose MOTHER was her painting——] This puzzles Mr. *Theobald* much: he thinks it may signify *whose mother was a bird of the same feather*; or that it should be read, *whose mother was her planting*. What all this means I know not. In Mr. *Ross*'s edition the *M* in mother happening to be reversed at the press, it came out *Wother*. And what was very ridiculous, *Gildon* employed

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion ;
 And, for I'm richer than to hang by th' walls,
 I must be ript : to pieces with me : oh,
 Men's vows are womens' traitors.—All good Seeming
 By thy revolt, oh husband, shall be thought
 Put on for villany : not born, where't grows ;
 But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Madam, hear me——

Imo. ' True honest men being heard, like false
Æneas,

' Were in his time thought false : and *Sinon's* Weeping
 ' Did scandal many a holy tear ; took pity
 ' From most true wretchedness. * So thou, *Posthumus,*
 ' Wilt lay the leaven to all proper men ;
 ' Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjur'd,
 ' From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honest,
 Do thou thy master's bidding : when thou seest him,
 A little witness my obedience. Look !
 I draw the sword my self, take it, and hit
 The innocent mansion of my love, my heart ;
 Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but grief ;

ployed himself (properly enough indeed) in finding a meaning for it. In short, the true word is MEETHER, a north country word, signifying beauty. So that the sense of, *her meether was her painting*, is, that she had only an appearance of beauty, for which she was beholden to her paint.

4 ————— So thou, *Posthumus,*

Wilt lay the leaven to all proper men ;] When *Posthumus* thought his wife false, he unjustly scandalized the whole sex. His wife here, under the same impressions of his infidelity, attended with more provoking circumstances, acquits his sex, and lays the fault where it was due. The poet paints from nature. This is life and manners. The man thinks it a dishonour to the superiority of his understanding to be jilted, and therefore flatters his vanity into a conceit that the disgrace was inevitable from the general infidelity of the sex. The woman, on the contrary, not imagining her credit to be at all affected in the matter, never seeks out for so extravagant a consolation ; but at once eases her malice and her grief, by laying the crime and damage at the door of some obnoxious coquet.

Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it. Do his Bidding, strike;
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And, if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. 'Gainst self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
' That cravens my weak hand: come, here's my
heart——

(Something's afore't)——soft, soft, we'll no defence;
[Opening her breast.

Obedient as the scabbard!——What is here?

The Scriptures of the loyal *Leonatus*
All turn'd to Heresie? away, away,

[Pulling his letters out of her bosom.

Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart: thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: tho' those, that are betray'd,
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe. And thou, *Posthumus*,
That set my disobedience 'gainst the King,
And mad'st me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find,
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve my self,
To think, when thou shalt be dis-edg'd by her
Whom now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.——Pr'ythee, dispatch;
The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady!

5 *That cravens my weak hand:] i. e. makes me a coward.*

Mr. Pope.

Since

Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll break mine eye-balls first.

Imo. Ah, wherefore then

Didst undertake it? why hast thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action? and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd Court,
For my being absent? whereunto I never
Purpose Return. Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
Th' elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment, in the which
I have consider'd of a course; good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary, speak,
I've heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear
(Therein false struck) can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom That. But, speak.

Pis. Then, Madam,
I thought, you would not back again.

Imo. Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so neither;
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well; it cannot be,
But that my master is abus'd; some villain,
And singular in his art, hath done you both
This cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman Curtezan——

Pis. No, on my life,
I'll give him notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it: for 'tis commanded,
I should do so. You shall be miss'd at Court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where 'bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to th' Court——

Imo. No Court, no Father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, Nothing, *Cloten*:
That *Cloten*, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at Court,
Then not in *Britaine* must you 'bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath *Britaine* all the Sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in *Britaine*? I'th' world's volume
Our *Britaine* seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest. Pr'ythee, think,
There's living out of *Britaine*.

Pis. I'm most glad,
You think of other place: th' Ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to *Milford-Haven*
To morrow. ⁶ Now, if you could wear a Mien
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That, which, t'appear it self, must not yet be,
But by self-danger; you should tread a course
Pretty, ⁷ and full of view; yea, haply, near
The residence of *Posthumus*; so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible,

6 —— Now, if you could wear a MIND

Dark as your fortune is,—] What had the *darkness* of her
mind to do with the concealment of person, which is the only
thing here advised? On the contrary, her *mind* was to continue
unchanged, in order to support her change of fortune. *Shakespear*
wrote,

Now, if you could wear a MIEN.

Or according to the *French* orthography, from whence I presume
arose the corruption;

Now, if you could wear a MINE.

7 —— and full of view;—] *i. e.* likely to prove successful.

Report

Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. Oa! for such means,
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, here's the point:
' You must forget to be a woman; change
' Command into obedience; fear and niceness
' (The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
' Woman its pretty self,) to waggish courage;
' Ready in gybes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
' As quarrellous as the weazel: ⁸ nay, you must
' Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek;
' Exposing it (but, oh, the harder Hap!
' Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch
' Of common-kissing *Titan*; and forget
' Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
' You made great *Juno* angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make your self but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
('Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them. 'Would you in their serving,
And with what Imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble *Lucius*

8 ———— nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek;
Exposing it, (but oh the harder Heart,
Alack, no remedy) ———] Who does this *harder Heart* relate
to? *Posthumus* is not here talk'd of; besides, he knew nothing of
her being thus expos'd to the inclemencies of weather: he had
enjoin'd a course, which would have secur'd her from these in-
cidental hardships. I think, common sense obliges us to read,

But, oh, the harder Hap!

i. e. the more cruel your fortune, that you must be oblig'd to
such shifts.

Present your self, desire his service, tell him
 Wherein you're happy; (which will make him (a) so,
 If that his head have ear in musick;) doubtless,
 With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
 And, doubling That, most holy. ' Your means
 abroad

You have me, rich; and I will never fail
 Beginning, nor supply.

Imo. Thou'rt all the comfort
 The Gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away.
 There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
 All that good time will give us. ' This attempt
 I'm soldier to, and will abide it with
 A Prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, Madam, we must take a short farewell;
 Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
 Your carriage from the Court. My noble Mistress,
 Here is a box; I had it from the Queen,
 What's in't is precious: if you're sick at sea,
 Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
 Will drive away distemper——To some shade,
 And fit you to your manhood; may the Gods
 Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [Exeunt, severally.]

' 9 ———— *Your means abroad*
You have me, rich;———] *i. e.* you may depend upon my
 supplying you to the utmost of my power.

' 1 ———— *This attempt*
I'm soldier to,———] *i. e.* I have enlisted and bound my
 self to it.

[(a) so. Mr. Theobald———Vulg. know.]

S C E N E V.

Changes to the Palace of Cymbeline.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. **T**HUS far, and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal Sir.
My Emperor hath wrote ; I must from hence ;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our Subjects, Sir,
Will not endure his yoke ; and for our self
To shew less Sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear un-kinglike.

Luc. So, Sir : I desire of you
A conduct over land, to *Milford-Haven*.
Madam, all joy befall your Grace, and you !

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office ;
The due of Honour in no point omit :
So, farewell, noble *Lucius*.

Luc. Your hand, my Lord.

Clot. Receive it friendly ; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Th' event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords,
'Till he have crost the *Severn*. Happiness!

[*Exit Lucius, &c.*

Queen. He goes hence frowning ; but it honours us,
That we have giv'n him cause.

Clot. 'Tis all the better ;
Your valiant *Britons* have their wishes in it.

Cym. *Lucius* hath wrote already to the Emperor,
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness ;
The Powers, that he already hath in *Gallia*,

Will

Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for *Britaine*.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business ;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation, that it should be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle Queen,
Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the *Roman*, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looks as like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty ;
We've noted it. Call her before us, for
We've been too light in sufferance. [*Exit a Servant.*]

Queen. Royal Sir,
Since the exile of *Posthumus*, most retir'd
Hath her life been ; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your Majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her. She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter the Servant.

Cym. Where is she, Sir? how
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Serv. Please you, Sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer
That will be given to th' loudest noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close ;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer ; this
She wish'd me to make known ; but our great court
Made me to blame in mem'ry.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? grant heav'ns, That, which I fear,
Prove false! [*Exit.*]

Queen. Son, I say, follow the King.

Clot.

Clot. That man of hers, *Pisanio*, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days. [Exit.]

Queen. Go, look after——

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for *Posthumus*!——
He hath a drug of mine; I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing That; for he believes,
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervor of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd *Posthumus*; gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either. She being down,
I have the placing of the *British* crown.

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my son?

Clot. 'Tis certain, she is fled,
Go in and cheer the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better; may
This night fore-stall him of the coming day!

[Exit Queen.]

Clot. I love, and hate her;—for she's fair and
royal,

* And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady Ladies; winning from each one
The best she hath, and she of all compounded

2 *And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady Ladies* WOMAN; from each one

The best she hath,——] The second line is intolerable non-
sense. It should be read and pointed thus,

Than lady Ladies; WINNING from each one ——

The sense of the whole is this, I love her because she has, in a
more exquisite degree, all those courtly parts that enoble [*lady*]
women of quality [*ladies,*] winning from each of them the best
of their good qualities, &c. *Lady* is a plural verb, and *Ladies*
a noun governed of it; a quaint expression in *Shakespeare's* way,
and suiting the folly of the character.

Out-

Out-fells them all : I love her therefore ; ——— but,
 Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
 The low *Posthumus*, slanders so her judgment,
 That what's else rare, is chok'd ; and in that point
 I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
 To be reveng'd upon her. For when fools
 Shall————

S C E N E VI.

Enter Pisanio.

Who is here? what! are you packing, firrah?
 Come hither; ah! you precious pander, villain,
 Where is thy lady? in a word, or else
 Thou'rt straightway with the fiends.

[*Drawing his Sword.*

Pis. Oh, my good lord!

Clot. Where is thy lady? or, by *Jupiter*,
 I will not ask again. Close villain,
 I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
 Thy heart to find it. Is she with *Posthumus*?
 From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
 A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
 How can she be with him? when was she miss'd?
 He is in *Rome*.

Clot. Where is she, Sir? come nearer;
 No farther halting; satisfy me home,
 What is become of her.

Pis. Oh, my all-worthy lord!

Clot. All-worthy villain!
 Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
 At the next word; no more of *worthy lord*.
 Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
 Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis.

Pis. Then, Sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clot. Let's see't; I will pursue her
Ev'n to *Augustus'* throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this, } *Aside.*
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clot. Humh.

Pis. I'll write to my lord, she's dead. Oh, } *Aside.*
Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!

Clot. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Clot. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is *Posthumus'* hand, I know't. Sirrah, if
thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true service;
undergo those employments, wherein I should have
cause to use thee, with a serious industry; that is,
what villany foe'er I bid thee do, to perform it direct-
ly and truly, I would think thee an honest man; thou
shouldst neither want my means for thy relief, nor
my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clot. Wilt thou serve me? for since patiently and
constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that
beggar *Posthumus*, thou can'st not in the course of
gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt
thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast
any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same
suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and
mistress.

Clot. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit
hither; let it be thy first service, go.

Pis. I shall, my lord.

[*Exit.*
Clot.

Clot. Meet thee at *Milford-Haven*?— (I forgot to ask him one thing, I'll remember't anon;) even there, thou villain *Posthumus*, will I kill thee. I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart,) that she held the very garment of *Posthumus* in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back will I ravish her; first kill him, and in her eyes— (there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt.) He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body;— and when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the cloaths that she so prais'd) to the court I'll kick her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Enter Pisanio, with a suit of cloaths.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble Lord.

Clot. How long is't since she went to *Milford-Haven*?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clot. Bring this apparel to my chamber, that is the second thing that I have commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary Mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee. My revenge is now at *Milford*, 'would I had wings to follow it! come and be true. [*Exit.*

Pis. *Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true. To *Milford* go, And find not her, whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow,

² *Thou bidd'st me to my loss:—*] A phrase taken from traffic, by which the seller would signify, that the buyer offers less than the thing upon sale cost.

You

You heav'nly Blessings on her! this fool's speed
Be crost with slowness; labour be his meed! [Exit.

S C E N E VII.

Changes to the Forest and Cave.

Enter Imogen, in boy's cloaths.

Imo. I See, a man's life is a tedious one:

I've tir'd myself; and for two nights
together

Have made the ground my bed. "I should be sick,

"But that my resolution helps me. *Milford,*

"When from the mountain top *Pisanio* shew'd thee,

"Thou wast within a ken.—O *Jove*, I think,

"Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,

"Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars

"told me,

"I could not miss my way. Will poor folks lie,

"That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis

"A punishment, or tryal? yes; no wonder,

"When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in

"fullness

"Is sorer, than to lie for need; and falsehood

"Is worse in Kings, than Beggars. My dear lord!

"Thou'rt one o' th' false ones; now I think on

"thee,

"My hunger's gone; but ev'n before, I was

At point to sink for food. But what is this?

[*Seeing the Cave.*

Here is a path to't—'tis some savage hold;

'Twere best, not call; I dare not call; yet famine,

Ere it clean o'er-throw nature, makes it valiant.

"Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness

"ever

Of hardness is mother. Ho! who's here?

If

3 If any thing that's civil, speak ; if savage,
 Take 'or't end—ho! no answer? then I'll enter.
 Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
 Grant such a foe, good heav'ns!

[*She goes into the Cave.*]

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You, *Paladour*, have prov'd best woodman, and
 Are master of the feast; *Cadwal* and I
 Will play the cook, and servant; 'tis our match:
 The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
 But for the end it works to. Come, our stomachs
 Will make what's homely savoury; weariness
 Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
 Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here,
 Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Guid. I'm thoroughly weary.

Arv. I'm weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Guid. There is cold meat i' th' cave, we'll brouze
 on that,

Whilst what, we've kill'd, be cook'd.

Bel. Stay, come not in— [Looking in.]

“ But that it eats our victuals, I should think,

“ It were a Fairy.

Guid. What's the matter, Sir?

3 *If any thing that's civil, —] civil, for human creature.*

If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,

Take OR LEND. —] She is in doubt, whether this cave be
 the habitation of a man or beast. If it be the former, she bids
 him *speak*; if the latter, that is, the den of a savage beast, what
 then? *Take or lend*—We should read,

Take 'OR'T END. —

i. e. take my life ere famine end it. *Or* was commonly used for
ere; this agrees to all that went before. But the *Oxford Editor*
 cuts the knot;

Take, or yield food

says he. As if it was possible so plain a sentence should ever
 have been blundered into *Take or lend*.

Bel.

Bel. By *Jupiter*, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly Paragon. Behold divineness
No elder than a boy. ———

Enter Imogen.

Imo. “ Good masters harm me not;
“ Before I enter’d here, I call’d; and thought
“ T’ have begg’d, or bought, what I have took:
“ good troth,
“ I have stoin nought, nor would not, though I’d found
“ Gold strew’d i’ th’ floor. Here’s mony for my
“ meat;
“ I would have left it on the board, so soon
“ As I had made my meal; and parted thence
“ With prayers for the provider.

Guid. Mony, youth?

Arv. “ All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
“ As ’tis no better reckon’d, but of those
“ Who worship dirty Gods.

Imo. “ I see, you’re angry:
“ Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
“ Have dy’d, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To *Milford-Haven*.

Bel. What’s your name?

Imo. *Fidele*, Sir; I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for *Italy*: he embark’d at *Milford*;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I’m faln in this offence.

Bel. Prythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter’d!
’Tis almost night, you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart, and thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.

Guid. Were you a woman, youth,
I should wooe hard, but be your groom in honesty;

I bid for you, as I do buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man: I'll love him as my brother:
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours. Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends,
If brothers;—'Would it had been so, that they }
Had been my father's sons! (a) then had my price } *Aside.*
Been less, and so more equal ballancing }
To thee, *Posthumus.*

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Guid. 'Would I could free't!

Arv. Or I, whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger, Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys. [*Whispering.*]

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them; laying by
That nothing-gift of ⁴ defering multitudes,
Could not out-peer these twain—Pardon me, Gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since *Leonatus* is false.

Bel. It shall be so:

Boys, we'll go dress our Hunt. Fair youth, come in;
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we've supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak.

Guid. I pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to th' owl, and morn to th' lark,
less welcome!

Imo. Thanks, Sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*]

⁴ ——— *defering*] Spelt right by Mr. *Theobald*.

[(a) ——— *then had my price* ——— *more equal ballancing.* Oxford
Editor ——— *Vulg. then had my prize* ——— *more equal ballancing.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to R O M E.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1 *Sen.* **T**HIS is the tenor 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 war against
The fall'n-off *Britons*; that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius Pro-consul; and to you, the tribunes
For this immediate levy, he commends
His absolute commission. Long live *Cæsar*!

Tri. Is *Lucius* Gen'ral of the Forces?

2 *Sen.* Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in *Gallia*?

1 *Sen.* With those legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your Levy
Must be suppliant. The words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*

5 ————— *And to you, the tribunes*

For this immediate levy, he commands

His absolute commission. —————] *Commands his commission*
is such a phrase as *Shakespeare* would hardly have us'd. I have
ventur'd to substitute;

————— *he commends*

His absolute commission. —————

i. e. he recommends the care of making this levy to you; and
gives you an absolute commission for to doing.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The Forest in Wales.**Enter Cloten alone.*

I AM near to th' place where they should meet, if *Pisanio* have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments serve me! why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather, (saving reverence of the word,) because, 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman; I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber;) I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services and more remarkable in single oppositions; yet this (a) ill perseverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! *Posthumus*, thy head, which is now growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off, thy mistress enforc'd, thy garments cut to pieces ' before her face; and all this done, spurn her home to her father, who may, happily, be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is ty'd up safe: out, sword, and to a fore purpose! fortune put them into my hand; this is the very description of

[*before* THY face,] *Posthumus* was to have his head struck off, and then his garments cut to pieces before his face; we should read, — HER face. i. e. *Imogen's*, done to despite her, who had said, she esteem'd *Posthumus's* garment above the person of *Cloten*.

[(a) *ill perseverant*. Oxford Editor — Vulg. *imperseverant*.]
their

their meeting place, and the fellow dares not deceive me.

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

Changes to the Front of the Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen, from the Cave.

Bel. YOU are not well: remain here in the cave;
We'll come t' you after hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here: [To Imogen.
Are we not brothers?—

Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I'm very sick.

Guid. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well;
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick: so please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course; the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I'm ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I'm not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you trust me here,
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Guid. I love thee: I have spoke it;
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What? how? how?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, Sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth, and I have heard you say,
Love reasons without reason. The bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.

Bel. O noble strain!

O worthiness of nature, breed of greatness!
 Cowards father cowards, and base things sire the base:
 Nature hath meal and bran; contempt and grace.
 I'm not their father; yet who this should be,
 Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me!—

'Tis the ninth hour o' th' morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health—so please you, Sir.

Imo. These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies
 I've heard!

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court:
 Experience, oh, how thou disprov'st report,—
 Th' imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,
 Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish;
 I am sick still, heart-sick—*Pisanio*,
 I'll now taste of thy drug. [*Drinks out of the viol.*]

Guid. I could not stir him;

He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate;
 Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me; yet said, hereafter
 I might know more.

Bel. To th' field, to th' field:

We'll leave you for this time; go in and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,

For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well or ill,

I am bound to you. [*Exit Imogen, to the Cave.*]

Bel. And shall be ever.

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears to have had
 Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Guid. But his neat cookery!

Arv. He cut our roots in characters;
 And sauc'd our broth, as *Juno* had been sick,
 And he her dieter.

Arv.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile:
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that failors rail at.

Guid. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
² Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow, Patience!
And let the stinking Elder, Grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the encreasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning. Come, away: who's
there?

S C E N E III.

Enter Cloten.

Clot. I cannot find those runagates: that villain
Hath mock'd me.—I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' th' Queen; I fear some ambush—
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know, 'tis he: we're held as Out-laws; hence.

Guid. He is but one; you and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away:
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.*

Clot. Soft! what are you,
That fly me thus? some villain-mountaineer.—
I've heard of such. What slave art thou?

Guid. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave without a knock.

² *Mingle their spurs together.*] *Spurs*, an old word for the
fibres of a tree. *Mr. Pope.*

Clot. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain; yield thee, thief.

Guid. To whom? to thee? what art thou? have
not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger: for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?

Clot. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my cloaths?

Guid. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those cloaths,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clot. Thou precious varlet!
My tailor made them not.

Guid. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I'm loth to beat thee.

Clot. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Guid. What's thy name?

Clot. *Cloten*, thou villain.

Guid. *Cloten*, then, double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clot. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy meer confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to th' Queen.

Guid. I'm sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clot. Art not afraid?

Guid. ' Those that I rev'ence, those I fear; the
wife:

' At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clot. Die the death!—

When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,

And

And on the gates of *Lud's* town set your heads ;
Yield, rustick mountaineer. [Fight, and Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world ; you did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell : long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore ; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his : I'm absolute,
'Twas very *Cloten*.

Arv. In this place we left them ;
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors ; for defect of judgment
(a) Is oft the cure of fear. But see, thy brother.

Enter Guiderius, with Cloten's Head.

Guid. This *Cloten* was a fool, an empty purse,
There was no mony in't ; not *Hercules*
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none :
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done ?

Guid. I'm perfect, what ; cut off one *Cloten's* head,
Son to the Queen, after his own report ;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore
With his own single hand he'd take us in ;
Displace our heads, where, thanks to th' Gods, they
grow,
And set them on *Lud's* town.

[(a) *Is oft the cure of fear.* Oxford Editor. — Vulg. *Is oft
the cause of fear.*]

Bel.

Bel. We're all undone!

Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But what he swore to take, our lives? the law
Protects not us; then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us?
Play judge, and executioner, all himself?
For we do fear the law. What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul

Can we set eye on; but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. ³ Though his honour
Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; yet not his frenzy,
Not absolute madness, could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone; although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, haunt here, are Out-laws, and in time
May make some stronger head: the which he hearing,
(As it is like him,) might break out, and swear,
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, nor he so undertaking,
Nor they so suffering; then on good ground we fear,
If I do fear, this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance

Come, as the Gods foresay it; howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind

To hunt this day: the boy *Fidele's* sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Guid. With his own sword,

³ ————— *Though his honour*
Was nothing but mutation, —] Mr. *Theobald*, as usual, not
understanding this, turns *honour* to *humour*. But the text is right,
and means that the only notion he had of honour, was the fashion,
which was perpetually changing. A fine stroke of satire, well
expressed: yet the *Oxford Editor* follows Mr. *Theobald*.

Which

Which he did wave against my throat, I've ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the Queen's son, *Cloten*.

4 That's all I reck. [Exit.

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:
'Would, *Paladour*, thou hadst not done't! though
valour

Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursu'd me! *Paladour*,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much,
Thou'st robb'd me of this deed; I would, revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us thro',
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:
We'll hunt no more to day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. Pr'ythee, to our rock,
You and *Fidele* play the cooks: I'll stay
'Till hafty *Paladour* return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick *Fidele*!
I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,
' I'd let a marish of such *Clotens* blood,
And praise myself for charity. [Exit.

Bel. O thou Goddess,
Thou divine Nature! how thyself thou blazon'st
' In these two princely boys! they are as gentle,
' As Zephyrs blowing below the violet,

4 *That's all I reck.*] *i. e.* care.* Mr. Pope.

5 *I'd let a PARISH of such Clotens blood,*] This nonsense should
be corrected thus,

I'd let a MARISH of such Clotens blood.

i. e. a marsh or lake. So *Smith*, in his account of *Virginia*,
Yea Venice. at this time the admiration of the earth, was at first
but a marish, inhabited by poor fishermen. In the first book of
Maccabees, chap. ix. ver. 42. the Translators use the word in the
same sense.

' Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
 ' (Their royal blood enshaf'd,) as the rud'st wind,
 ' That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
 ' And make him stoop to th' vale—'Tis wonderful,
 ' ' That an invisible instinct should frame them
 ' To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
 ' Civility not seen from other; valour,
 ' That wildly grows in them; but yields a crop
 ' As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it's strange
 What *Cloten's* being here to us portends,
 Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter Guiderius.

Guid. Where's my brother?
 I have sent *Cloten's* clot-pole down the stream,
 In embassie to his mother; his body's hostage
 For his return. [Solemn musick.]

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
 Hark, *Paladour!* it sounds: but what occasion
 Hath *Cadwall* now to give it motion? hark!

Guid. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Guid. What does he mean? Since death of my
 dear'st Mother,
 It did not speak before. All solemn things
 Should answer solemn accidents. The matter!—

6 *That an invisible instinct—*] But where is the wonder that
 an *invisible instinct* should do this, any more than an *invisible*
reason? It appears then that the poet uses *invisible* for blind.
 And by *blind instinct* he means a kind of plastic nature, acting as an
 instrument under the Creator, without intention, and then there is
 cause of wonder, that *blind instinct* should do as much as *sharp-*
sighted reason. One not well acquainted with *Shakespeare's* manner,
 in the licentiousness of his language and the profoundness of his
 sense, would be apt to think he wrote *invincible*, *i. e.* that bore
 down all before it. But the poet here transfers the term belonging
 to the *object* upon the *subject*: unless we will rather suppose it
 was his intention to give *invisible* (which has a *passive*) an *active*
 signification; and then it will mean the same as *not seeing*.

Triumphs

Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is *Cadwall* mad?

S C E N E V.

Enter Arviragus, with Imogen dead, bearing her in his arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes!
And brings the dire occasion, in his arms,
Of what we blame him for.

Arv. 'The bird is dead,
'That we have made so much on! I had rather
'Have skipt from sixteen years of age to sixty;
'And turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
'Than have seen this.

Guid. 'Oh sweetest, fairest lilly!
'My brother wears thee not one half so well,
'As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. 'O melancholy!
'Who ever yet could found thy bottom? find
'The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish carrack
'Might eas'liest harbour in?—thou blessed thing!
'*Jove* knows, what man thou might'st have made;
but ah!
'Thou dy'dst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!
'How found you him?

7 ——— *oh, melancholy!*

Who ever yet could found thy bottom? find

The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish care

Might eas'liest harbour in? —] But as plausible as this at

first sight may seem, all those, who know any thing of good writing, will agree, that our author must have wrote.

————— *to shew what coast thy sluggish carrack*

Might eas'liest harbour in?

Carrack is a slow, heavy built vessel of burden. This restores the uniformity of the metaphor, compleats the sense, and is a word of great propriety and beauty to design a melancholic person.

Arv.

Arv. ' Stark, as you see :

- ' Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber !
' Not as Death's dart being laugh'd at : his right cheek
' Reposing on a cushion.

Guid. ' Where ?

Arv. ' O'th' floor :

- ' His arms thus leagu'd ; I thought, he slept ; and put
' My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
' Answer'd my steps too loud.

Guid. ' Why, he but sleeps ;

- " If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed ;
" With female Fairies will his tomb be haunted,
" And worms will not come near thee.

Arv. " With fairest flow'rs,

- " 'Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, *Fidele*,
" I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack
" The flow'r that's like thy face, pale *Primrose* ; nor
" The azur'd *Hare-bell*, like thy veins, no, nor
" The leaf of *Eglantine* ; which not to slander,
" Out-sweeten'd not thy breath. ⁸ The Raddock
would,
" With charitable bill, (oh bill, fore-shaming
" Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lye
" Without a Monument!) bring thee all this ;
" Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flow'rs are none,
" To winter-gown thy coarse. —————

Guid. Pr'ythee, have done ;

8 ————— *The Raddock would.*

With charitable bill, bring thee all this ;

Yea, and furr'd moss besides. When flow'rs are none,

To winter-ground thy coarse —] Here again, the metaphor

is strangely mangled. . What Sense is there in *winter-grounding* a coarse with *moss* ? A coarse might indeed be said to be *winter-grounded* in good thick clay. But the epithet *furr'd* to *moss* directs us plainly to another reading,

To winter-gown thy coarse.

i. e. the summer habit shall be a light gown of flowers, thy winter habit a good warm *furr'd* gown of moss.

And

And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To th' grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Guid. By good *Euriphile*, our mother.

Arv. Be't so:

And let us, *Paladour*, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to th' ground;
As, once, our mother: use like note, and words,
Save that *Euriphile* must be *Fidele*.

Guid. *Cadwall*,

I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
“ For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
“ Than Priests and Fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, med'cine the less. For *Cloten*
Is quite forgot. He was a Queen's son, boys,
And though he came our enemy, remember,
(a) He has paid for that: the mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust; yet Reverence,
(That angel of the world,) doth make distinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely,
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a Prince.

Guid. Pray, fetch him hither.

Thersites' body is as good as *Ajax*,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst: Brother, begin.

Guid. Nay, *Cadwall*, we must lay his head to th'
East;

My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

[(a) He has paid for that. Oxford Editor.—Vulg. Was paid for that.]

Guid.

CYMBELINE.

Guid. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So, begin.

S O N G.

Guid. ‘ ‘ Fear no more the heat o’ th’ Sun,

‘ Nor the furious winter’s rages ;

‘ Thou thy worldly task hast done,

‘ Home art gone, and ta’en thy wages.

Golden lads and girls all must,

As chimney sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. ‘ Fear no more the frown o’ th’ Great,

‘ Thou art past the tyrant’s stroke ;

‘ Care no more to cloath and eat ;

‘ To thee the reed is as the oak :

The scepter, learning, physick, must

All follow this, and come to dust.

Guid. ‘ Fear no more the lightning-flash.

Arv. Nor th’ all-dreaded thunder-stone.

Guid. ‘ Fear no slander, censure rash.

Arv. ‘ Thou hast finish’d joy and moan.

Both. All lovers young, all lovers must

Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Guid. No exorciser harm thee !

Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee !

Guid. Ghost, unlaid, forbear thee !

Arv. Nothing ill come near thee !

Both. Quiet consummation have,

And renowned be thy Grave !

Enter Belarius, with the body of Cloten.

Guid. We’ve done our obsequies : come, lay him down.

Bel. “ Here’s a few flow’rs, but about midnight more ;

9 *Fear no more, &c.*] This is the topic of consolation that nature dictates to all men on these occasions. The same farewell we have over the dead body in *Lucian*. Τεκνον εθλιον εκετι διψσεις, κατι πεινησεις, &c.

“ The

" The herbs, that have on them cold dew o'th' night,
 " Are strewings fitt'ft for Graves.—Upon their faces—
 " You were as flow'rs, now wither'd; even fo
 " Thefe herbelets fhall, which we upon you ftrow.
 " Come on, away, apart upon our knees — —
 " The ground, that gave them firft, has them again:
 " Their pleasure here is paff, fo is their pain. [*Exeunt.*

Imogen, *awaking.*

Imo. ' Yes, Sir, to *Milford-Haven*, which is the way?—

' I thank you—by yond bush?—pray, how far thither?—

' 'Ods pittikins—can it be fix mile yet?—

' I've gone all night—'faith, I'll lye down and fleep.

' But, foft! no bedfellow—Oh Gods, and Goddeffes!

[*Seeing the body.*

' Thefe flow'rs are like the pleasures of the world;

' This bloody man the care on't—I hope, I dream;

' For, fure, I thought I was a cave-keeper,

' And cook to honeft creatures. But 'tis not fo:

' 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, fhott at nothing,

' Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes

' Are fometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,

' I tremble ftill with fear; but if there be

' Yet left in heav'n as fmall a drop of pity

' As a wren's eye, oh Gods! a part of it!

' The dream's here ftill; ev'n when I wake, it is

' Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.

A headlefs man!—the garments of *Posthumus*?

I know the fhape of's leg, this is his hand,

His foot *mercurial*, his *martial* thigh,

The brawns of *Hercules*: but his *jovial* face—

Murther in heaven?—how!—'tis gone!—

Pifanio!—

All curses madded *Hecuba* gave the *Greeks*,

And mine to boot, be darted on thee! thou,

'Twas thou, conspiring with that devil *Cloten*,
 Hast here cut off my lord. To write, and read,
 Be henceforth treach'rous!—Damn'd *Pisanio*
 Hath with his forged letters—damn'd *Pisanio*!—
 From this the bravest vessel of the world
 Struck the main-top! oh *Posthumus*, alas,
 Where is thy head? where's That? ah me, where's
 That?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left thy head on. How should this be, *Pisanio*?—
 'Tis he and *Cloten*. Malice and lucre in them
 Have laid this woe here. Oh, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
 The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murth'rous to th' senses? that confirms it home:
 This is *Pisanio's* deed, and *Cloten's*. Oh!
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horrider may seem to those
 Which chance to find us. Oh, my lord! my lord!

S C E N E VII.

Enter Lucius, Captains, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the legions garrison'd in *Gallia*,
 After your will, have cross'd the sea, attending
 You here at *Milford-Haven*, with your Ships:
 They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from *Rome*?

Cap. The Senate hath stirr'd up the Confiners,
 And Gentlemen of *Italy*, most willing spirits,
 That promise noble service: and they come
 Under the conduct of bold *Iachimo*,
Syenna's Brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o'th' wind.

Luc. This forwardness

Makes

Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the Captains look to't. Now, Sir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

Sooth. 9 Last night, the very Gods shew'd me a
vision.

(I fast, and pray'd for their intelligence)
I saw *Jove's* bird, the *Roman* eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south, to this part of the West,
There vanish'd in the sun-beams; which portends
(Unless my sins abuse my divination)
Success to th' *Roman* Host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false!—Soft, ho, what Trunk is here
Without his top? the ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building. How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? but dead, rather:
For Nature doth abhor to make his couch
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He's alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body. Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes, for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded: who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? ' who was he,
That, otherwise than noble Nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? what's thy interest

In

9 *Last night, the VERY Gods shew'd me a vision.*] The *very*
Gods may, indeed, signify the Gods themselves immediately, and
not by the intervention of other agents or instruments; yet I am
persuaded the reading is corrupt, and that *Shakespear* wrote,

Last night the WAREY Gods—

Warey here signifying, *animadverting, forewarning, ready to*
give notice; not, as in its more usual meaning, *cautious, reserved.*

1 ————— *who was he,*

That, otherwise than noble Nature did,

Hath alter'd that good picture?—] The Editor, Mr. *Theo-*
bald, cavils at this passage. He says, *it is far from being strictly*
grammatical; and yet, what is strange, he subjoins a paraphrase

In this sad wreck? how came it, and who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be, were better. This was my master,
A very valiant *Briton*, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lyes slain: alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From East to Occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve them truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding: say his name, good friend.

Imo. *Richard du Champ.* If I do lye, and do
No harm by it, though the Gods hear, I hope, [*Aside.*
They'll pardon it. Say you, Sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. *Fidele*, Sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thy self the very fame;
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.

of his own, which shews it to be *strictly grammatical*. For, says he, *the construction of these words is this, who hath alter'd that good picture otherwise than nature alter'd it.* I suppose then this Editor's meaning was, that the grammatical construction would not conform to the sense; (for a bad writer, like a bad man, generally says one thing and means another.) He subjoining, *Shakespear designed to say, If the text be genuine, who hath alter'd that good picture from what noble nature at first made it.* Here again he is mistaken; *Shakespear* meant, like a plain man, just as he spoke; and as our Editor first paraphrased him, who hath alter'd that good picture otherwise than nature alter'd it? And the solution of the difficulty in this sentiment, which so much perplexed him, is this: The speaker sees a young man without a head, and consequently much *shorten'd* in stature; on which he breaks out into this exclamation, who hath alter'd this good form by making it shorter; so contrary to the practice of nature which by yearly accession of growth *alters* it by making it taller. No occasion then for the Editor to change DID into BID with an allusion to the command against murder; which then should have been *forbid* instead of *bid*.

Wilt

Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The *Roman* Emperor's letters,
Sent by a Consul to me, should no sooner,
Than thine own worth, prefer thee: go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, Sir. But first, an't please the
Gods,

I'll hide my master from the flies as deep
As these door pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his
Grave,

And on it said a century of pray'rs,
(Such as I can,) twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth,
And rather father thee, than master thee.
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettiest dazied-plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partizans
A Grave; come, arm him: boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be chearful, wipe thine eyes:
Some Falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V I I I.

Changes to Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

Cym. A G A I N; and bring me word, how 'tis
with her!

A fever with the absence of her son;
Madness, of which her life's in danger; heav'ns!
How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen,*

The great part of my comfort, gone! my Queen
 Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
 When fearful wars point at me! her son gone,
 So needful for this present! it strikes me, past
 The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
 Who needs must know of her departure, and
 Dost seem so ignorant, we'll force it from thee
 By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
 I set it at your will: but, for my mistress,
 I nothing know where she remains; why, gone;
 Nor when she purposes Return. 'Beseech your
 Highness,
 Hold me your loyal servant.

Lord. Good my liege,
 The day that she was missing, he was here;
 I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
 All parts of his subjection loyally. For *Cloten*,
 There wants no diligence in seeking him,
 And will no doubt be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome;
 We'll slip you for a season, but our jealousy
 Do's yet depend.

Lord. So please your Majesty,
 The *Roman* Legions, all from *Gallia* drawn,
 Are landed on your coast, with large supply
 Of *Roman* Gentlemen, by th' Senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my Son and Queen!—
 I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my liege,
 Your preparation can affront no less
 Than what you hear of. Come more, for more
 you're ready;
 The want is, but to put these Powers in motion,
 That long to move.

Cym. I thank you; let's withdraw,
 And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
 What

What can from *Italy* annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here.—Away.— [Exit.]

Pis. (a) I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him, *Imogen* was slain. 'Tis strange;
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I,
What is betide to *Cloten*; but remain
Perplext in all. The heavens still must work;
Wherein I'm false, I'm honest: not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find, I love my Country,
Ev'n to the note o' th' King, or I fall in them;
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd;
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.

[Exit.]

S C E N E IX.

Changes to the Forest.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Guid. THE noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, Sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Guid. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way the *Romans*
Must or for *Britons* slay us, or receive us
For barb'rous and unnatural Revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains, there secure us.
To the King's Party there's no going; newness
Of *Cloten's* death (we being not known, nor muster'd
Among the bands) may drive us² to a Render

² — to a Render] a render, for a confession.

[*a*] I've had no letter.—Oxford Editor—Vulg. I heard no
letter——]

Where we have liv'd: and so extort from us
That which we've done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Guid. This is, Sir, a doubt
(In such a time) nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the *Roman* horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, ³ have both their eyes
And ears so 'ploy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note
To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am known
Of many in the army; many years,
Though *Cloten* then but young, (you see,) not wore
him

From my remembrance. And, besides, the King,
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves,
Who find in my exile the want of breeding;
The certainty of this hard life, aye hopeless
To have the courtesie your cradle promis'd;
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Guid. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, Sir, to th' army;
I and my brother are not known; your self
So out of thought, and thereto so o'er-grown,

3—————*have both their eyes*
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now.] There is no
doubt, but our islanders would be thoroughly *cloy'd* of the fight
and noise of a terrible and powerful invader. But this would
not hinder their turning their attention on another object. Now
the speaker is maintaining, that their attention to the *invasion*
would keep them from inquiring after *him*. Besides what it is,
to be *importantly cloy'd*, I have not the least conception of. *Shake-*
spear without doubt wrote,

—————*so 'PLOY'D importantly as now.*

i. e. *employed* or taken up with things of such importance.

Cannot

Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this Sun that shines,
I'll thither; what thing is it, that I never
Did see man die, scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?
Never bestrid a horse save one, that had
A rider like myself who ne'er wore rowel,
Nor iron on his heel? I am asham'd
To look upon the holy Sun, to have
The benefit of his best beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Guid. By heav'ns, I'll go;
If you will bless me, Sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of *Romans!*

Arv. So say I, *Amen.*

Bel. No reason I (since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation) should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you,
boys;
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads; and there I'll lye.
Lead, lead; the time seems long: their blood thinks
scorn
'Till it flie out, and shew them Princes born.



A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Field between the British and Roman Camps.

Enter Posthumus, with a bloody handkerchief.

POSTHUMUS.

YEA, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wisht,
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married
Ones,

If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little? oh, *Pisanio!*
Every good servant does not all Commands;
No bond, but to do just ones. — Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had lived to put on this; so had you saved
The noble *Imogen* to repent, and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But alack,
You snatch from hence for little faults; that's love;
To have them fall no more: — you some permit
To second ills with ills, each worse than other,
And make them dread, to the doers' thrift. —
But *Imogen's* your own: do your best wills,
And make me blest t'obey! I am brought hither
Among th' *Italian* Gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's Kingdom; 'tis enough,
That, *Britaine*, I have kill'd thy mistress: Peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heav'ns,
Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me
Of these *Italian* weeds, and suit myself
As do's a *Briton* peasant; so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O *Imogen*, for whom my life
Is, ev'ry breath, a death; and thus unknown,
Pitied, nor hated, to the face of peril

My

Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me, than my Habits shew;
 Gods, put the strength o' th' *Leonati* in me!
 To shame the guise o' th' world, I will begin
 The fashion, less without, and more within. [*Exit.*]

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman army at one door; and the British army at another; Leonatus Posthumus following like a poor soldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again in skirmish Iachimo, and Posthumus; he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt, within my bosom,
 Takes off my manhood; I've bely'd a lady,
 The Princess of this country; and the air on't
 Revengingly enfeebles me: or could this carle,
 A very drudge of nature, have subdu'd me
 In my profession? Knighthoods, and Honours born,
 As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn:
 If that thy gentry, *Britaine*, go before
 This lowt, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
 Is, that we scarce are men, and you are Gods. [*Exit.*]

The battle continues; the Britons fly, Cymbeline is taken; then enter to his rescue, Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, stand; we have th' advantage of the
 ground;
 That lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
 The villany of our fears.

Guid. Arv. Stand, stand, and fight.

Enter Posthumus, and secods the Britons. They rescue Cymbeline, and exeunt.

Then Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
 For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such

As

As war were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely. Or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Another Part of the Field of Battle.

Enter Posthumus, and a British Lord.

Lord. CAm'st thou from where they made the
Stand?

Post. I did.

Though you, it seems, came from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, Sir, for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: the King himself
' Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
' And but the backs of *Britaine* seen; all flying
' Through a straight lane, the enemy full-hearted,
' Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
' More plentiful, than tools to do't, struck down
' Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
' Meerly through fear, that the straight Pass was
' damn'd
' With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
' To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with
turf,

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,
(An honest one, I warrant,) who deserv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's Country. 'Thwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads, more like to run
The country Base, than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer

Than

Than those ¹ for preservation cas'd, or shame,) Made good the passage, cry'd to those that fled, Our *Britaine's* Harts die flying, not our men; To darkness fleet souls, that fly backwards! stand; Or we are *Romans*, and will give you That Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save But to look back in frown: stand, stand.—These three,

Three thousand confident, in act as many; (For three performers are the file, when all The rest do nothing;) with this word, Stand, stand, Accommodated by the place, (more charming With their own Nobleness, which could have turn'd A distaff to a lance) gilded pale looks; Part, shame, part, spirit-renew'd; ² that some, turn'd coward

But by example, (oh, a sin in war, Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look The way that they did, and to grin like lions Upon the pikes o'th' hunters. Then began A stop i'th' chaser, a retire; anon, ³ A rout, confusion-thick. Forthwith they flie Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles: slaves, The strides they victors made; and now our cowards, Like fragments in hard voyages, became The life o'th' need; having found the back door open Of the unguarded hearts, heav'ns, how they wound Some slain before, some dying; some, their friends O'er-borne i'th' former wave; ten, chac'd by one, Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty;

¹ — for preservation cas'd, or shame,] *Shame*, for modesty.

² ——— that some, turn'd coward] *Some*, for that part which.

³ *A rout, confusion thick.*—] This is read as if it was a *thick confusion*, and only another term for *rout*: whereas *confusion-thick* should be read thus with an hyphen, and is a very beautiful compound epithet to *rout*. But *Shakespeare's* fine diction is not a little obscured throughout by thus disfiguring his compound adjectives.

Those,

Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown
The mortal hugs o'th' field.

Lord. This was strange chance,
A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it; you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't?
And vent it for a mockery? here is one:

*Two boys, an old man, (twice a boy,) a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry, Sir.

Post. Lack! to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend;
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhimes.

Lord. Farewel, you are angry. [Exit.

Post. This is a lord—oh noble misery,
To be i'th' field, and ask what news, of me!
To day, how many would have given their honours
To've sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,
And yet died too? “⁴ I, in mine own woe charm'd,
“ Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
“ Nor feel him, where he struck. This ugly monster,—
“ 'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
“ Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we,
“ That draw his knives i'th' war—Well, I will find
him:

⁴ ——— *I, in mine own woe charm'd,*] Alluding to the common superstition of *Charms* being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle. It was derived from our *Saxon* ancestors, and so is common to us with the *Germans*, who are above all other people given to this superstition, which made *Erasmus*, where, in his *Moriae Encomium*, he gives to each nation its proper characteristic, say, *Germani corporum proceritate & magiæ cognitione sibi placent*: and *Prior*, in his *Alma*,

*North Britons hence have second sight:
And Germans free from gun-shot fight.*

For being now a favourer to the *Briton*,
 No more a *Briton*, I've resum'd again
 The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
 But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
 Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
 Here made by th' *Roman*; great the answer be,
Britons must take. For me, my ransom's death;
 On either side I come to spend my breath;
 Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
 But end it by some means for *Imogen*.

Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 *Cap.* Great *Jupiter* be prais'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 th' affront with them.

1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported;
 But none of them can be found. Stand, who's 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!
 A leg of *Rome* shall not return to tell
 What crows have peck'd them here; he brags his
 service,
 As if he were of note; bring him to th' King.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Roman captives. The captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Goaler. After which, all go out.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

*Changes to a Prison.**Enter Posthumus, and two goalers.*

1 *Goal.* **Y**OU shall not now be stoln, you've locks
upon you;
So, graze, as you find pasture.

2 *Goal.* Ay, or stomach. [*Exeunt Goalers.*]

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty; yet am I better
Than one that's sick o'th' gout, since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity than be cur'd
By th' sure physician, death; who is the key
T'unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fetter'd,
More than my shanks and wrists; you good Gods,
give me

The penitent instrument to pick that bolt;
Then, free for ever. Is't enough, I'm sorry?
So children temp'ral fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy.—Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd; 's to satisfie,

5 ————— to satisfie,

If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter Render of me, than my all.] What we can dis-
cover from the nonsense of these lines is, that the speaker, in a
fit of penitency, compares his circumstances with a debtor's, who
is willing to surrender up all to appease his creditor. This being
the sense in general, I may venture to say, the true reading must
have been this,

————— to satisfie,

I d'off my freedom; 'tis the main part; take
No stricter Render of me than my all.

The verb *d'off* is too frequently used by our author to need any
instances; and is here employ'd with peculiar elegance, *i. e.* To
give

I d'off my freedom ; 'tis the main part ; take
 6 No stricter Render of me, than my all.
 I know, you are more clement than vile men,
 Who of their broken debtors take a third,
 A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
 On their abatement ; that's not my desire.
 For *Imogen's* dear life, take mine ; and though
 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life ; you coin'd it.
 'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake ;
 You rather, mine being yours : and so, great Powers,
 If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel those old bonds. Oh *Imogen!*
 I'll speak to thee in silence.— [He sleeps.

7 *Solemn musick* : Enter, as in an apparition, *Sicilius Leonatus*, father to *Posthumus*, an old man, attired like a warrior ; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to *Posthumus*, with musick before them. Then, after other musick, follow the two young *Leonati*, brothers to *Posthumus*, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle *Posthumus* round, as he lyes sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, shew
 Thy spite on mortal flies :
 With *Mars* fall out, with *Juno* chide,
 That thy Adulteries
 Rates and revenges.—

give all the satisfaction I am able to your offended Godheads, I voluntarily divest my self of my freedom : 'tis the only thing I have to atone with,

————— take
 No stricter Render of me, than my all.

6 No stricter Render—] Render, for mult.

7 *Solemn musick* : &c.] Here follow a *vision*, a *masque*, and a *prophecy*, which interrupt the fable without the least necessity, and unmeasurably lengthen this act. I think it plainly foisted in afterwards for meer show, and apparently not of *Shakespeare*.

Mr. Pope.
 Hath

Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw ?

I dy'd, whilst in the womb he stay'd,
Attending Nature's Law.

Whose father, *Jove!* (as men report,
Thou orphans' father art ;)

Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
From his earth-vexing smart.

Moth. *Lucina* lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes ;

That from me my *Posthumus* ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,

A thing of pity!—

Sici. Great Nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair ;

That he deserv'd the praise o'th' world,
As great *Sicilius'* heir.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In *Britaine* where was he,

That could stand up his parallel,
Or rival object be

In eye of *Imogen*, that best
Could deem his dignity ?

Moth. With marriage therefore was he mockt,
To be exil'd, and thrown

From *Leonatus'* seat, and cast
From her his dearest one ?

Sweet *Imogen!*—

Sici. Why did you suffer *Iachimo*,
Slight thing of *Italy*,

To taint his noble heart and brain
With needless jealousy,

And to become the geek and scorn
O'th' other's villany ?

2 *Bro.* For this, from stiffer seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,

That,

That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely and were slain;
Our fealty, and *Tenantius'* right,
With honour to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment *Posthumus* hath
To *Cymbeline* perform'd;

Then, *Jupiter*, thou King of Gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd

The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise,

Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Math. Since, *Jupiter*, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion, help!

Or we poor ghosts will cry
To th' shining synod of the rest,
Against thy Deity.

2 *Breth.* Help, *Jupiter*, or we appeal,
And from thy justice flee.

Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle; he throws a thunder-bolt. The ghosts fall on their knees.

Jupit. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush!—how dare you, Ghosts,
Accuse the Thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?

Poor shadows of *Elysium*, hence and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers.

Be not with mortal accidents oppress'd,
No care of yours it is: you know, 'tis ours.

Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,

Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his tryals well are spent;

Our *Jovial* star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married: rise, and fade!

He shall be lord of lady *Imogen*,

And happier much by his affliction made.

This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein

[*Jupiter drops a tablet.*

Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;

And so, away;—no farther with your din

Express impatience, lest you stir up mine;

Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*

Sici. He came in thunder, his cœlestial breath

Was sulphurous to smell; the holy eagle

Stoop'd, as to foot us; his ascension is

More sweet than our blest fields; his royal bird

Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,

As when his God is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, *Jupiter*!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd

His radiant roof: away, and to be blest

Let us with care perform his great behest. [*Vanish.*

Post. [*waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandfire,
and begot

A father to me: and thou hast created

A mother and two brothers. But, oh scorn!

Gone—they went hence so soon as they were born;

And so I am awake—Poor wretches, that depend

On Greatness' favour, dream as I have done;

Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:

Many dream not to find, neither deserve;

And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I

That have this golden chance, and know not why:

What fairies haunt this ground? a book! oh rare one!

Be not, as in our fangled world, a garment

Nobler than that it covers. Let thy effects

So follow, to be most unlike our Courtiers;

As good as promise.

Reads.

[Reads.]

*WHEN as the lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown,
without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of
tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopt
branches, which, being dead many years, shall after re-
vive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow, then
shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britaine be fortunate,
and flourish in peace and plenty.*

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff, as madmen
Tongue, and brain not—do either both, or nothing—
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. But what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which I'll keep
If but for sympathy.

Enter Goaler.

Goal. Come, Sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Goal. Hanging is the word, Sir; if you be ready
for that, you are well cookt.

Post. So if it prove a good repast to the spectators,
the dish pays the shot.

Goal. A heavy reckoning for you, Sir; but the com-
fort is, you shall be call'd to no more payments, fear
no more tavern bills, which are often the sadness of
parting, as the procuring of mirth; you come in faint
for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink;
sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you

8 'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff, as madmen

Tongue, and brain not—do either both, or nothing—

Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such

As sense cannot untie.—] The obscurity of this passage
arises from part of it being spoke of the prophesy, and part to it.
This writing on the Tablet (says he) is still a dream, or else the
raving of madness. Do thou, O Tablet, either both, or nothing;
either let thy words and sense go together, or be thy bosom a
rasa tabula. As the words now stand they are nonsense, or at
least involve in them a sense which I cannot divulge.

are paid too much; purse and brain, both empty, the brain the heavier, for being too light; the purse too light being drawn of heaviness. Oh, of this contradiction you shall now be quit: oh, the charity of a penny cord, it fums up thousands in a trice; you have no true debtor, and creditor, but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge; your neck, Sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Goal. Indeed, Sir, he that sleeps, feels not the tooth-ache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for look you, Sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Goal. Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not seen him so pictur'd: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or to take upon your self that, which, I am sure, you do not know; or lump the after-enquiry on your own peril; and how you shall speed in your journey's-end, I think, you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Goal. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Knock off his manacles, bring your prisoner to the King.

Post. Thou bring'st good news; I am called to be made free.

Goal. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a goaler; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Messenger.*

Goal.

Goal. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a *Roman*: and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would, we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of goalers and gallowses; I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and lords.

Cym. **S**TAND by my side, you, whom the Gods have made Preservers of my Throne. Wo is my heart, That the poor Soldier, that so richly fought, (Whose rags sham'd gilded arms; whose naked breast Stept before shields of proof,) cannot be found: He shall be happy that can find him, if Our grace can make him so.

Bel. ⁹ I never saw

Such noble fury in so poor a thing:
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But begg'ry and poor Luck.

⁹ I never saw

Such noble fury in so poor a thing;

Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought

But begg'ry and poor Looks.] But how can it be said, that one, whose poor Looks promise beggary, promised poor Looks too? it was not the poor look which was promised: that was visible. We must read,

But begg'ry and poor Luck.

This sets the matter right, and makes *Belarius* speak sense and to the purpose. For there was the extraordinary thing; he promis'd nothing but *poor Luck*, and yet perform'd all these wonders.

Cym. No tydings of him?

Pis. He hath been searç'd among the dead and living,

But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, (the liver, heart, and brain of *Britaine*;) 29

[*To Bel. Guid. and Arvirag.*]

By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,

In *Cambria* are we born, and Gentlemen:
Farther to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we're honest.

Cym. Bow your knees;
Arise my Knights o'th' battle; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius, and Ladies.

There's business in these faces: why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like *Romans*,
And not o'th' Court of *Britaine*.

Cor. Hail, great King!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The Queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? but I consider,
By med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the Doctor too. How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like herself;
Who, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to her self. What she confest,
I will report, so please you: These her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor.

Cor. First, she confes'd, she never lov'd you : only
Affected Greatness got by you, not you :
Married your Royalty, was wife to your Place ;
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this :
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your Daughter, whom she bore in hand to
love

With such integrity, she did confes,
Was as a scorpion to her sight ; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend !
Who is't can read a woman ? is there more ?

Cor. More, Sir, and worse. She did confes, she had
For you a mortal mineral ; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and lingring
By inches waste you. In which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her shew : yes, and in time,
(When she had fitted you with her craft,) to work
Her son into th' adoption of the Crown :
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless, desperate ; open'd, in despight
Of heaven and men, her purposes : repented,
The ills she hatch'd were not effected : so,
Despairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her Women ?

Lady. We did, so please your Highness.

Cym. Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful :
Mine ears, that heard her flattery ; nor my heart,
That thought her like her Seeming. It had been vicious
To have mistrusted her. Yet, oh my daughter !
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heav'n mend all !

SCENE

S C E N E V.

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman prisoners ;
Leonatus behind, and Imogen.*

Thou com'st not, *Caius*, now for Tribute ; That
The *Britons* have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one ; whose kinsmen have made suit,
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their Captives, which our self have granted.
So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, Sir, the chance of war ; the day
Was yours by accident : had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cold, have
threatned

Our Prisoners with the sword. But since the Gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd rancome, let it come. Sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer. —
Augustus lives to think on't — And so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will intreat : my boy, a *Briton* born,
Let him be ransom'd ; never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like ; let his virtue join
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your Highness
Cannot deny : he hath done no *Briton* harm,
Though he hath serv'd a *Roman*. Save him, Sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I've surely seen him ;
His favour is familiar to me. Boy,
Thou hast look'd thy self into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say, live, boy : ne'er thank thy master, live ;
And ask of *Cymbeline* what boon thou wilt,

Exit

Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it :
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your Highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad ;
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no, alack,
There's other work in hand ; I see a thing
Bitter to me, as death ; your life, good master,
Must shuffle for it self.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys!
Why stands he so perplext ?

Cym. What would'st thou, boy ?
I love thee more and more : think more and more,
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on ?
speak,

Wilt have him live ? is he thy kin ? thy friend ?

Imo. He is a *Roman* ; no more kin to me,
Than I to your Highness : who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore eye'st him so ?

Imo. I'll tell you, Sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name ?

Imo. *Fidèle*, Sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page ;
I'll be thy master : walk with me, speak freely.

[*Cymbel. and Imo. walk aside.*]

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death ?

Arv. ' One sand another

i *One sand another*

Not more resembles THAT sweet rosie lad.] A slight corruption has made nonsense of this passage. One grain might resemble another, but none a human form. We should read,

Not more resembles, THAN HE TH' sweet rosie lad.

Not more resembles, than He th' sweet roſie lad,
Who dy'd and was *Fidele*. What think you?

Guid. The ſame dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace, ſee more; he eyes us not; forbear,

Creatures may be alike: were't he, I'm ſure,
He would have ſpoke t'us.

Guid. But we ſaw him dead.

Bel. Be ſilent: let's ſee further.

Pif. 'Tis my miſtreſs——

[*Aſide.*

Since ſhe is living, let the time run on,

To good, or bad. [*Cymb. and Imog. come forward.*

Cym. Come, ſtand thou by our ſide.

Make thy demand aloud.—— Sir, Step you forth,
[*To Iachimo.*

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;

Or, by our Greatneſs and the Grace of it,

Which is our Honour, bitter torture ſhall

Winnow the truth from falſhood—— On; ſpeak to
him.

Imo. My boon is, that this Gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Poſt. What's that to him?

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, ſay,
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unſpoken That,
Which to be ſpoke would torture thee.

Cym. How? me?

Iach. I am glad to be conſtrain'd to utter what
Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; 'twas *Leonatus'* jewel,
Whom thou didſt baniſh: and (which more may
grieve thee,

As it doth me) a nobler Sir ne'er liv'd

'T'wixt ſky and ground. Will you hear more, my
lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember,——give me leave, I faint.——

Cym. My daughter, what of her? renew thy
strength;

I'd rather thou should'st live, while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock,
That struck the hour;) it was in *Rome*, (accurs'd
The mansion where) 'twas at a feast, (oh, would
Our viands had been poison'd! or at least,
Those which I heav'd to head :) the good *Posthumus*—
(What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones)——sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our Loves of *Italy*
For Beauty, that made barren the swell'd Boast
Of him that best could speak; ² for feature, laming
The shrine of *Venus*, or straight-pight *Minerva*,

Postures

² For feature laming] *Feature*, for proportion of parts, which
Mr. *Theobald* not understanding, would alter to *stature*.

————— for feature, laming

The shrine of *Venus*, or straight-pight *Minerva*,

Postures beyond brief nature;—] i. e. The ancient statues of
Venus and *Minerva*, which exceeded, in beauty of exact propor-
tion, any living bodies, the work of *brief nature*, i. e. of hastily,
unelaborate nature. He gives the same character of the beauty
of the Antique in *Antony* and *Cleopatra*:

O'er picturing that *Venus* where we see
The fancy out-work nature.

It appears, from a number of such passages as these, that our
author was not ignorant of the fine arts. A passage in *De Piles*'
Cours de peinture par principes will give great light to the beauty
of the text.—*Peu de sentimens ont été partagez sur la beauté de*
l'antique. Les gens d'esprit qui aiment les beaux arts ont estimé
dans tous les tems ces merveilleux ouvrages. Nous voyons dans les
anciens Auteurs quantité de passages ou pour louer les beautez vi-
vantes on les comparoit aux statuës. Ne vous imaginez (dit *Maxime*
de *Tyr*) de pouvoir jamais trouver une beauté naturelle, qui le dis-
pute

Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities, that man
Loves woman for; besides that hook of wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the eye——

Cym. I stand on fire.

Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,

Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This *Posthumus*,
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover) took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue) he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd-of kitchen-trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking fots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to th' purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity;—there it begins:
He spake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreams,

pute aux statuës. Ovid, ou il fait la description de *Cyllare*, le plus beau de Centaures, dit Qu' il avoit une si grande vivacité dans le visage, que le col, les épaules, les mains, & l'estomac en étoient si beaux qu' on pouvoit assurer qu' en tout ce qu' il avoit de l' homme c'étoit la meme beauté que l'on remarque dans les statuës les plus parfaites. Et *Philstrate*, parlant de la beauté de *Neoptoleme*, & de la ressemblance qu' il avoit avec son pere *Achille*, dit, Qu' en beauté son pere avoit autant d' avantage sur lui que les statuës en ont sur les beaux hommes. Les auteurs modernes ont suivi ces mêmes sentimens sur la beauté de l' *Antique*. Je reporterai seulement celui de *Scaliger*. Le *Moyen*, dit il, que nous puissions rien voir qui approche de la perfection des belles statuës, puisqu' il est permis à l' art de choisir, de retrancher, d' adjoûter, de diriger, & qu' au contraire, la nature s'est toujours altérée depuis la création du premier homme en qui Dieu joignit la beauté de la forme à celle de l' innocence. This last quotation from *Scaliger* well explains what *Shakespear* meant by

Brief Nature;

i. e. inelaborate, hasty, and careless as to the elegance of form, in respect of *art*, which uses the peculiar address, above explained, to arrive at perfection.

And

And she alone were cold; whereat, I, wretch!——
 Made scruple of his praise; and wag'd with him
 Pieces of gold, 'gainst This which then he wore
 Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
 In suit the place of 's bed, and win this ring
 By hers and mine adultery. He, true Knight,
 No lesser of her honour confident
 Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
 And would so, had it been a carbuncle
 Of *Phæbus*' wheel; and might so safely, had it
 Been all the worth of 's Car. Away to *Britaine*
 Post I in this design: well may you, Sir,
 Remember me at court, where I was taught
 By your chaste daughter the wide difference
 'Twixt amorous, and villainous. Being thus quench'd
 Of Hope, not Longing, mine *Italian* brain
 'Gan in your duller *Britaine* operate
 Most vilely: for my vantage excellent;
 And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
 That I return'd with simular proof enough
 To make the noble *Leonatus* mad,
 By wounding his belief in her renown,
 With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
 Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet;
 (Oh, cunning! how I got it) nay, some marks
 Of secret on her person; that he could not
 But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
 I having ta'en the forfeit; whereupon,
 Methinks, I see him now——

Post. Ay, so thou do'st, [Coming forward.
Italian fiend! ah me, most credulous fool,
 Egregious murtherer, thief, any thing
 That's due to all the villains past, in Being,
 To come—oh, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
 Some upright justicer! Thou, King, send out
 For torturers ingenious; it is I
 That all th' abhorred things o' th' earth amend,

By

By being worse than they. I am *Posthumus*
 That kill'd thy daughter;—villain-like, I lie;
 That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
 A sacrilegious thief, to do't. The temple
 Of virtue was she, yea, and She herself.—
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
 The dog o' th' street to bay me: every villain
 Be call'd *Posthumus Leonatus*, and
 Be villany less than 'twas!—Oh *Imogen!*
 My Queen, my life, my wife! oh *Imogen,*
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord, hear, hear——

Post. Shall's have a Play of this?

Thou scornful page, there lie thy part,

[*Striking her, she falls.*

Pis. Oh, gentlemen, help,
 Mine, and your mistress—Oh, my lord *Posthumus!*
 You ne'er kill'd *Imogen* 'till now——help, help,
 Mine honour'd lady——

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the Gods do mean to strike me
 To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
 Thou gav'st me poison: dang'rous fellow, hence!
 Breathe not, where Princes are.

Cym. The tune of *Imogen!*

Pis. Lady, the Gods throw stones of sulphur on me,
 If what I gave you was not thought by me.
 A precious thing: I had it from the Queen:

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. Oh Gods!

I left out one thing which the Queen confess'd,
 Which must approve thee honest. If *Pisanio*

Have

Have, said she, giv'n his mistress that confection,
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, *Cornelius*?

Cor. The Queen, Sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem; I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en would seize
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys, there was our error.

Guid. This is, sure, *Fidele*.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from
you?

³ Think, that you are upon a mock, and now
Throw me again. [*Throwing her arms about his neck.*]

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,

⁴ Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh? my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your Blessing, Sir. [*Kneeling.*]

Bel. Tho' you did love this youth, I blame you not,
You had a motive for't. [*To Guid. Arvir.*]

³ *Think, that you are upon a ROCK, and now
Throw me again.]* What occasioned these words, was her
husband's striking her before he knew her, and saying,

*Shall's have a Play of this,
Thou scornful Page, there lye thy part.*

So that 'tis plain the true reading is,

Think, that you are upon a MOCK.

i. e. a farce, a stage-play. Besides, the common reading is non-
sense.

Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy-water on thee! *Imogen*,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I'm sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. Oh, she was naught; and long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely; but her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord,

Now fear is from me, I'll speak truth. Lord *Cloten*,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn, foam'd at the mouth, and
swore,

If I discover'd not which way she went,
It was my instant death. By accident
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed her
To seek him on the mountains near to *Milford*:
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: What became of him,
I further know not.

Guid. Let me end the story;
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the Gods forefend!
I would not, thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Guid. I've spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a Prince.

Guid. A most incivil one. The wrongs he did me,
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
Could it so roar to me. I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I'm sorry for thee;

By

By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, Sir King,
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of *Clotens*
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone;
[*To the Guard.*]

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old Soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
* By hastening of our wrath? how of descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three,
But I will prove, that two on's are as good
As I've giv'n out of him. My sons, I must,
For my own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger's ours.

Guid. And our good, his.

Bel. Have at it then, by leave:
Thou had'st, great King, a subject, who was call'd
Belarius.

Cym. What of him? a banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath

4 *By TASTING of our wrath?—*] But how did *Belarius*
undo or forfeit his merit by *tasting* or feeling the King's wrath?
We should read,

By HASTING of our wrath?—

i. e. by hastening, provoking; and as such a provocation is undu-
tiful, the demerit, consequently, undoes or makes void his former
worth, and all pretensions to reward.

Affum'd this age; indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence,
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot:
First, pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, to soon
As I've receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons?

Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy; here's my knee:
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons,
Then spare not the old father. Mighty Sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How? my issue?

Bel. So sure, as you, your father's: I, old *Morgan*,
Am that *Belarius* whom you sometime banish'd;
Your pleasure was my near offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason: That I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle Princes
(For such and so they are,) these twenty years
Have I train'd up; such arts they have, as I
Could put into them. Sir, my breeding was,
As your Grace knows. Their nurse *Euriphile*,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't;
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For That which I did then. Beaten for loyalty,
Excited me to treason. Their dear loss,
The more of you'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, Sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heav'ns
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy

To

' To in-lay heav'n with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st :

The service, that you three have done, is more
Unlike, than this thou tell'st. I lost my children——
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while——

This gentleman, whom I call *Paladour*,
Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius* :
This gentleman, my *Cadwall*, *Arviragus*,
Your younger princely son ; he, Sir, was lapt
In a most curious mantle, wrought by th' hand
Of his Queen-mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. *Guiderius* had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star ;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he ;
Who hath upon him still that nat'ral stamp :
It was wise Nature's end, in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I
A mother to the birth of three ! ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more ; blest may you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now ! oh *Imogen*,
Thou'st lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord :
I've got two worlds by't. Oh, my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met ? oh, never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker. You call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister : I, you brothers ;
When ye were so, indeed.

[*To in-lay heav'n with stars.*] The thought is in character,
and finely expressed : It alludes to the custom of deifying heroic
men, and converting them into stars.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Guid. And at first meeting lov'd;

Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the Queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!

When shall I hear all through? this fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our *Roman* captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither?—These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependances
From chance to chance: but not the time, nor place,
Will serve long interrogatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon *Imogen*;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy. The counter-change
Is sev'rally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smok the temple with our sacrifices.
Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever.

[*To Belarius.*

Imo. You are my father too, and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season!

Cym. All o'er-joy'd,

Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well become this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a King.

Post. 'Tis I am, Sir,

The

The foldier, that did company these three,
In poor Befeeching: 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, *Iachimo*, I had you down, and might
Have made your finish.

Iach. I am down again :
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee, [*Kneels.*
And then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but, your ring first ;
And here the bracelet of the truest Princess,
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me :
The power, that I have on you, is to spare you :
The malice tow'rd's you, to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better !

Cym. Nobly doom'd :
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law ;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help'd us, Sir,
As you did mean, indeed, to be our brother ;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, Princes. Good my lord of *Rome*,
Call forth your *Soothsayer*. As I slept, methought,
Great *Jupiter*, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shews
Of mine own kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom ; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it. Let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus,—

Sooth. Here, my good Lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

[*Reads.*]

WHEN as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown,
without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of
tender air ; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopt
branches,

branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Potthumus end his miseries, Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

Thou, *Leonatus*, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being *Leonatus*, doth import so much:
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
[To Cymbeline.

Which we call *Mollis Aer*; and *Mollis Aer*
We term it *Mulier*: which *Mulier*, I divine,
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the Oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipt about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This has some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal *Cymbeline*,
Personates thee; and thy lopt branches point
Thy two sons forth: who, by *Belarius* stol'n,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestick cedar join'd; whose Issue
Promises *Britaine* peace and plenty.

Cym. My peace we will begin, and, *Caius Lucius*,
Although the victor, we submit to *Cæsar*,
And to the *Roman Empire*; promising,
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked Queen;
On whom heav'n's justice (both on her, and hers)
Hath laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the Powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace: the vision,
Which I made known to *Lucius* ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd. For the *Roman eagle*,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o'th' sun
So vanish'd; which fore-shew'd our princely eagle,

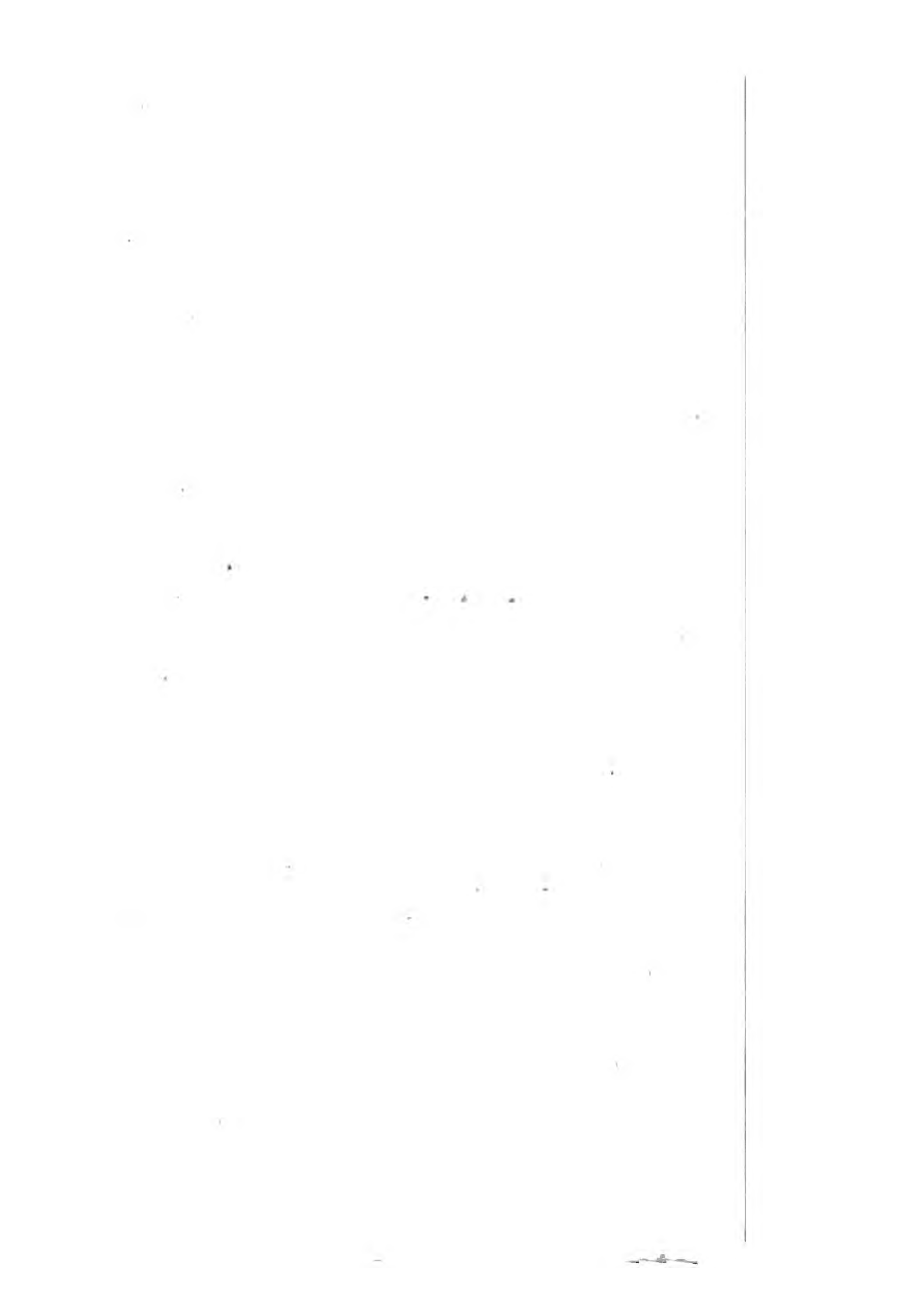
Th'

Th' imperial *Cæsar*, should again unite
His favour with the radiant *Cymbeline*,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the Gods!
And let the crooked smoaks climb to their Nostrils
From our blest altars! publish we this Peace
To all our Subjects. Set we forward: let
A *Roman* and a *British* Ensign wave
Friendly together; so through *Lud's* town march:
And in the Temple of great *Jupiter*
Our Peace we'll ratifie. Seal it with feasts.
Set on, there: Never was a War did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a Peace.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]





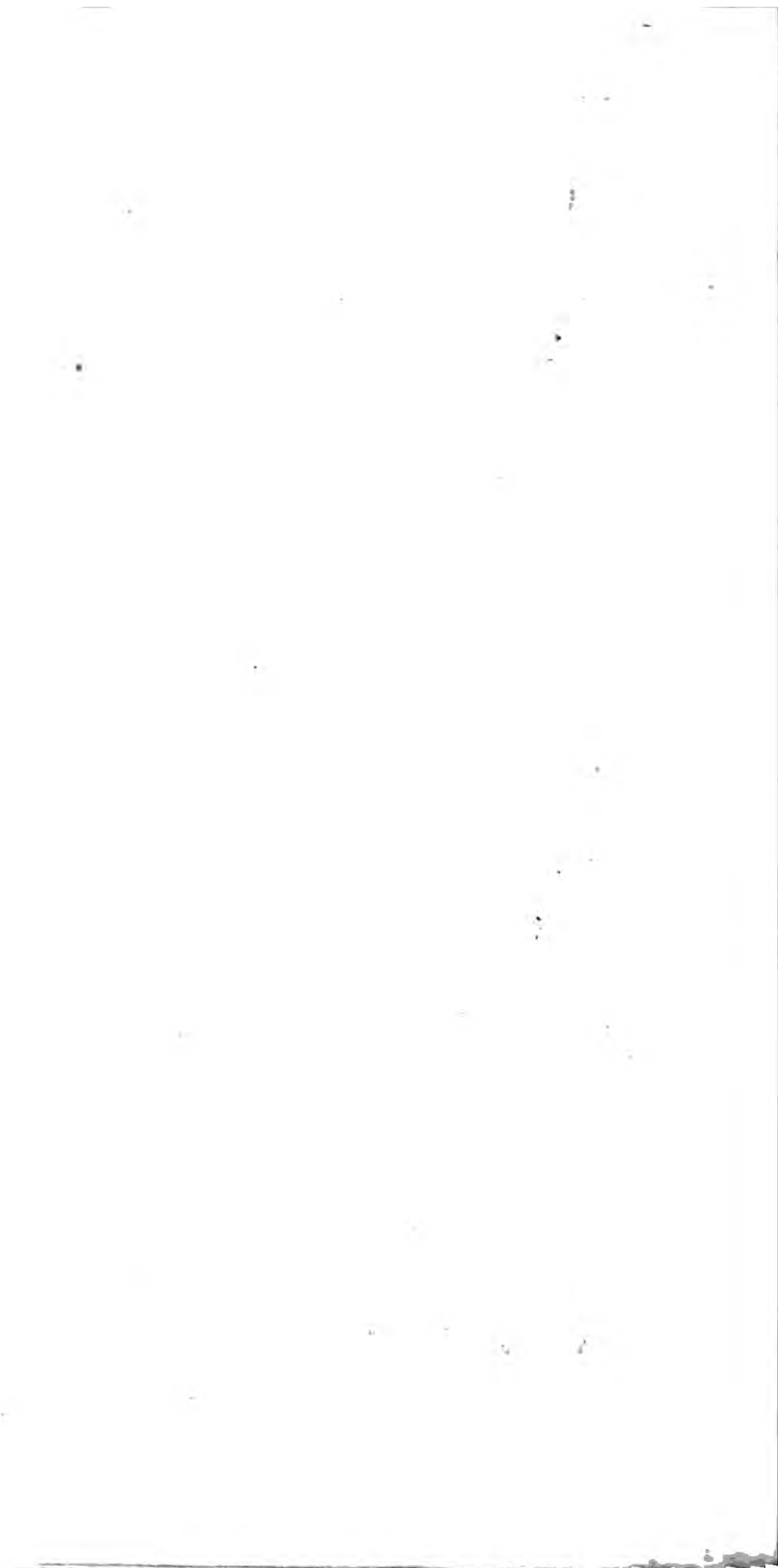


T R O I L U S

A N D

C R E S S I D A.







PROLOGUE.

*I*N Troy, there lies the scene : from Isles of Greece
The Princes orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the Port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war. Sixty and nine, that wore
Their Crownets regal, from th' Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
To ransack Troy ; within whose strong Immures,
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' Queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps ; and That's the Quarrel.
To Tenedos they come——

*And the deep-drawing Barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage. Now on Dardan plains,
The fresh, and yet unbruised, Greeks do pitch
Their brave Pavillions. Priam's six Gates i'th' City,
(Dardan, and Thymbria, Ilia, Scæa, Troian,
And Antenorides,) with massy staples
And correspondve and fulfilling bolts,
' Sperre up the sons of Troy.——*

*Now expectation tickling skittish spirits
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come
A Prologue arm'd, (but not in confidence
Of Author's pen, or Actor's voice ; but suited
In like conditions as our Argument ;)
To tell you, (fair Beholders) that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
'Ginning i'th' middle : starting thence away,
To what may be digested in a Play.
Like, or find fault,——do, as your pleasures are ;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.*

¹ Stirre up the sons of Troy—] Vulg. Corrected, as in the text, by Mr. Theobald.

Dramatis



Dramatis Personæ.

PRIAM,	}	TROJANS.
Hector,		
Troilus,		
Paris,		
Deiphobus,		
Helenus,		
Æneas,		
Pandarus,		
Antenor,	}	

A bastard Son of Priam.

Agamemnon,	}	GREEKS.
Achilles,		
Ajax,		
Menelaus,		
Ulysses,		
Nestor,		
Diomedes,		
Patroclus,		
Thersites,		
Calchas,		

Helen, Wife to Menelaus, in Love with Paris.

Andromache, Wife to Hector.

Cassandra, Daughter to Priam, a Prophetess.

Cressida, Daughter to Calchas, in love with Troilus.

Alexander, Cressida's Man.

Boy, Page to Troilus.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, with other Attendants.

SCENE, Troy; and the Grecian Camp, before it.



'Troilus and Cressida.

A C T I S C E N E I.

The Palace in TROY.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

TROILUS.



ALL here my varlet; I'll unarm again.
Why should I war without the walls of
Troy,

That find such cruel battle here within?
Each *Trojan*, that is master of his heart,

Let him to field; *Troilus*, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

Troi. ' The *Greeks* are strong, and skilful to their
strength,

[*Troilus and Cressida.*] Before this play of *Troilus and Cressida*, printed in 1609, is a bookseller's preface, shewing that first impression to have been before the play had been acted, and that it was published without *Shakespear's* knowledge, from a copy that had fall'n into the bookseller's hands. *Mr. Dryden* thinks this one of the first of our author's plays: but on the contrary, it may be judged from the forementioned preface that it was one of his last; and the great number of observations both moral and politick, (with which this piece is crowded more than any other of his) seems to confirm my opinion. *Mr. Pope.*

‘ Fierce

- ‘ Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant.
- ‘ But I am weaker than a woman’s tear,
- ‘ Tamer than sleep, ² fonder than ignorance;
- ‘ Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
- ‘ And skill-less as unpractis’d infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this : for my part, I’ll not meddle nor make any farther. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, must needs tarry the grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the boulting.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the boulting; but you must tarry the leav’ning.

Troi. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leav’ning: but here’s yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troi. Patience herself, what Goddesses e’er she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance, than I do.

At *Priam’s* royal table do I sit;

And when fair *Cressid* comes into my thoughts,

So, traitor!—when she comes? when is she thence?

Pan. Well, she look’d yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Troi. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,

Lest *Hector* or my father should perceive me;

I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)

Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:

But sorrow, that is couch’d in seeming gladness,

Is like that mirth Fate turns to sudden sadness.

2. — fonder than ignorance;] *Fonder*, for more childish.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than *Helen's*—well, go to, there were no more comparison between the women. But, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not (as they term it) praise her—but I would, somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did: I will not dispraise your sister *Cassandra's* wit, but,——

Troi. O *Pandarus!* I tell thee, *Pandarus*——
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lye drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In *Cressid's* love. Thou answer'ft, she is fair;
Pour'ft in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gate, her voice;
Handlest in thy discourse——O that! her hand!
(In whose comparison, all whites are ink
Writing their own reproach) to whose soft seizure
The cignet's down is harsh,³ and (spite of sense)
Hard as the palm of ploughman. This thou tell'ft me;
(As, true thou tell'ft me;) when I say, I love her:
But saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'ft, in every gash that love hath given me,
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Troi. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is, if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; and she be not,⁴ she has the 'mends in her own hands.

Troi. Good *Pandarus*; how now, *Pandarus*?

3 —— and SPIRIT of sense

Hard as the palm of ploughman.—] Read, and (SPITE of sense) in a parenthesis. The meaning is, tho' our senses contradict it never so much, yet the *cignet's down* is not only harsh, when compared to the softness of *Cressid's* hand, but *hard as the hand of ploughman*. *Spite*, I suppose, was first corrupted to *sprite*, and from thence arose *spirit*.

⁴ *She has the 'mends in her own hands.*] i. e. she may paint and mend her complexion.

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel, ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of you : gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Troi. What, art thou angry, *Pandarus*? what, with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as *Helen*; and she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on *Friday*, as *Helen* is on *Sunday*. But what care I? I care not, an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Troi. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father; let her to the *Greeks*, and so I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i'th' matter.

Troi. *Pandarus*,——

Pan. Not I.

Troi. Sweet *Pandarus*,——

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there's an end. [*Exit Pandarus.*
[*Sound Alarum.*

Troi. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!

Fools on both sides.—*Helen* must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument,
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword:
But *Pandarus*——O Gods! how do you plague me!
I cannot come to *Cressid*, but by *Pandar*;
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to wooe,
As she is stubborn-chast against all sute.
Tell me, *Apollo*, for thy *Daphne*'s love,
What *Cressid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:
Her bed is *India*, there she lyes, a pearl:
Between our *Ilium*, and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;

Our self the merchant, and this failing *Pandar*,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

S C E N E II.

[*Alarum.*] Enter *Æneas*.

Æne. How now, Prince *Troilus*? wherefore not
i'th' field?

Troi. Because not there; this woman's answer forts,
For womanish it is to be from thence:

What news, *Æneas*, from the field to day?

Æne. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

Troi. By whom, *Æneas*?

Æne. *Troilus*, by *Menelaus*.

Troi. Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a scar to scorn:
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus*' horn. [Alarum.]

Æne. Hark, what good sport is out of town to day?

Troi. Better at home, if *would I might*, were *may*—
But to the sport abroad—are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Troi. Come, go we then together. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

*Changes to a publick Street, near the Walls
of Troy.*

Enter *Cressida*, and her *Servant*.

Cre. WHO were those went by?
Ser. Queen *Hecuba* and *Helen*.

Cre. And whither go they?

Serv. Up to th' eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the fight. ⁶ *Hector*, whose patience

Is,

⁶ ——— *Hector*, whose patience
Is, as a VIRTUE, fix'd, ———] Patience sure was a virtue,
and
B b 2

TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Is, as the Virtue, fix'd, to day was mov'd:
 He chid *Andromache*, and struck his armorer;
 And like as there were husbandry in war,
 7 Before the Sun rose, he was harness light,
 And to the field goes he; where ev'ry flower
 Did as a prophet weep what it foresaw,
 In *Hector's* wrath.

Cre. What was his cause of anger?

Ser. The noise goes thus; There is among the *Greeks*

and therefore cannot, in propriety of expression, be said to be *like* one. We should read,

Is as THE VIRTUE fix'd.

i. e. his patience is as fixed as the Goddess's Patience itself. So we find *Troilus* a little before saying,

Patience herself *what Goddess ere she be,*
 Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.

It is remarkable that *Dryden* when he alter'd this play, and found this false reading, alter'd it with judgment to,

————— *whose patience*
Is fix'd like that of Heav'n.

which he would not have done had he seen the right reading here given, where his thought is so much better and nobler expressed.

7 *Before the Sun rose, he was harness light,*] Does the poet mean (says *Mr. Theobald*) that *Hector* had put on light armour? mean! what else could he mean? He goes to fight on foot; and was not that the armour for his purpose. So *Fairfax* in *Tasso's Jerusalem*,

The other Princes put on harness LIGHT
As footmen use ———

Yet, as if this had been the highest absurdity, he goes on, *Or does he mean that Hector was sprightly in his arms even before sunrise? or is a conundrum aim'd at, in Sun rose and harness light? Was any thing like it? but to get out of this perplexity, he tells us that a very slight alteration makes all these constructions unnecessary, and so changes it to harness-dight. Yet indeed the very slightest alteration will at any time let the poet's sense thro' the critic's fingers: And the Oxford Editor very contentedly takes up with what is left behind, and reads harness-dight too, in order, as Mr. Theobald well expresses it, To make all construction unnecessary.*

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to *Hector*,
They call him *Ajax*.

Cre. Good; and what of him?

Ser. They say, he is a very man *per se*, and stands alone.

Cre. So do all men, unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

Ser. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beasts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lyon, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant; a man into whom Nature hath so crouded humours,⁸ that his valour is crusted into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue, that he has not a glimpse of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries some stain of it. He is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair; he hath the joints of every thing, but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty *Briareus*, many hands and no use; or purblind *Argus*, all eyes and no sight.

Cre. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make *Hector* angry?

Ser. They say, he yesterday cop'd *Hector* in the battle and struck him down, the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept *Hector* fasting and waking.

⁸ that his valour is CRUSTED into folly, his folly sauced with discretion:] Valour crushed into folly is nonsense; but it is of the first editor's making; who seeing crouded go before, concluded that crushed (which is oft indeed the consequence) must needs follow. He did not observe that the poet here employs a Kitchen-metaphor, which would have led him to the true reading, His valour is CRUSTED into folly, his folly sauced with discretion. Thus is *Ajax* dished up by the poet. The expression is humorous. His temper is represented as so hot that his valour becomes overbaked, and so is crushed or hardened into folly or temerity: yet the hardness of his folly is sauced or softened with discretion, and so made palatable.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here?

Ser. Madam, your uncle *Pandarus*.

Cre. *Hector's* a gallant man.

Ser. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow, uncle *Pandarus*.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin *Cressid*; what do you talk of? ⁹ Good morrow, *Alexander*; — how do you, cousin? when were you at *Ilium*?

Cre. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? was *Hector* arm'd and gone, ere you came to *Ilium*? *Helen* was not up? was she?

Cre. *Hector* was gone; but *Helen* was not up.

Pan. E'en so; *Hector* was stirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he says, here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too: he'll lay about him to day, I can tell them that; and there's *Troilus* will not come far behind him, let them take heed of *Troilus*; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What is he angry too?

Pan. Who, *Troilus*? — *Troilus* is the better man of the two.

Cre. Oh, *Jupiter*! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between *Troilus* and *Hector*? do you know a man, if you see him?

Cre. Ay, if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, *Troilus* is *Troilus*.

Cre. Then you say, as I say; for, I am sure, he is not *Hector*.

⁹ Good morrow, *Alexander*;] This is added in all the editions very absurdly, *Paris* not being on the stage.

Mr. Pope.

Pan.

Pan. No, nor *Hector* is not *Troilus*, in some degrees.

Cre. 'Tis just to each of them, he is himself.

Pan. Himself? alas, poor *Troilus*! I 'would, he were.

Cre. So he is.

Pan. 'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to *India*.

Cre. He is not *Hector*.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself; 'would, he were himself! well, the Gods are above; time must friend, or end; well, *Troilus*, well, I would, my heart were in her body!—no, *Hector* is not a better man than *Troilus*.

Cre. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when th' other's come to't: *Hector* shall not have his wit this year.

Cre. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his Qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'T would not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, Neice; *Helen* herself swore th' other day, that *Troilus* for a brown favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess) not brown neither—

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above *Paris*.

Cre. Why, *Paris* hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then *Troilus* should have too much; if she prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lieve *Helen's* golden tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think, *Helen* loves him better than *Paris*.

Cre. Then she's a merry *Greek*, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure, she does. She came to him th' other day into the compass-window; and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cre. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetick may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young; and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother *Hector*.

Cre. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?—

Pan. But to prove to you that *Helen* loves him, she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin.

Cre. *Juno*, have mercy! how came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled. I think, his smiling becomes him better, than any man in all *Phrygia*.

Cre. Oh, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then—but to prove to you that *Helen* loves *Troilus*.——

Cre. *Troilus* will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. *Troilus*? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cre. If you love an addle egg, as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i'th' shell.

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh to think how she tickled his chin; indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cre. Without the Rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cre. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan.

Pan. But there was such laughing. Queen *Hecuba* laught, that her eyes run o'er.

Cre. With millstones.

Pan. And *Cassandra* laught.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes; did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that *Helen* spied on *Troilus's* chin.

Cre. An't had been a green hair, I should have laught too.

Pan. They laught not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cre. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her question.

Pan. That's true, take no question of that: one and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white; that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons. *Jupiter!* quoth she, which of these hairs is *Paris*, my husband? the forked one, quoth he, pluck it out and give it him: but there was such laughing, and *Helen* so blush'd, and *Paris* so chaf'd, and all the rest so laught, that it past.

Cre. So let it now, for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing Yesterday; think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in *April*. [Sound a retreat.

Cre. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against *May*.

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field; shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass towards *Ilium*? good niece, do; sweet niece *Cressida*.

Cre.

TROLLUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Cre. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place, here we may see most bravely; I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by; but mark *Troilus* above the rest.

Æneas passes over the stage.

Cre. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's *Æneas*; is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of *Troy*, I can tell you; but mark *Troilus*, you shall see anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Antenor passes over the stage.

Pan. That's *Antenor*, he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you, and he's a man good enough; he's one o'th' soundest judgment in *Troy* whosoever, and a proper man of person; when comes *Troilus*? I'll shew you *Troilus* anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cre. If he do, ' the mich shall have more.

Hector passes over.

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that, look you, that: there's a fellow! go thy way, *Hector*; there's a brave man, neice: O brave *Hector*! look how he looks! there's a countenance! is't not a brave man?

Cre. O brave man!

1 ——— *the RICH shall have more.*] To give one the nod, was a phrase signifying to give one a mark of folly. The reply turns upon this sense alluding to the expression *give*, and should be read thus,

The MICH shall have more.

i. e. *much*, He that has much folly already shall then have more. This was a proverbial speech, implying that benefits fall upon the rich. The *Oxford Editor* alters it to,

The rest shall have none.

Pan,

Pan. Is he not? It does a man's heart good,—— look you, what hacks are on his helmet, look you yonder, do you see? look you there! there's no jesting; there's laying on, take't off who will, as they say, there be hacks.

Cre. Be those with swords?

Paris passes over.

Pan. Swords, any thing, he cares not, an the devil come to him, it's all one; by godslid, it does one's heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*: look ye yonder, neice, is't not a gallant man too, is't not? why, this is brave now: who said, he came home hurt to day? he's not hurt; why, this will do *Helen's* heart good now, ha? 'would, I could see *Troilus* now; you shall see *Troilus* anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Helenus passes over.

Pan. That's *Helenus*. I marvel, where *Troilus* is: that's *Helenus*——I think, he went not forth to day; that's *Helenus*.

Cre. Can *Helenus* fight, uncle?

Pan. *Helenus*, no——yes, he'll fight indifferent well——I marvel, where *Troilus* is? hark, do you not hear the people cry *Troilus*? *Helenus* is a priest.

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus passes over.

Pan. Where! yonder? that's *Deiphobus*. 'Tis *Troilus*! there's a man, neice——hem——brave *Troilus*! the prince of chivalry!

Cre. Peace, for shame, peace,

Pan. Mark him, note him: O brave *Troilus*! look well upon him, neice, look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than *Hector's*, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way,
Troilus,

Troilus, go thy way ; had I a sister were a Grace, or a daughter a Goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man ! *Paris* ?—*Paris* is dirt to him, and, I warrant, *Helen* to change would give money to boot.

Enter common Soldiers.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Affes, fools, dolts, chaff and bran, chaff and bran ; porridge after meat. I could live and dye i'th' eyes of *Troilus*. Ne'er look, ne'er look ; the eagles are gone ; crows and daws, crows and daws. I had rather be such a man as *Troilus*, than *Agamemnon* and all *Greece*.

Cre. There is among the *Greeks Achilles*, a better man than *Troilus*.

Pan. *Achilles* ? a dray-man, a porter, a very camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well—why, have you any discretion ? have you any eyes ? do you know, what a man is ? is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and so forth, the spice and salt, that seasons a man ?

Cre. Ay, a minc'd man ; and then to be bak'd with no date in the pye, for then the man's date is out.—

Pan. You are such another woman, one knows not at what ward you lye.

Cre. Upon my back, to defend my belly ; upon my wit to defend my wiles ; upon my secrecie, to defend mine honesty ; my mask to defend my beauty, and you to defend all these ; and at all these wards I lye, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that, and that's one of the chiefest of them too ; If I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow ; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan.

Pan. You are such another.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. ² At your own house, there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come; I doubt, he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.

Cre. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle——

Pan. Ay, a token from *Troilus*.

Cre. By the same token, you are a bawd. [*Exit Pan.*
Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize:
But more in *Troilus* thousand-fold I see,
Than in the glass of *Pandar's* praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing;
Things won are done; the soul's joy lyes in doing:
That She belov'd knows nought, that knows not this;
Men prize the thing ungain'd, more than it is.
That She was never yet, that ever knew
Love-got, so sweet, as when Desire did sue:
Atchievement is Command; ungain'd, beseech.
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach;
That though ³ my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of That shall from mine eyes appear. [*Exit.*

² *At your own house, there he unarms him.*] These necessary words added from the quarto edition. Mr. Pope.

³ *my heart's content*] *Content*, for capacity.

TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

S C E N E V.

Changes to Agamemnon's Tent in the Grecian Camp.

Trumpets. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Diomedes, Menelaus, with others.

Agam. PRINCES,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?

The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness: Checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots by the conflux of meeting sap
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, Princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our Suppose so far,
That after sev'n years' siege, yet *Troy*-walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, tryal did draw
Bias and thwart; not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you Princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our Works?
And think them shame, which are, indeed, nought else
But the protractive tryals of great *Jove*,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd, and kin;
But in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction with a broad and powerful fan,

Puffing

Puffing at all, winnows the light away ;
And what hath mass, or matter by itself,
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy goodly Seat,
Great *Agamemnon*, ⁴ *Nestor* shall supply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of Chance
Lies the true proof of men : the Sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare fail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk ?
But let the ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and anon, behold,

4 ——— *Nestor shall APPLY*

Thy latest words. ———] What were these latest words? A common-place observation, illustrated by a particular image, *that opposition and adversity were useful to try and distinguish between the valiant man and the coward, the wise man and the fool.* The application of this was to the *Greeks*; who had remained long unsuccessful before *Troy*, but might make a good use of their misfortunes by learning patience and perseverance. Now *Nestor* promises that he will make this application; but we find nothing like it. He only repeats *Agamemnon's* general observation, and illustrates it by another image; from whence it appears, that *Shakespeare* wrote,

————— *Nestor shall SUPPLY*

Thy latest words. ———

And it must be owned, the poet never wrote any thing more in character. *Nestor*, a talkative old man, was glad to catch at this common-place, as it would furnish him with much matter for prate. And, therefore, on pretence that *Agamemnon* had not been full enough upon it, he begs leave to supply the topic with some diversified flourishes of his own. And what could be more natural than for a wordy old man to call the repetition of the same thought, a *supplial*. We may observe further, that according to this reading the introductory apology,

With due observance of thy goodly Seat,

is very proper: it being a kind of insinuation, to the prejudice of *Agamemnon's* facundity, that *Nestor* was forced to supply his speech. Whereas had the true reading been *apply*, the apology had been impertinent: for in such a case we must have supposed, this was a preconcerted division of the argument between the two orators.

The

The strong-ribb'd Bark through liquid mountains cuts;
 Bounding between the two moist elements,
 Like *Perseus'* horse: Where's then the sawcy boat,
 Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
 Co-rival'd Greatness? or to harbour fled,
 Or made a toast for *Neptune*. Even so
 Doth valour's shew and valour's worth divide
 In storms of fortune. For in her ray and brightness,
 The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
 Than by the tyger: but when splitting winds
 Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
 And flies get under shade; ⁵ the thing of courage
 As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize;
 And, with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
⁶ Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. *Agamemnon,*

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of *Greece*,
 Heart of our numbers, soul, and only spirit,
 In whom the tempers and the minds of all
 Should be shut up: hear, what *Ulysses* speaks.
 Besides th' applause and approbation
 The which, most mighty for thy place and sway,

[*To Agamemnon.*

And thou, most rev'rend for thy stretcht-out life,

[*To Nestor.*

I give to both your speeches; which were such,
 As *Agamemnon* and the hand of *Greece*
 Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
 As venerable *Nestor* (hatch'd in silver)
 Should with a bond of air, strong as the axle-tree
 On which heav'n rides, knit all the *Grecians'* ears
 To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it please both

5 — [*The thing of courage,*] It is said of the tiger, that in storms and high winds he rages and roars most furiously. *Oxford Editor.*

6 Returns to chiding fortune.] *i. e.* replies averfely to adverfe fortune.

Thou

(Thou great, and wise) to hear *Ulysses* speak.

Aga. Speak, Prince of *Ithaca*: we less expect,
That matter needless, of importless burthen,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank *Thersites* opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. *Troy*, yet upon her basis, had been down,
And the great *Hector's* sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.

The speciality of Rule hath been neglected;
And, look, how many *Grecian* Tents do stand
Hollow upon this Plain, so many hollow factions.

7 When that the General not likes the hive,
To whom the Foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? *degree* being vizarded,
Th' unworthiest shews as fairly in the mask.

8 The heavens themselves, the planets, and this center,
Observe degree, priority and place.

Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office and custom, in all line of order;
And therefore is the glorious planet *Sol*

7 *When that the General is NOT LIKE the hive,*] The image is taken from the government of bees. But what are we to understand by this line? either it has no meaning, or a meaning contrary to the drift of the speaker. For either it signifies, that *the General and the hive are not of the same degree or species*, when as the speaker's complaint is, that the hive acts so perversely as to destroy all difference of degree between them and the General; or it must signify, *that the General has private ends and interests distinct from that of the hive*; which defeats the very end of the speaker; whose purpose is to justify the General, and expose the disobedience of the hive. We should certainly then read,

When that the General NOT LIKES the hive:

i. e. when the soldiers like not, and refuse to pay due obedience to their General: This being the very case he would describe, and shew the mischiefs of.

8 *The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,*] *i. e.* the centre of the earth; which, according to the *Ptolemaic* System then in vogue, is the centre of the Solar System.

In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
 Amidst the rest, whose med'cinable eye
 Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
 And posts like the commandment of a King,
 Sans check, to good and bad. ⁹ But when the Planets
 In evil mixture to disorder wander,
 What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?
 What raging of the Sea? shaking of earth?
 Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
 Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
 The unity and married calm of states
 Quite from their fixure? Oh, when *degree* is shaken,
 (Which is the ladder to all high designs)
 The enterprize is sick. How could communities,
 Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
 The primogeniture, and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, scepters, lawrels,
 (But by *degree*) stand in authentick place?
 Take but *degree* away, untune that string,
 And hark what discord follows; each thing meets
 In meer oppugnancy. The bounded waters
 Would lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
 And make a sop of all this solid Globe:
 Strength would be lord of imbecillity,
 And the rude son would strike his father dead:
 ' Force would be Right; or rather, ' Right and
 ' Wrong
 ' (Between whose endless jar Justice presides)

' Would

9 ————— But when the Planets

In evil mixture to disorder wander, &c.] By *Planets* Shakespear here means *Comets*, which by some were supposed to be excentrical planets. The evil effects here recapitulated were those which superstition gave to the appearance of *Comets*.

1 ————— *Right and Wrong*

(Between whose endless jar Justice RESIDES)

2 ' Would lose their names,—] The Editor, Mr. Theobald, thinks

' Would lose their names, and so would Justice too.
 ' Then every thing includes itself in power,
 ' Power into will, will into appetite ;
 ' And appetite (an universal wolf,
 ' So doubly seconded with will and power)
 ' Must make perforce an universal prey,
 And last eat up itself. Great *Agamemnon* !
 This Chaos, when degree is suffocate,
 Follows the choaking :
 And this neglection of degree is it,

thinks that the second line is no bad comment upon what Horace has said on this subject ;

——— *sunt certi denique fines,
 Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.*

But if it be a comment on the *Latin* poet, it is certainly the worst that ever was made. *Horace* says, with extreme good sense, that there are certain bounds *beyond which*, and *short of which*, justice or Right cannot exist. The meaning is, because if it be *short* of those bounds, *wrong* prevails ; if it goes *beyond*, *Justice* tyrannises ; according to the common proverb of *Summum jus summa injuria*. *Shakespeare* says, that *Justice* resides between the endless jar of right and wrong. Here the two extremes, between which Justice resides, are *right and wrong* ; in *Horace* the two extremes, between which Justice resides, are *both wrong*. A very pretty comment this truly, which puts the change upon us ; and instead of explaining a good thought of *Horace*, gives us a nonsensical one of its own. For to say the truth, this is not only no comment on *Horace*, but no true reading of *Shakespeare*. *Justice* is here represented as moderating between *Right and Wrong*, and acting the over-complaisant and ridiculous part of *Don Adriano de Armado* in *Love's Labour's Lost*, who is called, with inimitable humour,

*A man of Compliments, whom Right and Wrong
 Have chose as Umpire of their Mutiny.*

This is the exact office of *Justice* in the present reading : But we are not to think that *Shakespeare* in a serious speech would dress her up in the garb of his fantastic Spaniard. We must rather conclude that he wrote,

Between whose endless jar Justice PRESIDES ;

i. e. always determines the controversy in favour of *Right* ; and thus *Justice* is properly characterised without the author's ever dreaming of commenting *Horace*.

That by a pace goes backward, in a purpose
It hath to climb. The General's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: so every step,
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick
Of his Superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation.

And 'tis this fever that keeps *Troy* on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a Tale of length,
Troy in our weakness lives, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath *Ulysses* here discover'd
The fever, whereof all our power is sick.

Aga. The nature of the sickness found, *Ulysses*,
What is the remedy?

Ulyss. " The great *Achilles*, whom opinion crowns
" The sinew and the fore-hand of our Host,
" Having his ear full of his airy fame,
" Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
" Lies mocking our designs. With him, *Patroclus*,
" Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day
" Breaks scurril jests;
" And with ridiculous and awkward action
" (Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)
" He pageants us. Sometimes, great *Agamemnon*,
" Thy stopless Deputation he puts on;
" And, like a strutting Player, (whose conceit
" Lies in his ham-string, and doth think it rich
" To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
" 'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage)
" Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested Seeming
" He acts thy Greatness in: and when he speaks,
" 'Tis like a chime a mending: with terms unsquar'd:
" Which, from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,

² *Thy TOPLESS deputation*—] I don't know what can be meant by *stopless*, but the contrary to what the speaker would insinuate. I suspect the poet wrote *STOPLESS*, *i. e.* unlimited; which was the case.

" Would

" Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff
 " The large *Achilles*, on his prest-bed lolling,
 " From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause:
 " Cries—excellent!—'tis *Agamemnon* just—
 " Now play me *Nestor*—hum, and stroke thy beard,
 " As he, being 'drest to some oration.
 " That's done—as near as the extremest ends
 " Of parallels; as like, as *Vulcan* and his wife:
 " Yet good *Achilles* still cries, excellent!
 " 'Tis *Nestor* right! now play him me, *Patroclus*,
 " Arming to answer in a night-alarm:
 " And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
 " Must be the scene of mirth, to cough and spit,
 " And with a palsie fumbling on his gorget,
 " Shake in and out the rivet—and at this sport,
Sir Valour dies; cries O!—enough, *Patroclus*—
 Or give me ribs of steel, I shall split all
 In pleasure of my spleen. And, in this fashion,
 3 All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,

3 *All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,*
Severals and generals of GRACE EXACT,

Atchievements, plots &c.] The meaning is this, All our good qualities, *severals and generals of grace*: i. e. whether they be *several* and belong to particular men, as prudence to *Ulysses*, experience to *Nestor*, magnanimity to *Agamemnon*, valour to *Ajax*, &c. or whether they be *general* and belonging to the Greek nations in general, as valour, polished manners, &c. all these good qualities, together with our *atchievements, plots, orders, &c.* are all turned into ridicule by the buffoonery of *Achilles* and *Patroclus*. This is the sense: but what then is the meaning of *grace exact*? no other can be made of it, than that *Achilles* and *Patroclus* exactly mimic all our qualities and actions. But the speaker thought very differently of their buffoonery: the imitation, he says, being as unlike the original as *Vulcan to his wife*. The fault lies here; *exact* should be *exacts*; and belongs to the second division, namely the enumeration of the *actions*; and should be read thus;

All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes
Severals and generals of grace; EXACTS,
Atchievements, plots, &c.

i. e. exactments, publick taxes, and contributions for carrying on the war.

Severals and generals of grace; exacts,
 Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,
 Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
 Success or loss, what is, or is not, serves
 As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain,
 (Whom, as *Ulysses* says, opinion crowns
 With an imperial voice) many are infect:

Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his head
 In such a rein, in full as proud a pace,
 As broad *Achilles*; and keeps his tent like him;
 Makes factious feasts, rails on our state of war,
 Bold as an Oracle; and sets *Thersites*
 (A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint)
 To match us in comparisons with dirt;
 To weaken and discredit our exposure,
 How hard soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardise,
 Count wisdom as no member of the war;
 Fore-stall our prescience, and esteem no Act
 But that of hand: ' The still and mental parts,
 ' That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
 ' When fitness call them on, and know by measure
 ' Of their observant toil the enemies' weight;
 ' Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
 ' They call this bed-work Mapp'ry, closet war:
 ' So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
 ' For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
 ' They place before his hand that made the engine;
 ' Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
 ' By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and *Achilles'* horse
 Makes many *Thetis'* sons. [Tucket sounds.]

Aga. What trumpet? look, *Menelaus.*

Men. From *Troy.*

S C E N E

S C E N E VI.

Enter Æneas.

Aga. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this great *Agamemnon's* tent, I pray you?

Aga. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a Herald and a Prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Aga. With surety stronger than *Achilles'* arm,
'Fore all the *Greekish* heads, which with one voice
Call *Agamemnon* Head and General.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Aga. How?

Æne. I ask, that I might waken Reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
The youthful *Phæbus*:

Which is that God in office, guiding men?

Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon*?

Aga. This *Trojan* scorns us, or the men of *Troy*
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending Angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have gall;
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, (*Jove's*
Accord,)

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, *Æneas*;
Peace, *Trojan*; lay thy finger on thy lips;
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If he, that's prais'd, himself bring the praise forth:
What the repining enemy commends,
That breath Fame blows, that praise sole pure tran-
scends.

Aga. Sir, you of *Troy*, call you yourself *Æneas*?

Æne. Ay, *Greek*, that is my name.

Aga. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for *Agamemnon's* ears.

Aga. He hears nought privately that comes from
Troy.

Æne. Nor I from *Troy* come not to whisper him;
I bring a trumpet to awake his Ear,
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Aga. Speak frankly as the wind,
It is not *Agamemnon's* sleeping hour;
That thou shalt know, *Trojan*, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud:
Send thy brags voice thro' all these lazy tents;
And every *Greek* of mettle, let him know
What *Troy* means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[*The trumpets sound.*]

We have, great *Agamemnon*, here in *Troy*
A Prince call'd *Hector* (*Priam* is his father)
Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce
Is rusty grown; he bad me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak: Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one amongst the fairest of *Greece*,
That holds his honour higher than his ease,
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril,
That knows his valour and knows not his fear,
That loves his mistress more than in confession,
(With truant vows to her own lips, he loves,)
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers: to him this Challenge.
Hector, in view of *Trojans* and of *Greeks*,
Shall make it good, (or do his best to do it)
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever *Greek* did compass in his arms;
And will to morrow with his trumpet call

3 more than in confession,] *Confession*, for profession.

Midway

Midway between your tents and walls of *Troy*,
To rouze a *Grecian* that is true in love.
If any come, *Hector* shall honour him:
If none, he'll say in *Troy* when he retires,
The *Grecian* Dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth
The splinter of a lance;—even so much.

Aga. This shall be told our lovers, lord *Aeneas*.
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We've left them all at home: but we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a meer recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets *Hector*; if none else, I'm he.

Nest. Tell him of *Nestor*; one, that was a man
When *Hector's* Grandfire suckt; he is old now,
But if there be not in our *Grecian* Host
One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
To answer for his love: tell him from me,
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver;
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

Ane. Now heav'ns forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Aga. Fair lord *Aeneas*, let me touch your hand:
To our Pavilion shall I lead you first:
Achilles shall have word of this intent,
So shall each lord of *Greece* from tent to tent:
Your self shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe. [Exeunt.

⁵ *And in my vantbrace—*] An armour for the arm, *avant-bras*.
Mr. Pope.

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

Manent Ulysses *and* Nestor.

Ulyss. *Nestor*,——

Nest. What says *Ulysses*?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?

Ulyss. This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots; the seeded pride,
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank *Achilles*, must or now be cropt,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To over-bulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how now?

Ulyss. This Challenge that the gallant *Hector* sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to *Achilles*.

Nest. ⁶ The purpose is perspicuous even as Substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up.
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that *Achilles*, were his brain as barren
As banks of *Libya*, (tho', *Apollo* knows,
'Tis dry enough,) will with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find *Hector's* purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet; whom may you else
oppose,

⁶ *The purpose is perspicuous even as Substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up.*] That is, the purpose is as plain as *body* or substance; and tho' I have collected this purpose from many minute particulars, as a gross body is made up of small insensible parts, yet the result is as clear and certain as a body thus made up is palpable and visible. This is the thought, tho' a little obscured in the conciseness of the expression.

That

That can from *Hector* bring his honour off,
 If not *Achilles*? though a sportful combat,
 Yet in this tryal much opinion dwells.
 For here the *Trojans* taste our dear'st Repute
 With their fin'st palate: and trust to me, *Ulysses*,
 Our imputation shall be odly pois'd
 In this wild action. For the success,
 Although particular, shall give a scantling
 Of good or bad unto the general:
 And in such indexes, although small pricks
 To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
 The baby figure of the giant-mass
 Of things to come, at large. It is suppos'd,
 He, that meets *Hector*, issues from our Choice;
 And Choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
 Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
 As 'twere, from forth us all, a man distill'd
 Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
 What heart from hence receives the conqu'ring part,
 To steel a strong opinion to themselves!
 Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
 In no less working, than are swords and bows
 Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my Speech;
 Therefore 'tis meet, *Achilles* meet not *Hector*.
 Let us, like merchants, shew our foulest wares,
 And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
 The lustre of the better, yet to shew,
 Shall shew the better. Do not then consent,
 That ever *Hector* and *Achilles* meet:
 For both our honour and our shame in this
 Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Ulyss. What Glory our *Achilles* shares from *Hector*,
 Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
 But he already is too insolent;
 And we were better parch in *Africk* Sun,
 Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,

Should

Should he 'scape *Hector* fair. If he were foil'd,
 Why, then we did our main opinion crush
 In taint of our best man. No, make a Lott'ry;
 And by device let blockish *Ajax* draw
 The Sort to fight with *Hector*: 'mong our selves,
 Give him allowance as the worthier man,
 For that will physick the great *Myrmidon*,
 Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall
 His crest, that prouder than blue *Iris* bends.
 If the dull brainless *Ajax* come safe off,
 We'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,
 Yet go we under our opinion still,
 That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
 Our project's life this shape of Sense assumes,
Ajax, imploy'd, plucks down *Achilles'* plumes.
Nest. Ulysses, Now I relish thy advice,
 And I will give a taste of it forthwith
 To *Agamemnon*; go we to him streight;
 Two curs shall tame each other; pride alone
 7 Must tar the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

The Grecian Camp.

Enter Ajax and Therites.

A J A X.

THERITES, —

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boiles—full,
 all over, generally. [Talking to himself.]

7 *Must tar the mastiffs on,*—] *Tarre*, an old *English* word
 signifying to provoke or urge on. See *King John*, Act 4. Scene 1.
 ——— like a Dog

Snatch at his Master that doth tar him on.

Mr. Pope.
Ajax.

Ajax. Therfites, ———

Ther. And those boils did run——say so——did not the General run? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog! ———

Ther. Then there would come some matter from him: I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? feel then.

[Strikes him.]

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mungrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, you windyest leaven, speak; I will beat thee into handfomness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness; but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book: thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Doest thou think, I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation——

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsom'st scab in Greece.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation——

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on *Achilles*, and thou art as full of envy at his Greatness, as *Cerberus* is at *Proserpina's* Beauty: ay, that thou bark'st at him.

Ajax. Mistress *Therfites!*——

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

[*Speak then, thou WHINDYEST leaven,*] This is the reading of the old copies: It should be WINDYEST, *i. e.* most windy; leaven being made by a great fermentation. This epithet agrees well with *Therfites's* character.

Ther.

Ther. He would pound thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailer breaks a basket.

Ajax. You whorson cur! — [Beating him.

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch! —

Ther. Ay, do, do, thou sodden-witted lord; thou hast no more brain than I have in my elbows: an *Assinego* may tutor thee. Thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash *Trojans*, and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a *Barbarian* slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, ² thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur!

[Beating him.

Ther. Mars his ideot! do, rudeness; do, camel, do, do.

S C E N E II.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, *Ajax*? wherefore do you this?

How now, *Thersites*? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why, I do so.

² *thou thing of no BOWELS,*] Tho' this be sense, yet I believe it is not the poet's, who makes *Thersites* reflect altogether on *Ajax* his want of wit, not want of compassion. I should imagine, therefore the true reading was,

Thou thing of no VOWELS.

i. e. without sense; as a word without vowels is jargon and contains no idea. This is much in the phraseology given to *Thersites*.

Ther.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for whosoever you take him to be, he is *Ajax*.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters; his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *Pia Mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord (*Achilles*) *Ajax*, who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

[*Ajax offers to strike him, Achilles interposes.*]

Ther. I say, this *Ajax*——

Achil. Nay, good *Ajax*.

Ther. Has not so much wit——

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of *Helen's* needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there, that he, look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur, I shall——

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Pat. Good words, *Thersites*.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bad the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; *Ajax* was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Ev'n so——a great deal of your wit too lies
in

in your sinews, or else there be liars. *Hector* shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; he were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, *Thersites*?

Ther. There's *Ulysses* and old *Nestor*, (whose wit was mouldy³ ere your Grandfires had nails on their toes,) yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plough up the wair.

Achil. What! what!

Ther. Yes, good sooth; to, *Achilles*! to, *Ajax*! to—

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter, I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

Pat. No more words, *Thersites*.

Ther. I will hold my peace, when *Achilles'* brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, *Patroclus*.

Ther. I will see you hang'd like clotplotes, ere I come any more to your Tents. I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools.

[*Exit.*

Pat. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, Sir, is proclaim'd through all our Host,

That *Hector*, by the fifth hour of the Sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our Tents and *Troy*,
To morrow morning call some Knight to arms,
That hath a stomach, such a one that dare
Maintain I know not what: 'tis trash, farewell.

Ajax. Farewel! who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to lott'ry; otherwise
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you: I'll go learn more of it.

[*Exeunt.*

³ ere THEIR Grandfires] We should read, ere YOUR grandfires.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Changes to Priam's Palace in Troy.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris and Helenus.

Pri. **A**fter so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says *Nestor* from the *Greeks*:
Deliver *Helen*, and all damage else
(As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war)
Shall be struck off. *Hector*, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fear the *Greeks* than I,
As far as touches my particular, yet
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out, *who knows what follows?*
Than *Hector* is. The Wound of Peace is Surety,
Surety secure; but modest Doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise; the tent that searches
To th' bottom of the worst. Let *Helen* go.
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Ev'ry tithe soul 'mongst many thousand dimes
Hath been as dear as *Helen*. I mean, of ours.
If we have lost so many tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours, not worth to us
(Had it our name) the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother:
Weigh you the worth and honour of a King
(So great as our dread father) in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The vast proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waste most fathomless,
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,

You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great way of his affairs with reasons ;
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so ?

Troi. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother Priest,
You sur your gloves with reasons. Here are your
reasons.

You know, an enemy intends you harm ;
You know, a sword imploy'd is perillous ;
And reason flies the object of all harm.
Who marvels then, when *Helenus* beholds
A *Grecian* and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels,
4 And fly like chidden *Mercury* from *Jove*,
Or like a star disorb'd !—Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates, and sleep : manhood and honour
Should have hare-hearts, would they but, fat their
thoughts

With this cramm'd reason : reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustyhood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Troi. What is aught, but as 'tis valued ?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will ;
It holds its estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of it self,
As in the prizer : 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the God ;
5 And the Will dotes, that is inclinable
To what infectiously itself affects,
6 Without some image of th' affected's merit.

4 *And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star disorb'd !—*] These two lines are misplaced in
all the folio editions. Mr. Pope.

5 *And the Will dotes, that is inclinable*] Old Edition, not so
well, has it, *attributive* Mr. Pope.

6 *Without some image of th' affected merit.*] We should
read,

~~Without~~ *th' affected's merit,*
i. e. without some mark of merit in the thing affected.

Troi.

Troi. I take to day a wife, and my election
 Is led on in the conduct of my will ;
 My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
 Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
 Of Will and Judgment ; how may I avoid
 (Although my Will distaste what is elected)
 The wife I chuse ? there can be no evasion
 To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour.
 We turn not back the filks upon the merchant,
 When we have spoil'd them ; nor th' remainder viands
 We do not throw in unrespective place,
 Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the *Greeks* :
 Your breath of full consent bellied his sails ;
 The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
 And did him service : he touch'd the Ports desir'd ;
 And, for an old aunt, whom the *Greeks* held captive,
 He brought a *Grecian* Queen, whose youth and freshnets
 Wrinkles *Apollo's*, and makes stale the morning.
 Why keep we her ? the *Grecians* keep our aunt :
 Is she worth keeping ? why, she is a pearl,
 Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
 And turn'd crown'd Kings to merchants——
 If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom *Paris* went,
 (As you must needs, for you all cry'd, *go, go* :)
 If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
 (As you must needs, for you all clap'd your hands,
 And cry'd, inestimable !) why do you now
 The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
 And do a deed that fortune never did,
 Beggar that estimation which you priz'd
 Richer than sea and land ? O theft most base !
 7 What we have stoln that we do fear to keep !

7 *What we have stoln that we do fear to keep !*

Base thieves,—Oxford Editor. Vulg.

That we have stoln what we do fear to keep !
But thieves.

TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Base thieves, unworthy of a thing so stol'n.
Who in *their* country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Caf. [*within.*] Cry, *Trojans*, cry!

Pri. What noise, what shriek is this?

Troi. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Caf. [*within.*] Cry, *Trojans*!

Hect. It is *Cassandra*.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cassandra, with her hair about her ears.

Caf. Cry, *Trojans*, cry; lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetick tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Caf. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled old,
Soft infancy, that nothing can but cry,

Add to my clamour! let us pay betimes

A moiety of that mass of moan to come:

Cry, *Trojans*, cry; practise your eyes with tears.

Troy must not be, nor goodly *Ilium* stand:

Our fire-brand brother, *Paris*, burns us all.

Cry, *Trojans*, cry! a *Helen* and a wo;

Cry, cry, *Troy* burns, or else let *Helen* go. [*Exit.*]

Hect. Now, youthful *Troilus*, do not these high
strains

Of Divination in our sister work

Some touches of remorse? Or is your blood

So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,

Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,

Can qualifie the same?

Troi. Why, brother *Hector*,

We may not think the justness of each act

Such and no other than event doth form it;

Nor once deject the courage of our minds,

Because *Cassandra's* mad; her brain-sick raptures

Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all *Priam's* sons;
And, *Jove* forbid! there should be done amongst us
Such things, as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain.

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counsels:
But I attest the Gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? yet I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample Power, as I have Will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights;
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So, to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a Beauty brings with it:
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd Queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion? can it be,
That so degenerate a strain, as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When *Helen* is defended: none so noble,

Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
 When *Helen* is the subject. Then, I say,
 Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
 The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. *Paris* and *Troilus*, you have both said well:

(a) But on the cause and question now in hand
 Have glaz'd but superficially; not much
 Unlike young men, whom *Aristotle* thought
 Unfit to hear moral philosophy.
 The reasons, you alledge, do more conduce
 To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
 Than to make up a free determination
 'Twixt right and wrong: "for pleasure and revenge
 "Have ears more deaf than adders, to the voice
 "Of any true decision. Nature craves,
 All dues be render'd to their owners; now
 What nearer debt in all humanity,
 Than wife is to the husband? If this law
 Of nature be corrupted through affection,
 And that great minds of partial indulgence
 To their benumbed wills, resist the same;
 There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
 To curb those raging appetites that are
 Most disobedient and refractory.
 If *Helen* then be wife to *Sparta's* King,
 (As, it is known, she is) these moral laws
 Of Nature, and of Nation, speak aloud
 To have her back return'd. Thus to persist
 In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
 But makes it much more heavy. *Hector's* opinion
 Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheless,
 My sprightly brethren, I propend to you
 In resolution to keep *Helen* still;
 For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
 Upon our joint and several dignities.

[(a) But on the cause.—Mr. Theobald Vulg. And on the
 cause——]

Troi.

Troi. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design :
 Were it not glory that we more affected
 Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
 I would not wish a drop of *Trojan* blood
 Spent more in her defence. But, worthy *Hector*,
 She is a theam of honour and renown ;
 A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds ;
 Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
 And Fame, in time to come, canonize us.
 For, I presume, brave *Hector* would not lose
 So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
 As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
 For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
 You valiant off-spring of great *Priamus*.——
 I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
 The dull and factious nobles of the *Greeks*,
 Will strike amazement to their drowsie spirits.
 I was advertiz'd, their great General slept,
 Whilst emulation in the army crept :
 This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Before Achilles's Tent, in the Grecian Camp.

Enter Therfites solus.

HOW now, *Thersites*? what, lost in the labyrinth
 of thy fury? shall the elephant *Ajax* carry it
 thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satis-
 faction! 'would, it were otherwise; that I could beat
 him, whilst he rail'd at me: 'sfoot, I'll learn to conjure
 and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful
 execrations. Then there's *Achilles*, a rare engineer.
 If *Troy* be not taken 'till these two undermine it, the
 walls will stand 'till they fall of themselves. O thou

great thunder-darter of *Olympus*, forget that thou art *Jove* the King of Gods; and, *Mercury*, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*, if thou take not that little, little, less than little wit from them that they have; which short-arm'd ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing the massy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or rather the bone-ach, for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers, and devil Envy say Amen. What ho! my lord *Achilles*!

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? *Thersites*? Good *Thersites*, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counter, thou could'st not have slipt out of my contemplation; but it is no matter, thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction 'till thy death, then if she, that lays thee out, says thou art a fair coarse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrowded any but *Lazars*; Amen. Where's *Achilles*?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay, the heav'ns hear me?

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. *Thersites*, my lord.

Achil. Where, where? art thou come, why, my cheefe, my digestion—why hast thou not served thy self up to my table, so many meals? come, what's *Agamemnon*!

Ther.

Ther. Thy commander, *Achilles*; then tell me, *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles*?

Patr. Thy lord, *Thersites*: then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, *Patroclus*: then tell me, *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Patr. Thou may'st tell, that know'st.

Achil. O tell, tell,——

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my lord, I am *Patroclus*'s knower, and *Patroclus* is a fool.

Patr. You rascal——

Ther. Peace, fool, I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man. Proceed, *Thersites*.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a fool, *Achilles* is a fool, *Thersites* is a fool, and, as aforefaid, *Patroclus* is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a fool to offer to command *Achilles*, *Achilles* is a fool to be commanded of *Agamemnon*, *Thersites* is a fool to serve such a fool, and *Patroclus* is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand to thy creator;——it suffices me, thou art.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, Ajax, and Calchas.

Look you, who comes here?

Achil. *Patroclus*, I'll speak with no body: come in with me, *Thersites*. [Exit.

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery: all the argument is a cuckold and a whore, a good quarrel to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon: now the dry *Serpigo* on the subject, and war and lechery confound all! [Exit.

Aga.

Aga. Where is *Achilles*?

Patr. Within his tent, but ill dispos'd, my lord.

Aga. Let it be known to him that we are here.

‡ He shent our messengers, and we lay by

Our appertainments, visiting of him :

Let him be told so, lest, perchance, he think

We dare not move the question of our place ;

Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him.

[*Exit.*

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent,
He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of a proud heart : you
may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man ;
but, by my head, 'tis pride ; but why, why?——let
him shew us the cause. A word, my lord.

[*To Agamemnon.*

Nest. What moves *Ajax* thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. *Achilles* hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who, *Thersites*?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will *Ajax* lack matter, if he have lost
his argument.

Ulyss. No, you see, he is his argument, that has his
argument, *Achilles*.

Nest. All the better ; their fraction is more our wish
than their faction ; but it was a strong counsel, that a
fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly
may easily untye.

‡ He SENT our messengers.——] This nonsense should be
read,

He SHENT our messengers,——

i. e. rebuked, rated.

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

*Enter Patroclus.*Here comes *Patroclus*.*Nest.* No *Achilles* with him?*Ulyss.* The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesie;
His legs are for necessity, not flexure.*Patr.* *Achilles* bids me say, he is much sorry,
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness, and this noble state,
To call on him; he hopes, it is no other,
But for your health and your digestion-sake;
An after-dinner's breath.*Aga.* Hear you, *Patroclus*;
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outflie our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his virtues
(Not virtuously on his own part beheld)
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss;
And like fair fruit in an unwholsome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin,
If you do say, we think him over-proud,
In self-assumption greater than in note
Of judgment: say, men worthier than himself
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And under-go in an observing kind
His humourous predominance; yea, watch
(*a*) His pettish lunes, his ebbs and flows; as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,[(*a*) *His pettish lunes.* Oxford Editor—Vulg. *pettish lines.*]

That

That if he over-hold his price so much,
 We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
 Not portable, lye under this report,
 Bring action hither, this can't go to war:
 A stirring dwarf we do allowance give,
 Before a sleeping giant; tell him so.

Patr. I shall, and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*

Aga. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,
 We come to speak with him. *Ulysses*, enter.

[*Exit Ulysses.*

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Aga. 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?

Aga. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say,
 he is?

Aga. No, noble *Ajax*, you are as strong, as valiant,
 as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altoge-
 ther more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? how doth
 pride grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your mind is clearer, *Ajax*, and your virtues
 the fairer; he, that is proud, eats up himself. Pride
 is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle;
 and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the
 deed in the praise.

S C E N E VIII.

Re-enter Ulysses.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engend-
 ring of toads.

Nest. Yet he loves himself: is't not strange?

Ulyss. *Achilles* will not to the field to morrow.

Aga. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;

But

But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
' In will-peculiar, and in self-admission.

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Un-tent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake
only,

He makes important: ' he's possess'd with greatness,
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath. Imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters down himself; what should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it
Cry, no recovery.

Aga. Let *Ajax* go to him.

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent;
'Tis said, he holds you well, and will be led
At your request a little from himself.

Ulyss. O, *Agamemnon*, let it not be so.
We'll consecrate the steps that *Ajax* makes,
When they go from *Achilles*. Shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matters of the world
Enter his thoughts, (save such as do revolve
And ruminat himself,) shall he be worshipp'd
Of That, we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,

9 *In will-peculiar, and in self-admission.*] *Will-peculiar* should be read like self-admission with a hyphen. The meaning is, He does nothing but what his own will dictates, and approves of nothing but what his own fancy recommends.

1 — *He's possess'd with greatness,*] i. e. greatness has got possession of him, as the devil of a witch.

(As

(As amply titled, as *Achilles* is,) by going to *Achilles*:
 'That were t' inlard his pride, already fat,
 And add more coals to *Cancer*, when he burns
 With entertaining great *Hyperion*.

This lord go to him? *Jupiter* forbid,
 And say in thunder, *Achilles* go to him!

Nest. O, this is well, he rubs the vein of him.

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!

Ajax. If I go to him——with my armed fist
 I'll pass him o'er the face.

Aga. O no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll please his
 pride; let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our
 quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry insolent fellow——

Nest. How he describes himself!

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. The raven chides blackness.

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Aga. He'll be the physician, that should be the
 patient.

Ajax. And all men were o' my mind——

Ulyss. W it would be out of fashion.

Ajax. He should not bear it so, he should eat swords
 first: shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half.

Ulyss. He would have ten shares.

² *Ajax.* I will knead him, I'll make him supple ——

Nest. He is not yet through warm: force him with
 praises; pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble General, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without *Achilles*.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harm.

² *Ajax.* I will knead him, I'll make him supple, he's not yet through
 warm.] The latter part of this speech should be given to *Nestor*.

Here is a man—but 'tis before his face—
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whorison dog! that palters thus with us —
Would he were a *Trojan*!

Nest. What a vice were it in *Ajax* now—

Ulyss. If he were proud.

Dio. Or covetous of praise.

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne.

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected.

Ulyss. Thank the heav'ns, lord, thou art of sweet
composure;

Praise him that got thee, her that gave thee suck:
Fam'd be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let *Mars* divide eternity in twain,
And give him half; and for thy vigor,
Bull-bearing *Milo* his Addition yields
To sinewy *Ajax*; I'll not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts. Here's *Nestor*,
Instructed by the Antiquary times;
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise:
But pardon, father *Nestor*, were your days
As green as *Ajax*, and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as *Ajax*.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Ulyss. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord *Ajax*.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the Hart *Achilles*
Keeps thicket; please it our great General
To call together all his State of war;
Fresh Kings are come to *Troy*: to morrow, friends,
We

We must with all our main of pow'r stand fast :
And here's a lord, come Knights from East to West,
And cull their flow'r, *Ajax* shall cope the best.

Aga. Go we to Council, let *Achilles* sleep ;
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw
deep. [*Exeunt.*]

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

Paris's Apartments in the Palace, in Troy.

Enter Pandarus, and a Servant. [*Musick within.*]

PANDARUS.

FRIEND! you! pray you, a word: do not you
follow the young lord *Paris*?

Ser. Ay, Sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Ser. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman: I
must needs praise him.

Ser. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Ser. Faith, Sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord
Pandarus.

Ser. I hope, I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Ser. You are in the state of Grace.

Pan. Grace? not so, friend: honour and lordship,
are my titles:

What musick is this?

Ser. I do but partly know, Sir; it is musick in
parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Ser.

Ser. Wholly, Sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Ser. To the hearers, Sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Ser. At mine, Sir, and theirs that love musick.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Ser. Who shall I command, Sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?

Ser. That's to't, indeed, Sir; marry, Sir, at the request of *Paris* my lord, who's there in person; with him the mortal *Venus*, the heart-blood of beauty, (a) love's visible soul.

Pan. Who, my cousin *Cressida*?

Ser. No, Sir, *Helen*; could you not find out That by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady *Cressida*. I come to speak with *Paris* from the Prince *Troilus*: I will make a complemental assault upon him, for my business seethes.

Ser. Sudden business! there's a stew'd phrase, indeed.

S C E N E II.

Enter Paris and Helen, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair Desires in all fair measure fairly guide them; especially to you, fair Queen, fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet Queen: fair Prince, here is good broken musick.

Par. You have broken it, cousin, and, by my life,

[(a) *love's visible soul.* Oxford Editor—Vulg. *love's invisible soul.*]

you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. *Nell*, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, Sir——

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord; well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear *Queen*; my lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out; we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet *Queen*, you are pleasant with me; but marry thus, my lord;—my dear lord, and most esteemed Friend, your brother *Troilus*——

Helen. My lord *Pandarus*, honey-sweet lord,——

Pan. Go to, sweet *Queen*, go to——

Commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody: If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet *Queen*, sweet *Queen*, that's a sweet *Queen*, I'faith——

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sower offence. Nay, that shall not serve your turn, that shall it not in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words, no, no——

Pan. And, my lord, he desires you, that if the King call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord *Pandarus*,——

Pan. What says my sweet *Queen*, my very very sweet *Queen*?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where sups he to night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,——

Pan. What says my sweet *Queen*? my cousin will fall out with you.

Helen. You must not know where he sups.

Par.

Par. I'll lay my life, ' with my dispoufer *Cressida*.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come, your dispoufer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord; why should you say, *Cressida*? no, your poor dispoufer's sick.

Par. I spy——

Pan. You spy, what do you spy? come, give me an instrument now, sweet Queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My neice is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet Queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord *Paris*.

Pan. He? no, she'll none of him, they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now; by my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine fore-head.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may——

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. Oh, *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!*

Pan. Love!——ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so.

Love, love, nothing but love, still more:

For O, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe;

The shaft confounds

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore.

† — with my DISPOSER *Cressida*.] I think *disposer* should, in these places, be read DISPOUSER; she that would separate *Helen* from him.

TROIILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

*These lovers cry, ob! ob! they dye:
Yet That, which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn, ob! ob! to ha, ha, he:
So dying love lives still.
O ho, a while; but ha, ha, ha;
O ho groans out for ha, ha, ha——hey ho!*

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose!

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds are love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? why they are vipers; is love a generation of vipers?—Sweet lord, who's a-field to day?

Par. *Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor*, and all the gallantry of *Troy*. I would fain have arm'd to day, but my *Nell* would not have it so. How chance my brother *Troilus* went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something; you know all, lord *Pandarus*.

Pan. Not I, honey sweet Queen: I long to hear how they sped to day. You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewel, sweet Queen.

Helen. Commend me to your neice.

Pan. I will, sweet Queen. [*Exit. Sound a Retreat.*]

Par. They're come from field: let us to *Priam's* Hall,

To greet the warriors—Sweet *Helen*, I must woo you
To help unarm our *Hector*: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers toucht,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,
Or force of *Greekish* finews: you shall do more
Than all the island Kings, disarm great *Hector*.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, *Paris*:
Yea,

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,
Yea, over-shines our self.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

An Orchard to Pandarus's House.

Enter Pandarus, and Troilus's Man.

Pan. **N**OW, where's thy master? at my cousin
Cressida's?

Ser. No, Sir, ² he prays you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes; how now, how now?

Troi. Sirrah, walk off.

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Troi. No, *Pandarus*: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the *Stygian* banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my *Charon*,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lilly beds
Propos'd for the deserfer! O gentle *Pandarus*,
From *Cupid's* shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to *Cressid*.

Pan. Walk here i' th' orchard, I will bring her
straight. [*Exit Pandarus.*]

Troi. I'm giddy; expectation whirls me round.
Th' imaginary relish is so sweet,
That it enchants my sense: what will it be,
When that the watry palate tastes indeed,
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, and too sharp in sweetness,

²—*he STAYS you*—] We should read, —*he PRAYS you*—

For the capacity of my rude powers;
 I fear it much, and I do fear besides,
 That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
 As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
 The flying enemy.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight;
 you must be witty now. She does so blush, and
 fetches her wind so short, as if she were afraid with a
 sprite: I'll bring her. It is the prettiest villain, she
 fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow.

[*Exit Pandarus.*

Troi. Ev'n such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
 My heart beats thicker than a fev'rous pulse;
 And all my pow'rs do their bestowing lose,
 Like vassalage at unawares encountering
 The eye of Majesty.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Come, come; what need you blush? Shame's
 a baby. Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her,
 that you have sworn to me. What, are you gone
 again? you must be watch'd ere you be made tame,
 must you? come your ways, come your ways; if you
 draw backward, we'll put you i' th' files: Why do
 you not speak to her? Come, draw this curtain, and
 let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loth you
 are to offend day-light? an 'twere dark, you'd close
 sooner. So, so, rub on, and kiss the Mistress; how
 now, a kiss in fee-farm? build there, carpenter, the
 air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out,
 ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the
 ducks i' th' river: go to, go to.

Troi. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of deeds too, if she call your activity in question: what, billing again? here's, in witness whereof the parties interchangeably——come in, come in, I'll go get a fire. [*Exit Pandarus.*]

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Troi. O *Cressida*, how often have I wisht me thus?

Cre. Wisht, my lord! the Gods grant——O my lord.

Troi. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? what too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cre. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Troi. Fears make devils of cherubims, they never see truly.

Cre. Blind fear, which seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear. To fear the worst, oft cures the worse.

Troi. O, let my lady apprehend no fear; in all *Cupid's* Pageant there is presented no monster.

Cre. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Troi. Nothing, but our Undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tygers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd: that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cre. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able; and yet reserve an ability, that they never perform: vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monstrous?

Troi. Are there such? such are not we; praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove: our head shall go bare, till merit crown it; no perfection in rever-

sion shall have a praise in present; we will not name desert before his birth, and, being born, his addition shall be humble; few words to fair faith. *Troilus* shall be such to *Cressida*, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than *Troilus*.

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

S C E N E V.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. What blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me; be true to my lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troi. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are constant, being won; they are burrs, I can tell you, they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cre. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:

Prince *Troilus*, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.

Troi. Why was my *Cressid* then so hard to win?

Cre. Hard to seem won: but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—pardon me—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant;
I love you now; but not till now, so much
But I might master it—in faith, I lie—
My thoughts were, like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother; see, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,

When

When we are so unsecret to our selves?
 But though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
 And yet, good faith, I wisht my self a man:
 Or that We women had men's privilege,
 Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
 For in this rapture I shall surely speak
 The thing I shall repent; see, see, your silence
 (Cunning in dumbness) from my weakness draws
 My very soul of counsel. Stop my mouth.

Troi. And shall, albeit sweet musick issues thence.

[*Kissing.*]

Pan. Pretty, i'faith

Cre. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
 'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss:
 I am asham'd; — O heavens, what have I done! —
 For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Troi. Your leave, sweet *Cressid*?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to morrow
 morning——

Cre. Pray you, content you.

Troi. What offends you, lady?

Cre. Sir, mine own company.

Troi. You cannot shun your self.

Cre. Let me go try:

I have a kind of self resides with you:
 But an unkind self, that it self will leave,
 To be another's fool. Where is my wit?
 I would be gone: I speak, I know not what.

Troi. Well know they what they speak, that speak
 so wisely.

Cre. Perchance, my lord, I shew more craft than
 love,

And fell so roundly to a large confession,
 To angle for your thoughts: but you are wise,
 Or else you love not: To be wise and love,
 Exceeds man's might, and dwells with Gods above.

Troi. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,

(*As*

(As, if it can, I will presume in you,)
 To feed for ay her lamp and flames of love,
 To keep her constancy in plight and youth
 Out-living Beauties outward; with a mind
 That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
 Or, that persuasion could but once convince me,
 That my integrity and truth to you
 Might be affronted with the match and weight
 Of such a winnow'd purity in love:
 How were I then up-lifted! but alas,
 I am as true as Truth's simplicity,
³ And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cre. In that I'll war with you.

Troi. O virtuous fight!

When Right with Right warrs who shall be most
 right.

- True swains in love shall in the world to come
- Approve their truths by *Troilus*; when their rhimes,
- Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
- Want similies: truth, tired with iteration,
- As true as steel, as ⁴ Plantage to the Moon,
- As Sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
- As iron to adamant, as earth to th' center:
- Yet after all comparisons of truth,

³ *And simpler than the infancy of truth.*] This is fine: and means, *Ere truth, to defend itself against deceit in the commerce of the world, had, out of necessity, learn'd worldly policy.*

⁴ — *Plantage to the Moon.*] I formerly made a silly conjecture, that the true reading was,

Planets to their Moons.

But I did not reflect that it was wrote before *Galileo* had discovered the Satellites of *Jupiter*; this play being printed in 1609, and that discovery made in 1710. So that *Plantage to the Moon* is right, and alludes to the common opinion of the influence the Moon has over what is *planted* or *sown*, which was therefore done in the increase.

*Rite Latonæ puerum canentes,
 Rite crescentem face noctilucam,
 Prosperam frugam —————*

Hor. L. 4. Od. 6.

• (As

' 5 As truth authentick, ever to be cited,
 ' As true as *Troilus*, shall crown up the verse,
 ' And sanctifie the numbers.
 ' *Cre.* Prophet may you be!
 ' If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
 ' When time is old and hath forgot it self,
 ' When water-drops have worn the stones of *Troy*,
 ' And blind Oblivion swallow'd Cities up,
 ' And mighty States characterless are grated
 ' To dusty Nothing; yet let Memory,
 ' From false to false, among false maids in love,
 ' Upbraid my falsehood! when they've said, as false
 ' As air, as water, as wind, as sandy earth;
 ' As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf;
 ' Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son;
 ' Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
 ' As false as *Cressid.*—

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it, I'll be
 the witness.—Here I hold your hand; here my cou-
 sin's; if ever you prove false to one another, since I
 have taken such pains to bring you together, let all
 pitiful Goers-between be call'd to the world's end after
 my name; call them all *Pandars*: (a) let all inconstant
 men be *Troilus's*, all false women *Cressida's*, and all
 brokers between *Pandars*: say, Amen.

Troi. Amen!

Cre. Amen!

Pan. Amen: Whereupon I will shew you a bed-
 chamber; which bed, because it shall not speak of

5 *As TRUTH'S AUTHENTIC AUTHOR to be cited*] This
 line is absolute nonsense. We should read,

As TRUTH AUTHENTIC, EVER to be cited.

i. e. when all comparisons of truth are exhausted, they shall be
 then all summed up in this great one, this *authentic truth ever to*
be cited, as true as Troilus.

[(a) *let, all inconstant men.* Oxford Editor.—Vulg. *let all*
constant men.]

your

your pretty encounters, press it to death : away.
 And *Cupid* grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,
 Bed, chamber, and *Pandar* to provide this Geer !

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

Changes to the Grecian Camp.

*Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Ajax,
 Menelaus, and Calchas.*

Cal. NOW, Princes, for the service I have done you,
 Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud
 To call for recompense: ⁶ appear it to you,

That,

⁶ ———— appear it to you,

That, through the sight I bear in things to come,

I have abandon'd Troy.——] This reasoning perplexes Mr.

*Theobald, He foresaw his country was undone; he ran over to the
 Greeks; and this he makes a merit of, says the Editor. I own
 (continues he) the motives of his oratory seem to me somewhat per-
 verse and unartful. Nor do I know how to reconcile it, unless
 our poet purposely intended to make Calchas act the part of a TRUE
 PRIEST, and so from motives of self-interest insinuate the merit
 of service. The Editor did not know how to reconcile this.
 Nor I neither. For I don't know what he means by the motives
 of his oratory, or, from motives of self-interest to insinuate merit.
 But if he would insinuate, that it was the poet's design to make
 his priest self interested, and to represent to the Greeks that what
 he did for his own preservation was done for their service, he is
 mistaken. Shakespear thought of nothing so silly, as it would be
 to draw his priest a knave, in order to make him talk like a fool.
 Tho' that be the fate which generally attends their abusers. But
 Shakespear was no such; and consequently wanted not this cover
 for dulness. The perverseness is all the Editor's own, who in-
 terprets,*

——— through the sight I have in things to come

I have abandoned Troy———

To signify, by my power of prescience finding my country must be
 ruined, I have therefore abandoned it to seek refuge with you;
 whereas the true sense is, Be it known unto you, that on account of
 a gift or faculty I have of seeing things to come, which faculty I
 suppose would be esteemed by you as acceptable and useful, I have
 abandoned

That, through the sight I bear in things to come,
 I have abandon'd *Troy*, left my possession,
 Incurr'd a traitor's name, expos'd myself,
 From certain and possess'd conveniences,
 To doubtful fortunes; sequestred from all
 That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
 Made tame and most familiar to my nature:
 And here, to do you service, am become
 As new into the world, strange, unacquainted.
 I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
 To give me now a little benefit,
 Out of those many registred in promise,
 Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Aga. What wouldst thou of us, *Trojan*? make demand.

Cal. You have a *Trojan* prisoner, call'd *Antenor*,
 Yesterday took: *Troy* holds him very dear.

abandoned Troy my native Country. That he could not mean what the Editor supposes, appears from these considerations, First, If he had represented himself as running from a falling city, he could never have said,

I have——expos'd my self
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes——

Secondly, The absolute knowledge of the fall of *Troy* was a secret hid from the inferior Gods themselves; as appears from the poetical history of that war. It depended on many contingences whose existence *they* did not foresee. All that they knew was, that if such and such things happened *Troy* would fall. And this secret they communicated to *Cassandra* only, but along with it, the fate not to be believed. Several others knew each a several part of the secret; *one*, that *Troy* could not be taken unless *Achilles* went to the war; another, that it could not fall while it had the *Palladium*; and so on. But the secret, that it was absolutely to fall, was known to none.

The sense here given will admit of no dispute amongst those who know how acceptable a *Seer* was amongst the *Greeks*. So that this *Calchas*, like a true priest, if it must needs be so, went where he could exercise his profession with most advantage. For it being much less common amongst the *Greeks* than the *Asiatics*, there would be there a greater demand for it.

Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore;) Desir'd my *Cressid* in right-great exchange, Whom *Troy* hath still deny'd : but this *Antenor*, I know, is such a wrest in their affairs, That their negotiations all must slack, Wanting his Manage; and they will almost Give us a Prince o'th' blood, a son of *Priam*, In change of him. Let him be sent, great Princes, And he shall buy my daughter: and her presence Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
(a) In most accepted pay.

Aga. Let *Diomedes* bear him, And bring us *Cressid* hither: *Calchas* shall have What he requests of us. Good *Diomede*, Furnish you fairly for this enterchange; Withall, bring word, if *Hector* will to morrow Be answer'd in his challenge. *Ajax* is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake, and 'tis a burthen Which I am proud to bear.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus, before their Tent.

Ulys. *Achilles* stands i'th' entrance of his Tent, Please it our General to pass strangely by him, As if he were forgot; and, Princes all, Lay negligent and loose regard upon him: I will come last; 'tis like, he'll question me, Why such unplausive eyes are bent on him: If so, I have decision medicinable To use between your strangeness and his pride, Which his own will shall have desire to drink. It may do good: Pride hath no other glass To shew itself, but pride; for supple knees

[(a) *In most accepted pay.* Oxford Editor.—Vulg. *In most accepted pain.*]

Feed

Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Aga. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along ;
So do each lord ; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the General to speak with me ?
You know my mind. I'll fight no more 'gainst *Troy*.

Aga. What says *Achilles* ? would he aught with us ?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the General ?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Aga. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you ? how do you ?

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me ?

Ajax. How now, *Patroclus* ?

Achil. Good morrow, *Ajax*.

Ajax. Ha ?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exeunt.*]

Achil. What mean these fellows ? know they not
Achilles ?

Patr. They pass by strangely : they were us'd to
bend,

To send their smiles before them to *Achilles*,
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late ?

'Tis certain, Greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too : what the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own Fall : for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings but to the summer ;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath honour, but is honour'd by those honours
That are without him ; as place, riches, favour,

' Prizes

' Prizes of accident as oft as merit;
 ' Which, when they fall, (as being flipp'ry standers)
 ' The love that lean'd on them, as flipp'ry too,
 ' Doth one pluck down another, and together
 ' Die in the Fall. But 'tis not so with me:
 Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
 At ample point all that I did possess,
 Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
 Something in me not worth that rich beholding,
 As they have often giv'n. Here is *Ulysses*.
 I'll interrupt his reading. — Now, *Ulysses*?

Ulys. Now, *Thetis'* son!

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulys. A strange fellow here
 Writes me, that man, ⁷ how dearly ever parted,
 How much in Having, or without, or in,
 Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
 Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
 As when his virtues shining upon others
 Heat them, and they retort that heat again
 To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, *Ulysses*.
 The beauty that is borne here in the face
 The bearer knows not, but commends itself
⁸ To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself
 (That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself
 Not going from itself; but eyes oppos'd
 Salute each other with each others' form.
 For speculation turns not to itself,
 'Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
 Where it may see its self; this is not strange.

7 — *how dearly ever parted,*] *i. e.* how exquisitely soever his virtues be divided and balanced in him. So in *Romeo and Juliet*, *Stuffs, as they say with honourable parts, proportioned as ones thoughts would wish a man.*

8 *To others' eyes, &c.*

That most pure spirit, &c.] These two lines are totally omitted in all the editions but the first quarto.

Mr. Pope.
Ulys.

Ulys. I do not strain at the position,
 It is familiar; but the author's drift;
 Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves
 That no man is the lord of any thing,
 (Tho' in, and of, him there is much consisting)
 'Till he communicate his parts to others;
 Nor doth he of himself know them for aught,
 'Till he behold them formed in th' applause
 Where they're extended; which, like an arch, re-
 verb'rates

The voice again; or, like a gate of steel
 Fronting the Sun, receives and renders back
 His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this,
 And apprehended here immediately

The unknown *Ajax*——

Heav'ns! what a man is there? a very horse,
 That has he knows not what. Nature! what things
 there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use?
 What things again most dear in the esteem,
 And poor in worth? now shall we see to morrow
 An Act, that very Chance doth throw upon him:
Ajax renown'd! Oh heav'ns, what some men do,
 While some men leave to do!

° How some men sleep in skittish Fortune's hall,
 While others play the ideots in her eyes;
 How one man eats into another's pride,
 While pride is feasting in his wantonness!

9 *How some men CREEP in skittish Fortune's hall,*] This is said with design that *Achilles* should apply it to himself and *Ajax*. But as *creep* is to be applied to *Achilles*, it conveys a wrong idea, as representing one who is timorous and afraid to achieve great acts: whereas it should represent one entirely negligent in achieving them. For this was then *Achilles's* case. So that we should read,

How some men SLEEP in skittish Fortune's hall.

For he was the first favourite of fortune; yet when he got into her presence instead of pushing his way, he became entirely negligent and unconcerned for her favours.

To see these *Grecian* lords! why ev'n already
 They clap the lubber *Ajax* on the shoulder,
 As if his foot were on brave *Hector's* breast,
 And great *Troy* shrinking.

Achil. This I do believe;
 For they pass'd by me, as misers do by beggars,
 Neither gave to me good word, nor good look:
 What! are my deeds forgot?

Ulys. ' Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
 ' Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion:
 ' (A great-siz'd monster of ingritudes)
 ' Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd
 ' As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
 ' As done: Perseverance keeps Honour bright:
 ' To have done, is to hang quite out of fashion,
 ' Like rusty mail in monumental mockery.
 " For honour travels in a streight so narrow,
 " Where one but goes abreast? keep then the path;
 " For Emulation hath a thousand sons,
 " That one by one pursue; if you give way,
 " Or turn aside from the direct forth-right,
 " Like to an entred tide, they all rush by,
 " And leave you hindermost; and there you lye,
 " Like to a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
 " For pavement to the abject Rear, o'er-run
 " And trampled on: Then what they do in present,
 " Tho' less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours.
 ' For time is like a fashionable host,
 ' That slightly shakes his parting guest by th' hand;
 ' But with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
 ' Grasps in the comer; Welcome ever smiles,
 ' And Farewel goes out fighting. O, let not virtue
 seek

¹ Like to a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
 For pavement to the abject REAR,—] We should read,
 abject REAR, i. e. the mean abject horses which, by reason of
 their unsuitness for service, are put into the rear of the line; or at
 least become the rear in a vigorous charge.

“ Remuneration

" Remuneration for the thing it was ;
 " For beauty, wit, high birth, desert in service,
 " Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 " To envious and calumniating time.
 " One touch of nature makes the whole world kin ;
 " That all, with one consent, praise new-born Gawds,
 " Tho' they are made and moulded of things past ;
 " And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
 " (a) More laud than they will give to gold o'er-
 dusted :

" The present eye praises the present object.
 Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
 That all the *Greeks* begin to worship *Ajax* ;
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
 Than what not stirs. The Cry went once for thee,
 And still it might, and yet it may again,
 If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,
 And case thy reputation in thy tent ;
 Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
 2 Made emulous missions 'mongst the Gods themselves,
 And drave great *Mars* to faction.

Achil. Of my privacy
 I have strong reasons.

Ulys. 'Gainst your privacy
 The reasons are more potent and heroical.
 'Tis known, *Achilles*, that you are in love
 With one of *Priam's* daughters.

Achil. Ha ! known !

Ulys. Is that a wonder ?
 The providence, that's in a watchful State,
 Knows almost every grain of *Pluto's* Gold ;
 Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive Deep ;

2 *Made emulous missions*—] *Missions*, for divisions, *i. e.* goings out, on one side and the other.

[(a) *More laud than they will give to gold o'er-dusted.* Dr. Thirlby.—Vulg. *More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.*

³ Keeps place with thought; and almost, like the Gods,

Does ev'n our thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.

There is a mystery (with which relation Durst never meddle) in the Soul of State;

Which hath an operation more divine,

Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to.

All the commerce that you have had with *Troy*

As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord.

And better would it fit *Achilles* much,

To throw down *Hector*, than *Polyxena*.

But it must grieve young *Pyrrhus* now at home,

When Fame shall in his island sound her trump;

And all the *Greekish* girls shall tripping sing,

Great *Hector's* sister did *Achilles* win;

But our great *Ajax* bravely beat down him.

Farewel, my lord——I, as your lover, speak;

The fool slides o'er the ice, that you should break.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Patr. To this effect, *Achilles*, have I mov'd you;

A woman, impudent and mannish grown,

Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man

In time of act.— I stand condemn'd for this;

They think, my little stomach to the war,

And your great love to me, restrains you thus:

' Sweet, rouse your self; and the weak wanton *Cupid*

' Shall from your neck unloose his am'rous fold;

' And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,

' Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector*!—

² *Keeps place with thought; —*] *i. e.* there is in the providence of a state, as in the providence of the universe, a kind of ubiquity. The expression is exquisitely fine. Yet the *Oxford Editor* alters it to *Keeps pace*, and so destroys all its beauty.

Patr.

Patr. Ay, and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O then beware:
Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves:
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a Commission to a Blank of Danger;
And Danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then, when we sit idly in the Sun.

Achil. Go call *Thersites* hither, sweet *Patroclus*:
I'll send the fool to *Ajax*, and desire him
T'invite the *Trojan* lords, after the Combat,
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's Longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great *Hector* in the Weeds of peace;
'To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Ev'n to my full of view.—A labour fav'd!

S C E N E IX.

Enter Thersites.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. *Ajax* goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to morrow with *Hector*, and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride and a stand; ruminates like an hostess, that hath no arithmetick but her brain, to set down her reckoning; bites his lip with a politick regard, as who should say, there were wit in his head, if 'twou'd out; and so there is, but it lies as coldly in him as

fire in a flint, which will not shew without knocking. The man's undone for ever: for if *Hector* break not his neck i'th' combat, he'll break't himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said, good morrow, *Ajax*: And he replies, thanks, *Agamemnon*. What think you of this man, that takes me for the General? he's grown a very land-fish, language-less, a monster.
 " * A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both
 " sides, like a leather Jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, *Thersites*.

Ther. Who, I?—why, he'll answer no body; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in's arms. I will put on his presence; let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, you shall see the Pageant of *Ajax*.

Achil. To him, *Patroclus*—tell him, I humbly desire the valiant *Ajax*, to invite the most valorous *Hector* to come unarm'd to my tent, and to procure safe Conduct for his Person of the magnanimous and most illustrious, six or seven times honour'd, captain general, of the *Grecian* army, *Agamemnon*, &c. Do this.

Patr. *Jove* blefs great *Ajax*!

Ther. Hum——

Patr. I come from the worthy *Achilles*.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite *Hector* to his Tent.

Ther. Hum——

Patr. And to procure safe Conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Ther. *Agamemnon*!——

* *A plague of Opinion! a man may wear it on both sides like a leather Jerkin.*] This is said in compliment to *Achilles*. *Opinion* went all for him before, as now for *Ajax*. But the observation is fine, and admirably expressed.

Patr.

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi'you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, Sir.

Ther. If to morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, Sir.

Ther. Fare ye well with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus; what musick will be in him, when *Hector* has knock'd out his brains, I know not. But, I am sure, none; unless the fidler *Apollo* get his sinews to make Catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled like a fountain stirr'd, And I my self see not the bottom of it. [*Exit.*]

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exe.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street in TROY.

Enter at one door Æneas, with a torch; at another, Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomedes; Grecians, with Torches.

P A R I S.

SEE, ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the lord *Æneas*.

Æne. Is the Prince there in person?
Had I so good occasion to lie long,

F f 4

As

As you, Prince *Paris*, nought but heav'nly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too: good morrow, lord
Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, *Æneas*; take his hand;
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told, how *Diomedes* a whole week, by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant Sir,
During all question of the gentle Truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and th'other *Diomedes* embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm, and, so long, health;
But when contention and occasion meet,
By *Jove*, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion that will flie
With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,
Welcome to *Troy*—Now, by *Anchises'* life,
Welcome, indeed!—² by *Venus'* hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize.—*Jove*, let *Æneas* live
(If to my sword his Fate be not the Glory)
A thousand complete courses of the Sun:
But in mine emulous honour let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to morrow.

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despightful, gentle greeting;

¹ *During all question of the gentle Truce:]* Question, for force, virtue.

² —by *Venus' hand I swear,*] This oath was used to insinuate his resentment for *Diomedes* wounding his mother in the hand.

The noblest, hateful love, that e'er I heard of.
What business, lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you; 'twas, to bring this
Greek

To *Calchas'* house, and there to render him
(For the enfréed *Antenor*) the fair *Cressid*.
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste thee before. I constantly do think,
(Or rather call my thought a certain knowledge)
My brother *Troilus* lodges there to night.
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof, I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That assure you.

Troilus had rather *Troy* were borne to *Greece*,
Than *Cressid* borne from *Troy*.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord, we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow all. [Exit.]

Par. And tell me, noble *Diomedé*; tell me true,
Ev'n in the soul of good sound fellowship,
Who in your thoughts merits fair *Helen* most?
My self, or *Menelaus*?

Dio. Both alike.

He merits well to have her, that doth seek her,
(Not making any scruple of her foilure,
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge.
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour,
With such a costly los of wealth and friends.
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of ³ a flat tamed piece;

³ ——— a flat tamed piece;] i. e. a piece of wine out of which
the spirit is all flown.

You,

TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
 Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
 Both merits pois'd, each weighs no less nor more,
 But he as he, which heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your Country-woman.

Dio. She's bitter to her Country; hear me, *Paris*,
 For ev'ry false drop in her bawdy veins
 A *Grecian's* life hath sunk; for every scruple
 Of her contaminated carrion weight,
 A *Trojan* hath been slain. Since she could speak,
 She hath not giv'n so many good words breath,
 As, for her, *Greeks* and *Trojans* suffer'd death.

Par. Fair *Diomede*, you do as chapmen do,
 Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
 But we in silence hold this virtue well;
 * We'll not commend what we intend not sell.
 Here lyes our way. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Changes to Pandarus's House.

Enter Troilus and Cressida.

Troi. D E A R, trouble not your self; the morn is
 cold.

Cre. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call my uncle down:
 He shall unbolt the gates.

* We'll not commend what we intend to sell.] But this is not talking like a chapman: for if it be the custom for the buyer to dispraise, it is the custom too for the seller to commend. Therefore, if *Paris* had an intention to sell *Helen*, he should, by this rule, have commended her. But the truth was he had no such intention, and therefore did prudently not to commend her: which shews *Shakespeare* wrote,

We'll not commend what we intend NOT sell.

i. e. what we intend not to sell. The *Oxford Editor* has thought fit to honour this paraphrase by making it the text.

Troi.

Troi. Trouble him not——
To bed, to bed——sleep seal those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants empty of all thought!

Cre. Good morrow then.

Troi. I pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cre. Are you a weary of me?

Troi. O *Cressida!* but that the busie day,
Wak'd by the lark, has rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cre. Night hath been too brief.

Troi. "Beshrew the witch!" with venomous wights
"she stays,
" Tedious as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
" With wings more momentary-swift than thought:
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cre. Pr'ythee, tarry—you men will never tarry—
O foolish *Cressida!*—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark, there's
one up.

Pan. [*within.*] What's all the doors open here?

Troi. It is your uncle.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking;
I shall have such a life——

Pan. How now, how now? how go maiden-heads?
Hear you, maid; where's my cousin *Cressida?*

Cre. Go hang your self, you naughty mocking
uncle:

You bring me to do——and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? let her say, what:
What have I brought you to do?

5 ——with venomous wights she flays,
Tedious as hell;——] *i. e.* with witches, who perform their
venomous charms by night.

Cre.

Cre. Come, come, beshrew your heart; you'll never be good; nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! alas, poor wretch; a poor *Capocchia*,—hast not slept to night? would he not (a naughty man) let it sleep? a bugbear take him! [*One knocks.*]

Cre. Did not I tell you?—'would he were knock'd o' th' head!—who's that at door?—good uncle, go and see!—my lord, come you again into my chamber;—you smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troi. Ha, ha —————

Cre. Come, you are deceived, I think of no such thing. How earnestly they knock—pray you, come in. [*Knock.* I would not for half *Troy* have you seen here. [*Exeunt.*]

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door; how now? what's the matter?

S C E N E III.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord *Æneas*? by my troth, I knew you not; what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not Prince *Troilus* here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him. It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn; for my own part, I came in late: what should he do here?

Æne. Pho!—nay, then:—come, come, you'll do him wrong, ere y'are aware: you'll be so true to him, to be false to him: do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither, go.

[*As Pandarus is going out.*]

Enter

Enter Troilus.

Troi. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash: there is at hand
Paris your brother, and *Deiphobus*,
The *Grecian Diomedes*, and our *Antenor*
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to *Diomedes'* hand
The lady *Cressida*.

Troi. Is it concluded so?

Æne. By *Priam*, and the general State of *Troy*,
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troi. How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them; and (my lord *Æneas*)
We met by chance, you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; (a) the secretest of
natures

Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cressida to Pandarus.

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost: the
Devil take *Antenor*! the young Prince will go mad:
a plague upon *Antenor*! I would, they had broke's
neck.

Cre. How now? what's the matter? who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cre. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my
lord? gone! tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth, as I
am above!

Cre. O the Gods! what's the matter?

[(a) —the secretest of natures. Oxford Editor—Vulg.
the secrets of nature.]

Pan.

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'would, thou hadst ne'er been born: I knew, thou would'st be his death. O poor gentleman! a plague upon *Antenor*!——

Cre. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees, I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone: thou art chang'd for *Antenor*; thou must go to thy father, and be gone from *Troilus*: 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal Gods! I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cre. I will not, uncle: I've forgot my father, I know no touch of Consanguinity:
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
As the sweet *Troilus*. O you Gods divine!
Make *Cressid*'s name the very Crown of falshood,
If ever she leave *Troilus*. Time, Force, and Death,
Do to this body what extreams you can;
But the strong Base and Building of my Love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all to it.—I'll go and weep,——

Pan. Do, do.

Cre. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks.

Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With founding *Troilus*. I'll not go from *Troy*. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Before Pandarus's House.

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomedes.

Par. **I**T is great morning and the hour prefixt
Of her Delivery to this valiant *Greek*
Comes fast upon us: good my brother *Troilus*,

Tell

Tell you the Lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Troi. Walk into her house:

I'll bring her to the *Grecian* presently;
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother *Troilus*
A priest, there offering to it his heart.

Par. I know, what 'tis to love;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!
Please you, walk in, my lords.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

An Apartment in Pandarus's House.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. **B**E moderate, be moderate.
Cre. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect that I taste,
And in its sense is no less strong, than That
Which causeth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying drops:

Enter Troilus.

No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes,——a, sweet
duck! ——

Cre. O *Troilus*, *Troilus*!

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! let me
embrace too:

Ob heart, (as the goodly saying is;)

O heart, O heavy heart,

Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where

where he answers again ;

*Because thou can'st not ease thy smart,
By friendship, nor by speaking.*

There was never a truer rhyme. " Let us cast away
" nothing, for we may live to have need of such a
" verse ; we see it, we see it. How now, lambs ?

Troi. Cressid, I love thee in so strange a purity,
That the blest Gods, as angry with my fancy,
(More bright in zeal than the devotion, which
Cold lips blow to their Deities) take thee from me.

Cre. Have the Gods envy ?

Pan. Ay, ay, 'tis too plain a case.

Cre. And is it true, that I must go from *Troy* ?

Troi. A hateful truth !

Cre. What, and from *Troilus* too ?

Troi. From *Troy*, and *Troilus*.

Cre. Is it possible ?

Troi. And suddenly : while injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoynure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embraces, strangles our dear vows,
Ev'n in the birth of our own labouring breath.
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Each other bought, must poorly sell our selves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious Time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thiev'ry up, he knows not how.
As many farewels as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up all in one loose adieu ;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Aeneas. [*within.*] My lord, is the lady ready ?

Troi. Hark ! you are call'd. Some say, the Genius so
Cries, come, to him that instantly must die.
Bid them have patience ; she shall come anon.

Pan.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind,
or my heart will be blown up by the root.

[*Exit Pandarus.*]

Cre. I must then to the *Grecians*?

Troi. No remedy.

Cre. A woeful *Cressid* 'mongst the merry *Greeks*!
When shall we see again?

Troi. Hear me, my love; be thou but true of
heart——

Cre. I true! how now? what wicked Deem is
this?

Troi. Nay, we must use exostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:——

I speak not, be thou true, as fearing thee:
For I will throw my Glove to Death himself;
That there's no maculation in thy heart;
But, be thou true, say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation: be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cre. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite, as imminent: but, I'll be true.

Troi. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear
this sleeve.

Cre. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Troi. I will corrupt the *Grecian* Centinels
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet be true.

Cre. O heav'ns! be true, again?

Troi. Hear, why I speak it, love:
The *Grecian* youths are full of subtle qualities,
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature
Flowing, and swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelties may move, and parts with person——
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
Makes me afraid.

Cre. O heav'ns, you love me not!

TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Troi. Die I a villain then! —

In this, I do not call your faith in question
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high Lavolt; nor sweeten talk;
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the *Grecians* are most prompt and pregnant.
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discourfive Devil,
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cre. Do you think, I will?

Troi. No.

But something may be done, that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to our selves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æneas. [*within.*] Nay, good my lord, —

Troi. Come, kifs, and let us part.

Paris. [*within.*] Brother *Troilus*, —

Troi. Good brother, come you hither,
And bring *Æneas* and the *Grecian* with you.

Cre. My lord, will You be true?

Troi. Who I? alas, it is my Vice, my fault:
While others fish, with craft, for great opinion;
I, with great truth, catch meer simplicity.
While some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is plain and true, there's all the reach of it.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Æneas, Paris, and Diomedes.

Welcome, Sir *Diomede*; here is the lady,
Whom for *Antenor* we deliver you.
At the Port (lord) I'll give her to thy hand,
And by the way possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and by my soul, fair *Greek*,

If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name *Cressid*, and thy life shall be as safe
As *Priam* is in *Ilion*.

Dio. Lady *Cressid*,

So please you, save the thanks this Prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heav'n in your cheek,
Pleads you fair usage; and to *Diomede*
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Troi. *Grecian*, thou dost not use me courteously,
' To shame the zeal of my petition towards thee,
By praising her. I tell thee, lord of *Greece*,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my Charge;
For by the dreadful *Pluto*, if thou dost not,
(Tho' the great bulk *Achilles* be thy guard)
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. Oh, be not mov'd, prince *Troilus*.

Let me be privileg'd by my place and message,
To be a Speaker free. When I am hence,
I'll answer to my list: and know, my lord,
I'll nothing do on Charge; to her own worth
She shall be priz'd: but that you say, be't so;
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour—no.

Troi. Come, to the Port—I'll tell thee, *Diomede*,
This Brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.
Lady, give me your hand—and, as we walk,

6 To shame the SEAL of my petition tow'rd's thee,

By praising her.—] To shame the seal of a petition is non-
sense. *Shakespeare* wrote,

To shame the ZEAL——

and the sense is this: *Grecian*, you use me discourteously; you see, I am a *passionate* lover, by my petition to you; and therefore you should not shame the *zeal* of it, by promising to do what I require of you, for the sake of her *beauty*: when, if you had good manners, or a sense of a *lover's* delicacy, you would have promised to do it in compassion to his *pangs* and *sufferings*.

To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Sound trumpet.*]

Par. Hark, *Hector's* trumpet!

Æne. How have we spent this morning?
The Prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him in the field.

Par. 'Tis *Troilus's* fault. Come, come, to field with him.

Dio. Let me make ready strait.

Æne. Yea with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity
Let us address to tend on *Hector's* heels:
The Glory of our *Troy* doth this day lye
On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V I I I.

Changes to the Grecian Camp.

*Enter Ajax armed, Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus,
Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, &c.*

Aga. **H**ERE art thou in appointment fresh and fair,

Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy Trumpet a loud note to *Troy*,
Thou dreadful *Ajax*, that th' appalled air
May pierce the head of the great Combatant,
And hale him thither.

Ajax. Trumpet, there's my purse;
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek
Out-swell the cholick of puffed *Aquilon*:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout
blood:

Thou blow'st for *Hector*.

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early day.

Aga.

Aga. Is not yond' *Diomede* with *Calchas'* daughter?

Ulys. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate;
He rises on his toe; that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomede, with Cressida.

Aga. Is this the lady *Cressida*?

Dio. Ev'n she.

Aga. Most dearly welcome to the *Greeks*, sweet
lady.

Nest. Our General doth salute you with a kifs.

Ulys. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better, she were kifs'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.
So much for *Nestor*.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now:
For thus pop'd *Paris* in his hardiment,
And parted, thus, you and your argument.

Ulys. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns,
For which we lose our heads to gild his horns!

Patr. The first was *Menelaus'* kifs—this mine—
Patroclus kiffes you.

Men. O, this is trim.

Patr. *Paris* and I kifs evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kifs, Sir: lady, by your leave, —

Cre. In kissing do you render or receive?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cre. I'll make my match to live,
The kifs you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kifs.——

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cre. You are an odd man, give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Cre. No, *Paris* is not; for you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' th' head.

Cre. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyf. It were no match, your nail against his horn:
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cre. You may.

Ulyf. I do desire it.

Cre. Why, beg then.

Ulyf. Why then, for *Venus'* sake, give me a kiss,
When *Helen* is a maid again, and his——

Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyf. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Nest. A woman of quick sense!

Dio. Lady, a word—I'll bring you to your Father.
[*Diomede leads out Cressida.*]

Ulyf. Fie, fie upon her!

6 There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip:
6 Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
6 At every joint, 7 and motive of her body:
6 Oh, these Encounterers! So glib of tongue,
6 They give a Coasting welcome ere it comes;
6 And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
6 To every ticklish reader: set them down
6 For sluttish Spoils of Opportunity,
6 And daughters of the Game. [Trumpet within.]

*Enter Hector, Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Helenus,
and Attendants.*

All. The Trojans' trumpet!

Aga. Yonder comes the troop.

Æne. Hail, all the State of Greece! what shall be
done

To him that Victory commands? Or do you purpose,
A Victor shall be known? will you, the Knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity

7—— and motive of her body:] *Motive*, for motion.

Pursue

Pursue each other, or shall be divided
By any voice, or order of the field?

Hector bade ask.

Aga. Which way would *Hector* have it?

Æne. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The Knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not *Achilles*, Sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.

Æne. Therefore, *Achilles*; but whate'er, know this;
In the extremity of great and little
9 Valour and pride parcell themselves in *Hector*;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing; weigh him well;
And That, which looks like pride, is courtesie.
This *Ajax* is half made of *Hector's* blood,
In love whereof, half *Hector* stays at home;
Half harr, half hand, half *Hector*, come to seek
This blended Knight, half *Trojan* and half *Greek*.

Achil. A maiden-battle then? O, I perceive you.

Re-enter Diomedes.

Aga. Here is Sir *Diomedes*: go, gentle Knight,
Stand by our *Ajax*; as you and lord *Æneas*

8 'Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done,] In the sense of the
Latin, *securus*—*securus admodum de bello, animi securi homo*. A
negligent security arising from a contempt of the object opposed.

9 Valour and pride EXCELL themselves in *Hector*;] It is an
high absurdity to say, that any thing can *excell* in the extremity
of little; which little, too, is as *blank as nothing*. Without doubt
Shakespeare wrote,

Valour and pride PARCELL themselves in Hector;
i. e. divide themselves in *Hector* in such a manner, that the one
is almost infinite; the other almost nothing. For the use of this
word we may see *Richard III.*

—*their woes are PARCELLED.*

Consent upon the order of the fight,
So be it ; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath. The Combatants being kin
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

Ulys. They are oppos'd already.

Aga. What *Trojan* is that fame, that looks so heavy ?

Ulys. The youngest son of *Priam*, a true knight ;
“ Not yet mature, yet matchless ; firm of word ;
“ Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue ;
“ Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd ;
“ His heart and hand both open, and both free ;
“ For what he has, he gives ; what thinks, he shews ;
“ Yet gives he not, 'till judgment guide his bounty ;
“ Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath :
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous ;
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath subscribes
To tender objects ; but he in heat of action
Is more vindicative than jealous love.
They call him *Troilus*, and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as *Hector*.
Thus says *Aeneas*, one that knows the youth
Ev'n to his inches ; and with private soul,
Did in great *Ilium* thus translate him to me.

[*Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.*]

S C E N E IX.

Aga. They are in action.

Nest. Now, *Ajax*, hold thine own.

Troi. *Hector*, thou sleep'st, awake thee.

Aga. His blows are well dispos'd ; there, *Ajax*.

[*Trumpets cease.*]

Dio. You must no more.

Aene. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As *Hector* pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more.

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son;
 A cousin-german to great *Priam's* seed:
 The obligation of our blood forbids
 A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
 Were thy commixion *Greek* and *Trojan* so,
 That thou could'st say, this hand is *Grecian* all,
 And this is *Trojan*; the sinews of this leg
 All *Greek*, and this all *Troy*; my mother's blood
 Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
 Bounds in my fire's: by *Jove* multipotent,
 Thou should'st not bear from me a *Greekish* member,
 Wherein my sword had not impressure made
 Of our rank feud: But the just Gods gainsay,
 That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
 My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
 Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, *Ajax*:
 By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus.—
 Cousin, all honour to thee!——

Ajax. I thank thee, *Hector*!

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
 I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
 A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. ' Not *Neoptolemus's* Sire irascible,

(On

1 Not *Neoptolemus* so MIRABLE,
 (On whose bright crest, *Fame*, with her loud'st O yes,
 Cries, this is he;) could promise to himself, &c.] That is
 to say, You, an old veteran warrior, threaten to kill me, when
 not the young son of *Achilles* (who is yet to serve his apprenticeship
 in war, under the *Grecian* generals, and on that account called
Νεοπτόλεμος) dare himself entertain such a thought. But *Shake-*
spear meant another sort of man, as is evident from,

On whose bright crest, &c.

Which characterises one who goes foremost and alone: and can
 therefore

(On whose bright crest, Fame, with her loud'st O yes,
Cries, this is he;) could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from *Heſtor*.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the ſides,
What further you will do.

Heſt. We'll answer it:

The iſſue is embracement: *Ajax*, farewel.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find ſucceſs,
(As ſeld I have the chance) I would deſire
My famous couſin to our *Grecian* tents.

therefore ſuit only *one*, which *one* was *Achilles*; as *Shakeſpear*
himſelf has drawn him,

*The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
The ſinew and the forehead of our Hoſt.*

And again,

*Whoſe glorious deeds but in theſe fields of late
Made em'ulous miſſions 'mongſt the Gods themſelves,
And drove great Mars to faction.*

And indeed the ſenſe and ſpirit of *Heſtor*'s ſpeech requires that
the moſt celebrated of his adverſaries ſhould be picked out to be
deſied; and this was *Achilles*, with whom *Heſtor* had his final
affair. We muſt conclude then that *Shakeſpear* wrote,

Not Neoptolemus's SIRE IRASCIBLE
On whoſe bright creſt—

Iraſcible is an old ſchool term, and is an epithet ſuiting his cha-
racter, and the circumſtances he was then in.

Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer.

But our editor Mr *Theobald*, by his *obſcure diligence*, had found
out that *Wynken de Werde*, in the old chronicle of *The three de-
ſtructions of Troy*, introduces one *Neoptolemus* into the ten years
quarrel, a perſon diſtinct from the ſon of *Achilles*, and therefore
will have it, that *Shakeſpear* here means no other than the *Neopto-
lemus* of this worthy chronicler. He was told, to no purpoſe,
that this fancy was abſurd. For firſt, *Wynken's Neoptolemus* is a
common-rate warrior, and ſo deſcribed as not to fit the character
here given. Secondly, It is not to be imagined that the poet
ſhould on this occaſion make *Heſtor* refer to a character not in the
play, and never ſo much as mentioned on any other occaſion.
Thirdly, *Wynken's Neoptolemus* is a warrior on the *Trojan* ſide,
and ſlain by *Achilles*. But *Heſtor* muſt needs mean by one who
could promiſe a thought of added honour torn from him, a warrior
amongſt his enemies on the *Grecian* ſide.

Dio.

Dio. 'Tis *Agamemnon's* wish, and great *Achilles*
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant *Heſtor*.

Heſt. *Æneas*, call my brother *Troilus* to me:
And ſignifie this loving interview
To the expectors of our *Trojan* part:
Deſire them home. Give me thy hand, my Couſin:
I will go eat with thee, and ſee your Knights.

Agamemnon and the reſt of the Greeks come forward.

Ajax. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meet us here.

Heſt. The worthieſt of them tell me name by
name;

But for *Achilles*, mine own ſearching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly ſize.

Aga. Worthy of arms! as welcome, as to one
That would be rid of ſuch an enemy;
But that's no welcome: underſtand more clear,
What's paſt and what's to come is ſtrew'd with huſks
And formleſs ruin of Oblivion.

But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee with moſt divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great *Heſtor*, welcome.

Heſt. I thank thee, moſt imperious *Agamemnon*.

Aga. My well-fam'd lord of *Troy*, no leſs to you.

[To *Troilus*.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's
Greeting,

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Heſt. Whom muſt we answer?

Æne. The noble *Menelaus*.

Heſt. O—you, my lord—by *Mars* his gauntlet,
thanks.

Mock not, that I affect th' untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife ſwears ſtill by *Venus'* glove;
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, Sir, ſhe's a deadly theme.

Heſt.

Heñ. O, pardon——I offend.

Nest. ' I have, thou gallant *Trojan*, seen thee oft,
 ' Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
 ' Through ranks of *Greekish* youth ; and I have seen
 thee,
 ' As hot as *Perseus*, spur thy *Phrygian* steed,
 ' Bravely despising forfeits and subduements,
 ' When thou hast hung thy advanc'd sword i'th' air,
 ' Not letting it decline on the declin'd :
 ' That I have said unto my standers-by,
 ' Lo, *Jupiter* is yonder, dealing life !
 And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
 When that a Ring of *Greeks* have hem'd thee in,
 Like an *Olympian* wrestling. This I've seen :
 But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
 I never saw 'till now. I knew thy Grandfire,
 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.

Ane. 'Tis the old *Nestor*.

Heñ. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
 That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time :
 Most reverend *Nestor*, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in con-
 tention,
 As they contend with thee in courtesie.

Heñ. I would, they could.

Nest. By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-
 morrow.

Well, welcome, welcome ; I have seen the time——

Ulys. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
 When we have here the base and pillar by us.

Heñ. I know your favour, lord *Ulysses*, well.
 Ah, Sir, there's many a *Greek* and *Trojan* dead,
 Since first I saw your self and *Diomedè*
 In *Ilion*, on your *Greekish* embassie.

Ulys.

Ulys. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue :
My prophesie is but half his journey yet ;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yond towers, whose wanton tops do bus the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Heet. I must not believe you :
There they stand yet ; and, modestly I think,
The fall of every *Phrygian* stone will cost
A drop of *Grecian* blood ; the end crowns all ;
And that old common Arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Ulys. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant *Hector*, welcome ;
After the General, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my Tent.

Achil. I shall forestal thee, lord *Ulysses* ;——thou !
Now, *Hector*, I have fed mine eyes on thee ;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, *Hector*,
And quoted joint by joint.

Heet. Is this *Achilles* ?

Achil. I am *Achilles*.

Heet. Stand fair, I pr'ythee, let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Heet. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief. I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limb by limb.

Heet. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er :
But there's more in me, than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye ?

Achil. Tell me, you heav'ns, in which part of his
body
Shall I destroy him ? whether there, or there,
That I may give the local wound a name ;
And make distinct the very breach, where-out
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heav'ns !

Heet. It would discredit the blest Gods, proud man,
To answer such a question : stand again.——

Think'st

Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate, in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou the Oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee: henceforth guard thee well,
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stythied *Mars* his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest *Grecians*, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never——

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;
And you, *Achilles*, let these threats alone,
'Till accident or purpose bring you to't.
You may have ev'ry day enough of *Hector*,
If you have stomach. The general State, I fear,
Can scarce intreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field:
We have had pelting wars since you refus'd
The *Grecians'* cause.

Achil. Dost thou intreat me, *Hector*?
To morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Aga. First, all you Peers of *Greece*, go to my Tent,
There in the full convive you; afterwards,
As *Hector's* leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally intreat him
To taste your bounties: let the trumpets blow;
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E X.

Manent Troilus and Ulysses.

Troi. My lord *Ulysses*, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth *Calchas* keep?

Ulyf. At *Menelaus'* Tent, most princely *Troilus* ;
There *Diomedes* doth feast with him to night ;
Who neither looks on heav'n, nor on the earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of am'rous view
On the fair *Cressid*.

Troi. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to thee so
much,
After you part from *Agamemnon's* Tent,
To bring me thither ?

Ulyf. You shall command me, Sir :
As gently tell me, of what honour was
This *Cressida* in *Troy* ; had she no lover there,
That wails her abience ?

Troi. O Sir, to such as boasting shew their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord ?
She was belov'd, she lov'd ; she is, and doth :
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

*Before Achilles's Tent, in the Grecian Camp.**Enter Achilles and Patroclus.*

A C H I L L E S.

I'LL heat his blood with *Greekish* wine to night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to morrow.
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes *Thersites*.*Enter*

Enter Therfites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch of Nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seem'st,
and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from *Troy*.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, adversity; and what need these
tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee, be silent, boy, I profit not by thy
talk; thou art thought to be *Achilles's* male-varlet.

Patr. Male-varlet, you rogue? what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten
diseases of the south, guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs,
loads o' gravel i'th' back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw
eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full
of imposthume, sciatica's, lime-kilns i'th' palme, in-
curable bone-ach, and the rivell'd fee-simple of the
tetter, take and take again such preposterous dis-
coveries.

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou,
what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt, you whorson in-
distinguishable cur.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou
idle immaterial skein of sley'd silk, thou green sarcenet
flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse,
thou? Ah, how the poor world is pester'd with such
water-flies, diminutives of Nature.

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch-egg!

Achil. My sweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to morrow's battle:

Here

Here is a letter from Queen *Hecuba*,
 ' A token from her daughter, my fair love,
 Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
 An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it;
 Fall *Greek*, fail fame, honour, or go, or stay,
 My major vow lyes here; this I'll obey.
 Come, come, *Thersites*, help to trim my tent,
 This night in banqueting must all be spent.

Away, *Patroclus*. [Ex.]

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain,
 these two may run mad: but if with too much brain,
 and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of mad-
 men. Here's *Agamemnon*, an honest fellow enough,
 and one hat loves quails, but he hath not so much
 brain as ear-wax; ² and the goodly transformation of
Jupiter there, his brother, the bull, the primitive
 statue, and obelisque memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty
 shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg;
 to

¹ *A token from her daughter &c.*] This is a circumstance taken
 from the story-book of the three destructions of *Troy*. Oxford
 Editor.

² *And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother,
 the bull, the primitive statue, and OBLIQUE memorial of
 cuckolds;*] He calls *Menelaus* the transformation of *Jupiter*, that
 is, as himself explains it, the *bull*, on account of his horns,
 which he had as a cuckold. This cuckold he calls the *primitive
 statue of cuckolds*; i. e. his story had made him so famous, that
 he stood as the great archetype of this character. But how was he
 an *oblique memorial of cuckolds*? can any thing be a more *direct*
memorial of cuckolds, than a cuckold? and so the foregoing
 character of his being the *primitive statue* of them plainly implies.
 To reconcile these two contradictory epithets therefore we should
 read,

————— and OBELISQUE memorial of cuckolds.

He is represented as one who would remain an eternal monument
 of his wife's infidelity. And how could this be better done than
 by calling him an *obelisque memorial*? of all human edifices the
 most durable. And the sentence rises gradually, and properly from
 a *statue* to an *obelisque*. To this the editor *Mr. Theobald* replies,
 that the *bull* is called the *primitive statue*: by which he only

TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him? to an ass were nothing, he is both ass and ox; to an ox were nothing, he is both ox and ass; to be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be *Menelaus*, I would conspire against Destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not *Thersites*; for I care not, to be the lowse of a lazar, so I were not *Menelaus*——
 Hey-day, spirits and fires!

S C E N E II.

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, and Diomedes, with lights.

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis; there, where we see the light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Ulys. Here comes himself to guide you.

Achil. Welcome, brave *Hector*; welcome, Princes all.

Aga. So, now fair Prince of *Troy*, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the Guard to tend on you:

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the *Greeks'* General.

Men. Good night, my lord.

giveth us to understand, that he knoweth not the difference between the *English* articles *a* and *the*. But by the *bull* is meant *Menelaus*; which title *Thersites* gives him again afterwards—*The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it*—THE BULL has the game.—But the *Oxford Editor* makes quicker work with the term *oblique*, and alters it to *antique*, and so all the difficulty's evaded.

Hect.

Heſt. Good night, ſweet lord *Menelaus*.

Tber. Sweet draught—ſweet, quoth a—ſweet ſink, ſweet ſewer.

Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to
Thoſe
That go or tarry.

Aga. Good night.

Achil. Old *Neflor* tarries, and you too, *Diomede*,
Keep *Heſtor* company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord, I have important buſineſs,
The tide whereof is now ; good night, great *Heſtor*.

Heſt. Give me your hand.

Ulyſ. Follow his torch, he goes to *Calchas*' tent :
I'll keep you company. [To Troilus.

Troi. Sweet Sir, you honour me.

Heſt. And ſo, good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent. [Exeunt.

Tber. That ſame *Diomede*'s a falſe-hearted rogue, a
moſt unjuſt knave : I will no more truſt him when he
leers, than I will a ſerpent when he hiſſes : he will
ſpend his mouth and promiſe, like *Brabler* the hound ;
but when he performs, aſtronomers foretel it, that it
is prodigious, there will come ſome change : the Sun
borrows of the Moon, when *Diomede* keeps his word.
I will rather leave to ſee *Heſtor*, than not to dog him :
they ſay, he keeps a *Trojan* drab, and uſes the traitor
Calchas his tent. I'll after—Nothing but letchery ;
all incontinent varlets. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Changes to Calchas's Tent.

Enter Diomede.

Dio. **W**HAT are you up here, ho ? ſpeak.

Cal. Who calls ?

Dio. *Diomede* ; *Calchas* I think ; where's your
daughter ?

H h a

Cal.

TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA:

Cal. She comes to you.

Enter Troilus and Ulysses, after them Therites.

Ulys. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter Cressida.

Troi. *Cressid* come forth to him?

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cre. Now, my sweet guardian; hark, a word with you. [*Whispers.*]

Troi. Yea, so familiar?

Ulys. She will sing to any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing to her, if he can take her cliff. She's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cre. Remember; yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then; and let your mind be coupled with your words.

Troi. What should she remember?

Ulys. Lift,——

Cre. Sweet honey *Greek*, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery——

Dio. Nay, then——

Cre. I'll tell you what.

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin, you are a forsworn——

Cre. In faith, I can't: what would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cre. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;

Bid me do any thing but that, sweet *Greek*.

Dio. Good night.

Troi. Hold, patience——

Ulys. How now, *Trojan*?

Cre. *Diomede*,——

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Troi.

Troi. Thy Better must.

Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.

Troi. O plague, and madness!

Ulys. You are mov'd, Prince; let us depart, I
pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly: I beseech you, go.

Troi. Behold, I pray you——

Ulys. Good my lord, go off:

You fly to great distraction: come, my lord.

Troi. I pr'ythee, stay.

Ulys. You have not patience; come.

Troi. I pray you, stay; by hell, and by hell's
torments,

I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night.

Cre. Nay, but you part in anger?

Troi. Doth that grieve thee? O wither'd truth!

Ulys. Why, how now, lord?

Troi. By *Jove*, I will be patient.

Cre. Guardian——why *Greek*——

Dio. Pho, pho, adieu! you palter.

Cre. In faith I do not: come hither once again.

Ulys. You shake, my lord, at something; will
you go?

You will break out.

Troi. She strokes his cheek.——

Ulys. Come, come.

Troi. Nay, stay; by *Jove*, I will not speak a word.

There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience: stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury with his fat rump and
potato finger tickles these together! fry, lechery,
fry!——

Dio. But will you then?

Cre. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.

TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cre. I'll fetch you one. [Exit.]

Ulys. You have sworn patience.

Troi. Fear me not, sweet lord,
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

S C E N E IV.

Re-enter Cressida.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now.—

Cre. Here, *Diomede*, keep this sleeve.

Troi. O beauty! where's thy faith?

Ulys. My lord,—

Troi. I will be patient, outwardly, I will.

Cre. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well:—
He lov'd me:—O false wench!—Give't me again.

Dio. Whose was't?

Cre. It is no matter, now I have't again.

I will not meet with you to morrow night:

I pr'ythee, *Diomede*, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens: well said, whetstone.

Dio. I shall have it.

Cre. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cre. O, all ye Gods!—O pretty, pretty pledge;
Thy master now lyes thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kiffes to it:

As I kifs thee.— [Diomedes snatches the sleeve.]

Nay, do not snatch it from me:

He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Troi. I did swear patience.

Cre. You shall not have it, *Diomede*: faith, you
shall not:

I'll give you something else.

Dio.

Dio. I will have this: whose was it?

Cre. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was?

Cre. 'Twas one that lov'd me better than you will.

But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cre. ³ By all *Diana's* waiting-women yonder,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.

Troi. Wert thou the Devil, and wor'st it on thy
horn,

It should be challeng'd.

Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; and yet it
is not — —

I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell.

Thou never shalt mock *Diomedes* again.

Cre. You shall not go; — one cannot speak a
word,

But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by *Pluto*: but that that likes not you,
pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cre. Ay, come: — O *Jove*! — do, come: — — —

I shall be plagued,

Dio. Farewel 'till then. [Exit.

Cre. Good night: I pr'ythee, come.

Troilus, farewell; one eye yet looks on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth see. — — —

Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,

The error of our eye directs our mind.

What error leads, must err: O then conclude,

Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude. [Exit.

³ By all *Diana's* waiting-women yonder.] i. e. the stars which she points to.

S C E N E V.

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish
more;

Unless she say, my mind is now turn'd whore,

Ulys. All's done, my lord.

Troi. It is.

Ulys. Why stay we then?

Troi. To make a recodation to my soul,
Of every syllable that here was spoke:

But if I tell how these two did co-act,

Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,

An esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth invert th' attest of eyes and ears;

As if those organs had deceptious functions,

Created only to caluminate.

Was *Cressid* here?

Ulys. I cannot conjure, *Trojan*.

Troi. She was not, sure.

Ulys. Most sure, she was.

Troi. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness:

Ulys. Nor mine, my lord: *Cressid* was here but now.

Troi. Let it not be believ'd, for woman-hood!

Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage

To stubborn criticks, apt, without a theme

For depravation, to square all the sex

By *Cressid*'s rule. Rather think this not *Cressid*.

Ulys. What hath she done, Prince, that can soil our
mothers?

Troi. Nothing at all, unless that this was she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out of his own eyes?

Troi. This she? no, this is *Diomedes*' *Cressida*.

If beauty have a soul, this is not she:

If souls guide vows, if vows are sanctimony,

If sanctimony be the Gods' delight,

If

If there be rule in unity itself,
 This is not she. O madness of discourse!
 That cause sets up with and against thyself!
 Bi-fold authority! ⁴ where reason can revolt
 Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
 Without revolt. This is, and is not, *Cressid*.
 Within my soul there doth commence a fight
 Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
 Divides far wider than the sky and earth;
 And yet the spacious breadth of this division
 Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
 As slight *Arachne's* broken woof to enter.
 Instance, O instance, strong as *Pluto's* gates!
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heav'n;
 Instance, O instance, strong as heav'n itself!
 The bonds of heav'n are slip'd, dissolv'd and loos'd:
 And with another knot five-finger-tied,
 The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
 The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasie reliques
 Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomede*.

Ulys. May worthy *Troilus* be half attach'd
 With that which here his passion does express?

Troi. Ay, *Greek*, and that shall be divulged well;
 In characters, as red as *Mars* his heart
 Inflam'd with *Venus*—ne'er did young man fancy
 With so eternal, and so fix'd a soul——
 Hark, *Greek*, as much as I do *Cressid* love,
 So much by weight hate I her *Diomede*.
 That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear in his helm:
 Were it a cask compos'd by *Vulcan's* skill,
 My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,
 Which ship-men do the hurricano call,

4 ————where reason can revolt
 Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
 Without revolt.—] A miserable expression of a quaint
 thought, *That to be unreasonable in love is reasonable; and to
 be reasonable, unreasonable. Perdition and loss are both used in
 the very same sense, and that an odd one, to signify unreasonable-*
ness.

Constring'd in mafs by the almighty Sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour *Neptune's* ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on *Diomede*.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Troi. O *Cressid*! O false *Cressid*! false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyf. O, contain yourself:
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord,
Hector, by this, is arming him in *Troy*.

Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Troi. Have with you, Prince; my courteous lord,
adieu.

Farewel, revolted fair: and, *Diomede*,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyf. I'll bring you to the gates.

Troi. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.*

Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue *Diomede*, I
would croak like a raven: I would bode, I would
bode. *Patroclus* will give me any thing for the intel-
ligence of this whore: the parrot will do no more for
an almond, than he for a commodious drab: litchery,
litchery, still wars and litchery, nothing else holds fa-
shion. A burning devil take them! [Exit.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

*Changes to the Palace of Troy.**Enter Hector and Andromache.*

And. **W**HEN was my lord so much ungently
 temper'd,
 To stop his ears against admonishment?
 Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you gone:
 By all the everlasting Gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Cas. Where is my brother *Hector*?

And. Here, sister, arm'd, and bloody in intent:
 Confort with me in loud and dear petition;
 Pursue we him on knees; for I have dreamt
 Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night
 Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, 'tis true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound.

Cas. No notes of fally, for the heav'ns, sweet brother.

Hect. Be gone, I say: the Gods have heard me swear.

Cas. "The Gods are deaf to hot and peevish
 "vows;

"They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd

"Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be perswaded, do not count it holy
 To hurt by being just; it were as lawful
 For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts,
 And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
 But vows to every purpose must not hold:
 Unarm, sweet *Hector*.

Hect.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
 Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate;
 Life every man holds dear, but the brave man
 Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man; mean'st thou to fight to day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to perswade.

[*Exit Cassandra.*

Hect. No, faith, young *Troilus*; doff thy harness,
 youth:

I am to day i' th' vein of chivalry:
 Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
 And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
 Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
 I'll stand, to day, for thee, and me, and *Troy*.

Troi. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you;
 Which better fits a lion, than a man.

Hect. What vice is that? good *Troilus*, chide me
 for it.

Troi. ⁶ When many times the caitiff *Grecians* fall,
 Ev'n in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
 You bid them rise, and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Troi. Fools play, by Heaven, *Hector*.

Hect. How now? how now?

Troi. For love of all the Gods,
 Let's leave the hermit Pity with our mothers;
 And when we have our armour buckled on,
 The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
 Spur them to rueful work, rein them from ruth.

⁶ *When many times the CAPTIVE Grecians fall,*] This reading supposes *Hector* insulting over his captives, which is not *Troilus's* meaning: who is here speaking of *Hector's* actions in the field. Without doubt *Shakespeare* wrote,

When many times the caitiff Grecians fall,

i. e. dastardly *Grecians*; a character natural for the speaker to give them, and justified by his account of them.

Hect.

Hect. Fie, savage, fie!

Troi. *Hector*, thus 'tis in wars.

Hect. *Troilus*, I would not have you fight to day.

Troilus. Who should with-hold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*
 Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
 Not *Priamus* and *Hecuba* on knees,
 Their eyes o'er-galled ⁷ with recourse of tears;
 Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn
 Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
 But by my ruin.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Priam and Cassandra.

Caf. Lay hold upon him, *Priam*, hold him fast:
 He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy Stay,
 Thou on him leaning, and all *Troy* on thee,
 Fall all together.

Priam. *Hector*, come, go back:
 Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
 Am, like a prophet, suddenly enrapt
 To tell thee, that this day is ominous:
 Therefore come back.

Hect. *Aeneas* is a-field,
 And I do stand engag'd to many *Greeks*,
 Ev'n in the faith of valour, to appear
 This morning to them.

Priam. But thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith:
 You know me dutiful, therefore, dear Sir,
 Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
 To take that course by your consent and voice,
 Which you do here forbid me, Royal *Priam*.

7 ———with recourse of tears;] *i. e.* tears that continue to
 course one another down the face.

Caf.

Cas. O, *Priam*, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. *Andromache*, I am offended with you.

Upon the love you bear me, get you in. [*Exit And.*]

Troi. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear *Hector* :

Look, how thou diest ; look, how thy eyes turn pale !

Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents !

Hark, how *Troy* roars ; how *Hecuba* cries out ;

How poor *Andromache* shrills her dolour forth !

Behold, distraction, frenzy and amazement,

Like witless anticks, one another meet,

And all cry, *Hector*, *Hector's* dead ! O *Hector* !

Troi. Away !——Away !——

Cas. Farewel : yet, soft : *Hector*, I take my leave ;
Thou do'st thyself and all our *Troy* deceive. [*Exit.*]

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim :
Go in and cheer the town, we'll forth and fight ;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewel : the Gods with safety stand about
thee ! [*Alarum.*]

Troi. They're at it, hark : proud *Diomedes*, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord, do you hear ?

Troi. What now ?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.

Troi. Let me read.

Pan. A whorson ptifick, a whorson rascally ptifick
so troubles me ; and the foolish fortune of this girl, and
what one thing and what another, that I shall leave
you one o' these days ; and I have a rheum in mine eyes
too, and such an ach in my bones that unless a man were
curst,

curst, I cannot tell what to think on't. What says she, there?

Troi. Words, words, meer words; no matter from the heart:

Th' effect doth operate another way. [*Tearing the letter.*]
Go, wind to wind; there turn and change together;
My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

Pan. Why, but hear you——

Troi. Hence, brothel-lacquey! ignominy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live ay with thy name! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

Changes to the Field between Troy and the Camp.

[*Alarum.*] Enter Therites.

Ther. **N**OW they are clapper-clawing one another, I'll go look on: that dissembling abominable varlet, *Diomedes*, has got that same scurvy, doating, foolish young knave's sleeve of *Troy*, there, in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that, that same young *Trojan* ass, that loves the whore there, might send that *Greekish* whore-master villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless Errant. O'th' other side, the policy of those crafty (*a*) sneering rascals, that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese *Nestor*, and that same dog-fox *Ulysses*, is not prov'd worth a black-berry.—They set me up in policy that mungril cur *Ajax*, against that dog of as bad a kind, *Achilles*. And now is the cur *Ajax* prouder than the cur *Achilles*, and will not arm to day: whereupon the *Grecians* begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion.

[(*a*) *sneering.* Mr. Theobald——Vulg. *swearing.*]

Enter

Enter Diomedes and Troilus.

Soft—here comes sleeve, and t'other.

Troi. Fly not; for should'st thou take the river *Styx*,
I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall *Retire*:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude;
Have at thee! [*They go off, fighting.*]

Ther. Hold thy whore, *Grecian*; now for thy whore,
Trojan: now the sleeve, now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

S C E N E X.

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou, *Greek*! art thou for *Hector's*
match?

Art thou of blood and honour?

Ther. No, no: I am a rascal; a scurvy railing
knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee—live. [*Exit.*]

Ther. God o' mercy, that thou wilt believe me;
but a plague break thy neck for frightening me! What's
become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have
swallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle—
yet, in a fort, lechery eats it self: I'll seek them. [*Exit.*]

Enter Diomedes and Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou *Troilus's* horse,
Present the fair Steed to my lady *Cressid*:

Fellow, commend my service to her beauty:

Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous *Trojan*,

And am her knight by proof.

Ser. I go, my lord.

S C E N E

S C E N E XI.

Enter Agamemnon.

Aga. Renew, renew: the fierce *Polydamas*
 Hath beat down *Menon*: ⁸ bastard *Margarelon*
 Hath *Doreus* prisoner,
 And stands *Colossus*-wise, waving his beam
 Upon the palshed coarces of the Kings,
Epistropus and *Odius*. *Polyxenus* is slain;
Amphimachus and *Thoas* deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en or slain, and *Palamedes*
 Sore hurt and bruis'd; ⁹ the dreadful *Sagittary*
 Appals our numbers: haste we, *Diomedes*,
 To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go bear *Patroclus*' body to *Achilles*,
 And bid the snail-pac'd *Ajax* arm for shame,
 There are a thousand *Hectors* in the field:
 Now, here he fights ¹ on *Galatbe* his horse,
 And there lacks work; anon, he's there a-foot,
 And there they fly or dye, like scaled shoals
 Before the belching whale: then is he yonder,

8 ———— *bastard Margarelon*] The introducing a bastard son of *Priam*, under the name of *Margarelon*, is one of the circumstances taken from the story-book of *The three Destructions of Troy*.
 Mr. Theobald.

9 ———— *the dreadful Sagittary*
Appals our numbers:—] “ Beyond the Royalme of *Ama-sonne* came an auncyent *Kynge*, wyse and dyscreete, named *Epystrophus*, and brought a *M. Knyghtes*, and a mervayllouse *Beste* that was called *SAGITTARYE*, that behynde the myddes was an horse, and to fore, a *Man*: This *Beste* was heery lyke an horse, and had his *Eyen* rede as a *Cole*, and shotte well with a *bowe*: *This Beste made the Grekes sore aferde, and stewe many of them with his Bowe.*” *The three Destructions of Troy*, printed by *Caxton*.
 Mr. Theobald.

1 ———— *on Galatbe his horse,*] From the same book is taken this name given to *Hector*'s horse.
 Mr. Theobald.

And there the strawy² *Greeks*, ripe for his edge,
 Fall down before him, like the mower's swath;
 Here, there, and ev'ry where, he leaves and takes;
 Dexterity so obeying appetite,
 That what he will, he does; and does so much,
 That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulys. Oh, courage, courage, Princes; great *Achilles*
 Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus' wounds have rowz'd his drowfie blood,
 Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,
 That noseless, handleless, hackt and chipt, come to him,
 Crying on *Hector*. *Ajax* has lost a friend,
 And foams at mouth; and he is arm'd, and at it,
 Roaring for *Troilus*, who hath done to day
 Mad and fantastick execution;
 Engaging and redeeming of himself,
 With such a careless force, and forceless care,
 As if that luck in very spite of cunning
 Bad him win all.

S C E N E XII.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus*! [Exit.

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together. [Exeunt.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector*?

Come, come, thou boy-killer, shew me thy face:

Know, what it is to meet *Achilles* angry.

Hector, where's *Hector*? I will none but *Hector*. [Exit.

² — *Greeks*, ripe for his edge,

Fall down before him, like the mower's swath; &c.] Tho' this old story-book was our poet's guide in the fable, yet nature led him up to the sublime images of *Homer*, whom want of learning kept him from acquaintance with.

Re-enter

Re-enter Ajax.

Ajax. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus*, shew thy head!

Re-enter Diomedes.

Dio. *Troilus*, I say, where's *Troilus*?

Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the General, thou shouldst have my Office,

Ere that correction: *Troilus*, I say, what! *Troilus*?

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Oh, traitor *Diomedes*! turn thy false face, thou traitor,

And pay thy life, thou owest me for my horse.

Dio. Ha, art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, *Diomedes*.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Troi. Come both, you cogging *Greeks*, have at you both. [*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, *Troilus*? O well fought! my youngest brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I see thee; have at thee, *Hector*.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt. [*Fight.*]

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesie, proud *Trojan*.

Be happy that my arms are out of use,

My Rest and Negligence befriend thee now,

But thou anon shalt hear of me again:

Till when, go seek thy fortune.

Hect. Fare thee well;

I would have been much more a fresher man,

Had I expected thee. How now, my brother?

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Ajax hath ta'en *Aeneas*; shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heav'n,
He shall not carry him: I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off: Fate, hear me what I say;
I reckon not, though thou end my life to day. [*Exit.*

Enter One in armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou *Greek*, thou art a goodly
mark:
No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,
I'll crush 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. [*Exit.*

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my *Myrmidons*.
Mark what I say, attend me where I wheel;
Strike not a stroke, but keep your selves in breath;
And when I have the bloody *Hector* found,
Empale him with your weapons round about:
In fellest manner execute your arms.
Follow me, Sirs, and my Proceeding eye:
It is decreed—*Hector* the great must die. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E XIII.

Enter Therites, Menelaus and Paris.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are
at it: now bull, now dog; 'loo, *Paris*, 'loo; now
my double-hen'd sparrow; 'loo, *Paris*, 'loo; the bull
has the game: 'ware horns, ho.

[*Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.*

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Bast.

Bast. A bastard son of *Priam's*.

Ther. I am a bastard too, I love bastards. I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate: one Bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: If the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: farewell, bastard.

Bast. The devil take thee, coward. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E XIV.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without!—
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take my breath:
Rest, sword, thou hast thy fill of blood and death.

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, *Hector*, how the Sun begins to set;
How ugly Night comes breathing at his heels:
Ev'n with the veil and darkning of the Sun,
To close the day up, *Hector's* life is done.

[They fall upon Hector, and kill him.]

Hect. I am unarm'd, forego this vantage, *Greek*.

Achil. ³ Strike, fellows, strike, this is the man I seek.

So, *Ilium*, fall thou next. Now, *Troy*, sink down:
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews and thy bone,
On, *Myrmidons*, and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* slain.
Hark, a retreat upon our *Grecian* part.

Myr. The *Trojan* trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth;

³ Strike, fellows, strike,—] This particular of *Achilles* over powering *Hector* by numbers, is taken from the old story-book.

Oxford Editor.

And,

And, stickler-like, the armies separates.
 My half-supt sword, that frankly would have fed,
 Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.
 Come, tye his body to my horse's tail :
 Along the field I will the *Trojan* trail. [Exeunt.
 [Sound retreat. Shout.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedes,
 and the rest marching.

Aga. Hark, hark, what shout is that ?

Nest. Peace, drums.

Sol. *Achilles!* *Achilles!* *Heſtor's* slain! *Achilles!*

Dio. The bruit is, *Heſtor's* slain, and by *Achilles.*

Ajax. If it is so, yet bragless let it be :

Great *Heſtor* was as good a man as he.

Aga. March hastily along ; let one be sent
 To pray *Achilles* see us at our Tent.

If in his death the Gods have us befriended,
 Great *Troy* is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E XV.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor and Deiphobus.

Æne. Stand, ho ! yet are we masters of the field ;
 Never go home, here starve we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. *Heſtor* is slain.

All. *Heſtor!*—— the Gods forbid !

Troi. He's dead, and at the murtherer's horse's tail
 In beastly sort dragg'd through the shameful field.

* Frown on, you heav'ns, effect your rage with speed ;
 Sit,

* Frown on, you heav'ns, effect your rage with speed ;

Sit, Gods, upon your Thrones, and SMILE at Troy,] Here
Troilus is made to invoke the Gods to frown in one line, and to
 smile in the other : And, as if he had not talked nonsense enough,
 after having made them do and undo, and protract the fate of *Troy*,

Sit, Gods, upon your Thrones, and smite at Troy,
I say, at once. Let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on.

Aene. My lord, you do discomfort all the Host.

Troi. You understand me not, that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare all imminence, that Gods and men
Address their dangers in. *Hector* is gone!
Who shall tell *Priam* so? or *Hecuba*?
Let him, that will a scritch-owl ay be call'd,
Go into *Troy*, and say there, *Hector's* dead:
That is a word will *Priam* turn to stone;
5 Make welling *Niobes* of the maids and wives;
Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare *Troy* out of it self. But march away,
Hector is dead: there is no more to say.
Stay yet, you vile abominable Tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our *Phrygian* plains:
Let *Titan* rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you. And thou, great-siz'd,
coward!

No space of earth shall funder our two hates;
I'll haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth Goblins swift as Frenzy's thoughts.
Strike a free March to *Troy*! with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you?

in the next line he begs them to be speedy and *brief*, and dispatch them at once. We should read and point the passage thus,

*Sit, Gods, upon your Thrones, and SMITE at Troy,
I say, at once. Let your brief plagues be mercy.*

5 Make WELLS AND *Niobes* of the maids and wives;] We should certainly read, WELLING *Niobes*, i. e. *Niobes* welling, or streaming down with tears. To *well*, an old word to bubble or spring out. The image of *Niobe* was here properly employed. So in *Hamlet*,

— like *Niobe* all tears.

But the *Oxford Editor* alters it to *wells and rivers*.

Troi.

TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Troi. Hence, brothel-lacquey ; ignominy, shame
Pursue thy life, and live ay with thy name !
[*Strikes him.*]

[*Exeunt.*]
Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aking bones ! Oh world ! world ! world ! thus is the poor agent despis'd : Oh, traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set at work, and how ill requited ? why should our endeavour be so lov'd, and the performance so loath'd ? what verse for it ? what instance for it ?——let me see——

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
'Till he hath lost his honey and his sting ;
But being once subdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.
Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted
cloths——

As many as be here of *Pandar's* Hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at *Pandar's* Fall ;
Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aking bones.
Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made :
It should be now ; but that my fear is this,
' Some galled goose of *Winchester* would hiss ;
'Till then, I'll sweat, and seek about for eases ;
And at that time bequeath you my diseases. [Exit.]

6 *Some galled goose of Winchester*——] The publick stews were anciently under the jurisdiction of the bishop of *Winchester*.
Mr. Pope.

The End of the Seventh Volume.











