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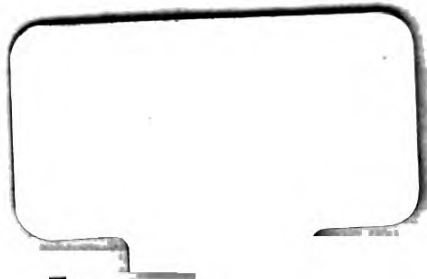


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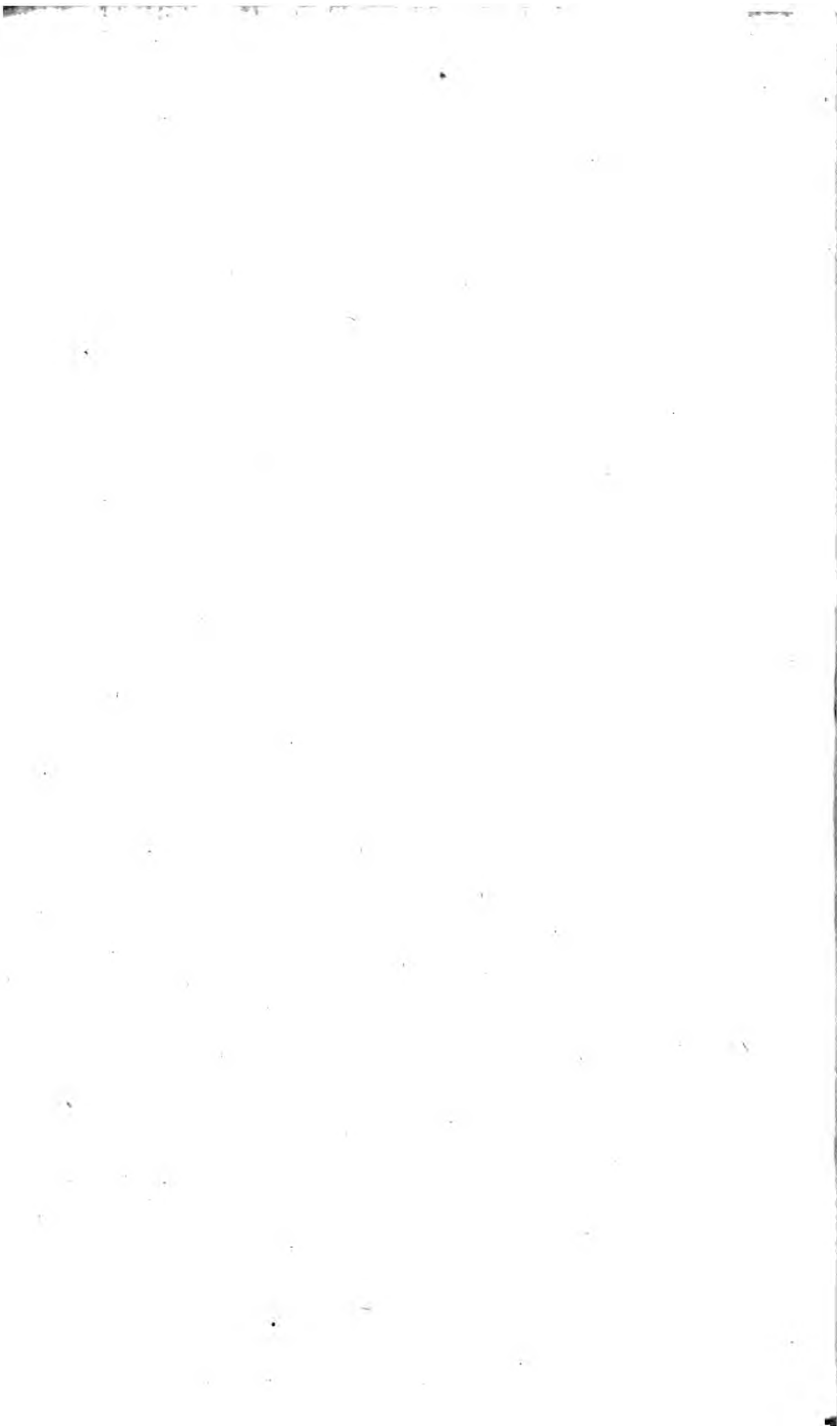
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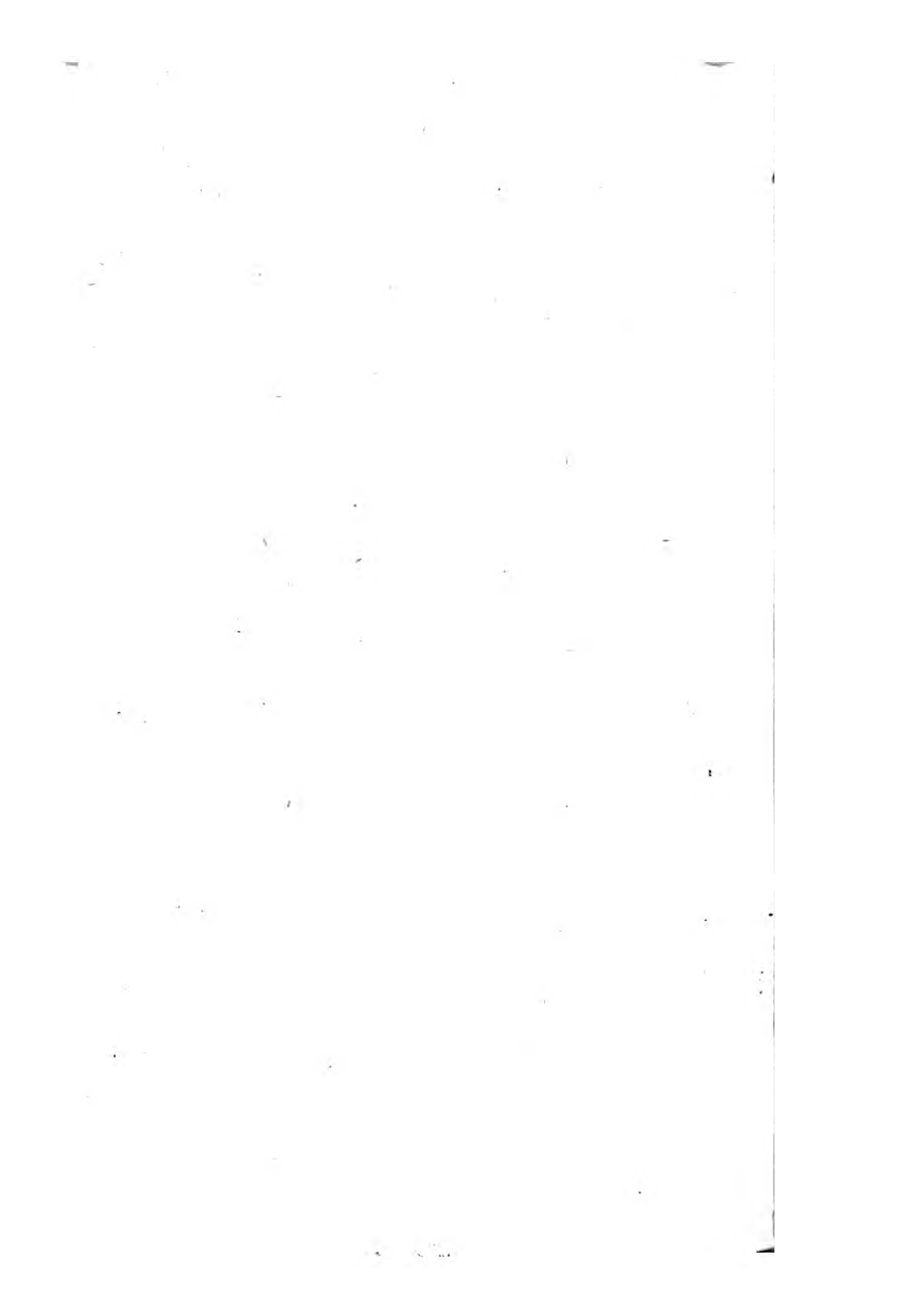


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THE
WORKS

OF

Mr. William Shakespear.

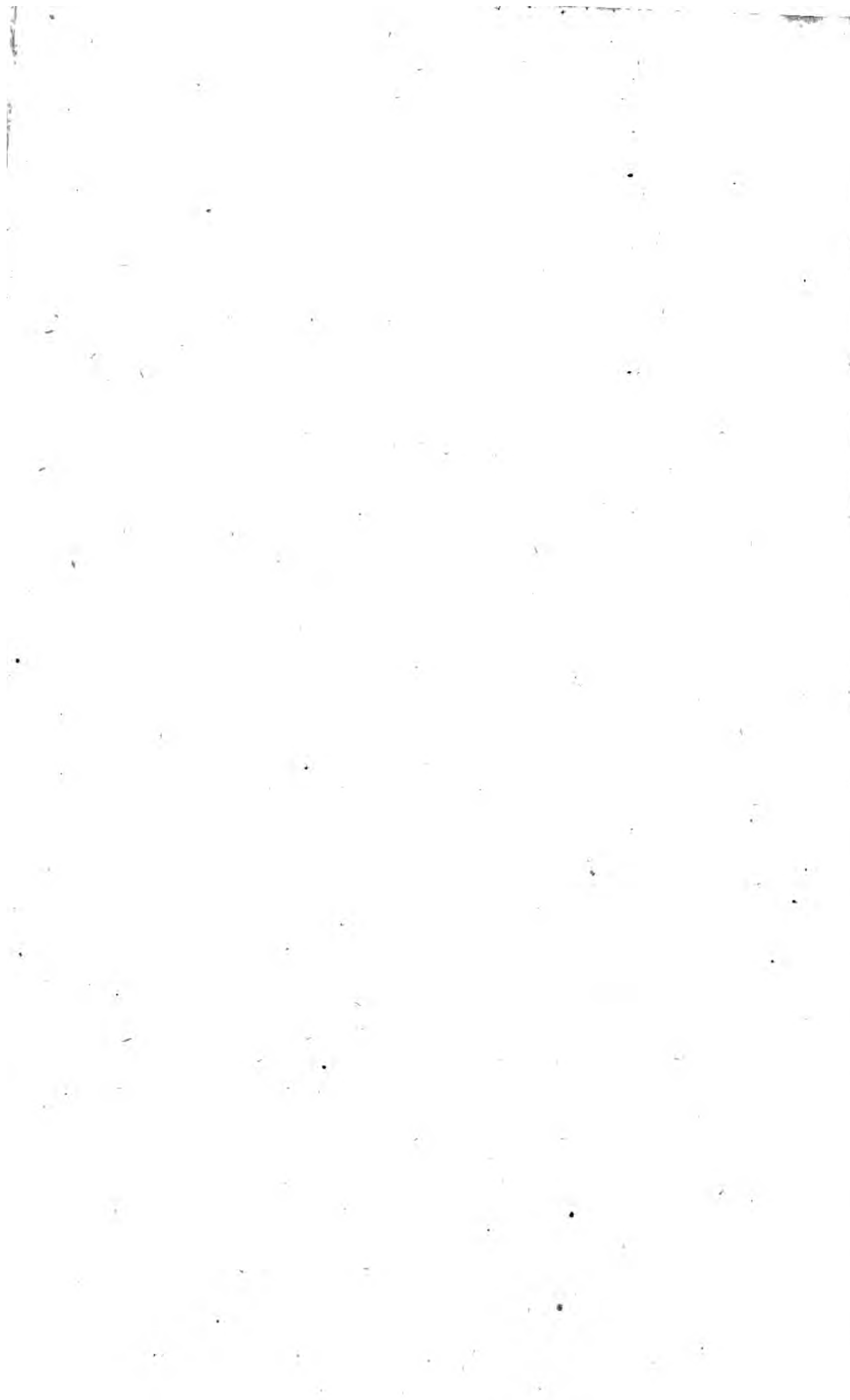
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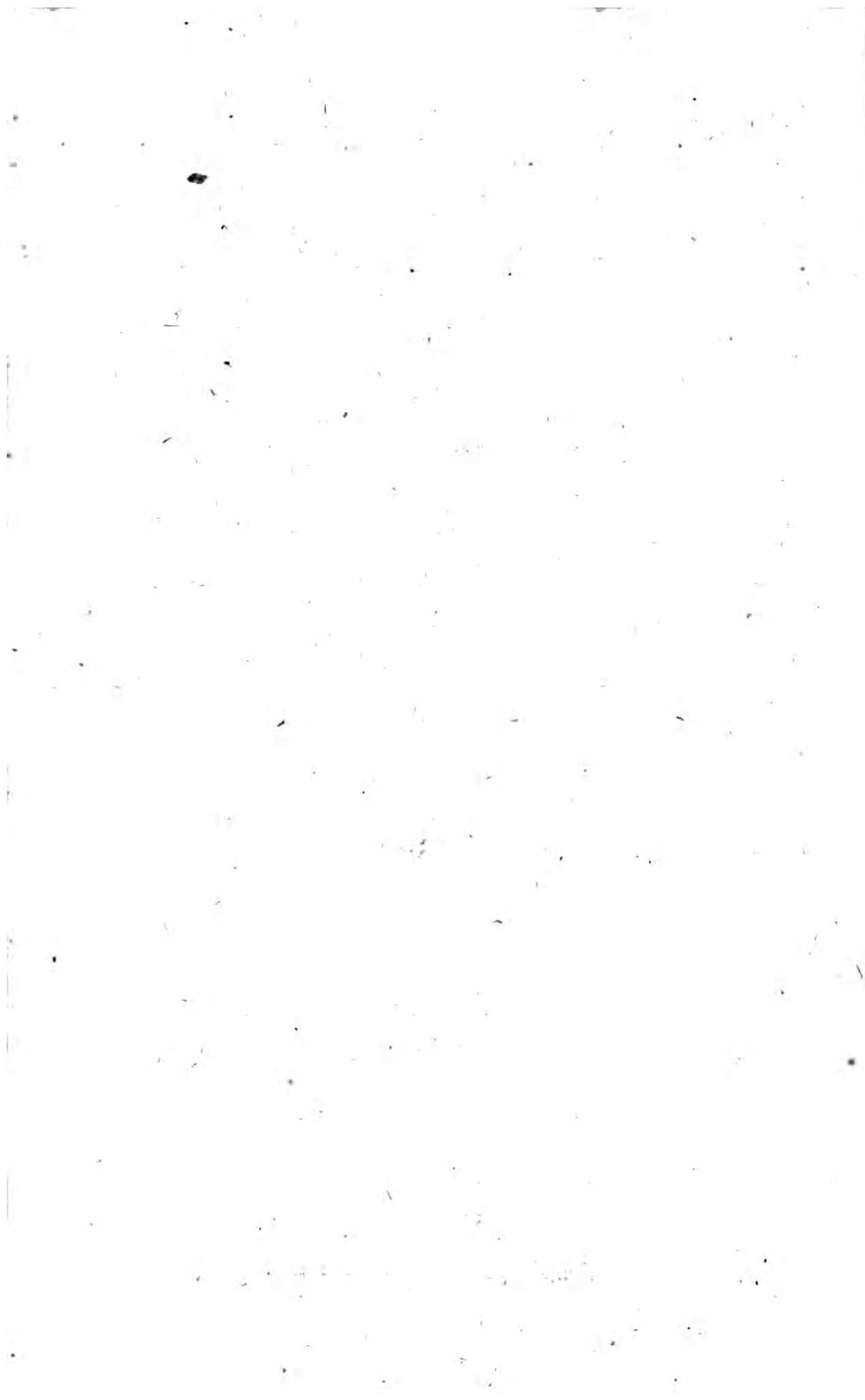
C O N T A I N I N G

| | | |
|--------------------------|---|------------------------------|
| King HENRY VI. Part III. | } | TROILUS <i>and</i> CRESSIDA. |
| RICHARD III. | | CORIOLANUS. |
| King HENRY VIII. | | TITUS ANDRONICUS. |

L O N D O N :

Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, at *Grays-Inn*
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T H E
Third Part
O F
King *HENRY VI*,
With the Death of the
DUKE of *TORK*.



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry VI.

Edward, *Son to the King, and Prince of Wales.*

Duke of Somerset,

Earl of Northumberland,

Earl of Oxford,

Earl of Exeter,

Earl of Westmorland,

Lord Clifford,

Earl of Richmond, *a Youth, afterwards King Henry VII.*

Richard, *Duke of York.*

Edward, *Eldest Son to the Duke of York, afterwards King Edward IV.*

George, *Duke of Clarence, second Son to the Duke of York.*

Richard, *Duke of Gloucester, third Son to the Duke of York, afterwards King Richard III.*

Edmund, *Earl of Rutland, youngest Son to the Duke of York.*

Duke of Norfolk,

Marquis of Montague,

Earl of Warwick,

Earl of Salisbury,

Earl of Pembroke,

Lord Hastings,

Lord Stafford,

Sir John Mortimer,

Sir Hugh Mortimer,

Sir William Stanley, *afterwards Earl of Derby.*

Lord Rivers, *Brother to the Lady Gray.*

Sir John Montgomery.

Lieutenant of the Tower.

Mayor of Coventry.

Mayor and Aldermen of York.

Humphry and Sinklo, two Huntsmen.

Lewis, *King of France.*

Bourbon, *Admiral of France.*

Queen Margaret.

Bona, *Sister to the French King.*

Lady Gray, *Widow of Sir Richard Gray, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.*

Soldiers and other Attendants on King Henry, and King Edward.

In Part of the Third Act the SCENE is laid in France, during all the rest of the Play in England.

The



The Third PART of
King *HENRY VI.*

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

Alarum. Enter Duke of York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Mountague, Warwick, and Soldiers.

WARWICK.



Wonder how the King escap'd our Hands?
York. While we pursu'd the Horsemen of
the North,

He slyly stole away, and left his Men:
Whereat the great Lord of *Northumberland*,
Whose warlike Ears could never brook Re-

Chear'd up the drooping Army, and himself, (treat,
Lord Clifford and *Lord Stafford* all a-breast,
Charg'd our main Battel's Front; and breaking in,
Were by the Swords of common Soldiers slain.

Edw. *Lord Stafford's* Father, *Duke of Buckingham*,
Is either slain or wounded dangerous.

I cleft his Beaver with a down-right blow:
That this is true, Father, behold his Blood.

Mount. And, Brother, here's the Earl of *Wiltshire's* Blood,
Whom I encountred as the Battels join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

York. *Richard* hath best deserv'd of all my Sons :
But is your Grace dead, my Lord of *Somerset*?

Norf. Such hope have all the Line of *John of Gaunt*.

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King *Henry's* Head.

War. And so do I, victorious Prince of *York*.
Before I see thee seated in the Throne,

Which now the House of *Lancaster* usurps,
I vow by Heav'n, these Eyes shall never close.

This is the Palace of the fearful King,
And this the Regal Seat ; possess it *York*,
For this is thine, and not King *Henry's* Heirs.

York. Assist me then, sweet *Warwick*, and I will ;
For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all assist you ; he that flies shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle *Norfolk* ; stay by me my Lords,
And Soldiers stay and lodge by me this Night. [*They go up.*]

War. And when the King comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out by force.

York. The Queen this day here holds her Parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her Counsel ;
By Words or Blows here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this House.

War. The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless *Plantagenet*, Duke of *York*, be King,
And bashful *Henry* depos'd, whose Cowardise
Hath made us by-words to our Enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my Lords, be resolute,
I mean to take possession of my Right.

War. Neither the King, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest He that holds up *Lancaster*.

Dares stir a Wing, if *Warwick* shake his Bells.

I'll plant *Plantagenet*, root him up who dare :

Resolve thee *Richard*, claim the *English* Crown.

Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmor-
land, Exeter, and others.

K. Henry. My Lords, look where the sturdy Rebel fits,
Even in the Chair of State ; belike he means,
Back'd by the Power of *Warwick*, that false Peer,
To aspire unto the Crown, and Reign as King.
Earl of *Northumberland*, he slew thy Father,

And

And thine, Lord *Clifford*, and you have both vow'd revenge
On him, his Sons, his Favourites, and his Friends.

North. If I be not, Heav'ns be reveng'd on me.

Clif. The hope thereof makes *Clifford* mourn in Steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this? Let's pluck him down.
My Heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

K. Henry. Be patient, gentle Earl of *Westmorland*.

Clif. Patience is for Poltroons, and such is he :
He durst not sit there had your Father liv'd.
My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament
Let us assail the Family of *York*.

North. Well hast thou spoken, Cousin be it so.

K. Henry. Ah, know you not the City favours them,
And they have Troops of Soldiers at their beck?

West. But when the Duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

K. Henry. Far be the thought of this from *Henry's* Heart,
To make a Shambles of the Parliament House.
Cousin of *Exeter*, Frowns, Words, and Threats,
Shall be the War that *Henry* means to use.
Thou factious Duke of *York*, descend my Throne,
And kneel for Grace and Mercy at my Feet,
I am thy Sovereign.

York. *Henry* I am thine.

Exe. For shame come down, he made thee Duke of
York.

York. It was my Inheritance, as the Earldom was.

Exe. Thy Father was a Traitor to the Crown.

War. *Exeter* thou art a Traitor to the Crown,
In following this usurping *Henry*.

Clif. Whom should he follow, but his natural King?

War. True, *Clifford*, and that's *Richard* Duke of *York*.

K. Henry. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my Throne?

York. It must and shall be so, content thy self.

War. Be Duke of *Lancaster*, let him be King.

West. He is both King and Duke of *Lancaster*,
And that the Lord of *Westmorland* shall maintain.

War. And *Warwick* shall disprove it. You forget,
That we are those which chas'd you from the Field,
And slew your Fathers, and with Colours spread
March'd threw the City to the Palace Gates.

North. Yes, *Warwick*, I remember it to my grief.
And by his Soul, thou and thy House shall rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee and these thy Sons,
Thy Kinsmen, and thy Friends, I'll have more lives
Than drops of Blood were in my Father's Veins.

Clif. Urge it no more, lest that instead of words
I send thee, *Warwick*, such a Messenger,
As shall revenge his Death, before I stir.

War. Poor *Clifford*! how I scorn his worthless Threats.

York. Will you, we shew our Title to the Crown?
If not, our Swords shall plead it in the Field.

K. Henry. What Title hast thou, Traitor, to the Crown?
Thy Father was, as thou art, Duke of *York*,
Thy Grandfather *Roger Mortimer*, Earl of *March*.
I am the Son of *Henry* the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the *French* to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their Towns and Provinces.

War. Talk not of *France*, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Henry. The Lord Protector lost it, and not I;
When I was Crown'd I was but nine Months old.

Rich. You are o'd enough now,
And yet methinks you lose:
Father, tear the Crown from the Usurper's Head.

Edw. Sweet Father do so, set it on your Head.

Mount. Good Brother,
As thou lov'st and honour'st Arms,
Let's fight it out, and not stand cavelling thus.

Rich. Sound Drums and Trumpet, and the King will
fly.

York. Sons, Peace.

K. Henry. Peace thou, and give King *Henry* leave to speak.

War. *Plantagenet* shall speak first: Here him Lords,
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him, shall not live.

K. Henry. Think'st thou that I will leave my Kingly Throne,
Wherein my Grandfire and my Father sat?

No; first shall *War* unpeople this my Realm;

Ay, and their Colours often born in *France*,

And now in *England*, to our Hearts great Sorrow,
Shall be my Winding-sheet: Why faint you, Lords?
My Title's good, and better far than his.

War.

War. But prove it, *Henry*, and thou shalt be King.

K. Henry. *Henry* the Fourth by Conquest got the Crown.

York. 'Twas by Rebellion against his King.

K. Henry. I know not what to say, my Title's weak:
Tell me, may not a King adopt an Heir?

York. What then?

K. Henry. And if he may, then am I lawful King:
For *Richard*, in the view of many Lords,
Resign'd the Crown to *Henry* the Fourth,
Whose Heir my Father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his Sovereign,
And made him to resign his Crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my Lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his Crown?

Exe. No; for he could not so resign his Crown,
But that the next Heir should succeed and reign.

K. Henry. Art thou against us, Duke of *Exeter*?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my Lords, and answer not?

Exe. My Conscience tells me, he is lawful King.

K. Henry. All will revolt from me, and turn to him,

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not, that *Henry* shall be depos'd.

War. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.

North. Thou art deceiv'd:

'Tis not thy Southern Power
Of *Essex*, *Norfolk*, *Suffolk*, nor of *Kent*,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the Duke up in despite of me.

Clif. King *Henry*, be thy Title right or wrong,
Lord *Clifford* vows to fight in thy defence;
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my Father.

K. Henry. Oh *Clifford*, how thy words revive my Heart.

York. *Henry* of *Lancaster*, resign thy Crown:
What matter you, or what conspire you, Lords?

War. Do right unto this Princely Duke of *York*,
Or I will fill the House with armed Men,
And o'er the Chair of State, where now he sits,
Write up his Title with usurping Blood.

[*He stamps with his foot, and the Soldiers shew themselves.*

K. Henry. My Lord of *Warwick*, hear me but one word ;
Let me for this time reign as King.

York. Confirm the Crown to me, and to mine Heirs,
And thou shalt Reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

K. Henry. I am content: *Richard Plantagenet*,
Enjoy the Kingdom after my decease.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the Prince, your Son?

War. What good is this to *England*, and himself?

West. Base, fearful, and despairing *Henry*!

Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thy self and us!

West. I cannot stay to hear these Articles.

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come Cousin, let us tell the Queen these News.

West. Farewel, faint-hearted and degenerate King,
In whose cold Blood no spark of Honour bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the House of *York*,
And die in Bands, for this unmanly deed.

Clif. In dreadful War, may'st thou be overcome,
Or live in Peace abandon'd and despis'd.

[*Exeunt* Nor. Cliff. Westm.]

War. Turn this way, *Henry*, and regard them not.

Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

K. Henry. Ah *Exeter*!—

War. Why should you fight, my Lord?

K. Henry. Not for my self, Lord *Warwick*, but my Son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But be it as it may; I here entail

The Crown to thee, and to thine Heirs for ever:

Conditionally, that here you take an Oath,

To cease this Civil War; and whilst I live,

To honour me as thy King and Sovereign:

Neither by Treason nor Hostility,

To seek to put me down, and Reign thy self.

York. This Oath I willingly take, and will perform.

War. Long live King *Henry*: *Plantagenet*, embrace him.

K. Henry. And long live thou, and these thy forward Sons.

York. Now *York* and *Lancaster* are reconcil'd.

Exe. Accurst be he that seeks to make them Foes.

Sonet. Here they come down.

York. Farewel, my gracious Lord, I'll to my Castle.

War. And I'll keep *London* with my Soldiers.

Norf.

Norf. And I to *Norfolk* with my Followers.

Mount. And I unto the Sea from whence I came. [*Exe.*

K. Henry. And I with grief and sorrow to the Court.

Enter the Queen, and the Prince of Wales.

Exe. Here comes the Queen,
Whose looks bewray her anger:
I'll steal away.

K. Henry. *Exeter* so will I:

[*Going.*

Queen. Nay, go not from me, I will follow thee——

K. Henry. Be patient, gentle Queen, and I will stay.

Queen. Who can be patient in such extreams?

Ah wretched Man! would I had dy'd a Maid,
And never seen thee, never born thee Son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a Father.
Hath he deserv'd to lose his Birth-right thus?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so much as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourisht him, as I did with my Blood;
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest Heart-blood there,
Rather than made that Savage Duke thine Heir,
And disinherited thine only Son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me:
If you be King, why should not I succeed?

K. Henry. Pardon me, *Margaret*; pardon me, sweet Son;
The Earl of *Warwick* and the Duke enforc'd me.

Queen. Enforc'd thee? art thou King, and wilt be forc'd?
I shame to hear thee speak; ah timorous Wretch!

Thou hast undone thy self, thy Son, and me,
And given unto the House of *York* such head,
As thou shalt Reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his Heirs unto the Crown,
What is it, but to make thy Sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?

Warwick is Chancellor, and the Lord of *Calais*,
Stern *Faulconbridge* commands the narrow Seas,
The Duke is made Protector of the Realm,
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling Lamb, invironed with Wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly Woman,
The Soldiers should have toss'd me on their Pikes,
Before I would have granted to that Act.

But

But thou prefer'st thy Life before thine honour.
 And seeing thou dost, I here divorce my self,
 Both from thy Table, *Henry*, and thy Bed,
 Until that Act of Parliament be repealed,
 Whereby my Son is disinherited.

The Northern Lords, that have forsworn thy Colours,
 Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
 And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,
 And utter ruin of the House of *York*,
 Thus do I leave thee; come Son, let's away,
 Our Army is ready, come, we'll after them.

K. Henry. Stay, gentle *Margaret*, and hear me speak.

Queen. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.

K. Henry. Gentle Son *Edward*, thou wilt stay with me?

Queen. Ay, to be murder'd by his Enemies.

Prince. When I return with Victory from the Field,
 I'll see your Grace; 'till then I'll follow her.

Queen. Come, Son, away, we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen and Prince.*]

K. Henry. Poor Queen,
 How love to me, and to her Son,
 Hath made her break out into terms of Rage.
 Reveng'd may she be on that hateful Duke,
 Whose haughty Spirit, winged with desire,
 Will cost my Crown, and like an empty Eagle,
 Tire on the Flesh of me, and of my Son.
 The loss of those three Lords torments my Heart;
 I'll write unto them, and intreat them fair;
 Come, Cousin, you shall be the Messenger.

Exe. And I hope shall reconcile them all. [Exit.]

Enter Richard, Edward, and Mountague.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the Oator.

Mount. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. Why, how now Sons and Brother, at a strife?
 What is your Quarrel? how began it first?

Edw. No Quarrel, but a slight Contention.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your Grace and us,
 The Crown of *England*, Father, which is yours. *York.*

York. Mine, Boy? not 'till King *Henry* be dead.

Rich. Your Right depends not on his Life, or Death.

Edw. Now you are Heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the House of *Lancaster* leave to breathe,
It will out-run you, Father, in the end.

York. I took an Oath, that he should quietly Reign.

Edw. But for a Kingdom any Oath may be broken:
I would break a thousand Oaths to Reign one Year.

Rich. No; God forbid your Grace should be forsworn.

York. I shall be, if I claim by open War.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

York. Thou can'st not, Son, it is impossible.

Rich. An Oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful Magistrate,
That hath Authority over him that Swears.

Henry had none, but did usurp the Place.

Then seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,

Your Oath, my Lord, is vain and frivolous.

Therefore to Arms: and, Father, do but think,

How sweet a thing it is to wear a Crown,

Within whose Circuit is *Elysium*,

And all that Poets feign of Bliss and Joy.

Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,

Until the white Rose that I wear, be dy'd

Even in the lukewarm Blood of *Henry's* Heart.

York. *Richard*, enough: I will be King, or die.

Brother, thou shalt to *London* presently,

And whet on *Warwick* to this Enterprize.

Thou, *Richard*, shalt go to the Duke of *Norfolk*,

And tell him privily of our intent.

You, *Edward*, shall unto my Lord *Cobham*,

With whom the *Kentishmen* will willingly rise.

In them I trust; for they are Soldiers,

Witty, courteous, liberal, full of Spirit.

While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,

But that I seek occasion how to rise?

And yet the King not privy to my drift,

Nor any of the House of *Lancaster*.

Enter Gabriel.

But stay. what News? why com'st thou in such post?

Gab. The Queen,

With

With all the Northern Earls and Lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your Castle.
She is hard by, with twenty thousand Men;
And therefore fortifie your Hold, my Lord.

York. Ay, with my Sword.

What, think'st thou that we fear them?

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me,

My Brother *Montague* shall post to *London*.

Let noble *Warwick, Cobham,* and the rest,

Whom we have left Protectors of the King,

With powerful Policy strengthen themselves,

And trust not simple *Henry,* nor his Oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go: I'll win them, fear it not.

And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

[*Exit Montague,*

Enter Sir John Mortimer, and Sir Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir *John,* and Sir *Hugh Mortimer,* mine Uncles,

You are come to *Sandal* in a happy hour.

The Army of the Queen means to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the Field.

York. What, with five thousand Men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, Father, for a need.

A Woman's General; what should we fear?

[*A march afar off.*

Edw. I hear their Drums:

Let's set our Men in order,

And issue forth, and bid them Battel streight.

York. Five Men to twenty, though the odds be great,

I doubt not, Uncle, of our Victory.

Many a Battel have I won in *France,*

When as the Enemy hath been ten to one:

Why should I not now have the like Success?

[*Alarum. Exit.*

Enter Rutland and his Tutor.

Rut. Ah, whether shall I flie, to scape their Hands?

Ah, Tutor, look where bloody *Clifford* comes.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. Chaplain, away, thy Priesthood saves thy Life;

As for the Brat of this accursed Duke,

Whose Father slew my Father, he shall die.

Tutor. And I, my Lord, will bear him Company.

Clif.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him.

Tutor. Ah *Clifford*, murder not this innocent Child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and Man. [Exit.]

Clif. How now? is he dead already?
Or is it fear that makes him close his Eyes?
I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up Lyon o'er the wretch,
That trembles under his devouring Paws:
And so he walks, insulting o'er his Prey,
And so he comes to rend his Limbs asunder.
Ah, gentle *Clifford*, kill me with thy Sword,
And not with such a cruel threatning Look.
Sweet *Clifford*, hear me speak before I die:
I am too mean a subject of thy wrath,
Be thou reveng'd on Men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor Boy:
My Father's Blood hath stopt the passage
Where thy Words should enter,

Rut. Then let my Father's Blood open it again,
He is a Man, and, *Clifford*, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy Brethren here, their Lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me:
No, if I digg'd up thy Fore-fathers Graves,
And hung their rotten Coffins up in Chains,
It could not slake mine Ire, nor ease my Heart.
The fight of any of the House of *York*,
Is as a fury to torment my Soul:
And 'till I root out their accursed Line,
And leave not one alive, I live in Hell.
Therefore——

Rut. O let me pray before I take my Death:
To thee, I pray——sweet *Clifford*, pity me.

Clif. Such pity as my Rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm; why wilt thou slay me?

Clif. Thy Father hath.

Rut. But 'twas e'er I was born.
Thou hast one Son, for his sake pity me,
Lest in revenge thereof, sith God is just,
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in Prison all my Days,
And when I give occasion of Offence,

Then

Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause? thy Father slew my Father, therefore die.

Rut. *Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tua.* [*Stabs him.*]

Clif. *Plantagenet*, I come, *Plantagenet*.

And this thy Son's Blood cleaving to my Blade,
Shall rust upon my Weapon, 'till thy Blood
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.

[*Exit.*]

Alarum. Enter *Richard Duke of York*.

York. The Army of the Queen hath got the Field:
My Uncles both are slain in rescuing me,
And all my Followers, to the eager Foe
Turn back, and fly, like Ships before the Wind,
Or Lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved Wolves.
My Sons, God knows what hath bechanced them:
But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
Like Men born to Renown, by Life or Death.
Three times did *Richard* make a Lane to me,
And thrice cry'd, Courage, Father, fight it out:
And full as oft come *Edward* to my side,
With Purple Falchion, painted to the Hilt
In Blood of those that had encountred him;
And when the hardiest Warriors did retire,
Richard cry'd, Charge, and give no foot of Ground,
And cry'd, a Crown, or else a glorious Tomb,
A Scepter, or an Earthly Sepulcher.
With this we chatg'd again; but out alas,
We bodg'd again; as I have seen a Swan
With bootless labour swim against the Tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching Waves.

[*A short Alarum within.*]

Ah hark, the fatal Followers do pursue,
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury.
And were I strong, I would not shun their fury.
The Sands are numbred that make up my Life,
Here must I stay, and here my Life must end.

Enter the *Queen*, *Clifford*, *Northumberland*, the *Prince of*
Wales, and *Soldiers*.

Come, bloody *Clifford*, rough *Northumberland*,
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage:
I am your Butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud *Plantagenet*.

Clif.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless Arm
With downright payment shew'd unto my Father.
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his Car,
And made an Evening at the Noon-tide Prick.

York. My Ashes, as the Phoenix, may bring forth
A Bird, that will revenge upon you all:
And in that hope I throw mine Eyes to Heav'n,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.

Why come you not? what! Multitudes and fear?

Clif. So Cowards fight when they can fly no farther,
So Doves do peck the Falcons piercing Talons,
So desperate Thieves, all hopeless of their Lives,
Breath out Invectives 'gainst the Officers.

York. Oh, *Clifford*, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time:
And if thou canst, for blushing, view this Face,
And bite thy Tongue that slanders him with Cowardice,
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly e'er this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee Word for Word,
But buckler with thee Blows twice two for one.

Queen. Hold, valiant *Clifford*, for a thousand causes
I would prolong a while the Traitor's Life:
Wrath makes him deaf; speak thou, *Northumberland*.

North. Hold *Clifford*, do not honour him so much,
To prick thy Finger, though to wound his Heart.
What Valour were it, when a Cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his Hand between his Teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is Wars prize to take all vantages,
And ten to one is no impeach of Valour.

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the Woodcock with the Gin.

North. So doth the Cony struggle in the Net.

York. So triumph Thieves upon their conquer'd Booty,
So true Men yield, with Robbers so o'er-match.

North. What would your Grace have done unto him now?

Queen. Brave Warriors, *Clifford* and *Northumberland*,
Come make him stand upon this Mole-hill here,
That caught at Mountains with out-stretched Arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his Hand.
What, was it you that would be *England's* King?
Was't you that revell'd in our Parliament,

And made a Preachment of your High Descent?
 Where are your messes of Sons to back you now,
 The wanton *Edward*, and the lusty *George*?
 And where's that valiant Crook-back Prodigy,
Dicky, your Boy, that with his grumbling voice
 Was wont to cheer his Dad in Mutinies?
 Or with the rest, where is your Darling *Rutland*?
 Look *York*, I stain'd this Napkin with the Blood
 That valiant *Clifford*, with his Rapier's point,
 Made issue from the bosom of the Boy;
 And if thine Eyes can water for his Death,
 I give thee this to dry thy Cheeks withal.
 Alas, poor *York*, but that I hate thee deadly,
 I should lament thy miserable State.
 I prithee grieve, to make me merry, *York*.
 What, hath thy fiery Heart so parcht thine Intraills,
 That not a Tear can fall for *Rutland's* Death,
 Why art thou patient, Man? thou should'st be mad:
 And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus;
 Stamp, rave and fret, that I may sing and dance.
 Thou would'st be see'd, I see, to make me sport:
York cannot speak, unless he wear a Crown.
 A Crown for *York*—and, Lords, bow low to him:
 Hold you his Hands, whilst I do set it on.

[*Putting a Paper Crown on his Head.*]

Ay marry, Sir, now looks he like a King:
 Ay, this is he that took King *Henry's* Chair,
 And this is he was his adopted Heir.
 But how is it, that great *Plantagenet*
 Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn Oath?
 As I bethink me, you should not be King,
 'Till our King *Henry* had shook Hands with Death,
 And will you pale your Head in *Henry's* Glory,
 And rob his Temples of the Diadem,
 Now in this Life against the holy Oath?
 Oh, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable.
 Off with the Crown, and with the Crown his Head,
 And whilst we breath take him to do him dead.

Clif. That is my Office, for my Father's sake.

Queen. Nay stay, let's here the Orizons he makes:

York. She-Wolf of *France*,

But worse than Wolves of *France*,

Whose

Whose Tongue more poisons than the Adder's Tooth:
 How ill-beleeming is it in thy Sex,
 To triumph like an *Amazonian* Trull,
 Upon their Woes, whom Fortune captivates?
 But that thy Face is Vizard-like, unchanging,
 Made impudent with use of evil Deeds,
 I would assay, proud Queen, to make thee blush.
 To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
 Were shame enough to shame thee
 Wert thou not shameless:
 Thy Father bears the Type of King of *Naples*,
 Of both the *Sicils* and *Jerusalem*,
 Yet not so wealthy as an *English* Yeoman.
 Hath that poor Monarch taught thee to insult?
 It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud Queen;
 Unless the Adage must be verify'd,
 That Beggars mounted run their Horse to Death:
 'Tis Beauty that doth oft make Women proud;
 But God he knows, thy share thereof is small.
 'Tis Virtue that doth make them most admir'd.
 The contrary doth make thee wondred at.
 'Tis Government that makes them seem Divine;
 The want thereof makes thee abominable.
 Thou art as opposite to every good,
 As the Antipodes are unto us,
 Or as the South to the *Septentrion*.
 Oh Tyger's Heart, wrapt in a Woman's Hide,
 How could'st thou drain the Life-blood of the Childs
 To bid the Father wipe his Eyes withal,
 And yet be seen to wear a Woman's Face?
 Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible;
 Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
 Bidst thou me rage? why now thou hast thy wish.
 Would'st thou have me weep? why now thou hast thy will.
 For raging Wind blows up incessant Show'rs.
 And when the rage allays, the Rain begins.
 These Tears are my sweet *Rutland's* O'sequies,
 And every drop cries vengeance to his Death,
 'Gainst thee, fell *Clifford*, and thee, false *French* Woman.
North. Beshrew me, but his Passions move me so,
 That hardly can I check mine Eyes from Tears.

York. That Face of his,
 The hungry Cannibals would not have toucht,
 Would not have stain'd the Roses just with Blood:
 But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
 Oh ten times more, than Tygers of *Hyrkania*.
 See, ruthles Queen, a haples Father's Tears:
 This Cloth thou dip'dst in Blood of my sweet Boy,
 And I with Tears do wash the Blood away.
 Keep thou the Napkin, and go boast of this,
 And if thou tell'st the heavy Story right,
 Upon my Soul, the Hearers will shed Tears:
 Yea, even my Foes will shed fast-falling Tears,
 And say, alas, it was a piteous Deed.
 There take the Crown, and, with the Crown, my Curse.
 And in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
 As now I reap at thy too cruel Hand.
 Hard-hearted *Clifford*, take me from the World,
 My Soul to Heav'n, my Blood upon your Heads.

North. Had he been Slaughter-man to all my Kin,
 I should not for my Life but weep with him,
 To see how inly Sorrow gripes his Soul.

Queen. What, weeping ripe, my Lord *Northumberland*?
 Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
 And that will quickly dry thy melting Tears.

Clif. Here's for my Oath, here's for my Father's Death.

Queen. And here's to right our gentle-hearted King.

[*Stabbing him.*]

York. Open thy Gate of Mercy, gracious God.
 My Soul flies through these Wounds, to seek out thee. [*Dies.*]

Queen. Off with his Head, and set it on *York* Gates,
 So *York* may overlook the Town of *York*. [*Exeunt.*]

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

A March. Enter Edward, Richard, and their Powers.

Edw. I Wonder how our Princely Father scap'd;
 Or whether he be scap'd away, or no,
 From *Clifford's*, and *Northumberland's* pursuit?
 Had he been ta'en we should have heard the News;

Had

Had he been slain, we should have heard the News;
Or had he scap'd, methinks we should have heard
The happy Tidings of his good escape.

How fares my Brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd,
Where our right valiant Father is become.
I saw him in the Battel range about,
And watcht him how he singled *Clifford* forth,
Methought he bore him in the thickest Troop,
As doth a Lion in a Herd of Neat;
Or as a Bear encompass'd round with Dogs,
Who having pincht a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.

So far'd our Father with his Enemies,
So fled his Enemies my warlike Father:
Methinks 'tis prize enough to be his Son.
See how the Morning opes her Golden Gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious Sun,
How well resembles it the prime of Youth,
Trim'd like a Yonker, prancing to his Love?

Edw. Dazle mine Eyes? or do I see three Suns?

Rich. Three glorious Suns, each one a perfect Sun,
Not separated with the racking Clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining Sky.
See, see they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some League inviolable:
Now are they but one Lamp, one Light, one Sun;
In this the Heaven figures some Event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange,
The like yet never heard of.
I think it cites us, Brother, to the Field,
That we, the Sons of brave *Plantagenet*,
Each one already blazing by our Meeds,
Should notwithstanding join our Lights together,
And over-shine the Earth, as this the World,
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my Target three fair shining Suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three Daughters:
By your leave, I sp ak it,
You love the Breeder better than the Male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy Looks foretel
Some dreadful Story hanging on thy Tongue?

Mes. Ah, one that was a woful looker on,
When as the Noble Duke of *York* was slain,
Your Princely Father, and my loving Lord.

Edw. Oh, speak no more! for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say how he dy'd, for I will hear it all.

Mes. Environed he was with many Foes,
And stood against them, as the hope of *Troy*
Against the *Greeks*, that would have entred *Troy*.
But *Hercules* himself must yield to odds;
And many Stroaks, though with a little Ax,
Hews down and fells the hardest-timber'd Oak.
By many Hands your Father was subdu'd,
But only slaughter'd by the ireful Arm,
Of unrelenting *Clifford*, and the Queen:
Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high despight,
Laugh'd in his Face; and when with grief he wept,
The ruthless Queen gave him, to dry his Cheek,
A Napkin, steeped in the harmless Blood
Of sweet young *Rutland*, by rough *Clifford* slain:
And after many Scorns, many foul Taunts,
They took his Head, and on the Gates of *York*
They set the same, and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet Duke of *York*, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no Staff, no Stay,
Oh *Clifford*, boist'rous *Clifford*, thou hast slain
The Flower of *Europe* for his Chivalry,
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
For Hand to Hand he would have vanquish'd thee.
Now my Soul's Palace is become a Prison:
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my Body
Might in the Ground be closed up in rest;
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, oh never shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep, for all my Body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my Furnace-burning Heart:
Nor can my Tongue unload my Heart's great burthen,
For self-same Wind that I should speak withal,

Is kindling Coals that fire up all my Breast,
 And burn me up with Flames, that Tears would quench.
 To weep, is to make less the depth of Grief:
 Tears then for Babes; Blows and Revenge for me.

Richard, I bear thy Name, I'll venge thy Death,
 Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His Name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:
 His Dukedom, and his Chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that Princely Eagle's Bird,
 Shew thy descent, by gazing 'gainst the Sun:
 For Chair and Dukedom, Throne and Kingdom say,
 Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter Warwick, *Marquess of Montague, and*
their Army.

War. How now, fair Lords? what fare? what News abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of *Warwick*, if we should recount
 Our baleful News, and at each Word's deliverance
 Stab Poinards in our Flesh, 'till all were told,
 The Words would add more anguish than the Wounds.
 O, valiant Lord, the Duke of *York* is slain.

Edw. O, *Warwick!* *Warwick!* that *Plantagenet*,
 Which held thee dearly as his Soul's Redemption,
 Is by the stern Lord *Clifford* done to Death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these News in tears,
 And now to add more measure to your Woes,
 I come to tell you things sith then befall.
 After the bloody Fray at *Wakefield* fought,
 Where your brave Father fought his latest Gasp,
 Tidings, as swiftly as the Post could run,
 Were brought me of your Loss, and his depart.
 I then in *London*, Keeper of the King,
 Muster'd my Soldiers, gather'd flocks of Friends,
 March'd towards *St. Albans* to intercept the Queen,
 Bearing the King in my behalf along:
 For by my Scouts I was advertised
 That she was coming, with a full intent
 To dash our late Decree in Parliament,
 Touching King *Henry's* Oath, and your Succession:
 Short Tale to make, we at *St. Albans* met,
 Our Battels join'd, and both sides fiercely fought;
 But whether 'twas the coldness of the King,

Who look'd full gently on his Warlike Queen,
 That robb'd my Soldiers of their heated Spleen;
 Or whether 'twas report of her Success,
 Or more than common fear of *Clifford's* Rigour,
 Who thunders to his Captives Blood and Death,
 I cannot judge; but to conclude with Truth,
 Their Weapons like to Lightning, came and went:
 Our Soldiers like the Night-Owl's lazy flight,
 Or like a lazy Thresher with a Flail,
 Fell gently down, as if they struck their Friends.
 I cheer'd them up with Justice of our Cause,
 With Promise of high Pay, and great Reward:
 But all in vain, they had no heart to fight,
 And we, in them, no hope to win the Day,
 So that we fled; the King unto the Queen,
 Lord *George* your Brother, *Norfolk*, and my self,
 In haste, Post-haste, are come to join with you:
 For in the Marches here we heard you were,
 Making another Head, to fight again,

Edw. Where is the Duke of *Norfolk*, gentle *Warwick*?
 And when came *George* from *Burgundy* to *England*?

War. Some six miles off the Duke is with the Soldiers;
 And for your Brother, he was lately sent
 From your kind Aunt, Dutchess of *Burgundy*,
 With aid of Soldiers to this needful War.

Rich. 'Twas odds belike when valiant *Warwick* fled;
 Oft have I heard his Praises in Pursuit,
 But ne'er, 'till now, his Scandal of Retire.

War. Nor now my Scandal, *Richard*, dost thou hear:
 For thou shalt know this strong right Hand of mine
 Can pluck the Diadem from faint *Henry's* Head,
 And wring the awful Scepter from his Fist,
 Were he as famous, and as bold in War,
 And he is fam'd for Mildness, Peace and Prayer.

Rich. I knew it well, Lord *Warwick*, blame me not,
 'Tis love I bear thy Glories makes me speak.
 But in this troublous time what's to be done?
 Shall we go throw away our Coats of Steel,
 And wrap our Bodies in black mourning Gowns,
 Numb'ring our *Ave Marias* with our Beads.
 Or shall we on the Helmets of our Foes,

Tell

Tell our Devotion with revengeful Arms?
If for the last, say Ay, and to it Lords.

War. Why therefore *Warwick* came to seek you out,
And therefore comes my Brother *Montague*:
Attend me Lords, the proud insulting Queen,
With *Clifford*, and the haught *Northumberland*,
And of their Feather many more proud Birds,
Have wrought the easie-melting King, like Wax;
He swore consent to your Succession,
His Oath enrolled in the Parliament,
And now to *London* all the Crew are gone,
To frustrate both his Oath, and what beside
May make against the House of *Lancaster*.
Their Power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
Now if the help of *Norfolk*, and my self,
With all the Friends that thou brave Earl of *March*,
Amongst the loving *Welchmen*, canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why *Via!* to *London* will we march,
And once again bestride our foaming Steeds,
And once again cry, Charge upon our Foes,
But never once again turn back and fly.

Rich. Ay, now methinks I hear great *Warwick* speak;
Ne'er may he live to see a Sun-shine Day,
That crys Retire, if *Warwick* bid him stay.

Edw. Lord *Warwick*, on thy Shoulder will I lean,
And when thou fail'st (as God forbid the Hour)
Must *Edward* fall, which peril Heaven forbend.

War. No longer Earl of *March*, but Duke of *York*:
The next degree is *England's* Royal Throne:
For King of *England* shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every Borough as we pass along,
And he that throws not up his Cap for Joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his Head.
King *Edward*, valiant *Richard*, *Montague*,
Stay we no longer, dreaming of Renown,
But sound the Trumpets, and about our Task.

Rich. Then *Clifford*, were thy Heart as hard as Steel,
As thou hast shewn it flinty by thy Deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up Drums, God and *St. George* for us.

*The Third Part of**Enter a Messenger.**War.* How now? What News?*Mes.* The Duke of *Norfolk* sends you word by me,
The Queen is coming with a puissant Host,
And craves your Company for speedy Counsel.*War.* Why then it sorts, brave Warriors let's away.[*Exeunt omnes.*]*Enter King Henry, the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland,
and the Prince of Wales, with Drums and Trumpets.**Queen.* Welcome, my Lord, to this brave Town of *York*,
Yonder's the Head of that Arch-enemy,
That sought to be encompass't with your Crown.
Doth not the Object cheer your Heart, my Lord?*K. Henry.* Ay, as the Rocks cheer them that fear their Wrack;
To see this sight it irks my very Soul:
With-hold Revenge, dear God, 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my Vow.*Clif.* My gracious Liege, this too much Lenity
And harmless Pity must be laid aside:
To whom do Lions cast their gentle Looks?
Not to the Beast that would usurp their Den.
Whose Hand is that the Forest Bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her Face,
Who scapes the lurking Serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his Foot upon her Back.
The smallest Worm will turn, being trodden on,
And Doves will peck in safeguard of their Brood.
Ambitious *York* did level at thy Crown,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry Brows.
He but a Duke, would have his Son a King,
And raise his Issue like a loving Sire;
Thou being a King, blest with a goodly Son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him;
Which argued thee a most unloving Father.
Unreasonable Creatures feed their Young,
And though Man's Face be fearful to their Eyes,
Yet in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them even with those Wings,
Which sometimes they have us'd with fearful flight,
Make War with him that climb'd unto their Nest,
Offering their own Lives in their Young's Defence?

For

For Shame, my Liege, make them your President:
 Were it not pity, that this goodly Boy
 Should lose his Birth-right by his Father's Fault,
 And long hereafter say unto his Child,
 What my great Grandfather and Grandfire got,
 My careless Father fondly gave away.
 Ah, what a Shame was this? look on the Boy,
 And let his manly Face, which promiseth
 Successful Fortune, steel thy melting Heart,
 To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

King. Full well hath *Clifford* plaid the Orator,
 Inferring Arguments of mighty Force:
 But, *Clifford*, tell me, didst thou never hear,
 That things ill got, had ever bad Success.
 And happy always was it for that Son,
 Whose Father for his hoarding went to Hell:
 I'll leave my Son my virtuous Deeds behind,
 And would my Father had left me no more:
 For all the rest is held at such a Rate,
 As brings a thousand-fold more Care to keep,
 Than in Possession any jot of Pleasure.
 Ah Cousin *York*, would thy best Friends did know,
 How it doth grieve me that thy Head is here.

Queen. My Lord, cheer up your Spirits, our Foes are nigh,
 And this soft Courage makes your Followers faint:
 You promis'd Knighthood to our forward Son,
 Unsheath your Sword, and dub him presently.
Edward, kneel down.

King. *Edward Plantagenet*, arise a Knight,
 And learn this Lesson, draw thy Sword in right.

Prince. My gracious Father, by your Kingly Leave,
 I'll draw it as apparent to the Crown,
 And in that Quarrel use it to the Death.

Clif. Why that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Royal Commanders, be in readiness,
 For with a Band of thirty thousand Men
 Comes *Warwick*, backing of the Duke of *York*,
 And in the Towns, as they do march along,
 Proclaims him King, and many fly to him.
 Darraigo your Battel, they are near at hand.

Clif.

Clif. I would your Highness would depart the Field,
The Queen hath best Success when you are absent.

Queen. Ay, good my Lord, and leave us to our Fortune.

K. Henry. Why that's my Fortune too, therefore I'll stay.

North. Be it with Resolution then to fight.

Prince. My Royal Father, cheer these Noble Lords,
And hearten those that fight in your Defence:

Unsheath your Sword, good Father; cry *St. George.*

March. Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard, Clarence,
Norfolk, Montague, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now perjur'd *Henry*, wilt thou kneel for Grace,
And set thy Diadem upon my Head;
Or bide the Mortal Fortune of the Field?

Queen. Go rate thy Minions, proud insulting Boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in Terms,
Before thy Sovereign, and thy lawful King?

Edw. I am his King, and he should bow his Knee;
I was adopted Heir by his Consent;
Since when, his Oath is broke: for as I hear,
You that are King, though he do wear the Crown,
Have caus'd him, by new Act of Parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own Son in.

Clif. And reason too:

Who should succeed the Father, but the Son?

Rich. Are you there, Butcher? O, I cannot speak.

Clif. Ay, Crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he, the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young *Rutland*, was it not?

Clif. Ay, and old *York*, and yet not satisfy'd.

Rich. For God's sake, Lords, give Signal to the Fight.

War. What say'st thou, *Henry*,
Wilt thou yield the Crown?

Queen. Why how now, long-tongu'd *Warwick*, dare you
When you and I met at *St. Albans* last, [speak?
Your Legs did better Service than your Hands.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your Valour, *Clifford*, drove me thence.

North. No, nor your Manhood that durst make you stay.

Rich. *Northumberland*, I hold thee reverently,
Break off the Parley, for scarce I can refrain

The Execution of my big-swoln Heart
Upon that *Clifford*, that cruel Child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy Father, call'st thou him a Child?

Rich. Ay, like a Dastard, and a treacherous Coward,
As thou didst kill our tender Brother *Rutland*;
But e'er Sun set, I'll make thee curse the Deed.

K. Henry. Have done with Words, my Lords, and hear
me speak.

Queen. Desie them then, or else hold close thy Lips.

K. Henry. I prithee give no Limits to my Tongue,
I am a King, and privileg'd to speak.

Clif. My Liege, the Wound that bred this Meeting here
Cannot be cur'd by Words, therefore be still.

Rich. Then, Execution, re-unsheath thy Sword:
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd
That *Clifford's* Manhood lyes upon his Tongue.

Edw. Say, *Henry*, shall I have my right, or no:
A thousand Men have broke their Fast to Day,
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the Crown.

War. If thou deny, their Blood upon thy Head,
For *York* in justice puts his Armour on.

Prince. If that be right, which *Warwick* says is right,
There is no Wrong, but every thing is right.

War. Who ever got thee, there thy Mother stands,
For well I wot, thou hast thy Mother's Tongue.

Queen. But thou art neither like thy Sire nor Dam,
But like a foul mishapen Stigmatick,
Mark'd by the Destinies to be avoided,
As venomous Toads, or Lizards dreadful Stings.

Rich. Iron of *Naples*, hid with *English* Gilt,
Whose Father bears the Title of a King,
(As if a Kennel should be call'd the Sea)
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy Tongue detect thy base-born Heart.

Edw. A Wisp of Straw were worth a thousand Crowns,
To make this shameless Callet know her self.

Helen of *Greece* was fairer far than thou,
Although thy Husband may be *Menelaus*,
And ne'er was *Agamemnon's* Brother wrong'd
By that false Woman, as this King by thee.
His Father revell'd in the Heart of *France*,

And

And tam'd the King, and made the Dauphin stoop:
 And had he match'd according to his State,
 He might have kept that Glory to this Day.
 But when he took a Beggar to his Bed,
 And grac'd thy poor Sire with his Bridal Day,
 Even then that Sun-shine brew'd a Shower for him,
 That wash'd his Father's Fortunes forth of *France*,
 And heap'd Sedition on his Crown at home:
 For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy Pride?
 Hadst thou been meek, our Title still had slept,
 And we in Pity of the gentle King,
 Had slept our Claim until another Age.

Cl. But when we saw our Sunshine made thy Spring,
 And that thy Summer bred us no encrease,
 We set the Ax to thy usurping Root;
 And though the Edge hath something hit our selves,
 Yet know thou, since we have begun to strike,
 We'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down,
 Or bath'd thee growing with our heated Bloods.

Edw. And in this Resolution I defie thee,
 Not willing any longer Conference,
 Since thou deny'dst the gentle King to speak.
 Sound Trumpets, let our bloody Colours wave,
 And either Victory, or else a Grave.

Queen. Stay, *Edward* —

Edw. No, wrangling Woman, we'll no longer stay.
 These Words will cost ten thousand Lives this Day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Warwick,

War. Fore-spent with Toil, as Runners with a Race,
 I lay me down a little while to breathe:
 For Strokes receiv'd, and many Blows repaid,
 Have rob'd my strong-knit Sinews of their Strength,
 And spight of spight, needs must I rest a while.

Enter Edward running.

Edw. Smile, gentle Heav'n; or strike, ungentle Death;
 For this World frowns, and *Edward's* Sun is clouded.

War. How now, my Lord, what hap? What hope of good?

Enter Clarence.

Cl. Our Hap is Loss, our Hope but sad Despair,
 Our Ranks are broke, and Ruin follows us.

What

What Counsel give you? whether shall we fly?

Edw. Bootless is flight, they follow us with Wings,
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah *Warwick*, why halt thou withdrawn thy self?
Thy Brother's Blood the thirsty Earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the steely point of *Clifford's* Lance:
And in the very pangs of Death he cry'd,
Like to a dismal Clangor heard from far,
Warwick, revenge; Brother, revenge my Death.
So underneath the Belly of his Steeds,
That stain'd their Fetlocks in his smoaking Blood,
The Noble Gentleman gave up the Ghost.

War. Then let the Earth be drunken with our Blood;
I'll kill my Horse because I will not fly:
Why stand we like soft-hearted Women here,
Wailing our Losses, whiles the Foe doth rage,
And look upon, as if the Tragedy
Were plaid in jest by counterfeiting Actors.
Here on my Knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
'Till either Death hath clos'd these Eyes of mine,
Or Fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O *Warwick*, I do bend my Knee with thine,
And in this Vow do chain my Soul to thine.
And e'er my Knee rise from the Earth's cold Face,
I throw my Hands, mine Eyes, my Heart to thee,
Thou Setter up, and Plucker down of Kings,
Beseeching thee (if with thy Will it stands
That to my Foes this Body must be prey)
Yet that thy brazen Gates of Heav'n may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful Soul.
Now Lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where-e'er it be, in Heav'n, or in the Earth.

Rich. Brother,
Give me thy Hand, and gentle *Warwick*,
Let me embrace thee in my weary Arms:
I that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That Winter should cut off our Spring-time so.

War. Away, away:
Once more, sweet Lords, farewell.

Cl. Yet let us all together to our Troops;
 And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
 And call them Pillars that will stand to us;
 And if we thrive, promise them such Rewards
 As Victors wear at the *Olympian Games*.
 This may plant Courage in their quailing Breasts,
 For yet is hope of Life and Victory;
 Fore-slow no longer, make we hence amain.

[*Exeunt.*]

Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now, *Clifford*, I have singled thee alone,
 Suppose this Arm is for the Duke of *York*,
 And this for *Rutland*, both bound to revenge,
 Wert thou environ'd with a Brazen Wall.

Clif. Now, *Richard*, I am with thee here alone,
 This is the Hand that stabb'd thy Father *York*,
 And this the Hand that slew thy Brother *Rutland*,
 And here's the Heart that triumphs in their Death,
 And cheers these Hands that slew thy Sire and Brother,
 To execute the like upon thy self,
 And so have at thee.

They fight, Warwick enters, Clifford flies.

Rich. Nay *Warwick*, single out some other Chace,
 For I my self will hunt this Wolf to death.

[*Exeunt.*]

Alarum. Enter King Henry alone.

K. Henry. This Battel fares like to the Morning's War,
 When dying Clouds contend with growing Light,
 What time the Shepherd blowing of his Nails,
 Can neither call it perfect Day nor Night.
 Now sways it this way, like the self-same Sea,
 Forc'd by the Tide to combat with the Wind:
 Now sways it that way, like the self-same Sea,
 Forc'd to retire by fury of the Wind.
 Sometime, the Flood prevails, and then the Wind,
 Now, one the better, then another best,
 Both tugging to be Victors, Breast to Breast,
 Yet neither Conqueror, nor conquered;
 So is the equal poize of this fell War.
 Here on this Mole-hill will I sit me down,
 To whom God will, there be the Victory:
 For *Margaret* my Queen, and *Clifford* too
 Have chid me from the Battel, twearing both,
 They prosper best of all when I am thence.

Would

Would I were dead, if God's good will were so:
 For what is in this World, but Grief and Woe?
 Oh God! methinks it were a happy Life,
 To be no better than a homely Swain,
 To sit upon a Hill, as I do now,
 To carve out Dials quaintly, point by point,
 Thereby to see the Minutes how they run:
 How many makes the Hour full compleat,
 How many Hours bring about the Day,
 How many Days will finish up the Year,
 How many Years a mortal Man may live.
 When this is known, then to divide the times:
 So many hours must I tend my Flock,
 So many hours must I take my rest,
 So many hours must I contemplate,
 So many hours must I sport my self,
 So many days my Ewes have been with young,
 So many Weeks e'er the poor Fools will Ean,
 So many Months e'er I shall sheer the Fleece:
 So Minutes, Hours, Days, Weeks, Months, and Years,
 Past over, to the end they were created,
 Would bring white Hairs unto a quiet Grave.
 Ah! what a Life were this? how sweet, how lovely?
 Gives not the Haw-thorn Bush a sweeter shade
 To Shepherds, looking on their silly Sheep,
 Than doth a rich embroider'd Canopy
 To Kings, that fear their Subjects treachery?
 O yes, it doth, a thousand-fold it doth,
 And to conclude, the Shepherds homely Curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his Leather Bottel,
 His wonted sleep, under a fresh Tree's shade,
 All which secure, and sweetly he enjoys,
 Is far beyond a Prince's Delicates,
 His Viands sparkling in a golden Cup,
 His Body couched in a curious Bed,
 When Care, Mistrust and Treasons wait on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son that had kill'd his Father at one Door,
 and a Father that had kill'd his Son at another Door.

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits no body,
 This Man whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
 May be possessed with some store of Crowns,

And

And I that, haply, take them from him now,
 May yet, e'er Night, yield both my Life and them
 To some Man else, as this dead Man doth me.
 Who's this? Oh God! it is my Father's Face,
 Whom in this Conflict, I, unawares, have kill'd:
 Oh heavy times! begetting such events.
 From *London*, by the King was I prest forth,
 My Father being the Earl of *Warwick's* Man
 Came on the part of *York*, prest by h's Master:
 And I, who at his hands receiv'd my Life,
 Have by my hands of life bereaved him.
 Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did;
 And pardon, Father, for I knew not thee,
 My Tears shall wipe away these bloody marks:
 And no more words, 'till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Henry. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
 Whiles Lions War, and Battel for their Dens,
 Poor harmless Lambs abide their Enmity.
 Weep, wretched Man, I'll aid thee Tear for Tear,
 And let our Hearts and Eyes, like civil War,
 Be blind with Tears, and break o'er-charg'd with Grief.

Enter a Father, bearing of his Son.

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
 Give me thy Gold, if thou hast any Gold:
 For I have bought it with an hundred Blows.
 But let me see: Is this our Foe-man's Face?
 Ah, no, no, no, it is my only Son.
 Ah Boy, if any Life be left in thee,
 Throw up thine Eye; see, see, what showers arise,
 Blown with the windy Tempest of my Heart,
 Upon thy wounds; that kills mine Eye and Heart.
 O pity, God, this miserable Age!
 What stratagems? how fell? how butcherly?
 Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
 This dealy quarrel daily doth beget?
 O Boy! thy Father gave thee Life too soon,
 And hath bereft thee of thy Life too late. [grief;

K. Henry. Woe above woe; grief, more than common
 O that my Death would stay these rueful deeds:
 O pity, pity, gentle Heaven, pity.
 The red Rose and the white are on his Face,

The

The fatal Colours of our striving Houses.
 The one his purple Blood right well resembles,
 The other his pale Cheeks, methinks, presenteth :
 Wither one Rose, and let the other flourish ;
 If you contend, a thousand Lives must wither.

Son. How will my Mother, for a Father's Death,
 Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfy'd?

Fath. How will my Wife, for slaughter of my Son;
 Shed Seas of Tears, and ne'er be satisfy'd?

K. Henry. How will the Country, for the woful chances;
 Miss-think the King, and not be satisfy'd?

Son. Was ever Son so rew'd a Father's Death?

Fath. Was ever Father so bemoan'd his Son?

K. Henry. Was ever King so griev'd for Subjects woe?
 Much is your Sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

Fath. These Arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet,
 My heart, sweet Boy, shall be thy Sepulcher,
 For from my Heart thine Image ne'er shall go.
 My fighting Breast shall be thy Funeral Bell :
 And so obsequious will thy Father be,
 Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,
 As *Priam* was for all his valiant Sons.

I'll bear thee hence, and let them fight that will,
 For I have murder'd where I should not kill. [Exit.

K. Henry. Sad-hearted Men, much overgone with Care;
 Here sits a King, more woful than you are.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter the Queen, Prince of
 Wales, and Exeter.*

Prince. Fly, Father, fly; for all your Friends are fled;
 And *Warwick* rages like a chafed Bull:
 Away, for Death doth hold us in pursuit.

Queen. Mount you my Lord, towards *Berwick* post again :
Edward and *Richard* like a brace of Grey-hounds,
 Having the fearful flying Hare in sight,
 With fiery Eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
 And bloody Steel graspt in their ireful Hands,
 Are at our backs, and therefore hence again.

Exe. Away; for vengeance comes along with them.
 Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed.
 Or else come after, I'll away before.

K. Henry. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet *Exeter*:
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the Queen intends. Forward, away. [*Exeunt.*

A loud Alarm. Enter *Clifford wounded.*

Clif. Here burns my Candle out; ay, here it dies,
Which whiles it lasted, gave King *Henry* light.
O *Lancaster*! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my Body's parting with my Soul:
My Love and Fear glew'd many Friends to thee, [*Falling.*
And now I fall, thy tough Commixtures melt,
Impairing *Henry*, strengthening miss-proud *York*;
And whither fly the Goats, but to the Sun?
And who shines now, but *Henry's* Enemies?
O *Phæbus*! hadst thou never giv'n consent,
That *Phaeton* should check thy fiery Steeds,
Thy burning Car never had scorch'd the Earth.
And *Henry*, hadst thou sway'd as Kings should do,
Or as thy Father, and his Father did,
Giving no ground unto the House of *York*,
They never then had sprung like Summer Flies:
I, and ten thousand in this luckless Realm,
Had left no mourning Widows for our Death,
And thou this day, hadst kept thy Chair in Peace.
For what doth cherish Weeds, but gentle Air?
And what makes Robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Bootless are Complaints, and cureless are my Wounds,
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight;
The Foe is merciless, and will not pity:
For at their Hands I have deserv'd no pity
The Air hath got into my deadly Wounds,
And much effuse of Blood doth make me faint:
Come *York*, and *Richard*, *Warwick*, and the rest,
I stabb'd your Father's Bosom; split my Breast. [*He faints.*

Alarm and Retreat. Enter *Edward*, *Warwick*, *Richard*,
Mountague, *Clarence*, and *Soldiers.*

Edw. Now breathe we Lords, good Fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of War with peaceful looks:
Some Troops pursue the bloody-minded Queen,
That led calm *Henry*, though he were a King,
As doth a Sail fill'd with a fretting Gust,

Command

Command an Argosie to stem the Waves:

But think you Lords, that *Clifford* fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape:

For though before his Face I speak the word,
Your Brother *Richard* mark'd him for the Grave;

And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead. [*Clifford groans.*]

Rich. Whose Soul is that, which takes her heavy leave?

A deadly groan, like Life and Death's departing.
See who it is.

Edw. And now the Battel's ended,
If Friend or Foe, let him be gently used.

Rich. Revoke that doom of Mercy, for 'tis *Clifford*,
Who not contented that he lopp'd the Branch
In hewing *Rutland*, when his leaves put forth,
But set his murth'ring Knife unto the Root,
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
I mean your Princely Father, Duke of *York*.

War. From off the Gates of *York* fetch down the head,
Your Father's Head, which *Clifford* placed there:
Instead whereof, let his supply the room.
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal Screech-owl to our House,
That nothing sung but Death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boading Tongue no more shall speak.

War. I think his understanding is bereft:
Speak *Clifford*, dost thou know who speaks to thee?
Dark cloudy Death o'er-shades his Beams of Life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us, what we say.

Rich. O would he did; and so, perhaps, he doth,
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our Father.

Cl. If so thou thinkst,
Vex him with eager words.

Rich. *Clifford*, ask Mercy, and obtain no Grace!

Edw. *Clifford*, repent in bootless penitence.

War. *Clifford*, devise excuses for thy faults.

Cl. While we devise fell Tortures for thy Faults.

Rich. Thou didst love *York*, and I am Son to *York*,

Edw. Thou pitied'st *Rutland*, I will pity thee.

Cl. Where's Captain *Margaret*, to fence you now?

War. They mock thee, *Clifford*,
Swear, as thou wast wont.

Rich. What, not an Oath! Nay, then the World goes hard,
When *Clifford* cannot spare his Friends an Oath:
I know by that he's dead, and by my Soul,
If this right hand would buy but two hours life,
That I, in all despite, might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing Blood
Stifle the Villain, whose unstanched thirst
York, and young *Rutland*, could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead. Off with the Traitor's Head,
And rear it in the place your Father's stands,
And now to *London* with triumphant march,
There to be crowned *England's* Royal King:
From whence shall *Warwick* cut the Sea to *France*,
And ask the Lady *Bona* for thy Queen.
So shalt thou sinew both these Lands together,
And having *France* thy Friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd Foe, that hopes to rise again:
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buz to offend thine Ears.

First will I see the Coronation,
And then to *Britany* I'll cross the Sea,
To effect this Marriagae, so it please my Lord;

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet *Warwick*, let it be;
For on thy Shoulder do I build my Seat:
And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy Counsel and Consent is wanting.

Richard, I will create thee Duke of *Glo'ster*,
And *George* of *Clarence*; *Warwick* as our self
Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of *Clarence*, *George* of *Glo'ster*,
For *Glo'ster's* Dukedom is too ominous,

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation:

Richard, be Duke of *Glo'ster*: Now to *London*,
To see these honours in possession.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T

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

Enter Sinklo, and Humphry, with Cross-bows in their Hands.

Sink. **U**nder this thick grown brake we'll shrowd our selves;
For through this Laund anon the Deer will come,
And in this Covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the Deer.

Hump. I'll stay above the Hill, so both may shoot,

Sink. That cannot be, the noise of thy Cross-bow
Will scare the Herd, and so my shoot is lost:
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best,
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befel me on a Day,
In this self-place, where now we mean to stand.

Sink. Here comes a Man, let's stay 'till he be past.

Enter King Henry with a Prayer-Book.

K. Henry. From Scotland am I stol'n even of pure love,
To greet mine own Land with my wishful sight:
No Harry, Harry, 'tis no Land of thine,
Thy place is fill'd, thy Scepter wrung from thee,
Thy Balm washt off wherewith thou wast anointed,
No bending Knee will call thee *Cesar* now,
No humble Sutors press to speak for right:
No, not a Man comes for redress to thee;
For how can I help them, and not my self?

Sink. Ay, here's a Deer, whose Skin's a Keeper's Fee:
This is the *quondam* King; let's seize upon him.

K. Henry. Let me embrace the four Adversaries,
For wise Men say, it is the wisest course,

Hump. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

Sink. Forbear a while, we'll hear a little more.

K. Henry. My Queen and Son are gone to *France* for aid:
And, as I hear, the great commanding *Warwick*
Is thither gone, to crave the *French* King's Sister
To Wife for *Edward*. If this news be true,
Poor Queen, and Son, your labour is but lost:
For *Warwick* is a subtle Orator;

And *Lewis* a Prince soon won with moving Words:
 By this account then *Margaret* may win him.
 For she's a Woman to be pitied much:
 Her sighs will make a batt'ry in his Breast,
 Her Tears will pierce into a Marble Heart:
 The Tyger will be mild, whiles she doth mourn;
 And *Nero* will be tainted with remorse,
 To hear and see her plaints, her brinish Tears,
 Ay, but she's come to beg, *Warwick* to give:
 She on his left side craving Aid for *Henry*;
 He on his right, asking a Wife for *Edward*.
 She weeps, and says, her *Henry* is depos'd;
 He smiles, and says, his *Edward* is install'd;
 That she poor wretch for grief can speak no more:
 Whiles *Warwick* tells his Title, smooths the wrong,
 Inferreth Arguments of mighty strength,
 And in conclusion wins the King from her,
 With promise of his Sister, and what else,
 To strengthen and support King *Edward's* Place.
 O *Margaret*, thus 'twill be, and thou (poor Soul)
 Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

Hum. Say, what art thou that talk'st of Kings, and Queens?

K. Henry. More than I seem, and less than I was born to;
 A Man at least, for less I should not be;
 And Men may talk of Kings, and why not I?

Hum. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a King.

K. Henry. Why so I am, in Mind, and that's enough.

Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy Crown?

K. Henry. My Crown is in my Heart, not on my Head:
 Not deck'd with Diamonds, and *Indian* Stones;
 Not to be seen: My Crown is call'd *Content*,
 A Crown it is that seldom Kings enjoy.

Hum. Well, if you be a King crown'd with *Content*,
 Your Crown *Content*, and you must be contented
 To go along with us. For, as we think,
 You are the King, King *Edward* hath depos'd:
 And we his Subjects, sworn in all Allegiance,
 Will apprehend you as his Enemy.

K. Henry. But did you never swear, and break an Oath.

Hum. No, never such an Oath, nor will not now.

K. Henry. Where did you dwell when I was King of *Eng-*
land?

Hum.

Hum. Here in this Country, where we now remain.

K. Henry. I was anointed King at nine Months old,
My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings;
And you were sworn true Subjects unto me:
And tell me then, have you not broke your Oaths?

Sink. No, for we were Subjects but while you were a King.

K. Henry. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a Man?
Ah simple Men, you know not what you swear:
Look, as I blow this Feather from my Face,
And as the Air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my Wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common Men.
But do not break your Oath, for of that Sin
My mild intreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the King shall be commanded,
And be you Kings, command, and I'll obey.

Sink. We are true Subjects to the King,
King Edward.

K. Henry. So would you be again to *Henry*,
If he were seated as *King Edward* is.

Sink. We charge you in God's Name and in the King's
To go with us unto the Officers.

K. Henry. In God's Name lead, your King's Name be o-
And what God will, that let your King perform, [bey'd,
And, what he will, I humbly yield unto. [Exeunt.

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and Lady Gray.

K. Edw. Brother of *Glo'ster*, at *St. Alban's* Field
This Lady's Husband, *Sir Richard Gray*, was slain,
His Land then seiz'd on by the Conqueror:
Her suit is now, to repossess those Lands,
Which we in Justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the House of *York*,
The worthy Gentleman did lose his Life.

Glo. Your Highness shall do well to grant her Suit:
It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.

Glo. Yea! is it so?

I see the Lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the King will grant her humble Suit.

Clar. He knows the Game, how true he keeps the Wind?

Glo. Silence.

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit,
And come, some other time, to know our Mind.

Gray. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brook delay,
May it please your Highness to resolve me now.
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

Glo. Ay, Widow! then I'll warrant you all your Lands,
And it what pleases him, shall please you:
Fight closer, or good faith you'll catch a blow.

Clar. I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.

Glo. God forbid that, for he'll take vantages.

K. Edw. How many Children hast thou, Widow? tell me.

Clar. I think he means to beg a Child of her.

Glo. Nay then whip me; he'll rather give her two.

Gray. Three, my most gracious Lord.

Glo. You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.

K. Edw. 'Twere pity they should lose their Father's Lands.

Gray. Be pitiful, dread Lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave, I'll try this Widow's wit.

Glo. Ay, good leave have you, for you will have leave,
'Till Youth take leave, and leave you to the Crutch.

K. Edw. Now tell me, Madam, do you love your Children?

Gray. Ay, full as dearly as I love my self.

K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?

Gray. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your Husband's Lands, to do them good.

Gray. Therefore I came unto your Majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these Lands are to be got.

Gray. So shall you bind me to your Highness Service.

K. Edw. What Service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

Gray. What you command that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take Exceptions to my Boon.

Gray. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

Gray. Why then I will do what your Grace commands.

Glo. He plies her hard, and much Rain wears the Marble.

Clar. As red as fire! nay, then her Wax will melt.

Gray. Why stops my Lord? shall I not hear my Task?

K. Edw. An easie Task, 'tis but to love a King.

Gray. That's soon perform'd, because I am a Subject.

K. Edw.

K. Edw. Why then, thy Husband's Lands I freely give thee.

Gray. I take my leave with many thousand Thanks.

Glo. The match is made, she seals it with a Curtsie.

K. Edw. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of Love I mean.

Gray. The fruits of Love, I mean, my loving Liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but I fear me in another sense.

What Love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

Gray. My Love'till Death, my humble Thanks, my Prayers.

That Love which Virtue begs, and Virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such Love.

Gray. Why then you mean not as I thought you did.

K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my Mind.

Gray. My Mind will never grant what I perceive
Your Highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lye with thee.

Gray. To tell you plain, I had rather lye in Prison.

K. Edw. Why then thou shalt not have thy Husband's
Lands.

Gray. Why then mine Honesty shall be my Dower,
For by that Loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy Children mightily.

Gray. Herein your Highness wrongs both them and me:
But, mighty Lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my Suit;
Please you dismiss me, either with Ay, or No.

K. Edw. Ay; if thou wilt say Ay to my request;
No; if thou dost say No to my demand.

Gray. Then No, my Lord; my Suit is at an end.

Glo. The Widow likes him not, she knits her Brows.

Clar. He is the bluntest Wooer in Christendom.

K. Edw. Her Looks do argue her repleat with Modesty,
Her Words do shew her Wit incomparable,
All her Perfections challenge Sovereignty,
One way or other she is for a King,
And she shall be my Love, or else my Queen.
Say, that King *Edward* take thee for his Queen?

Gray. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious Lord;
I am a Subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a Sovereign,

K. Edw. Sweet Widow, by my State I swear to thee,

I speak no more than what my Soul intends,
And that is, to enjoy thee for my Love.

Gray. And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know I am too mean to be your Queen,
And yet too good to be your Concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, Widow, I did mean my Queen.

Gray. 'Twill grieve your Grace, my Sons shall call you

K. Edw. No more than when my Daughters [Father.
Call thee Mother.

Thou art a Widow, and thou hast some Children,
And by God's Mother, I being but a Batchelor,
Have other some. Why, 'tis a happy thing,
To be the Father unto many Sons:

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my Queen.

Glo. The Ghostly Father now hath done his Shrift.

Clar. When he was made a Shriver, it was for a shift.

K. Edw. Brother, you muse what Chat we two have had.

Glo. The Widow likes it not, for she looks sad.

K. Edw. You'd think it strange, if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my Lord?

K. Edw. Why *Clarence*, to my self.

Glo. That would be ten days wonder at the least

Cl. That's a day longer than a Wonder lasts.

Glo. By so much is the Wonder in extreams.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, Brothers, I can tell you both,
Her suit is is granted for her Husband's Lands:

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious Lord, *Henry* your Foe is taken,
And brought your Prisoner to your Palace Gate.

K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the *Tower*:
And go we, Brothers, to the Man that took him,
To question of his Apprehension.

Widow, go you along: Lords, use her honourably.

[*Exeunt.*

Manet Gloucester.

Glo. Ay, *Edward* will use Women honourably.
Would he were wasted, Marrow, Bones, and all,
That from his Loins no hopeful Branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for:
And yet, between my Soul's desire and me,
The lustful *Edward's* Title buried,

Is *Clarence, Henry*, and his Son young *Edward*,
 And all the unlook'd for Issue of their Bodies,
 To take their Rooms e'er I can place my self:
 A cold premeditation for my purpose.
 Why then I do but dream on Sovereignty,
 Like one that stands upon a Promontory,
 And spys a far-off shore, where he would tread,
 Wishing his Foot were equal with his Eye,
 And chides the Sea that sunders him from thence,
 Saying, he'll lave it dry to have his way:
 So do I wish the Crown, being so far off,
 And so I chide the means that keep me from it,
 And so (I say) I'll cut the Causes off,
 Flattering me with Impossibilities:
 My Eye's too quick, my Heart o'er-weens too much,
 Unless my Hand and Strength could equal them.
 Well, say there is no Kingdom then for *Richard*;
 What other pleasure can the World afford?
 I'll make my Heaven in a Lady's lap,
 And deck my Body in gay Ornaments,
 And 'witch sweet Ladies with my Words and Looks.
 Oh miserable thought! and more unlikely,
 Than to accomplish twenty Golden Crowns.
 Why, Love forswore me in my Mother's Womb:
 And, for I should not deal in her soft Laws,
 She did corrupt frail Nature with some Bribe,
 To shrink mine Arm like to a wither'd shrub,
 To make an envious Mountain on my Back,
 Where sits Deformity to mock my Body;
 To shape my Legs of an unequal size,
 To disproportion me in every part:
 Like to a Chaos, or unlick'd Bear whelp
 That carries no impression like the Dam.
 And am I then a Man to be belov'd?
 Oh monstrous Fault, to harbour such a Thought.
 Then since this Earth affords no Joy to me,
 But to command, to check, to o'er-bear such
 As are of better Person than my self;
 I'll make my Heaven to dream upon the Crown,
 And whiles I live t'account this World but Hell,
 Until this mis-shap'd Trunk that bears this Head,

Be round impaled with a glorious Crown,
 And yet I know not how to get the Crown,
 For many Lives stand between me and home:
 And I, like one lost in a thorny Wood,
 That rents the Thorns, and is rent with the Thorns,
 Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
 Not knowing how to find the open Air,
 But toiling desperately to find it out,
 Torment my self to catch the *English* Crown;
 And from that torment I will free my self,
 Or hew my way out with a bloody Ax.
 Why I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,
 And cry, Content, to that which grieves my Heart,
 And wet my Cheeks with artificial Tears,
 And frame my Face to all Occasions.
 I'll drown more Sailors than the Mermaid shall,
 I'll slay more Gazers than the Basilisk,
 I'll play the Orator as well as *Nestor*,
 Deceive more sily than *Ulysses* could,
 And like a *Sinon*, take another *Troy*.
 I can add Colours to the *Camelion*,
 Change shapes with *Proteus* for Advantages,
 And set the murderous *Matchevil* to School.
 Can I do this, and cannot get a Crown?
 Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down. [Exit,

S C E N E II.

Flourish. Enter King Lewis, Bona, Bourbon, Prince of Wales, Queen Margaret, and the Earl of Oxford. Lewis sits, and riseth up again.

K. Lew. Fair Queen of *England*, worthy *Margaret*,
 Sit down with us; it ill befits thy State,
 And Birth, that thou should'st stand, whiles *Lewis* sits.

Queen. No, mighty King of *France*; now *Margaret*
 Must strike her Sail, and learn a while to serve,
 Where Kings command. I was, I must confess,
 Great *Albion's* Queen, in former golden Days:
 But now mischance hath trod my Title down,
 And with dishonour laid me on the Grond,

Where

Where I must take like seat unto my Fortune,
And to my humble seat confirm my self.

K. Lew. Why say, fair Queen, whence springs this deep despair?

Queen. From such a cause as fills mine Eyes with Tears,
And stops my Tongue, while Heart is drown'd in Cares.

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thy self,
And sit thee by our side, [Seats her by him.

Yield not thy Neck to Fortune's yolk,
But let thy dauntless Mind still ride in triumph
Over all mischance.

Be plain, Queen *Margaret*, and tell thy Grief,
It shall be eas'd, if *France* can yield relief.

Queen. Those gracious Words revive my drooping Thoughts,
And give my Tongue-ty'd Sorrows leave to speak.

Now therefore be it known to Noble *Lewis*,
That *Henry*, sole possessor of my Love,
Is, of a King, become a banish'd Man,
And forc'd to live in *Scotland* a Forlorn;
While proud ambitious *Edward*, Duke of *York*,
Usurps the Regal Title, and the Seat
Of *England's* true anointed lawful King.

This is the Cause that I, poor *Margaret*,
With this my Son Prince *Edward*, *Henry's* Heir,
Am come to crave thy just and lawful Aid:
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done,
Scotland hath Will to help, but cannot help:
Our People, and our Peers, are both mis-led,
Our Treasure seiz'd, our Soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, our Selves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renowned Queen, with patience calm the Storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Queen. The more we stay, the stronger grows our Foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Queen. O, but impatience waiteth on true Sorrow.
And see where comes the breeder of my Sorrow.

Enter Warwick.

K. Lew. What's he approacheth boldly to our presence?

Queen. Our Earl of *Warwick*, *Edward's* greatest Friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave *Warwick*, what brings thee to
France?

[He descends. She ariseth.

Queen.

Queen. Ay, now begins a second Storm to rise,
For this is he that moves both Wind and Tide.

War. From worthy *Edward*, King of *Albion*,
My Lord and Sovereign, and thy vowed Friends,
I come (in Kindness and unfeigned Love)
First to do greetings to thy Royal Person,
And then to crave a League of Amity;
And lastly, to confirm that Amity
With Nuptial Knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That vertuous Lady *Bona*, thy fair Sister,
To *England's* King in lawful Marriage.

Queen. If that go forward, *Henry's* hope is done.

War. And gracious Madam, [Speaking to Board.]
In our King's behalf,
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your Hand, and with my Tongue
To tell the passion of my Sovereign's Heart;
Where Fame, late entring at his heedful Ears,
Hath plac'd thy Beauty's Image, and thy Virtue.

Queen. King *Lewis*, and Lady *Bona*, hear me speak;
Before you answer *Warwick*. His demand
Springs not from *Edward's* well-meant honest Love,
But from Deceit, bred by Necessity:
For how can Tyrants safely govern home,
Unless Abroad they purchase great Alliance?
To prove him Tyrant, this reason may suffice,
That *Henry* liveth still; but were he dead,
Yet here Prince *Edward* stands, King *Henry's* Son.
Look therefore *Lewis*, that by this League and Marriage
Thou draw not on thy Danger and Dishonour:
For though Usurpers sway the Rule a while,
Yet Heavens are just, and Time suppresseth Wrongs.

War. Injurious *Margaret*.

Prince. And why not *Queen*.

War. Because thy Father *Henry* did usurp,
And thou no more art Prince than she is Queen.

Oxf. Then *Warwick* disannuls great *John* of *Gaunt*,
Which did subdue the greatest part of *Spain*;
And after *John* of *Gaunt*, *Henry* the Fourth,
Wise Wisdom was a Mirror to the wisest;
And after that wise Prince, *Henry* the Fifth,

Who

Who by his Prowess conquered all *France* :
From these our *Henry* lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it in this smooth Discourse,
You told not, how *Henry* the Sixth hath lost
All that, which *Henry* the Fifth had gotten ;
Methinks these Peers of *France* should smile at that.
But for the rest ; you tell a Pedigree
Of threescore and two Years, a silly time
To make prescription for a Kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why *Warwick*, canst thou speak against my Liege
Whom thou obey'dst thirty and six Years,
And not bewray thy Treason with a blush ?

War. Can *Oxford*, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falshood with a Pedigree ?
For shame leave *Henry*, and call *Edward* King.

Oxf. Call him my King, by whose injurious doom
My elder Brother, the Lord *Aubrey Vere*
Was done to Death ? and more than so, my Father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd Years,
When Nature brought him to the door of Death ?
No *Warwick*, no ; while Life upholds this Arm,
This Arm upholds the House of *Lancaster*.

War. And I the House of *York*.

K. Lew. Queen *Margaret*, Prince *Edward*, and *Oxford*
Vouchsafe at our request, to stand aside,
While I use farther Conference with *Warwick*.

[*They stand aloof.*]

Queen. Heavens grant that *Warwick's* Words bewitch him
not.

K. Lew. Now *Warwick*, tell me even upon thy Conscience,
Is *Edward* your true King ? for I were loth
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my Credit, and mine Honour.

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the People's Eyes ?

War. The more, that *Henry* was unfortunate.

K. Lew. Then further ; all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth, the measure of his love
Unto our Sister *Bona*.

War. Such it seems,
As may beseem a Monarch like himself :
My self have often heard him say and swear,

That

That this his Love was an external Plant,
Whereof the Root was fix'd in Virtue's ground,
The Leaves and Fruit maintain'd with Beauty's Sun,
Exempt from Envy, but not from Dildai,
Unless the Lady *Bona* quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now Sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine.
Yet I confess, that often e'er this Day, [*Speaks to Warwick.*
When I have heard your King's desert recounted,
Mine Ear hath tempted Judgment to desire.

K. Lew. Then *Warwick*, this:
Our Sister shall be *Edward's*.
And now forthwith shall Articles be drawn,
Touching the Jointure that your King must make,
Which with her Dowry shall be counterpois'd,
Draw near, Queen *Margaret*, and be a witness,
That *Bona* shall be Wife to th' *English* King.

Prince. To *Edward*, but not to the *English* King.

Queen. Deceitful *Warwick*, it was thy device,
By this Alliance to make void my Suit;
Before thy coming, *Lewis* was *Henry's* Friend.

K. Lew. And still is Friend to him and *Margaret*;
But if your Title to the Crown be weak,
As may appear by *Edward's* good Succels;
Then 'tis but reason that I be releas'd
From giving Aid, which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my Hand,
That your Estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. *Henry* now lives in *Scotland* at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you your self, our *quondam* Queen,
You have a Father able to maintain you,
And better it were you troubled him, than *France*.

Queen. Peace impudent and shameless *Warwick*, peace,
Proud setter up, and puller down of Kings,
I will not hence, 'till with my Talk and Tears
(Both full of Truth) I make King *Lewis* behold
Thy sly Conveyance, and thy Lord's false Love.

[*Post blowing a Horn within.*

For both of you are Birds of self same Feather.

K. Lew.

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some Post to us, or thee.

Enter a Post.

Post. My Lord Ambassador,

These Letters are for you; [To Warwick]

Sent from your Brother, Marquess *Montague*.

These from our King unto your Majesty. [To *K. Lew.*

And Madam, these for you, [To the *Queen*.

From whom I know not. [They all read their Letters.

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair Queen and Mistress
Smiles at her News, while *Warwick* frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark how *Lewis* stamps as he were nettled.
I hope all's for the best.

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy News?

And yours, fair Queen?

Queen. Mine such as fills my Heart with unhop'd Joys.

War. Mine full of Sorrow, and Heart's Discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your King Married the Lady *Gray*?

And now, to sooth your Forgery and his,
Sends me a Paper to perswade me Patience?

Is this Alliance that he seeks with *France*?

Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Queen. I told your Majesty as much before:

This proveth *Edward's* Love, and *Warwick's* Honesty.

War. King *Lewis*, I here protest in sight of Heaven,

And by the hope I have of Heav'nly Bliss,

That I am clear from this Misdeed of *Edward's*;

No more my King; for he dishonours me,

But most himself, if he could see his Shame.

Did I forget, that by the House of *Tork*

My Father came untimely to his Death?

Did I let pass th' abuse done to my Niece?

Did I impale him with the Regal Crown?

Did I put *Henry* from his Native Right?

And am I guerdon'd at the last with Shame?

Shame on himself, for my Desert is Honour.

And to repair my Honour lost for him,

I here renounce him, and return to *Henry*.

My Noble Queen, let former grudges pass,

And henceforth I am thy true Servitor:

I will revenge his wrong to Lady *Bona*,

And replant *Henry* in his former state.

Queen. Warwick,

These Words have turn'd my Hate to Love,
And I forgive, and quite forget old Faults,
And joy that thou becom'st King *Henry's* Friend.

War. So much his Friend, ay, his unfeigned Friend,
That if King *Lewis* vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few Bands of chosen Soldiers,
I'll undertake to Land them on our Coast,
And force the Tyrant from his Seat by War.
'Tis not his new-made Bride shall succour him:
And as for *Clarence*, as my Letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton Lust than Honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our Country.

Bona. Dear Brother, how shall *Bona* be reveng'd,
But by thy help to this distressed Queen?

Queen. Renowned Prince, how shall poor *Henry* live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel, and this *English* Queen's are one.

War. And mine, fair Lady *Bona*, joins with yours.

L. Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and *Margaret's*.
Therefore at last, I firmly am resolv'd
You shall have Aid.

Queen. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. Then *England's* Messenger, return in Post,
And tell false *Edward*, thy supposed King,
That *Lewis* of *France*, is sending over Maskers
To revel it with him, and his new Bride.
Thou seest what's past, go fear thy King withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hopes he'll prove a Widower shortly,
I wear the Willow Garland for his sake.

Queen. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put Armor on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll Uncrown him e'er't be long.
There's thy Reward, be gone. [Exit Post.

K. Lew. But *Warwick*,
Thou and *Oxford*, with five thousand Men
Shall cross the Seas, and bid false *Edward* Battel:
And as occasion serves, this Noble Queen
And Prince shall follow with a fresh Supply,

Yet e'er thou go, but answer me one doubt:
What Pledge have we of thy firm Loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant Loyalty,
That if our Queen and this young Prince agree,
I'll join my eldest Daughter, and my Joy,
To him forthwith, in holy Wedlock Bands.

Queen. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your Motion.
Son *Edward*, she is Fair and Virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy Hand to *Warwick*,
And with thy Hand, thy Faith irrevocable,
That only *Warwick's* Daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it,
And here to pledge my Vow, I give my Hand.

[*He gives his Hand to Warwick.*]

K. Lew. Why stay we now? these Soldiers shall be levy'd,
And thou Lord *Bourbon*, our High Admiral,
Shalt waft them over with our Royal Fleet.
I long 'till *Edward* fall by War's Mischance,
For mocking Marriage with a Dame of *France*.

[*Exeunt. Manet Warwick.*]

War. I came from *Edward* as Ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal Foe:
Matters of Marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful War shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I, shall turn his Jest to Sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the Crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity *Henry's* Misery,
But seek Revenge on *Edward's* Mockery.

[*Exit.*]

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

Enter Gloucester, Clarence, Somerset and Montague.

Glo. **N**OW tell me, Brother *Clarence*, what think you
Of this new Marriage with the Lady *Gray*?
Hath not our Brother made a worthy choice?

Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to *France*,
How could he stay 'till *Warwick* made return?

Som. My Lords, forbear this talk : Here comes the King.
Flourish. Enter King Edward, Lady Gray as Queen, Pembrook, Stafford, and Hastings : Four stand on one side, and four on the other.

Glo. And his well-chosen Bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

K. Edw. Now, Brother of Clarence,
 How like you our Choice,
 That you stand pensive as half Malecontent ?

Clar. As well as Lewis of France,
 Or the Earl of Warwick,
 Which are so weak of Courage, and in Judgment,
 That they'll take no offence at our Abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause :
 They are but Lewis and Warwick, I am Edward,
 Your King and Warwick's, and must have my will.

Glo. And you shall have your will, because our King ?
 Yet hasty Marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yes, Brother Richard, are you offended too ?

Glo. Not I ; no :
 God forbid that I should wish them sever'd
 Whom God hath join'd together.
 Ay, and 'twere pity to funder them.
 That yoke so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your Scorns, and your mislike aside,
 Tell me some Reason, why the Lady Gray
 Should not become my Wife, and England's Queen ?
 And you too, Somerset and Montague,
 Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is my Opinion ;
 That King Lewis becomes your Enemy,
 For mocking him about the Marriage
 Of the Lady Bona.

Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
 Is now dishonoured by this new Marriage.

K. Edw. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be pleas'd,
 By such invention as I can devise ?

Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in such Alliance,
 Would more have strength'ned this our Commonwealth,
 'Gainst foreign Storms, than any home-bred Marriage.

Hast.

Hast. Why, knows not *Montague* that of it self
England is safe, if true within it self?

Mont. Yes, but the safer, when 'tis back'd with *France*.

Hast. 'Tis better using *France*, than trusting *France*.
Let us be back'd with God, and with the Seas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their Helps only defend our selves:
In them, and in our selves, our safety lyes.

Clar. For this one Speech, Lord *Hastings* well deserves
To have the Heir of the Lord *Hungerford*.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant,
And for this once my Will shall stand for Law.

Glo. And yet methinks your Grace hath not done well,
To give the Heir and Daughter of Lord *Scales*
Unto the Brother of your loving Bride;
She better would have fitted me or *Clarence*;
But in your Bride you bury Brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the Heir
Of the Lord *Bonvill* on your new Wife's Son,
And leave your Brothers to go speed else where.

K. Edw. Alas, poor *Clarence*; is it for a Wife
That thou art Malecontent? I will provide thee.

Clar. In chusing for your self,
You shew'd your Judgment;
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the Brother in mine own behalf;
And to that end, I short'y mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, *Edward* will be King;
And not be ty'd unto his Brother's will.

La. Gray. My Lords, before it pleas'd his Majesty
To raise my State to Title of a Queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess,
That I was not ignoble of Descent,
And meaner than my self have had like fortune.
But as this Title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my Joys with Danger, and with Sorrow.

K. Edw. My Love, forbear to fawn upon their Frowns;
What Danger, or what Sorrow can befall thee,
So long as *Edward* is thy constant Friend,
And their true Sovereign, whom they must obey?

Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
 Unless they seek for hatred at my Hands:
 Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
 And they shall feel the Vengeance of my Wrath.

Glo. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

Enter a Post.

K. Edw. Now Messenger, what Letters, or what News
 from *France*?

Post. My Sovereign Liege, no Letters, and few Words,
 But such as I (without your special pardon)
 Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go too, we pardon thee:
 Therefore, in brief, tell their Words;
 As near as thou canst guess them.

What answer makes King *Lewis* unto our Letters?

Post. At my depart these were his very Words;
 Go tell false *Edward*, thy supposed King,
 That *Lewis* of *France* is sending over Maskers,
 To revel it with him, and his new Bride.

K. Edw. Is *Lewis* so brave? belike he thinks me *Henry*.
 But what said Lady *Bona* to my Marriage?

Post. These were her Words, utter'd with mild Disdain:
 Tell him, in hope he'll prove a Widower shortly,
 I'll wear the Willow Garland for his sake

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;
 She had the wrong. But what said *Henry's* Queen?
 For so I heard that she was there in place.

Post. Tell him (quoth she)
 My mourning Weeds are done,
 And I am ready to put Armour on.

K. Edw. Belike she means to play the *Amazon*.
 But what said *Warwick* to these Injuries?

Post. He, more incens'd against your Majesty
 Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these Words;
 Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
 And therefore I'll uncrown him e'er't be long.

K. Edw. Ha? durst the Traitor breathe out so proud
 Well, I will arm me, being thus fore-warn'd: [Words?
 They shall have Wars, and pay for their Presumption,
 But say, is *Warwick* Friends with *Margaret*?

Post.

Post. Ay, gracious Sovereign,
They are so link'd in Friendship,
That young Prince *Edward* marries *Warwick's* Daughter.

Clar. Belike the elder;
Clarence will have the younger.
Now Brother King farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to *Warwick's* other Daughter,
That though I want a Kingdom, yet in Marriage
I may not prove inferior to your self.
You that love me, and *Warwick*, follow me.
[*Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.*]

Glo. Not I:

My Thoughts aim at a further Matter:
I stay not for the love of *Edward*, but the Crown. [*Aside.*]

K. Edw. *Clarence* and *Somerset* both gone to *Warwick*?
Yet I am arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desp'rate Case.
Pembroke and *Stafford*, you in our behalf
Go levy Men, and make prepare for War;
They are already, or quickly will belanded:
My self in Person will straight follow you.
[*Exit Pembroke and Stafford.*]

But e'er I go, *Hastings* and *Montague*
Resolve my doubt, you twain of all the rest
Are near to *Warwick*, by Blood and by Alliance;
Tell me, if you love *Warwick* more than me;
If it be so, then both depart to him:
I rather wish you Foes than hollow Friends.
But if you mind to hold your true Obedience,
Give me Assurance with some friendly Vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

Mon. So God help *Montague*, as he proves true.

Hast. And *Hastings*, as he favours *Edward's* Cause.

K. Edw. Now, Brother *Richard*, will you stand by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why so; then am I sure of Victory.
Now therefore let us hence, and lose no hour,
'Till we meet *Warwick*, with his Foreign Power.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Warwick and Oxford in England, with French Soldiers.

War. Trust me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well,
The common People by numbers swarm to us.

Enter Clarence and Somerset.

But see where *Somerset* and *Clarence* come;
Speak suddenly, my Lords, are we all Friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my Lord.

War. Then gentle *Clarence*, welcome unto *Warwick*,
And welcome *Somerset*: I hold it Cowardize,
To rest mistrustful, where a Noble Heart
Hath pawn'd an open Hand, in sign of Love:
Else might I think, that *Clarence*, *Edward's* Brother,
Were but a feigned Friend to our Proceedings.
But welcome sweet *Clarence*, my Daughter shall be thine,
And now, what rests? but in Night's Coverture,
Thy Brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His Soldiers lurking in the Town about,
And but attended by a simple Guard,
We may surprize and take him at our pleasure,
Our Scouts have found the Adventure very easie:
That as *Ulysses*, and stout *Diomedes*
With slight and manhood stole to *Rhesus's* Tents,
And brought from thence the *Thracian* fatal Steeds;
So we, well covered with the Night's black Mantle,
At unawares may beat down *Edward's* Guard,
And seize himself: I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprize him.
You that will follow me to this Attempt,
Applaud the Name of *Henry*, with your Leader.

[*They all cry Henry.*

Why then, let's on our way in silent sort,
For *Warwick* and his Friends, God and Saint *George*.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the Watchmen to guard the King's Tent.

1 Watch. Come on, my Masters, each Man take his Stand,
The King by this has set him down to sleep.

2 Watch. What, will he not to Bed?

1 Watch. Why no; for he hath made a solemn Vow,
Never to lye and take his natural Rest,
'Till *Warwick*, or himself, be quite suppress'd.

2 Watch.

2 *Watch*. To morrow then belike shall be the Day,
If *Warwick* be so near as Men report.

3 *Watch*. But say, I pray, what Nobleman is that,
That with the King here resteth in his Tent?

1 *Watch*. 'Tis the Lord *Hastings*, the King's chiefest Friend.

3 *Watch*. O, is it so? but why commands the King,
That his chief Followers lodge in Towns about him,
While he himself keeps in the cold Field?

2 *Watch*. 'Tis the more Honour, because the more dangerous.

3 *Watch*. Ay, but give me worship and quietness,
I like it better than a dangerous Honour.

If *Warwick* knew in what Estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

1 *Watch*. Unless our Halberds did shut up his Passage.

2 *Watch*. Ay; wherefore else guard we this Royal Tent,
But to defend his Person from Night-foes?

*Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and French
Soldiers, silent all.*

War. This is his Tent, and see where stands his Guard:
Courage, my Masters: Honour now or never:
But follow me, and *Edward* shall be ours.

1 *Watch*. Who goes there?

2 *Watch*. Stay, or thou diest.

[*Warwick and the rest cry all, Warwick, Warwick, and set
upon the Guard, who fly, crying, Arms, Arms, Warwick
and the rest following them.*

The Drum beating, and Trumpets sounding.

*Enter Warwick, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King out
in a Gown, sitting in a Chair; Glo'ster and Hastings flying
over the Stage.*

Som. What are they that fly there?

War. *Richard* and *Hastings*, let them go, here is the Duke.

K. Edw. The Duke!

Why *Warwick*, when we parted
Thou call'dst me King?

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd.

When you disgrac'd me in my Embassage,
Then I degraded you from being King,
And come now to create you Duke of York.
Alas, how should you govern any Kingdom,
That know not how to use Ambassadors,

Nor how to be contented with one Wife,
 Nor how to use your Brothers brotherly,
 Now how to study for the People's Welfare,
 Nor how to shrowd your self from Enemies.

K. Edw. Yea, Brother of *Clarence*,
 Art thou here too?
 Nay then I see, that *Edward* must needs down.
 Yet *Warwick*, in despite of all Mischance,
 Of thee thy self, and all thy Complices,
Edward will always bear himself as King:
 Though Fortune's Malice overthrow my State,
 My Mind exceeds the Compass of her Wheel.

War. Then for his Mind be *Edward* *England's* King.
 [Takes off his Crown.

But *Henry* now shall wear the *English* Crown,
 And be true King indeed; thou but a Shadow.
 My Lord of *Somerſet*, at my request,
 See that forthwith Duke *Edward* be convey'd
 Unto my Brother Archbishop of *York*:
 When I have fought with *Pembrook*, and his Fellows,
 I'll follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis and the Lady *Bona* send to him.
 Now for a while farewell good Duke of *York*.

[They lead him out forcibly.]

K. Edw. What Fates impose, that Men must needs abide;
 It boots not to resist both Wind and Tide. [Exeunt.

Oxf. What now remains, my Lords, for us to do,
 But march to *London* with our Soldiers?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do,
 To free King *Henry* from Imprisonment,
 And see him seated in the Regal Throne. [Exeunt.

Enter *Rivers*, and the Lady *Gray*.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

La. Gray. Why Brother *Rivers*, are you yet to learn
 What late Misfortune has befalln King *Edward*?

Riv. What! loss of some pitcht Battel
 Against *Warwick*?

La. Gray. No, but the loss of his own Royal Person.

Riv. Then is my Sovereign slain?

La. Gray. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken Prisoner.
 Either betray'd by falshood of his Guard,

Or

Or by his Foe surpriz'd at unawares :
 And as I further have to understand,
 Is now committed to the Bishop of *York*,
 Fell *Warwick's* Brother, and by that our Foe.

Riv. These News I must confess are full of Grief :
 Yet, gracious Madam, bear it as you may,
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the Day.

La. Gray. Till then fair hope must hinder Life's decay.
 And I the rather wean me from Despair
 For love of *Edward's* Off-spring in my Womb :
 This is it that makes me bridle in my Passion,
 And bear with mildness my Misfortune cross :
 Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a Tear,
 And stop the rising of Blood-sucking Sighs,
 Lest with my Sighs or Tears, I blast or drown
 King *Edward's* Fruit, true Heir to th'*English* Crown.

Riv. But Madam,
 Where is *Warwick* then become ?

La. Gray. I am inform'd that he comes towards *London*,
 To set the Crown once more on *Henry's* Head :
 Guess thou the rest, King *Edward's* Friends must down.
 But to prevent the Tyrant's Violence,
 For trust not him that hath once broken Faith,
 I'll hence forthwith unto the Sanctuary,
 To save, at least, the Heir of *Edward's* Right ;
 There shall I rest secure from force and fraud :
 Come therefore let us fly, while we may fly,
 If *Warwick* take us, we are sure to die.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.

Glo. Now my Lord *Hastings*, and Sir *William Stanley*,
 Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
 Into this chiefest Thicket of the Park.
 Thus stands the Case ; you know your King, my Brother,
 Is Prisoner to the Bishop here, at whose Hands
 He hath good Usage, and great Liberty,
 And often but attended with weak Guard,
 Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
 I have advertis'd him by secret Means,
 That if about this hour he make this way,
 Under the colour of his usual Game,

He

He shall here find his Friends with Horse and Men,
To set him free from his Captivity.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman with him.

Hunt. This way, my Lord,
For this way lyes the Game.

K. Edw. Nay this way, Man,
See where the Huntsmen stand.
Now Brother of *Gloster*, Lord *Hastings* and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steal the Bishop's Deer?

Glo. Brother the time and case requireth haste,
Your Horse stands ready at the Park-corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To *Lyn*, my Lord,
And ship from thence to *Flanders*.

Glo. Well guest, believe me, for that was my meaning.

K. Edw. *Stanley*, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou?
Wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.

Glo. Come then away, let's ha' no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop farewell,
Shield thee from *Warwick's* frown,
And pray that I may repossess the Crown. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerser, young
Richmond, Oxford, Mountague, and Lieutenant of the Tower.*

K. Henry. Mr. Lieutenant, now that God and Friends
Have shaken *Edward* from the Regal Seat,
And turn'd my captive State to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement what are thy due Fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their Sov'raigns,
But, if an humble Prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of you Majesty.

K. Henry. For what, Lieutenant? For well using me?
Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my Imprisonment a Pleasure:
Ay, such a Pleasure, as incaged Birds
Conceive; when after many moody thoughts,
At last, by Notes of Household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of Liberty.

But

But *Warwick*, after God, thou sett'st me free,
 And chiefly therefore, I thank God, and thee :
 He was the Author, thou the Instrument.
 Therefore that I may conquer Fortune's spight,
 By living low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,
 And that the People of this blessed Land
 May not be punish'd with my thwarting Stars,
Warwick, although my Head still wear the Crown,
 I here resign my Government to thee,
 For thou art fortunate in all thy Deeds.

War. Your Grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous,
 And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
 By spying and avoiding Fortune's Malice,
 For few Men rightly temper with the Stars :
 Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
 For chusing me, when *Clarence* is in place.

Clar. No, *Warwick*, thou art worthy of the sway,
 To whom the Heav'ns in thy Nativity,
 Adjudg'd an Olive Branch, and Lawrel Crown,
 As likely to be blest in Peace and War :
 And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I chuse *Clarence* only for Protector.

K. Henry. *Warwick* and *Clarence*, give me both your Hands.
 Now join your Hands, and with your Hands, your Hearts,
 That no dissention hinder Government :
 I make you both Protectors of this Land,
 While I my self will lead a private Life,
 And in Devotion spend my latter Days,
 To sins rebuke, and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers *Clarence* to his Sovereign's Will?

Clar. That he consents, if *Warwick* yield consent,
 For on thy fortune I repose my self.

War. Why then, though loath, yet must I be content :
 We'll yolk together, like a double shadow
 To *Henry's* Body, and supply his Place ;
 I mean, in bearing weight of Government,
 While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.
 And *Clarence*, now then it is more than needful
 Forthwith that *Edward* be pronounc'd a Traitor,
 And all his Lands and Goods confiscated.

Clar.

Clar. What else? and that Succession be determined.

War. Ay, therein *Clarence* shall not want his part.

K. Henry. But with the first, of all our chief Affairs,
Let me intreat, for I command no more,
That *Margaret* your Queen, and my Son *Edward*,
Be sent for, to return from *France* with speed:
For 'till I see them here, by doubtful fear,
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Clar. It shall be done, my Sovereign, with all speed.

K. Henry. My Lord of *Somerfet*, what Youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som. My Liege, it is young *Henry*, Earl of *Richmond*.

K. Henry. Come hither, *England's* Hope:

[Lays his Hand on his Head.

If secret Powers suggest but truth
To my divining Thoughts,
This pretty Lad will prove our Country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful Majesty,
His Head by Nature fram'd to wear a Crown,
His Hand to wield a Scepter, and himself
Likely in time to bless a Regal Throne:
Make much of him, my Lords; for this is he
Must help you more, than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Post.

War. What news, my Friend?

Post. That *Edward* is escaped from your Brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to *Burgundy*.

War. Unfavorable news; but how made he escape?

Post. He was convey'd by *Richard*, Duke of *Glo'ster*,
And the Lord *Hastings*, who attended him
In secret ambush, on the Forest side,
And from the Bishop's Huntsmen rescu'd him:
For Hunting was his daily Exercise.

War. My Brother was too careless of his charge.
But let us hence, my Sovereign, to provide
A Salve for any Sore, that may betide.

[Exeunt.

Manet *Somerfet*, *Richmond*, and *Oxford*.

Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of *Edward's*:
For doubtless *Burgundy* will yield him help,
And we shall have more Wars before't be long.
As *Henry's* late presaging Prophecy

Did glad my Heart, with hope of this young *Richmond*:
 So doth my Heart, mis-give me, in these Conflicts
 What may befall him, to his harm and ours.
 Therefore, Lord *Oxford*, to prevent the worst,
 Forthwith we'll send hence to *Britany*,
 'Till storms be past of civil Enmity.

Oxf. Ay, for if *Edward* re-possess the Crown,
 'Tis like that *Richmond* with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so; he shall to *Britany*.

Come therefore, let's about it speedily. [Exeunt.]

Enter King *Edward*, *Glocester*, *Hastings*, and *Soldiers*.

K. Edw. Now Brother *Richard*, Lord *Hastings*, and the rest,
 Yet thus far Fortune maketh us amends,
 And says, that once more I shall interchange
 My wained State, for *Henry's* Regal Crown.
 Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the Seas,
 And brought desired help from *Burgundy*.
 What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
 From *Ravenspurgh* Haven, before the Gates of *York*.
 But that we enter, as into our Dukedom?

Glo. The Gates made fast?

Brother, I like not this.

For many Men that stumble at the Threshold,
 Are well fore-told, that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush Man, aboadments must not now affright us:
 By fair or foul means we must enter in,
 For hither will our Friends repair to us.

Hast. My Liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter on the Walls, the Mayor of *York*, and his Brethren.

Mayor. My Lords,

We were fore-warned of your coming,
 And shut the Gates, for safety of our selves;
 For now we owe Allegiance unto *Henry*.

K. Edw. But, Master Mayor, if *Henry* be your King,
 Yet *Edward*, at the least, is Duke of *York*.

Mayor. True, my good Lord, I know your for no less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedom,
 As being well content with that alone.

Glo. But when the Fox has once got in his Nose,
 He'll soon find means to make the Body follow.

Hast.

Hofst. Why, Master Mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the Gates, we are King *Henry's* Friends.

Mayor. Ay, say you so? the Gates shall then be opened.
[*He descends.*]

Glo. A wise stout Captain, and soon persuaded.

Hast. The good old Man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not long of him; but being entred,
I doubt not I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him, and all his Brethers, unto Reason.

Enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen.

K. Edw. So, Master Mayor; these Gates must not be shut,
But in the Night, or in the time of War.
What, fear not Man, but yield me up the Keys,

[*Takes his Keys.*]

For *Edward* will defend the Town, and thee,
And all those Friends, that deign to follow me.

March. *Enter Montgomery, with Drum and Soldiers.*

Glo. Brother, this is Sir *John Montgomery*,
Our trusty Friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

K. Edw. Welcome, Sir *John*; but why come you in Arms?

Mont. To help King *Edward* in his time of storm,
As every Loyal Subject ought to do.

K. Edw. Thanks, good *Montgomery*:
But we now forget our Title to the Crown,
And only claim our Dukedom,
'Till God please to send the rest.

Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again,
I came to serve a King, and not a Duke:
Drummer strike up, and let us March away!

[*The Drum begins a March.*]

K. Edw. Nay stay, Sir *John*, a while, and we'll debate
By what safe means the Crown may be recover'd.

Mont. What talk you of debating? in few Words,
If you'll not here proclaim your self our King,
I'll leave you to your Fortune, and be gone,
To keep them back, that come to succour you.
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no Title?

Glo. Why Brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger,
Then we'll make our Claim:
'Till then, 'tis Wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hast.

Hast. Away with scrupulous Wit, now Arms must rule.

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto Crowns.

Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand,
The bruit thereof will bring you many Friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And *Henry* but usurps the Diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my Sovereign speaketh like himself,
And now will I be *Edward's* Champion.

Hast. Sound Trumpet, *Edward* shall be here proclaim'd:
Come, fellow Soldier, make thou Proclamation. [*Flourish.*]

Sold. *Edward the Fourth, by the Grace of God, King of*
England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.

Mont. And whosoe'er gain-says King *Edward's* right,
By this I challenge him to single Fight.

[*Throws down his Gauntlet.*]

All. Long live *Edward* the Fourth.

K. Edw. Thanks, brave *Montgomery*;

And thanks unto you all.

If Fortune serve me, I'll requite this Kindness.

Now for this Night, let's harbour here at *York*;

And when the Morning Sun shall raise his Car

Above the Border of this Horizon,

We'll forward towards *Warwick*, and his Mates;

For well I wot, that *Henry* is no Soldier.

Ah froward *Clarence*, how evil it beseems thee,

To flatter *Henry*, and forsake thy Brother?

Yet as we may, we'll meet both thee and *Warwick*;

Come on brave Soldiers; doubt not of the Day,

And that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter King Henry, Warwick, Montague, Clarence, Ox-
ford, and Somerset.

War. What Counsel, Lords? *Edward* from *Belgia*,

With hafty *Germans*, and blunt *Hollanders*,

Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow Seas,

And with his Troops doth march amain to *London*,

And many giddy People flock to him.

K. Henry. Let's levy Men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little Fire is quickly trodden out,
Which being suffer'd, Rivers cannot quench.

War. In *Warwickshire* I have true-hearted Friends,
 Not mutinous in Peace, yet bold in War,
 Those will I muster up; and thou, Son *Clarence*,
 Shalt stir up in *Suffolk*, *Norfolk*, and in *Kent*,
 The Knights and Gentlemen, to come with thee.
 Thou Brother *Montague*, in *Buckingham*,
Northampton, and in *Leicestershire* shalt find
 Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st.
 And thou, brave *Oxford*, wondrous well belov'd,
 In *Oxfordshire* shalt muster up thy Friends.
 My Sovereign, with the loving Citizens,
 Like to his Island, girt with th' Ocean,
 Or modest *Dian*, circled with her Nymphs,
 Shall rest in *London*, 'till we come to him:
 Fair Lords take leave, and stand not to reply.
 Farewel my Sovereign.

K. Henry. Farewel my *Hector*, and my *Troy's* true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your Highness Hand.

K. Henry. Well-minded *Clarence*, be thou fortunate.

Mont. Comfort, my Lord, and so I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus I seal my Truth, and bid adieu.

K. Henry. Sweet *Oxford*, and my loving *Montague*,
 And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewel, sweet Lords, let's meet at *Coventry*.

[*Exeunt.*]

K. Henry. Here at the Palace will I rest a while.
 Cousin of *Exeter*, what thinks your Lordship?
 Methinks, the Power that *Edward* hath in Field,
 Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. Henry. That's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame:
 I have not stopt mine Ears to their demands,
 Nor posted off their Suits with slow delays,
 My pity hath been Balm to heal their Wounds,
 My mildness hath allay'd their swelling Grievs,
 My mercy dry'd their water-flowing Tears.
 I have not been desirous of their Wealth,
 Nor much oppress'd them with great Subsidies,
 Nor forward of Revenge, though they much err'd.
 Then why should they love *Edward* more than me?
 No, *Exeter*, these Graces challenge Grace:

And

And when the Lion fawns upon the Lamb,
The Lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within. A Lancaster! a Lancaster!*]

Exc. Hark, hark, my Lord, what Shouts are these?

Enter King Edward and his Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd *Henry*, bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us King of *England*.
You are the Fount, that make small Brooks to flow,
Now stops thy Spring, my Sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher, by their ebb.
Hence with him to the *Tower*, let him not speak.

[*Exit with King Henry.*]

And Lords, towards *Coventry* bend we our Course,
Where peremptory *Warwick* now remains:
The Sun shines hot, and if we use delay,
Cold biting Winter mars our hop'd-for Hay.

Glo. A way betimes before his Forces join,
And take the great grown Traitor unawares:
Brave Warriors, march amain towards *Coventry*. [Exit.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers,
and others upon the Walls.*

War. **W**Here is the Post that came from valiant *Oxford*?
How far hence is thy Lord, mine honest Fellow?

1 Mess. By this at *Dunsmore*, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our Brother *Montague*?

Where is the Post that came from *Montague*?

2 Mess. By this at *Daintry*, with a puissant Troop.

Enter Somerville.

War. Say *Somerville*, what says my loving Son?
And by thy guess, how nigh is *Clarence* now?

Somerv. At *Southam* I did leave him with his Forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.

War. Then *Clarence* is at hand, I hear his Drum.

Somerv. It is not his, my Lord, here *Southam* lyes:
The Drum your Honour hears, marcheth from *Warwick*.

War. Who should that be? Belike, unlook'd for Friends,

Somerv. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Go, Trumpet, to the Walls, and found a Parle.

Glo. See how the surly *Warwick* mans the Wall.

War. Oh unbid spight, is sportful *Edward* come?

Where slept our Scouts, or how are they seduc'd,

That we could hear no news of his repair?

K. Edw. Now *Warwick*, wilt thou ope the City Gates;

Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy Knee,

Call *Edward* King, and at his hands beg Mercy,

And he shall pardon thee these Outrages;

War. Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy Forces hence,

Confess who set thee up, and pluck'd thee down,

Call *Warwick* Patron, and be Penitent,

And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

Glo. I thought at least he would have said the King,

Or did he make the Jest against his will?

War. Is not a Dukedom, Sir, a goodly Gift?

Glo. Ay, by my Faith, for a poor Earl to give:

I'll do thee service for so good a Gift?

War. 'Twas I that gave the Kingdom to thy Brother.

K. Edw. Why then 'tis mine, if but by *Warwick's* Gift.

War. Thou art no *Atlas* for so great a weight:

And Weakling, *Warwick* takes his Gift again,

And *Henry* is my King, *Warwick* his Subject.

K. Edw. But *Warwick's* King is *Edward's* Prisoner:

And gallant *Warwick*, do but answer this,

What is the Body, when the Head is off?

Glo. Alas, that *Warwick* had no more fore-cast,

But whiles he thought to steal the single Ten,

The King was sily finger'd from the Deck:

You left poor *Henry* at the Bishop's Palace,

And ten to one you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'Tis even so, yet you are *Warwick* still.

Glo. Come *Warwick*,

Take the time, kneel down, kneel down:

Nay when; strike now, or else the Iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this Hand off at a blow,

And with the other fling it at thy Face,

Than bear so low a Sail, to strike to thee.

K. Edw

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst,
Have Wind and Tide thy Friend,
This Hand, fast wound about thy Coal-black Hair,
Shall, whiles thy Head is warm, and new cut off,
Write in the Dust this Sentence with thy Blood,
Wind-changing *Warwick* now can change no more.

Enter Oxford, with Drum and Colours.

War. O chearful Colours, see where *Oxford* comes.

Oxf. *Oxford, Oxford,* for *Lancaster*.

Glo. The Gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Edw. So other Foes may set upon our Backs.
Stand we in good Array ; for they no doubt
Will issue out again, and bid us Battel:
If not, the City being but of small defence,
We'll quickly rouze the Traitors in the same.

War. Oh welcome *Oxford*, for we want thy help.

Enter Montague, with Drum and Colours.

Mont. *Montague, Montague,* for *Lancaster*.

Glo. Thou and thy Brother both shall buy this Treason
Even with the dearest Blood your Bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater Victory,
My Mind presageth happy Gain, and Conquest.

Enter Somerlet, with Drum and Colours.

Som. *Somerlet, Somerlet,* for *Lancaster*.

Glo. Two of thy Name, both Dukes of *Somerlet*,
Have sold their Lives unto the House of *York*,
And thou shalt be the third, if this Sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with Drum and Colours.

War. And lo, where *George* of *Clarence* sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his Brother Battel:
With whom an upright Zeal to right prevails
More than the Nature of a Brother's Love.

Come *Clarence*, come; thou wilt, if *Warwick* call.

Clar. Father of *Warwick*, know you what this means?
Look here, I throw my Infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my Father's House,
Who gave his Blood to lime the Stones together,
And set up *Lancaster*. Why, trowest thou, *Warwick*,
That *Clarence* is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal Instruments of War
Against his Brother, and his lawful King.

Perhaps thou wilt object my holy Oath:
 To keep that Oath were more Impiety,
 Than *Jephthah*, when he sacrific'd his Daughter:
 I am so sorry for my Trespas made,
 That to deserve well at my Brother's Hands,
 I here proclaim my self thy mortal Foe:
 With Resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,
 (As I will meet thee, if thou stir Abroad,)
 To plague thee for thy foul mis-leading me,
 And so proud-hearted *Warwick*, I defie thee,
 And to my Brother turn my blushing Cheeks.
 Pardon me, *Edward*; I will make amends:
 And *Richard*, do not frown upon my Faults,
 For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,
 Than if thou never had'st deserv'd my Hate.

Glo. Welcome, good *Clarence*, this is Brother-like.

War. O passing Traitor, perjurd and unjust.

K. Edw. What *Warwick*,
 Wilt thou leave the Town and fight?
 Or shall we beat the Stones about thine Ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
 I will away towards *Barnet* presently,
 And bid thee Battel, *Edward*, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes *Warwick*, *Edward* dares, and leads the way:
 Lords to the Field; *St. George* and *Victory*. [Exit.

March. *Warwick* and his Company follows.

Alarum and Excursions. Enter *Edward* bringing forth *Warwick* wounded.

K. Edw. So, lye thou there; die thou, and die our fear,
 For *Warwick* was a Bug that fear'd us all.
 Now *Montagne* sit fast, I seek for thee,
 That *Warwick's* Bones may keep thine Company. [Exit.

War. Ah, who is nigh? Come to me, Friend, or Foe,
 And tell me who is Victor, *York*, or *Warwick*?
 Why ask I that? my mangled Body shews,
 My Blood, my want of Strength, my sick Heart shews,
 That I must yield my Body to the Earth,
 And by my fall, the conquest to my Foe.
 Thus yields the Cedar to the Ax's edge,
 Whose Arms gave shelter to the Princely Eagle,

Under

Under whose shade the ramping Lion slept,
 Whose top-branch over-peer'd *Jove's* spreading Tree,
 And kept low Shrubs from Winter's pow'rful Wind.
 These Eyes, that now are dim'd with Death's black Veil,
 Have been as piercing as the Mid-day Sun,
 To search the secret Treasons of the World:
 The wrinkles in my Brows, now fill'd with Blood,
 Were lik'ned oft to Kingly Sepulchres:
 For who liv'd King, but I could dig his Grave?
 And who durst smile, when *Warwick* bent his Brow?
 Lo, now my Glory smear'd in Dust and Blood,
 My Parks, my Walks, my Manors that I had,
 Even now forsake me; and of all my Lands,
 Is nothing left me, but my Body's length.
 Why, what is Pomp, Rule, Reign, but Earth and Dust?
 And live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Ser. Ah *Warwick*, *Warwick*, wert thou as we are,
 We might recover all our Loss again:
 The Queen from *France* hath brought a puissant Power,
 Even now we heard the News: Ah, could'st thou fly.

War. Why then I would not fly. Ah *Montague*,
 If thou be there, sweet Brother, take my Hand,
 And with thy Lips keep in my Soul a while.
 Thou lov'st me not; for, Brother, if thou didst,
 Thy Tears would wash this cold congealed Blood,
 That glews my Lips, and will not let me speak.
 Come quickly *Montague*, or I am dead.

Ser. Ah *Warwick*, *Montague* hath breath'd his last,
 And to the latest gasp, cry'd out for *Warwick*:
 And said, commend me to my valiant Brother.
 And more he would have said, and more he spoke,
 And sounded like a Cannon in a Vault,
 That might not be distinguish'd; but at last,
 I well might hear delivered with a Groan,
 O farewell *Warwick*.

War. Sweet rest his Soul;
 Fly Lords, and save your selves,
 For *Warwick* bids you all farewell, to meet in Heaven. [*Dies.*

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queen's great Power.

Here they bear away his Body.

[*Exeunt.*
Flourish.

Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph, with Gloucester, Clarence, and the rest.

K. Edw. Thus far our Fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of Victory;
But in the midst of this bright-shining Day,
I spy a black suspicious threatening Cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious Sun,
E'er he attain his easeful Western Bed:
I mean, my Lords, those Powers that the Queen
Hath rais'd in *Gallia*, have arriv'd our Coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little Gale will soon disperse that Cloud,
And blow it to the Source from whence it came;
Thy very Beams will dry those Vapours up,
For every Cloud engenders not a Storm.

Glo. The Queen is valued thirty thousand strong,
And *Somerset*, with *Oxford*, fled to her;
If she hath time to breathe, be well assur'd
Her Faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving Friends,
That they do hold their course toward *Tewksbury*.
We having now the best at *Barnet* Field,
Will thither straight, for willingness ride way,
And as we march, our strength will be augmented,
In every Country as we go along:

Strike up the Drum, cry Courage, and away. [Exeunt.

March. Enter the Queen, Prince of Wales, Somerset,
Oxford, and Soldiers.

Queen. Great Lords, wise Men ne'er sit and wail their
But cheerly seek how to redress their Harms. [Loss,
What though the Mast be now blown over-board,
The Cable broke, the holding-Anchor lost,
And half our Sailors swallow'd in the Flood?
Yet lives our Pilot still. Is't meet that he
Should leave the Helm, and like a fearful Lad,
With tearful Eyes add Water to the Sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much,
Whiles in his moan, the Ship splits on the Rock,
Which Industry and Courage might have sav'd?
Ah what a shame, ah what a fault were this.
Say, *Warwick* was our Anchor; what of that?

And

And *Montague* our Top-mast; what of him?
 Our slaughter'd Friends, the Tackles; what of these?
 Why is not *Oxford* here another Anchor?
 And *Somerſet*, another goodly Mast?
 The Friends of *France* our Shrowds and Tacklings?
 And though un-kilful, why not *Ned* and I,
 For once allow'd the skilful Pilot's Charge?
 We will not from the Helm to ſit and weep,
 But keep our Courſe, though the rough Wind ſay no,
 From Shelves and Rocks, that threaten us with Wrack,
 As good to chide the Waves, as ſpeak them fair.
 And what is *Edward*, but a ruthleſs Sea?
 What *Clarence*, but a Quick-ſand of Deceit?
 And *Richard*, but a ragged fatal Rock?
 All theſe, the Enemies to our poor Bark.
 Say you can ſwim, alas, 'tis but a while;
 Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly ſink;
 Beſtride the Rock, the Tide will waſh you off,
 Or elſe you ſmiſh, that's a three-fold Death.
 This ſpeak I, Lords, to let you underſtand,
 In caſe ſome one of you would fly from us,
 That there's no hop'd-for Mercy with the Brothers,
 More than with ruthleſs Waves, with Sands and Rocks.
 Why courage then, what cannot be avoided,
 'Twere childiſh weakneſs to lament or fear,

Prince. Methinks a Woman of this valiant Spirit
 Should, if a Coward heard her ſpeak theſe words,
 Inuſe his Breſt with Magnanimity,
 And make him, naked, foil a Man at Arms.
 I ſpeak not this, as doubting any here:
 For did I but ſuſpect a fearful Man,
 He ſhould have leave to go away betimes,
 Leſt in our need he might infect another,
 And make him of like Spirit to himſelf.
 If any ſuch be here, as God forbid,
 Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and Children of ſo high a Courage,
 And Warriors faint! why 'twere perpetual Shame.
 Oh brave young Prince! thy famous Grandfather
 Doth live again in thee; long may'ſt thou live,
 To bear his Image, and renew his Glories.

The Third Part of

Som. And he that will not fight for such a Hope,
Go home to Bed, and like the Owl by Day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Queen. Thanks, gentle *Somerſet*, ſweet *Oxford* thanks.

Prin. And take his Thanks, that yet hath nothing elſe.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Prepare you, Lords, for *Edward* is at hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be reſolute.

Oxf. I thought no leſs; it is his Policy,
To haſte thus faſt, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd, we are in readineſs

Queen. This cheers my Heart, to ſee your forwardneſs.

Oxf. Here pitch our Bartel, hence we will not budge.

March. *Enter King Edward, Glouceſter, Clarence,
and Soldiers.*

K. Edw. Brave Followers, yonder ſtands the thorny Wood,
Which, by the Heav'n's Aſſiſtance, and your Strength,
Muſt, by the Roots, be hewn up yet e'er Night.

I need not add more Fuel to your Fire,
For well I wot, ye blaze, to burn them out:
Give Signal to the Fight, and to it, Lords.

Queen. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I ſhould ſay,
My Tears gain-ſay; for every word I ſpeak,
Ye ſee I drink the Water of my Eye:

Therefore, no more but this; *Henry*, your Sovereign,
Is Priſoner to the Foe, his State uſurp'd,
His Realm a Slaughter-houſe, his Subjects ſlain,
His Statutes cancell'd, and his Treſure ſpent:
And yonder is the Wolf, that makes this Spoil.

You fight in Juſtice: Then in God's Name, Lords,
Be valiant, and give Signal to the Fight.

Alarum, Retreat, Excursions.

*Enter King Edward, Glouceſter, Clarence, &c. The Queen,
Oxford, and Somerſet Priſoners.*

K. Edw. Now here's a Period of tumultuous Broils.
Away with *Oxford* to *Hammes* Caſtle ſtraight:
For *Somerſet*, off with his guilty Head.

Go bear them hence, I will not hear them ſpeak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but ſtoop with Patience to my Fortune.

[*Exeunt.
Queen.*

King Henry VI.

1611

Queen. So part we sadly in this troublous World,
To meet with Joy in sweet *Jerusalem*.

K. Edw. Is Proclamation made, That who finds *Edward*
Shall have a high Reward, and he his Life?

Glo. It is, and lo where youthful *Edward* comes.

Enter the Prince of Wales.

K. Edw. Bring forth the Gallant, let us hear him speak.
What? can so young a Thorn begin to prick?

Edward, what Satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing Arms, for stirring up my Subjects,
And all the Trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speak like a Subject, proud ambitious *York*.
Suppose that I am now my Father's Mouth,
Relinquish thy Chair, and where I stand, kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, Traitor, thou would'st have me answer to.

Queen. Ah! that thy Father had been so resolv'd.

Glo. That you might still have worn the Petticoat,
And ne'er have stoln the Breech from *Lancaster*.

Prince. Let *Aesop* Fable in a Winter's Night,
His Curriish Riddles sort not with his place.

Glo. By Heaven, Brat, I'll plague ye for that word.

Queen. Ay, thou wast born to be a Plague to Men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive Scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding Crook-back, rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful Boy, or I will charm your Tongue.

Cl. Untutor'd Lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my Duty, you are all undutiful:
Lascivious *Edward*, and thou perjur'd *George*,
And thou mis-shapen *Dick*, I tell ye all,
I am your better, Traitors as ye are,
And thou usurp'st my Father's Right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, thou likeness of this Railer here.

[*Stabs him.*

Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy Agony.

[*Rich. stabs him.*

Clar. And there's for twitting me with Perjury.

[*Clar. stabs him.*

Queen. Oh, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall.

[*Offers to kill her.*

K. Edw. Hold, *Richard*, hold, for we have done too much.

Glo.

Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

K. Edw. What? doth she swoon? use Means for her Recovery.

Glo. *Clarence*, excuse me to the King my Brother:
I'll hence to *London* on a serious Matter,
E'er ye come there, be sure to hear some News.

Clar. What? what?

Glo. *Tower*, the *Tower*.

[*Exit.*

Queen. Oh, *Ned*, sweet *Ned*, speak to thy Mother, Boy.
Can't thou not speak? O Traitors, Murderers!

They that stabb'd *Cesar*, shed no Blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blame,
If this foul Deed were by, to equal it.

He was a Man; this (in respect) a Child,
And Men ne'er spend their Fury on a Child.

What's worse than Murderer, that I may name it?

No, no, my Heart will burst, and if I speak—

And I will speak, that so my Heart may burst.

Butchers and Villains, bloody Cannibals,

How sweet a Plant have you untimely cropt:

You have no Children, Butchers; if you had,

The thought of them would have stirr'd up Remorse;

But if you ever chance to have a Child,

Look in his Youth to have him so cut off,

As deathsmen you have rid this sweet young Prince.

K. Edw. Away with her, go bear her hence by force.

Queen. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here:

Hear sheath thy Sword, I'll pardon thee my Death:

What? wilt thou not? then *Clarence* do it thou.

Clar. By Heaven, I will not do thee so much Ease.

Queen. Good *Clarence* do, sweet *Clarence* do thou do it.

Clar. Did'st thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Queen. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thy self:

'Twas Sin before, but now 'tis Charity.

What, wilt thou not? where is that Devil's Butcher, *Richard*,

Hard-favour'd *Richard*? *Richard*, where art thou?

Thou art not here: Murder is thy Almsdeed.

Petitioner for Blood thou ne'er pull'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say, I charge ye bear her hence.

Queen. So come to you and yours, as to this Prince.

[*Exit Queen.*

K. Edw.

K. Edw. Where's *Richard* gone?

Cl. To *London* all in post, and as I guess,
To make a bloody Supper in the *Tower*.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence, discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let's away to *London*,
And see our gentle Queen how well she fares.
By this, I hope, she hath a Son for me. [Exeunt.

*Enter King Henry, and Gloucester, with the Lieutenant
on the Tower Walls.*

Glo. Good day, my Lord; what at your Book so hard?

K. Henry. Ay, my good Lord; my Lord, I should say rather,
'Tis sin to flatter, Good was little better:
Good *Glo'ster*, and good Devil, were alike,
And both preposterous; therefore, not Good Lord.

Glo. Sirrah, leave us to our selves, we must confer.

[Exit Lieutenant.

K. Henry. So flies the wreackless Shepherd from the Wolf,
So first the harmless Flock doth yield his Fleece,
And next his Throat unto the Butcher's Knife.
What Scene of Death hath *Rossius* now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind,
The Thief doth fear each Bush an Officer.

K. Henry. The Bird that hath been limed in a Bush,
With trembling Wings misdoubteth every Bush;
And I, the helpless Male to one sweet Bird,
Have now the fatal Object in my Eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught and kill'd.

Glo. Why what a peevish Fool was that of *Creet*,
That taught his Son the Office of a Fowl?
And yet, for all his Wings, the Fool was drown'd.

K. Henry. I, *Dedalus*; my poor Boy, *Icarus*;
Thy Father, *Minos*, that deny'd our course;
The Sun that fear'd the Wings of my sweet Boy,
Thy Brother *Edward*; and thy self, the Sea,
Whose envious Gulf did swallow up his Life:
Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, not with Words,
By Breast can better brook thy Dagger's point,
Than can my Eyes that tragick History.

But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my Life?

Glo. Think'st thou I am an Executioner?

K. Henry.

K. Henry. A Persecutor I am sure thou art;
If murdering Innocents be Executing,
Why then thou art an Executioner.

Glo. Thy Son I kill'd for his Presumption.

K. Henry. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst pre-
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a Son of mine: (sume,
And thus I prophesie, that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,
And many an old Man's sigh, and many a Widow's,
And many an Orphan's water-standing Eye,
Men for their Sons, Wives for their Husbands fate,
And Orphans for their Parents timeless Death,
Shall rue the Hour that ever thou wast born.
The Owl shriek'd at thy Birth, an evil sign,
The Night-Crow cry'd, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous Tempest shook down Trees;
The Raven rook'd her on the Chimney's top,
And chattering Pyes in dismal Discords sung:
Thy Mother felt more than a Mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a Mother's hope,
To wit, an indigested deform'd Lump,
Not like the Fruit of such a goodly Tree.
Teeth hast thou in thy Head when thou wast born,
To signifie thou cam'st to bite the World:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st —————

Glo. I'll hear no more:

Die, Prophet, in thy Speech; [Stabs him.
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Henry. Ay, and for much more Slaughter after this ———
O God, forgive my Sins, and pardon thee. [Dies.

Glo. What? will th' aspiring Blood of *Lancaster*
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See how my Sword weeps for the poor King's death.
O may such purple Tears be alway shed
From those who wish the downfall of our House.
If any spark of Life be yet remaining,
Down, down to Hell, and say I sent thee thither,

[Stabs him again.
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed 'tis true that *Henry* told me of:

For

For I have often heard my Mother say,
 I came into the World with my Legs forward.
 Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
 And seek their Ruin, that usurp'd our Right?
 The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cry'd,
 O Jesus bless us, he is born with Teeth!
 And so I was, which plainly signified,
 That I should snarle, and bite, and play the Dog:
 Then since the Heav'ns have shap'd my Body so,
 Let Hell make crook'd my Mind to answer it.
 I have no Brother, I am like no Brother:
 And this word [Love] which grey Beards call Divine,
 Be resident in Men like one another,
 And not in me: I am my self alone.
Clarence beware, thou keep'st me from the light,
 But I will fort a pitchy Day for thee:
 For I will buz abroad such Prophecies,
 That *Edward* shall be fearful of his Life,
 And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy Death.
King Henry, and the Prince his Son, are gone,
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
 Counting my self but bad, 'till I be best.
 I'll throw thy Body in another room,
 And triumph, *Henry*, in thy day of Doom. [Exit.]

Enter King Edward, Queen, Clarence, Gloucester, Hastings, Nurse, and Attendants.

K. Edw. Once more we sit on *England's* Royal Throne,
 Re-purchas'd with the Blood of Enemies:
 What valiant Foe-men, like to Autumn's Corn,
 Have we mow'd down in top of all their Pride?
 Three Dukes of *Somerset*, threefold Renown'd,
 For hardy and undoubted Champions:
 Two *Cliffords*, as the Father and the Son,
 And two *Northumberlands*; two braver Men
 Ne'er spurr'd their Courfers at the Trumpets sound.
 With them, the two brave Bears, *Warwick* and *Montague*,
 That in their Chains fetter'd the Kingly Lion,
 And made the Forest tremble when they roar'd.
 Thus have we swept Suspicion from our Seat,
 And made our Footstool of Security.
 Come hither, *Bess*, and let me kiss my Boy:

Young *Ned*, for thee, thine Uncles, and my self,
 Have in our Armours watch'd the winter Night,
 Went all a-foot in Summers scalding heat,
 That thou might'st repossess the Crown in peace,
 And of our Labours thou shalt reap the Gain.

Glo. I'll blast his Harvest, if your Head were laid,
 For yet I am not look'd on in the World.

This Shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave,
 And heave it shall some weight, or break my back;
 Work thou the way, and that shall execute. [*Aside.*]

K. Edw. *Clarence* and *Gloster*, love my lovely Queen,
 And kiss your Princely Nephew, Brothers both.

Clar. The duty that I owe your Majesty,
 I seal upon the Lips of this sweet Babe.

K. Edw. Thanks, noble *Clarence*, worthy Brother, thanks.

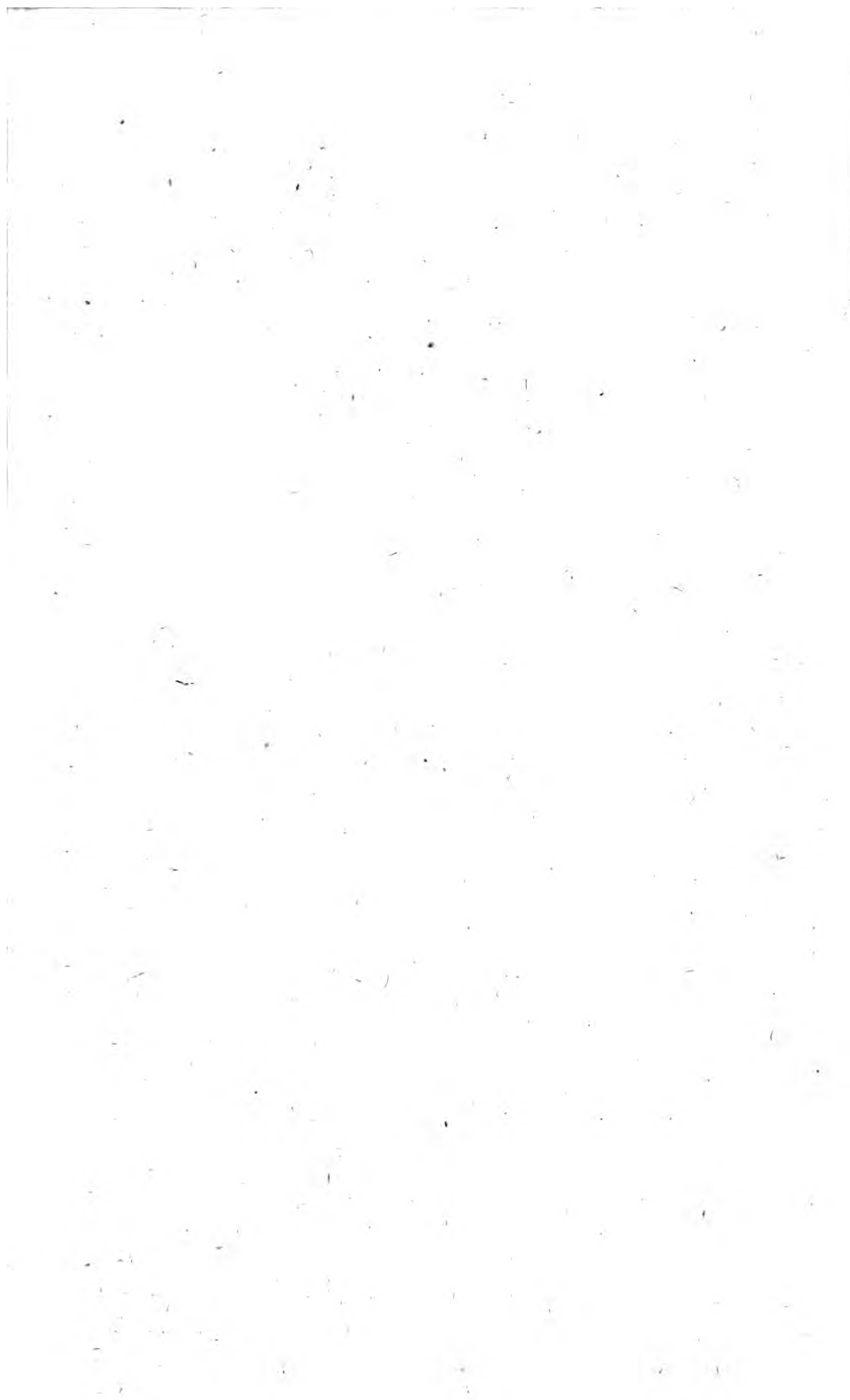
Glo. And that I love the Tree from whence thou sprang'st,
 Witness the loving Kiss I give the Fruit:
 To say the truth, so *Judas* kiss'd his Master, [*Aside.*]
 And cry'd, all hail, when as he meant all harm.

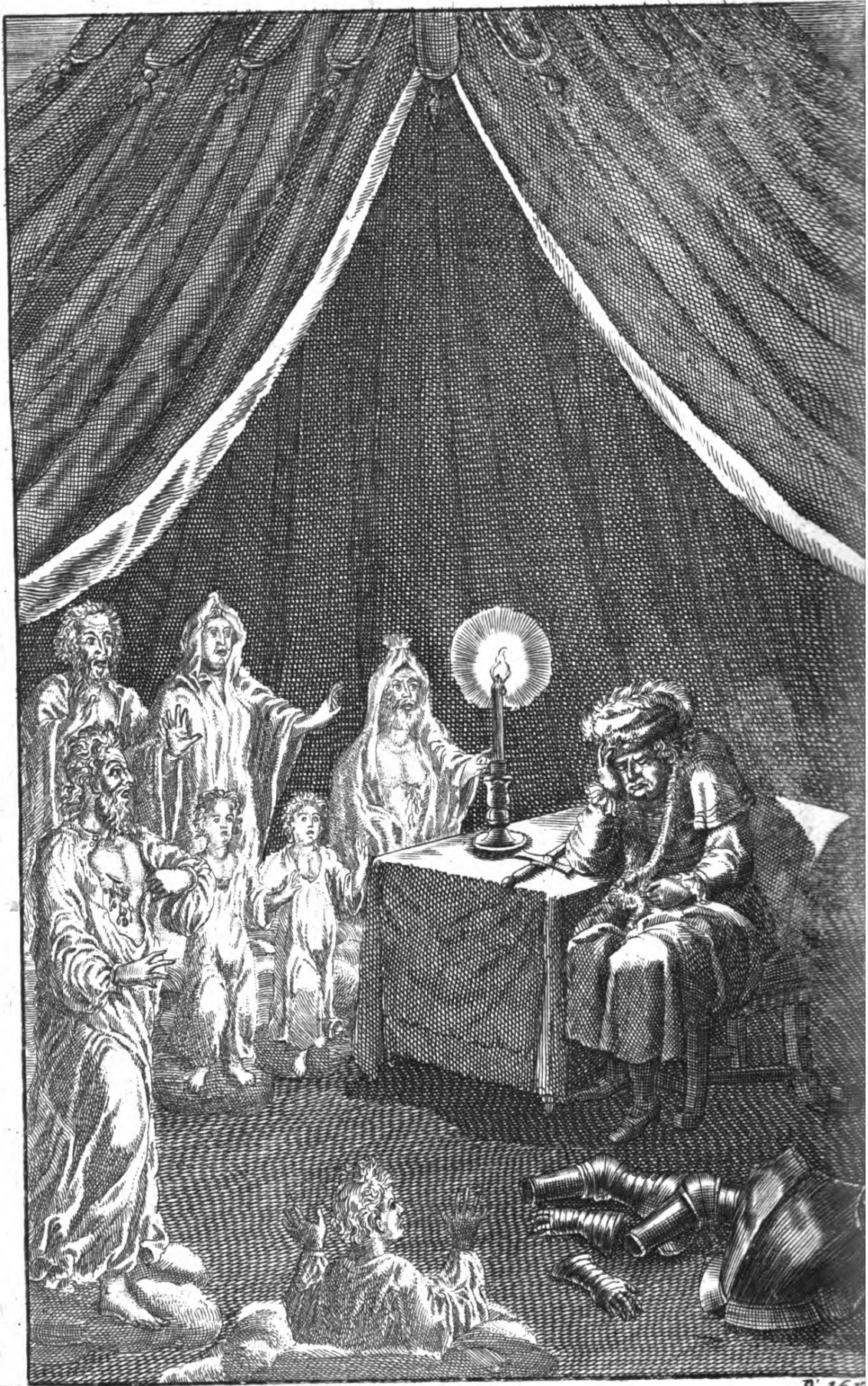
K. Edw. Now am I seated as my Soul delights,
 Having my Country's peace, and Brothers loves.

Clar. What will your Grace have done with *Margaret*?
Reignier her Father, to the King of *France*
 Hath pawn'd the *Sicils* and *Jerusalem*,
 And hither have they sent it for her Ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to *France*:
 And now what rests, but that we spend the time
 With stately Triumphs, mirthful Comick Shows,
 Such as befits the Pleasure of the Court?
 Sound Drums and Trumpets, farewell sorrow Annoy,
 For here, I hope, begins our lasting Joy. [*Exeunt omnes.*]







T H E
Life and Death
O F
R I C H A R D I I I .

With the Landing of the
Earl of *RICHMOND*,
A N D T H E
BATTEL at *Bosworth* Field.



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Edward IV.

Edward, *Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward V.* } *Sons to Edward*
Richard, *Duke of York.* } IV.

George, *Duke of Clarence, Brother to Edward IV.*

Richard, *Duke of Gloucester, Brother to Edward IV. afterwards King Richard III.*

Cardinal, Archbishop of York.

Duke of Buckingham.

Duke of Norfolk.

Earl of Derby.

Earl of Surrey.

Marquis of Dorset, Son to the Queen.

Earl Rivers, Brother to the Queen.

Lord Gray.

Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.

Bishop of Ely.

Lord Hastings.

Sir Richard Ratcliff,

Lord Lovel,

Catesby,

Sir James Tyrrel, A Villain.

Sir William Stanley.

Earl of Oxford,

Blunt,

Herbert,

Sir Wm. Brandon,

Brakenbury, Lieutenant of the Tower.

Two Children of the Duke of Clarence.

Lord Mayor.

Queen to Edward IV.

Queen Margaret, Widow of Henry VI.

Anne, Widow of Edward Prince of Wales, Son to Henry VI. afterwards married to the Duke of Gloucester.

Duchess of York, Mother to Edward IV, Clarence, and Richard III.

Sheriff, Pursuivant, Citizens, Ghosts of those murder'd by Richard III. with Soldiers and other Attendants.

The SCENE in England.

T H E



THE
LIFE and DEATH
OF
RICHARD III, &c.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Richard Duke of Glo'ster, solus.



OW is the Winter of our Discontent,
Made glorious Summer by this Sun of York:
And all the Clouds that lowr'd upon our
House,
In the deep Bosom of the Ocean bury'd.
Now are our Brows bound with Victorious

Wreaths,
Our bruised Arms hung up for Monuments;
Our stern Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;
Our dreadful Marches to delightful Measures.
Grim-visag'd War hath smooth'd his wrinkled Front;
And now instead of mounting Barbed Steeds,

To fright the Souls of fearful Adversaries,
 He capers nimbly in a Lady's Chamber,
 To the lascivious pleasing of a Lute.
 But I, that am not shap'd for sportive Tricks,
 Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glass,
 I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want Love's Majesty,
 To strut before a wanton ambling Nymph;
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair Proportion,
 Cheated of Feature by dissembling Nature,
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing World, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable,
 That Dogs bark at me, as I halt by them:
 Why I (in this weak piping time of Peace)
 Have no delight to pass away the time,
 Unless to see my Shadow in the Sun,
 And descant on mine own Deformity.
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a Lover,
 To entertain these fair well-spoken Days,
 I am determin'd to prove a Villain,
 And hate the idle Pleasures of these Days.
 Plots have I laid, Inductions dangerous,
 By drunken Prophecies, Libels, and Dreams,
 To set my Brother *Clarence* and the King
 In deadly hate, the one against the other:
 And if King *Edward* be as True and Just,
 As I am Subtle, False and Treacherous,
 This Day should *Clarence* closely be mew'd up,
 About a Prophecie, which says, that G
 Of *Edward's* Heirs the Murtherer shall be.
 Dive Thoughts down to my Soul, here *Clarence* comes.

Enter Clarence, and Brakenbury, guarded.

Brother, good Day; what means this armed Guard
 That waits upon your Grace?

Clar. His Majesty, tendring my Person's safety,
 Hath appointed this Conduct to convey me to th'*Tower*.

Glo. Upon what Cause?

Clar. Because my Name is *George*.

Glo. Alack, my Lord, that Fault is none of yours:
 He should for that commit your Godfathers.
 O belike, his Majesty hath some intent,

That you should be new Christned in the *Tower*.

But what's the Matter, *Clarence*, may I know?

Clar. Yea *Richard*, when I know; but I protest

As yet I do not; but as I can learn,

He harkens after Prophecies and Dreams,

And from the Cross-row plucks the Letter *G*;

And says a Wizard told him, that by *G*,

His Issue disinherited should be.

And for my Name of *George* begins with *G*,

It follows in his Thought that I am he.

These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,

Have mov'd his Highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why this it is, when Men are rul'd by Women.

'Tis not the King that sends you to the *Tower*;

My Lady *Gray* his Wife, *Clarence*, 'tis she,

That tempts him to this harsh Extremity.

Was it not she, and that good Man of Worship,

Anthony Woodvil her Brother there,

That made him send Lord *Hastings* to the *Tower*;

From whence this Day he is delivered.

We are not safe, *Clarence* we are not safe.

Clar. By Heaven, I think there is no Man secure

But the Queen's Kindred, and Night-walking Heralds.

That trudge betwixt the King and Mistress *Shore*.

Heard you not what an humble Suppliant

Lord *Hastings* was for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her Deity,

Got my Lord Chamberlain his Liberty.

I'll tell you what, I think it is our way,

If we will keep in favour with the King,

To be her Men, and wear her Livery:

The jealous o'er-worn Widow, and her self,

Since that our Brother dub'd them Gentlewomen,

Are mighty Gossips in our Monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your Graces both to pardon me,

His Majesty hath straightly given in charge,

That no Man shall have private Conference

Of what degree soever, with your Brother.

Glo. Even so, and please your worship, *Brakenbury*!

You may partake of any thing we say:

We speak no Treason, Man—we say the King

Is wife and virtuous, and his noble Queen
Well strook in Years, fair, and not jealous.
We say, that *Shore's* Wife hath a pretty Foot,
A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a passing pleasing Tongue:
That the Queen's Kindred are made Gentle-folks.

How say you, Sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my Lord, my self have nought to do.

Glo. Naught to do with Mistress *Shore*?

I tell thee, Fellow, he that doth naught with her,
Excepting one, were best to do it secretly alone.

Brak. What one, my Lord?

Glo. Her Husband, Knave——would'st thou betray me?

Brak. I do beseech your Grace

To pardon me, and withal forbear
Your Conferences with the noble Duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, *Brakenbury*, and will obey.

Glo. We are the Queen's Abjects, and must obey.

Brother farewell, I will unto the King,
And whatsoever you will employ me in,
Were it to call King *Edward's* Widow, Sister,
I will perform it to infranchise you.
Mean time, this deep disgrace of Brotherhood,
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your Imprisonment shall not be long,
I will deliver you, or else lye for you:
Mean time have patience.

Clar. I must perforce; farewell. [Ex. *Brak.* *Clar.*

Glo. Go tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return:
Simple plain *Clarence*——I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy Soul to Heav'n,
If Heav'n will take the Present at our Hands.
But who comes here? the new deliver'd *Hastings*?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious Lord.

Glo. As much unto my good Lord Chamberlain:
Well are you welcome to this open Air,
How hath your Lordship brook'd Imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble Lord, as Prisoners must:
But I shall live, my Lord, to give them thanks
That were the cause of my Imprisonment.

Glo.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall *Clarence* too,
For they that were your Enemies are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.

Hast. More pity, that the Eagles should be mew'd,
Whiles Kites and Buzzards play at Liberty.

Glo. What News abroad ?

Hast. No News so bad abroad as this at home:
The King is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his Physicians fear him mightly.

Glo. Now by *St. John*, that news is bad indeed.
O he hath kept an evil Diet long,
And over-much consum'd his Royal Person:
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
Where is he, in his Bed ?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit Hastings.*]

He cannot live, I hope ; and must not die,
'Till *George* be pack'd with post-horse up to Heav'n.
I'll in to urge his hatred more to *Clarence*,
Which Iyes well steel'd with weighty arguments,
And if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live :
Which done, God take King *Edward* to his Mercy,
And leave the World for me to bustle in.
For then, I'll marry *Warwick's* youngest Daughter :
What though I kill'd her Husband, and her Father,
The readiest way to make the Wench amends,
Is to become her Husband and her Father :
The which will I, not all so much for Love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my Horse to Market :
Clarence still breaths, *Edward* still lives and reigns,
When they are gone, then must I count my Gains. [*Exit*

S C E N E II.

Enter the Coarse of Henry the Sixth, with Halberds to guard it, Lady Anne being the Mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,
 If Honour may be shrowded in a Herse,
 Whilst I a-while obsequiously lament
 The untimely fall of virtuous *Lancaster*.
 Poor key-cold Figure of a holy King,
 Pale Ashes of the House of *Lancaster*;
 Thou bloodless Remnant of that Royal Blood,
 Be it lawful that I invoke thy Ghost,
 To hear the Lamentations of poor *Anne*,
 Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy slaughtered Son,
 Stab'd by the self same hand that made these wounds.
 Lo, in these Windows that let forth thy Life,
 I pour the helpless Balm of my poor Eyes.
 O cursed be the Hand that made these holes!
 Cursed the Heart, that had the Heart to do it!
 Cursed the Blood, that let this Blood from hence,
 More direful hap betide that hated wretch
 That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
 Than I can wish to Wolves, to Spiders, Toads,
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives.
 If ever he have Child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
 Whose ugly and unnatural Aspect,
 May fright the hopeful Mother at the view:
 And that be Heir to his unhappiness.
 If ever he have Wife, let her be made
 More miserable by the Death of him,
 Than I am made by my young Lord, and thee.
 Come now towards *Chertsey* with your holy Load,
 Taken from *Paul's* to be interred there.
 And still as you are weary of this weight,
 Rest you, whiles I lament King *Henry's* Coarse.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester.

Glo. Stay you that bear the Coarse, and set it down.

Anne.

Anne. What black Magician conjures up this Fiend,
To stop devoted charitable Deeds?

Glo. Villains, set down the Coarse; or by *St. Paul*,
I'll make a Coarse of him that disobeys.

Gen. My Lord, stand back, and let the Coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd Dog,
Stand thou when I command:
Advance thy Halbert higher than my Breast,
Or by *St. Paul*, I'll strike thee to my Foot,
And spurn upon thee, Beggar, for thy boldness.

Anne. What do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortal,
And mortal Eyes cannot endure the Devil.
Avant, thou dreadful Minister of Hell:
Thou hadst but power over his mortal Body,
His Soul thou canst not have; therefore be gone.

Glo. Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul Devil!

For God's sake hence, and trouble us not,
For thou hast made the happy Earth thy Hell:
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclams.
If thou delight to view thy heinous Deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy Butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen! see! see dead *Henry's* wounds
Open their congeal'd Mouths, and bleed a fresh.
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul Deformity;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this Blood
From cold and empty Veins, where no blood dwells.
Thy Deeds inhuman, and unnatural,
Provoke this Deluge most unnatural.
O God! which this Blood mad'st, revenge his Death:
O Earth! which this Blood drink'st, revenge his Death.
Either Heav'n with Lightning strike the Murth'rer dead,
Or Earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good King's Blood,
Which his Hell-govern'd arm hath butchered.

Glo. Lady, you know no Rules of Charity,
Which renders good for bad, Blessings for Curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st nor law of God nor Man;
No Beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no Beast.

Anne.

Anne. O wonderful, when Devils tell the truth!

Glo. More wonderful, when Angels are so angry:
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a Woman,
Of these supposed Crimes, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit my self.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a Man,
Of these known evils, but to give me leave
By circumstance, to curse thy curs'd self.

Glo. Fairer than Tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse my self.

Anne. Fouler than Heart can think thee,
Thou canst make no excuse that will be currant,
Unless thou hang thy self.

Glo. By such despair, I should accuse my self.

Anne. And by despairing shalt thou stand excus'd,
For doing worthy Vengeance on thy self;
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say, that I slew them not,

Anne. Then say, they were not slain:
But dead they are, and, devilish Slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your Husband.

Anne. Why then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead, and slain by *Edward's* Hands.

Anne. In thy foul Throat thou ly'st,

Queen Margaret saw

Thy murd'rous Faulchion smoking in his Blood:
The which thou once didst bend against her Breast,
But that thy Brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her scand'rous Tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless Shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody Mind,
That never dream'd on ought but Butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this King?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, Hedge-Hog,
Then God grant me too,
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked Deed:
O he was gentle, mild and virtuous.

Glo. The better for the King of Heav'n that hath him.

Anne. He is in Heav'n, where thou shalt never come.

Glo.

Glo. Let him thank me that help to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than Earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but Hell.

Glo. Yes one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some Dungeon.

Glo. Your Bed-chamber.

Anne. I'll Rest betide the Chamber where thou lyeest.

Glo. So will it, Madam, 'till I lye with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so. But gentle Lady *Anne*,
To leave this keen encounter of our Wits,
And fall something into a slower method.
Is not the Caufer of the timelefs deaths
Of these *Plantagenets*, *Henry* and *Edward*,
As blameful as the Executioner?

Anne. Thou wast the Cause, and most accurst effect.

Glo. Your Beauty was the Cause of that effect:
Your Beauty that did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the Death of all the World,
So I might live one hour in your sweet Bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, Homicide,
These Nails should rend that Beauty from my Cheeks.

Glo. These Eyes could not endure that Beauty's wrack,
You should not blemish it, if I stood by;
As all the World is cheered by the Sun,
So I by that; it is my Day, my Life.

Anne. Black night o'er-shade thy Day, and death thy Life.

Glo. Curse not thy self, fair Creature,
Thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my Husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, Lady, of thy Husband,
Did it to help thee to a better Husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the Earth.

Glo. He lives, that loves thee better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. *Plantagenet*.

Anne. Why that was he.

Glo.

Glo. The self-same Name, but one of better Nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Here:

[*She spits at him.*]

Why dost thou spit at me?

Anne. Would it were mortal Poison for thy sake.

Glo. Never came Poison from so sweet Place.

Anne. Never hung Poison on a fouler Toad.

Out of my Sight, thou dost infect mine Eyes.

Glo. Thine Eyes, sweet Lady, have infected mine.

Anne. Would they were Basilisks, to strike thee dead.

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once:

For now they kill me with a living Death.

Those Eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt Tears;

Sham'd their Aspects with store of childish Drops:

These Eyes, which never shed remorseful Tear,

No, when my Father *York*, and *Edward* wept,

To hear the piteous Moan that *Rutland* made,

When black-fac'd *Clifford* shook his Sword at him:

Nor when thy warlike Father, like a Child,

Told the sad Story of my Father's Death,

And twenty times made Pause to sob and weep,

That all the Standers by had wet their Cheeks,

Like Trees be-dash'd with Rain: In that sad Time,

My manly Eyes did scorn an humble Tear:

And what these Sorrows could not thence exhale,

Thy Beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.

I never sued to a Friend, nor Enemy;

My Tongue could never learn sweet smoothing Words;

But now thy Beauty is propos'd my Fee,

My proud Heart sues, and prompts my Tongue to speak.

[*She looks scornfully at him.*]

Teach not thy Lip such Scorn, for it was made

For kissing, Lady, not for such Contempt.

If thy revengeful Heart cannot forgive,

Lo here I lend thee this sharp-pointed Sword,

Which, if thou please to hide in this true Breast,

And let the Soul forth that adoreth thee,

I lay it naked to the deadly Stroke,

And humbly beg the Death upon my Knee.

[*He lays his Breast open, she offers at it with his Sword.*]

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King *Henry*;

But

But 'twas thy Beauty that provoked me.
 Nay, now dispatch: 'Twas I that stabb'd young *Edward*,
 But 'twas thy heav'nly Face that set me on.

[*She falls the Sword.*]

Take up the Sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, Dissembler, though I wish thy Death,
 I will not be thy Executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill my self, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy Rage:

Speak it again, and even with thy word,
 This Hand, which for thy love, did kill thy Love,
 Shall for thy love, kill a far truer Love;
 To both their Deaths shalt thou be accessary.

Anne. I would I knew thy Heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my Tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then never Man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your Sword.

Glo. Say then, my Peace is made.

Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All Men I hope live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this Ring.

Look how my Ring encompasseth thy Finger,
 Even so thy Breast incloseth my poor Heart:
 Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
 And if thy poor devoted Servant may
 But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
 Thou dost confirm this Happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad Designs
 To him that hath most cause to be a Mourner,
 And presently repair to *Crosby* House:
 Where, after I have solemnly interr'd
 At *Chertsey* Monast'ry this noble King,
 And wet his Grave with my repentant Tears,
 I will with all expedient Duty see you.
 For divers unknown Reasons, I beseech you,
 Grant me this Boon.

Anne.

Anne. With all my Heart, and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.

Tressel and Barkley, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve:
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already. [*Exeunt two with Anne.*

Gent. Towards *Chertsey*, Noble Lord?

Glo. Now to *White-Friars*, there attend my coming.

[*Exit Coarse.*

Was ever Woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever Woman in this humour won?
I'll have her ——— but I will not keep her long.
What! I that kill'd her Husband, and his Father!
To take her in her Heart's extreamest hate,
With Curfes in her Mouth, Tears in her Eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred by,
Having God, her Conscience, and these Bars against me,
And I no Friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain Devil and dissembling Looks:
And yet to win her ——— All the World to nothing!
Ha!

Hath she forgot already that brave Prince,
Edward, her Lord, whom I, some three Months since,
Stab'd in my angry mood at *Tewksbury*?
A sweeter and a lovelier Gentleman,
Fram'd in the prodigality of Nature,
Young, Valiant, Wise, and, no doubt, right Royal,
The spacious World cannot again afford:
And will she thus abase her Eyes on me,
That cropt the Golden prime of this sweet Prince,
And made her Widow to a woful Bed?
On me, whose All not equals *Edward's* Moiety?
On me, that halts, and am mishapen thus?
My Dukedom to a beggarly Denier,
I do mistake my Person all this while:
Upon my Life she finds, although I cannot,
My self to be a marv'ous proper Man.
I'll be at charges for a Looking-glass,
And entertain a score or two of Tailors,
To study Fashions to adorn my Body:

Since

Since I am crept in favour of my self,
 I will maintain it with some little Cost.
 But first I'll turn yon Fellow in his Grave,
 And then return lamenting to my Love.
 Shine out, fair Sun, 'till I have bought a Glafs,
 That I may see my Shadow as I pass.

[Exit.]

S C E N E III.

Enter the Queen, Lord Rivers, and Lord Gray.

Riv. Have patience, Madam, there is no doubt, his Majesty
 Will soon recover his accustom'd Health.

Gray. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse,
 Therefore for God's sake entertain good Comfort,
 And cheer his Grace with quick and merry Eyes.

Queen. If he were dead, what would betide on me?

Gray. No other harm, but loss of such a Lord.

Queen. The loss of such a Lord includes all harms.

Gray. The Heavens have blest you with a goodly Son
 To be your Comforter when he is gone.

Queen. Ah! he is young, and his Minority
 Is put unto the trust of *Richard Glo'ster*,
 A Man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be Protector?

Queen. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
 But so it must be, if the King miscarry.

Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Gray. Here comes the Lords of *Buckingham* and *Derby*.

Buck. Good time of Day unto your Royal Grace.

Derby. God make your Majesty joyful, as you have been.

Queen. The Countess *Richmond*, good my Lord of *Derby*,
 To your good Prayer will scarcely say, Amen;
 Yet *Derby*, notwithstanding she's your Wife,
 And loves not me, be you, good Lord, assur'd,
 I hate not you for her proud Arrogance.

Derby. I do beseech you, either not believe
 The envious Slanders of her false Accusers:
 Or if she be accus'd on true report,
 Bear with her weakness; which I think proceeds

From

From wayward Sickneſs, and no grounded Malice.

Queen. Saw you the King to Day, my Lord of *Derby*?

Derby. But now, the Duke of *Buckingham* and I
Are come from viſiting his Maſteſty.

Queen. What likelihood of his Amendment, Lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope, his Grace ſpeaks chearfully.

Queen. God grant him Health; did you confer with him?

Buck. Ay, Madam, he deſires to make Atonement,
Between the Duke of *Gloſter* and your Brothers,
And between them and my Lord Chamberlain;
And ſent to warn them to his Royal Preſence.

Queen. Would all were well——but that will never be—
I fear our Happineſs is at the height.

Enter Glouceſter.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it,
Who is it that complains unto the King,
That I, forſooth, am ſtern, and love them not?
By holy *Paul*, they love his Grace but lightly,
That fill his Ears with ſuch diſſentious Rumors.
Because I cannot flatter, and look fair,
Smile in Mens Faces, ſmooth, deceive and cog,
Duck with *French* nods, and *Apiſh* Courteſie,
I muſt be held a rancorous Enemy.
Cannot a plain Man live and think no harm,
But thus his ſimple Truth muſt be abus'd
With ſilken, ſly, inſinuating Jacks?

Gray. To whom in all this preſence ſpeaks your Grace?

Glo. To thee, that haſt not Honesty nor Grace:
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your Faction?
A Plague upon you all. His Royal Grace,
Whom God preſerve, better than you would wiſh,
Cannot be quiet ſcarce a breathing while,
But you muſt trouble him with lewd Complaints.

Queen. Brother of *Gloſter*, you miſtake the Matter:
The King on his own Royal Diſpoſition,
And not provok'd by any Suitor elſe,
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward Action ſhews it ſelf
Againſt my Children, Brothers, and my Self,
Makes him to ſend, that he may learn the ground.

Glo.

Glo. I cannot tell the World is grown so bad,
That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not perch.
Since every Jack became a Gentleman,
There's many a gentle Person made a Jack. [Glo'ster,

Queen. Come, come, we know your meaning, Brother
You envy my Advancement, and my Friends:
God grant we never may have need of you.

Glo. Mean time God grants that I have need of you:
Our Brother is imprison'd by your means,
My self disgrac'd, and the Nobility
Held in Contempt, while great Promotions
Are daily given to enoble those,
That scarce, some two Days since, were worth a Noble.

Queen. By him that rais'd me to this careful height,
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his Majesty
Against the Duke of *Clarence*, but have been
An earnest Advocate to plead for him.
My Lord, you do me shameful Injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile Suspects.

Glo. You may deny, that you were not the mean
Of my Lord *Hastings* late Imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my Lord, for——

Glo. She may, Lord *Rivers*, why who knows not so?
She may do more, Sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair Preferments,
And then deny her aiding Hand therein,
And lay those Honours on your high desert.
What may she not? she may—ay marry may she—

Riv. What marry may she?

Glo. What marry may she? marry with a King,
A Batchelor, and a handsom Stripling too:
I wis your Grandam had a worser match.

Queen. My Lord of *Glo'ster*, I have too long born
Your blunt Upbraidings, and your bitter Scoffs:
By Heav'n I will acquaint his Majesty,
Of those gross taunts, that oft I have endur'd.
I had rather be a Country Servant Maid
Than a great Queen with this Condition,
To be so baited, scorn'd, and storm'd at;
Small joy have I in being *England's* Queen.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God I beseech him :
Thy Honour, State and Seat, is due to me.

Glo. What ! threat you me with telling of the King ?
I will avouch't in presence of the King :
I dare adventure to be sent to th' *Tower*.
'Tis time to speak,
My Pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out Devil !
I do remember them too well :
Thou kill'dst my Husband *Henry* in the *Tower*,
And *Edward*, my poor Son, at *Tewksbury*.

Glo. E'er you were Queen,
Ay, or your Husband King,
I was a pack-Horse in his great Affairs ;
A weeder out of his proud Adversaries,
A liberal Rewarder of his Friends ;
To Royalize his Blood I spent mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better Blood
Than his or thine.

Glo. In all which time, you and your Husband *Gray*
Were factious for the House of *Lancaster* ;
And *Rivers*, so were you ; was not your Husband,
In *Margaret's* Battel, at *Saint Albans* slain ?
Let me put in your Minds, if you forget,
What you have been e'er this, and what you are ;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murth'rous Villain, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poor *Clarence* did forsake his Father *Warwick*,
Ay, and forswore himself, which Jesu pardon—

Q. Mar. Which God revenge.

Glo. To fight on *Edward's* party for the Crown,
And for his meed, poor Lord, he is mew'd up :
I would to God my Heart were Flint, like *Edward's*,
Or *Edward's* soft and pitiful, like mine ;
I am too childish foolish for this World.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to Hell for shame, and leave this World,
Thou Cacodæmon, there thy Kingdom is.

Riv. My Lord of *Glo'ster*, in those busie Days,
Which here you urge, to prove us Enemies,
We follow'd then our Lord, our Sovereign King ;
So should we you, if you should be our King.

Glo.

Glo. If I should be!—I had rather be a Pedlar;
Far be it from my Heart, the thought thereof.

Queen. As little Joy, my Lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this Country's King,
As little Joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the Queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little Joy enjoys the Queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient.

Here me, you wrangling Pyrates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me;
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?
If not that I am Queen, you bow like Subjects;
Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like Rebels.
Ah gentle Villain do not turn away.

Glo. Foul wrinkl'd Witch, what mak'st thou in my fight?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd,
That will I make, before I let thee go.

Glo. Wer't thou not banished on pain of Death?

Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in Banishment,
Than Death can yield me here by my abode.

A Husband and a Son thou ow'st to me, [To Glo.]
And thou a Kingdom, all of you Allegiance; [To the Queen.]
This Sorrow that I have by Right is yours,
And all the Pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glo. The Curse my Noble Father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike Brows with Paper,
And with thy Scorns drew'st Rivers from his Eyes,
And then to dry them, gav'st the Duke a Clout,
Steep'd in the faultless Blood of pretty *Rutland*;
His Curses, then from bitterness of Soul
Denounc'd against thee, are now fall'n upon thee;
And God, not we, have plagu'd thy bloody Deed.

Q. Mar. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest Deed to slay that Babe,
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept, when it was reported.

Dorf. No Man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buck. *Northumberland*, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the Throat,

And turn you all your hatred now on me?
 Did *York's* dread Curse prevail so much with Heav'n,
 That *Henry's* Death, my lovely *Edward's* Death,
 Their Kingdom's loss, my woful Banishment,
 Should all but answer for that peevish Brat?
 Can Curses pierce the Clouds, and enter Heaven?
 Why then give way, dull Clouds, to my quick Curses.
 Though not by War, by Surfeit dye your King,
 As ours by Murder to make him a King.
Edward thy Son, that now is Prince of *Wales*,
 For *Edward* our Son, that was Prince of *Wales*,
 Die in his Youth, by like untimely Violence.
 Thy self a Queen, for me that was a Queen,
 Out-live thy Glory, like my wretched self:
 Long may'st thou live to wail thy Childrens Death,
 And see another, as I see thee now,
 Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art stall'd in mine.
 Long die thy happy Days, before thy Death,
 And after many length'ned hours of Grief,
 Die neither Mother, Wife, nor *England's* Queen.
Rivers and *Dorset*, you were Standers-by,
 And so wast thou, Lord *Hastings*, when my Son
 Was stabb'd with bloody Daggers; God, I pray him,
 That none of you may live his natural Age,
 But be by some unlook'd-for Accident cut off.

Glo. Have done thy Charm, thou hateful wither'd Hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? Stay Dog, for thou shalt
 If Heavens have any grievous Plague in store, [hear me.
 Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
 O let them keep it, 'till thy Sins be ripe,
 And then hurl down their Indignation
 On thee, thou troubler of the poor World's peace.
 The worm of Conscience still be-gnaw thy Soul,
 Thy Friends suspect for Traitors while thou liv'st,
 And take deep Traitors for thy dearest Friends:
 No sleep close up that deadly Eye of thine,
 Unless it be while some tormenting Dream
 Affright thee with a Hell of ugly Devils.
 Thou elvish-markt, abortive rooting Hog,
 Thou that wast seal'd in thy Nativity
 The Slave of Nature, and the Son of Hell:

Thou

Thou slander of thy heavy Mother's Womb,
 Thou loathed Issue of thy Father's Loins,
 Thou Rag of Honour, thou detested

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard.

Glo. Ha!

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

*Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think
 That thou had'st call'd me all these bitter Names.*

*Q. Mar. Why so I did, but look'd for no reply.
 Oh let me make the Period to my Curse.*

Glo. 'Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret.

Queen. Thus have you breath'd your Curse against your self.

*Q. Mar. Poor painted Queen, vain flourish of my Fortune,
 Why strew'st thou Sugar on that Bottel'd Spider,
 Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?*

*Fool, Fool, thou what'st a Knife to kill thy self:
 The Day will come that thou shalt wish for me,
 To help thee curse this poysonous Bunch-back'd Toad.*

*Hast. False boading Woman, end thy frantick Curse,
 Left to thy harm thou move our Patience.*

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you, you have all mov'd mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your Duty

*Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me Duty,
 Teach me to be your Queen, and you my Subjects:
 O serve me well, and teach your selves that Duty.*

Dorf. Dispute not with her, she is Lunatick.

*Q. Mar. Peace, Master Marquess, you are malapert,
 Your fire-new stamp of Honour is scarce currant.*

*O that your young Nobility can judge
 What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable.*

*They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,
 And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.*

Glo. Good Counsel marry, learn it, learn it, Marquess.

Dorf. It touches you, my Lord, as much as me.

*Glo. Ay, and much more; but I was born so high;
 Our airy buildeth in the Cedar's top,
 And dallies with the Wind, and scorns the Sun.*

*Q. Mar. And turns the Sun to shade; alas! alas!
 Witness my Son now in the shade of Death,
 Whose bright out-shining beams, thy cloudy Wrath*

Hath in eternal Darknes folded up.
 Your airy buildeth in our airies Nest ;
 O God, that seest it, do not suffer it,
 As it is won with Blood, lost be it so.

Buck. Peace, peace for shame, if not for Charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither Charity nor Shame to me ;
 Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
 And shamefully my hopes, by you, are butcher'd.
 My Charity is Outrage, Life my Shame,
 And in that Shame, still live my Sorrow's rage.

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O Princely *Buckingham*, I'll kiss thy Hand,
 In sign of League and Amity with thee :
 Now fair befall thee and thy Noble House ;
 Thy Garments are not spotted with our Blood ;
 Nor thou within the compass of my Curse.

Buck. Nor no one here ; for Curses never pass
 The Lips of those that breathe them in the Air.

Q. Mar. I will not think but they ascend the Sky,
 And there awake God's gentle sleeping Peace.

O *Buckingham*, take care of yonder Dog ;
 Look when he fawns he bites ; and when he bites,
 His venom Tooth will rankle to the Death ;
 Have not to do with him, beware of him,
 Sin, Death and Hell have set their marks on him,
 And all their Ministers attend on his.

Glo. What doth she say, my Lord of *Buckingham* ?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious Lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me
 For my gentle Counsel ?
 And sooth the Devil that I warn thee from ?
 O but remember this another Day ;
 When he shall split thy very Heart with Sorrow ;
 And say poor *Margaret* was a Prophetes.
 Live each of you the Subject to his hate,
 And he to yours, and all of you to God's.

[*Exit.*

Buck. My Hair doth stand an end to hear her Curses.

Riv. And so doth mine : I muse why she's at Liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy Mother,
 She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
 My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Dorf.

Dorf. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong:
I was too hot, to do some body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:
Marry, as for *Clarence*, he is well repay'd;
He is frank'd up to fattening for his pains,
God pardon them that are the cause thereof.

Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scathe to us.

Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd. [Aside.
For had I curst now, I had curst my self.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his Majesty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and yours, my gracious Lord.

Queen. *Catesby*, I come; Lords, will you go with me?

Riv. We wait upon your Grace,

[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret Mischief that I set a-broach,
I lay unto the grievous Charge of others.
Clarence, whom I indeed have cast in Darkness,
I do beweepe to many simple Gulls,
Namely to *Derby*, *Hastings*, *Buckingham*,
And tell them, 'tis the Queen and her Allies
That stir the King against the Duke my Brother.
Now they believe it, and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on *Rivers*, *Dorset*, *Gray*.
But then I sigh, and with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I cloath my naked Villany
With odd old Ends, stoln forth of Holy Writ,
And seem a *Saint*, when most I play the *Devil*,

Enter two Villains.

But soft, here come my Executioners:
How now my hardy stout resolved Mates,
Are you now going to dispatch this thing?

Vil. We are, my Lord, and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted, where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:
When you have done, repair to *Crosby Place*.

But, Sirs, be sudden in the Execution,

Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
 For *Clarence* is well-spoken, and, perhaps,
 May move your Hearts to pity, if you mark him.

Vil. Tut, tut, my Lord, we will not stand to prate,
 Talkers are no good doers; be assur'd,
 We go to use our Hands, and not our Tongues.

Glo. Your Eyes drop Mill-stones, when Fools Eyes fall
 Tears.

I like you Lads, about your business straight.
 Go, go, dispatch.

Vil. We will, my Noble Lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Clarence and Keeper.

Keep. Why looks your Grace so heavily to day?

Clar. O I have past a miserable Night,
 So full of fearful Dreams of ugly Sights,
 That, as I am a Christian faithful Man,
 I would not spend another such a Night,
 Though 'twere to buy a world of happy Days:
 So full of dismal Terror was the time.

Keep. What was your Dream, my Lord, I pray you tell me.

Clar. Methoughts that I had broken from the *Tower*,
 And was embark'd to cross to *Burgundy*,
 And in my Company my Brother *Gloster*,
 Who from my Cabin tempted me to walk
 Upon the Hatches. There we look'd toward *England*,
 And cited up a thousand heavy Times,
 During the Wars of *York* and *Lancaster*,
 That had befall'n us. As he pac'd along
 Upon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
 Methought that *Gloster* stumbled, and in falling
 Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-board,
 Into the tumbling Billows of the Main.
 O Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown!
 What dreadful Noise of Waters in mine Ears!
 What sights of ugly Death within mine Eyes!
 Methoughts, I saw a thousand fearful Wracks;
 A thousand Men that Fishes gnaw'd upon:
 Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heaps of Pearl,

Inestimable

Inestimable Stones, unvalued Jewels
 All scatter'd in the bottom of the Sea:
 Some lay in dead Mens Skulls, and in the holes
 Where Eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
 As 'twere in scorn of Eyes, reflecting Gems,
 That woo'd the slimy bottom of the Deep,
 And mock'd the dead Bones that lay scatter'd by.

Keep. Had you such leisure in the time of Death,
 To gaze upon the Secrets of the Deep?

Clar. Methought I had, and often did I strive
 To yield the Ghost; but still the envious Flood
 Stop'd in my Soul, and would not let it forth
 To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring Air;
 But smother'd it within my panting Bulk,
 Who almost burst to belch it in the Sea.

Keep. Awak'd you not in this sore Agony?

Clar. No, no, my Dream was lengthen'd after Life.
 O then began the Tempest to my Soul:
 I past, methought, the melancholy Flood,
 With that four Ferry-man which Poets writes of,
 Unto the Kingdom of perpetual Night.
 The first that there did greet my Stranger-soul,
 Was my great Father-in-Law, renowned *Warwick*,
 Who spake aloud ——— What Scourge for Perjury
 Can this dark Monarchy afford false *Clarence*?
 And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by,
 A Shadow like an Angel, with bright Hair
 Dabbl'd in Blood, and he shriek'd out aloud —
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjurd *Clarence*,
 That stabb'd me in the Field by *Tewksbury*;
 Seize on him, Furies, take him unto Torment —
 With that, methought, a Legion of foul Fiends
 Inviron'd me, and howled in mine Ears
 Such hideous Cries, that with the very Noise,
 I, trembling, wak'd; and for a season after
 Could not believe but that I was in Hell:
 Such terrible Impressions made my Dream.

Keep. No marvel, Lord, tho' it affrighted you,
 I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. Ah Keeper, Keeper, I have done these things,
 That now give evidence against my Soul,

For *Edward's* sake; and see how he requites me.
 O God! if my deep Prayers cannot appeale thee,
 But thou wilt be aveng'd on my Misdeeds,
 Yet execute thy Wrath on me alone:

○ spare my guiltless Wife, and my poor Children.
 Keeper, I prithee sit by me a-while,
 My Soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Keep. I will, my Lord, God give your Grace good rest.

Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant.

Brak. Sorrow breaks Seasons and reposing hours,
 Makes the Night Morning, and the Noon-tide Night:
 Princes have but their Titles for their Glories,
 An outward Honour, for an inward Toil,
 And for unfelt Imaginations,
 They often feel a world of restless Cares:
 So that between their Titles and low Name,
 There's nothing differs but the outward Fame.

Enter two Villains.

1 Vil. Ho, who's here?

Brak. What would'st thou, Fellow? And how cam'st thou hither?

2 Vil. I would speak with *Clarence*, and I came hither on my Legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

1 Vil. 'Tis better, Sir, than to be tedious:
 Let him see our Commission, and talk no more.

Brak. I am in this commanded, to deliver [*Reads.*
 The Noble Duke of *Clarence* to your Hands.
 I will not reason what is meant hereby,
 Because I will be guiltless from the meaning.
 There lyes the Duke asleep, and there the Keys.
 I'll to the King, and signifie to him,
 That thus I have resign'd to you my charge. [*Exit.*

1 Vil. You may, Sir, 'tis a point of Wisdom:
 Fare you well.

2 Vil. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 Vil. No; he'll say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 Vil. Why he shall never wake, until the great Judgment Day.

1 Vil. Why then he'll say, we stabb'd him sleeping.

2 Vil. The urging of that word Judgment, hath bred a kind of Remorse in me.

1 *Vil.* What? art thou afraid?

2 *Vil.* Not to kill him, having a Warrant?
But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which
No Warrant can defend me.

1 *Vil.* I thought thou hadst been resolute.

2 *Vil.* So I am, to let him live.

1 *Vil.* I'll back to the Duke of *Glo'ster*, and tell him so.

2 *Vil.* Nay, prithee stay a little:

I hope this passionate Humour of mine will change;
It was wont to hold me but a while one tells twenty.

1 *Vil.* How dost thou feel thy self now?

2 *Vil.* Some certain dregs of Conscience are yet within me.

1 *Vil.* Remember the Reward, when the Deed's done.

2 *Vil.* Come he dies: I had forgot the Reward.

1 *Vil.* Where's thy Conscience now?

2 *Vil.* O, in the Duke of *Glo'ster's* Purse.

1 *Vil.* When he opens his Purse to give us our Reward,
thy Conscience flies out.

2 *Vil.* 'Tis no matter, let it go; there's few or none will
entertain it.

1 *Vil.* What if it come to thee again?

2 *Vil.* I'll not meddle with it, it makes a Man a Coward:
A Man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a Man cannot
swear, but it checks him; a Man cannot lye with his Neigh-
bour's Wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a blushing shame-
fac'd Spirit, that mutinies in a Man's Bosom: It fills a Man
full of Obstacles. It made me once restore a Purse of Gold
that, by chance, I found. It beggars any Man that keeps
it. It is turn'd out of Towns and Cities for a dangerous
thing, and every Man that means to live well, endeavours
to trust himself, and live without it.

1 *Vil.* 'Tis even now at my Elbow, persuading me not to
kill the Duke.

2 *Vil.* Take the Devil in thy mind, and believe him not:
He would insinuate with thee but to make thee figh.

1 *Vil.* I am strong fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Vil.* Spoke like a tall Man, that respects thy Reputation.
Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Vil.* Take him on the Costard, with the Hilt of thy
Sword, and then throw him into the Malmſie-butt in the
next Room.

2 *Vil.*

2 *Vil.* O excellent Device, and make a Sop of him.

1 *Vil.* Soft, he wakes.

2 *Vil.* Strike.

1 *Vil.* No, we'll reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, Keeper? Give me a Cup of Wine.

2 *Vil.* You shall have Wine enough, my Lord, anon.

Clar. In God's Name what art thou?

1 *Vil.* A Man, as you are.

Clar. But not as I am, Royal.

1 *Vil.* Nor you as we are, Loyal.

Clar. Thy Voice is thunder, but thy Looks are humble.

1 *Vil.* My Voice is now the King's, my Looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak?

Your Eyes do menace me: Why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? wherefore do you come?

2 *Vil.* To, to, to——

Clar. To Murther me?

Both. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the Hearts to tell me so;

And therefore cannot have the Hearts to do it.

Wherein, my Friends, have I offended you?

1 *Vil.* Offended us you have not, but the King.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 *Vil.* Never, my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.

Clar. Are you drawn forth among a World of Men,

To slay the innocent? What's my Offence?

Where is the Evidence that doth accuse me;

What lawful Quest have given their Verdict up

Unto the frowning Judge? Or who pronounc'd

The bitter Sentence of poor *Clarence's* Death?

Before I be convict by course of Law,

To threaten me with Death, is most unlawful.

I charge you, as you hope for any goodness,

That you depart, and lay no Hands on me:

The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Vil.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Vil.* And he that hath commanded, is our King.

Clar. Erroneous Vassals, the great King of Kings,

Hath in the Table of his Law commanded,

That Thou shalt do no Murther; Will you then

Spurn at his Edicts, and fulfil a Man's?

Take heed, for he holds Vengeance in his Hand
To hurl upon their Heads that break his Law.

2 *Vil.* And that same Vengeance doth he hurl on thee
For false forswearing, and for Murther too:
Thou didst receive the Sacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the House of *Lancaster*.

1 *Vil.* And like a Traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade,
Unrip'dst the Bowels of thy Sovereign's Son.

2 *Vil.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend:

1 *Vil.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful Law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such high degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For *Edward*, for my Brother, for his sake.
He sends you not to murder me for this:
For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,
O know you yet, he doth it publickly,
Take not the quarrel from his powerful Arm:
He needs no indirect, or lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Vil.* Who made thee then a bloody Minister,
When gallant springing brave *Plantagenet*,
That Princely Novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My Brother's Love, the Devil, and my Rage.

1 *Vil.* Thy Brother's Love, our Duty, and thy Faults,
Provoke us hither now, to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my Brother, hate not me:
I am his Brother, and I love him well.

If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my Brother *Glo'ster*:
Who shall reward you better for my Life,
Than *Edward* will for tidings of my Death.

2 *Vil.* You are deceiv'd,
Your Brother *Glo'ster* hates you.

Clar. Oh no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.

1 *Vil.* Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely Father *York*,
Blest his three Sons with his victorious Arm,

He

He little thought of this divided Friendship:
Bid *Glo'ster* think on this, and he will weep.

1 *Vil.* Ay, Millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 *Vil.* Right, as Snow in Harvest:

Come, you deceive your self,

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune.
And hugg'd me in his Arms, and swore with sobs,
That he would labour my Delivery.

1 *Vil.* Why so he doth, when he delivers you
From this Earth's thraldom, to the joys of Heav'n.

2 *Vil.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my Lord.

Clar. Have you that holy feeling in your Souls,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your own Souls so blind,
That you will War with God, by murd'ring me?
O Sirs, consider, they that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed,

2 *Vil.* What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your Souls:
Which of you, if you were a Prince's Son,
Being pent from Liberty, as I am now,
If two such Murtherers as your selves came to you,
Would not intreat for Life, as you would beg
Were you in my distress.

1 *Vil.* Relent? no; 'tis cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.
My Friend, I spy some pity in thy looks:
O, if thine Eye be not a Flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and intreat for me,
A begging Prince what Beggar pities not?

2 *Vil.* Look behind you, my Lord.

1 *Vil.* Take that, and that; if all this will not do;

[*Stabs him.*

I'll drown you in the Malmsey-Butt within.

[*Exit.*

2 *Vil.* A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch:
How fain, like *Pilate*, would I wash my Hands
Of this most grievous Murther.

Enter

Enter first Villain.

1 *Vil.* How now? what mean'st thou that thou help'st me not? By Heav'n, the Duke shall know how slack you have been.

2 *Vil.* I would he knew, that I had sav'd his Brother:
Take thou the Fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the Duke is slain, [Exit.]

1 *Vil.* So do not I; go Coward as thou art.
Well, I'll go hide the Body in some hole,
'Till that the Duke give order for his Burial:
And when I have my Meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay. [Exit.]

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

Flourish. Enter King Edward sick, the Queen, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Catesby, Buckingham, and Woodvil.

K. *Edw.* WHY so; now have I done a good day's work.
You Peers continue this united League:

I every Day expect an Embassage
From my Redeemer, to redeem me hence.
And more in peace my Soul shall part to Heav'n,
Since I have made my Friends at peace on Earth;
Hastings and *Rivers*, take each others hand,
Dissemble not your Hatred, swear your Love.

Riv. By Heav'n, my Soul is purg'd from bearing Hate,
And with my Hand I seal my true Heart's Love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like.

K. *Edw.* Take heed you dally not before the King,
Lest he, that is the supream King of Kings,
Confound your hidden falshood, and award
Either of you to be the others end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect Love.

Riv. And I, as I love *Hastings* with my Heart.

K. *Edw.* Madam, your self is not exempt from this;
Nor you Son *Dorset*, *Buckingham* nor you;
You have been factious one against the other.

Wife,

Wife, love Lord *Hastings*, let him kiss your Hand,
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Queen. There *Hastings*, I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I, and mine.

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him:

Hastings, love Lord *Marques*.

Dorf. This interchange of Love, I here protest
Upon my part, shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I.

K. Edw. Now Princely *Buckingham*, seal thou this League
With thy embracements to my Wife's Allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. When ever *Buckingham* doth turn his hate
Upon your Grace, but with all duteous Love, [*To the Queen.*
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love:
When I have most need to imploy a Friend,
And most assured that he is a Friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
But he unto me; this do I beg of Heaven,
When I am cold in love, to you or yours.

[*Embracing Rivers, &c.*

K. Edw. A pleasing Cordial, Princely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy Vow unto my sickly Heart.
There wanteth now our Brother *Gloster* here,
To make the blessed Period of this Peace.

Buck. And in good time,
Here comes Sir *Richard Ratcliff*, and the Duke.

Enter Ratcliff and Gloucester.

Glo. Good morrow to my Sovereign King and Queen,
And Princely Peers, a happy time of day.

K. Edw. Happy indeed, as we have spent the day:
Gloster, we have done deeds of Charity,
Made Peace of Enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong incensed Peers.

Glo. A blessed Labour, my most Sovereign Lord:
Among this Princely heap, if any here
By false Intelligence, or wrong Surmise
Hold me a Foe: If I unwillingly, or in my Rage,
Have ought committed that is hardly born,
To any in this Presence, I desire

To reconcile me to his friendly Peace:
 'Tis death to me to be at Enmity;
 I hate it, and desire all good Mens love.
 First, Madam, I intreat true peace of you,
 Which I will purchase with my duteous Service.
 Of you my noble Cousin *Buckingham*,
 If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us.
 Of you, and you, Lord *Rivers* and of *Dorset*,
 That all without desert have frown'd on me:
 Of you Lord *Woodvil*, and Lord *Scales* of you,
 Dukes, Earls, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all.
 I do not know that *Englishman* alive,
 With whom my Soul is any jot at odds,
 More than the Infant that is born to night;
 I thank my God for my Humility.

Queen. A Holy-day shall this be kept hereafter;
 I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
 My Sovereign Lord, I do beseech your Highness
 To take our Brother *Clarence* to your Grace.

Glo. Why, Madam, have I offer'd Love for this,
 To be so flouted in this Royal Presence?
 Who knows not that the gentle Duke is dead? [*They all start.*]
 You do him injury to scorn his Coarse.

K. Edw. Who knows not he is dead!
 Who knows he is?

Queen. All-seeing Heav'n, what a World is this?

Buck. Look I so pale, Lord *Dorset*, as the rest?

Dorset. Ay, my good Lord; and no Man in the presence
 But his red Colour hath forsook his Cheeks.

K. Edw. Is *Clarence* dead? the Order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor Man, by your first Order died,
 And that a winged *Mercury* did bear:
 Some tardy Cripple bare the Countermand,
 That come too lag to see him buried.
 God grant, that some less Noble, and less Loyal,
 Nearer in bloody Thoughts, and not in Blood,
 Deserve no worse than wretched *Clarence* did,
 And yet go currant from suspicion.

Enter Earl of Derby.

Derby. A boon, my Sovereign, for my Service done.

K. Edw. I prithee peace, my Soul is full of Sorrow.

Derby. I will not rise, unless your Highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.

Derby. The forfeit, Sovereign, of my Servant's Life,
Who flew to day a riotous Gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of *Norfolk*.

K. Edw. Have I a Tongue to doom my Brother's Death?
And shall that Tongue give pardon to a Slave?

My Brother kill'd no Man, his Fault was Thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter Death.

Who sued to me for him? Who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my Feet; and bid me be advis'd?

Who spoke of Brotherhood? who spoke in love?

Who told me, how the poor Soul did forsake
The mighty *Warwick*, and did fight for me?

Who told me, in the Field at *Tewksbury*,

When *Oxford* had me down, he rescued me?

And said, dear Brother live, and be a King?

Who told me, when we both lay in the Field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me

Even in his Garments, and did give himself,

All thin and naked, to the numb cold Night?

All this from my Remembrance, brutish wrath

Sinfully pluckt, and not a Man of you

Had so much Grace to put it in my Mind.

But when your Carters, or your waiting Vassals

Have done a drunken Slaughter, and defac'd

The precious Image of our dear Redeemer,

You straight are on your Knees for Pardon, Pardon,

And I, unjustly too, must grant it you.

But for my Brother, not a Man would speak,

Nor I, ungracious, spake unto my self

For him, poor Soul. The proudest of you all,

Have been beholding to him in his Life:

Yet none of you, would once beg for his Life.

O God! I fear thy Justice will take hold

On me, and you; and mine, and yours for this.

Come *Hastings* help me to my Closet.

Ah poor *Clarence*. [*Exeunt some with the King and Queen.*]

Glo. This is the fruits of Rashness: Mark'd you not,

How that the kindred of the Queen

Look'd

Look'd pale, when they did hear of *Clarence's* Death?
 O! they did urge it still unto the King,
 God will revenge it. Come, Lords, will you go,
 To comfort *Edward* with our Company?

Buck. We wait upon your Grace.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter the Dutchess of York, with the two Children of Clarence.

Son. Good Grandam tell us, is our Father dead?

Dutch. No, Boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft? and beat your Breast?
 And cry, O *Clarence!* my unhappy Son?

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your Head,
 And call us Orphans, Wretches, Castaways.
 If that our Noble Father were alive?

Dutch. My pretty Cousins, you mistake me both,
 I do lament the Sickness of the King,
 As loth to lose him, not your Father's Death;
 It were lost Sorrow to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then you conclude, my Grandam, he is dead:
 The King mine Uncle is to blame for it.
 God will revenge it, whom I will importure
 With earnest Prayers, all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I.

Dutch. Peace, Children, peace; the King doth love you
 Incapable and shallow Innocents, [well,
 You cannot guess who caus'd your Father's Death.

Son. Grandam, we can; for my good Uncle *Glo'ster*
 Told me, the King, provok'd to it by the Queen,
 Devis'd Impeachments to imprison him;
 And when my Uncle told me so, he wept,
 And pitied me, and kindly kist my Check;
 Bad me rely on him, as on my Father,
 And he would love me dearly as a Child.

Dutch. Ah! that Deceit should steal such gentle Shape,
 And with a virtuous Vizard hide deep Vice.
 He is my Son, ay, and therein my Shame,
 Yet from my Dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you my Uncle did dissemble, Grandam?

Dutch. Ay, Boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark, what noise is this?

*Enter the Queen with her Hair about her Ears, Rivers
and Dorset after her.*

Queen. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep?
To chide my Fortune, and torment my self?
I'll join with black Despair against my Soul,
And to my self become an Enemy—

Dutch. What means this Scene of rude Impatience?

Queen. To make an act of Tragick Violence.

Edward, my Lord, thy Son, our King is dead.
Why grow the Branches, when the Root is gone?
Why wither not the Leaves that want their Sap?
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our swift-winged Souls may catch the King's,
Or like obedient Subjects follow him,
To his new Kingdom of ne'er changing Night.

Dutch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy Sorrow,
As I had Title to thy Noble Husband;
I have bewept a worthy Husband's Death,
And liv'd with looking on his Images;
But now two Mirrors of his Princely semblance,
Are crack'd in pieces, by malignant Death,
And I for comfort have but one false Glass,
That grieves me when I see my Shame in him.
Thou art a Widow, yet thou art a Mother,
And hast the comfort of thy Children left;
But Death hath snatch'd my Husband from mine Arms,
And pluckt two Crutches from my feeble Hands,
Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I,
(Thine being but a moiety of my moan)
To over-go thy Woes, and drown thy Cries.

Son. Ah Aunt! you wept not for our Father's Death;
How can we aid you with our Kindred Tears?

Daugh. Our Fatherless distress was left unmoan'd,
Your Widow dolour likewise be unwept.

Queen. Give me no help in Lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth Complaints:
All Springs reduce their currents to mine Eyes,
That I being govern'd by the watry Moon,

May send forth plenteous Tears to drown the World.

Ah, for my Husband——for my dear Lord *Edward*——

Chil. Ah, for our Father, for our dear Lord *Clarence*.

Dutch. Alas, for both, both mine, *Edward* and *Clarence*.

Queen. What stay had I, but *Edward*? and he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we, but *Clarence*? and he's gone.

Queen. Was never Widow had so dear a Loss.

Chil. Were never Orphans had so dear a Loss.

Dutch. Was never Mother had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the Mother of these Griefs,
Their Woes are parcell'd, mine is general.

She for an *Edward* weeps, and so do I;

I for a *Clarence* weep, so doth not she;

These Babes for *Clarence* weep, so do not they.

Alas! you three, on me threefold distrest

Pour all your Tears, I am your Sorrows Nurse,

And I will pamper it with Lamentation.

Dorf. Comfort, dear Mother; God is much displeas'd,
That you take with unthankfulness his doing.

In common worldly Things 'tis call'd ungrateful,

With dull unwillingness to repay a Debt,

Which with a bounteous Hand was kindly lent:

Much more to be thus opposite with Heav'n,

For it requires the Royal Debt it lent you.

Rivers. Madam, bethink you like a careful Mother
Of the young Prince your Son; send straight for him,

Let him be crown'd, in him your comfort lives.

Drown desperate Sorrow in dead *Edward's* Grave,

And plant your Joys in living *Edward's* Throne.

*Enter Gloucester, Buckingham, Derby, Hastings and
Ratcliff.*

Glo. Sister, have comfort, all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining Star:

But none can help our harms by wailing them.

Madam, my Mother, I do cry you Mercy,

I did not see your Grace. Humbly on my Knee

I crave your Blessing.

Dutch. God bless thee, and put Meekness in thy Breast,
Love, Charity, Obedience, and true Duty.

Glo. Amen, and make me die a good old Man,
That is the butt end of a Mother's Blessing;
I marvel that her Grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy Princes, and heart-sorrowing Peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of Moan,
Now cheer each o'her in each others Love;
Though we have spent our Harvest of this King,
We are to reap the Harvest of his Son.

The broken rancor of your high-swoln hates,
But lately splinter'd, knit and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherisht and kept:
Me seemeth good, that with some little Train,
Forthwith from *Ludlow* the young Prince be fet,
Hither to *London*, to be crown'd our King.

Riv. Why with some little Train,
My Lord of *Buckingham*?

Buck. Marry, my Lord, lest, by a Multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of Malice should break out,
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the Estate is green, and yet ungovern'd.
Where every Horse bears his commanding Rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my Opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope the King made Peace with all of us,
And the compact is firm and true in me.

Riv. And so in me, and so, I think, in all,
Yet since it is but green it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which haply by much Company might be urg'd;
Therefore I say, with Noble *Buckingham*,
That it is meet so few should fetch the Prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so, and go we to determine
Who they shall be that streight shall post to *London*.
Madam, and you my Sister, will you go,
To give your Censures in this Business?

[*Exeunt.*

[*Manent Buckingham and Gloucester.*

Buck. My Lord, whoever journies to the Prince,
For God's sake let not us two stay at home;
For by the way, I'll sort occasion,

As

As Index to the Story we lately talk'd of,
To part the Queen's proud Kindred from the Prince.

Glo. My other self, my Counsel's Consistory,
My Oracle, my Prophet, my dear Cousin,
I, as a Child, will go by thy direction.
Toward *London* then, for we'll not stay behind. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter one Citizen at one Door, and another at the other.

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, Neighbour, whither away so fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you I hardly know my self:

Hear you the News abroad?

1 *Cit.* Yes, the King is dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill News by'r Lady, seldom comes the better:

I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy World.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed.

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, Sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the News hold of good King *Edward's* Death?

2 *Cit.* Ay, Sir, it is too true, God help the while.

3 *Cit.* Then Masters look to see a troublous World.

1 *Cit.* No, no, by God's good Grace, his Son shall Reign.

3 *Cit.* Wo to that Land that's govern'd by a Child.

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of Government:

Which in his Non-age, Counsel under him,

And in his full and ripened Years, himself

No doubt shall then, and 'till then govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the State when *Henry* the Sixth

Was crown'd in *Paris*, but at nine Months old.

3 *Cit.* Stood the State so? No, no, good Friends, God wot;

For then this Land was famously enrich'd

With politick grave Counsel; then the King

Had virtuous Uncles to protect his Grace.

1 *Cit.* Why so hath this, both by his Father and Mother.

3 *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his Father;

Or by his Father there were none at all:

For Emulation, who shall now be nearest,

Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.

O full of danger is the Duke of *Glo'ster*,

And the Queen's Sons, and Brothers, haught and proud :
 And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
 This sickly Land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst, all will be well.

3 *Cit.* When Clouds are seen, wise Men put on their Cloaks;
 When great Leaves fall, then Winter is at hand;
 When the Sun sets, who doth not look for Night?
 Untimely Storms make Men expect a Dearth:
 All may be well; but if God sort it so,
 'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly the Hearts of Men are full of fear:
 You cannot reason, almost, with a Man
 That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of Change, still is it so;
 By a divine instinct Mens Minds mistrust
 Pursuing Danger; as by proof we see
 The Water swell before a boist'rous Storm;
 But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2 *Cit.* Marry we were sent for to the Justices.

3 *Cit.* And so was I, I'll bear you Company. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York, the Queen, and the Dutcheſs.

Arch. Last Night I heard they lay at *Stony Stratford*,
 And at *Northampton* they do rest to Night:
 To morrow or next day they will be here.

Dutch. I long with all my Heart to see the Prince;
 I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Queen. But I hear no, they say my Son of *York*
 Has almost overtaken him in his growth.

York. Ay, Mother, but I would not have it so.

Dutch. Why, my good Cousin, it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one Night as we did sit at Supper,
 My Uncle *Rivers* talk'd how I did grow
 More than my Brother. Ay, quoth my Uncle *Glo'ster*,
 Small Herbs have Grace, great Weeds do grow apace.
 And since, methinks I would not grow so fast,
 Because sweet Flowers are slow, and Weeds make haste.

Dutch.

Dutch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee.

He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a growing, and so leisurely,

That if his Rule were true, he should be gracious,

York. And so no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.

Dutch. I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt.

York. Now by my troth, if I had been remembred,
I could have given my Uncle's Grace a flout
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.

Dutch. How, my young *York*,
I prithee let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say, my Uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a Crust at two Hours old;

'Twas full two Years e'er I could get a Tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting Jest.

Dutch. I prithee, pretty *York*, who told thee this?

York. Grandam, his Nurse.

Dutch. His Nurse! why she was dead e'er thou wast born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Queen. A parlous Boy — Go to, you are too shrewd.

Dutch. Good Madam, be not angry with a Child.

Queen. Pitchers have Ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a Messenger: What News?

Mes. Such News, my Lord, as grieves me to report.

Queen. How doth the Prince?

Mes. Well, Madam, and in Health.

Dutch. What is thy News?

Mes. Lord *Rivers*, and Lord *Grey*,
Are sent to *Pomfret*, and with them
Sir *Thomas Vaughan*, Prisoners.

Dutch. Who hath committed them?

Mes. The mighty Dukes, *Glo'ster* and *Buckingham*.

Arch. For what Offence?

Mes. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd:
Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious Lord.

Queen. Ah me! I see the ruin of my House;
The Tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle Hind.
Insulting Tyranny begins to jut

Upon

Upon the innocent and awless Throne;
Welcome Destruction, Blood and Massacre,
I see, as in a Map, the end of all.

Dutch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling Days,
How many of you have mine Eyes beheld;
My Husband lost his Life to get the Crown,
And often up and down my Sons were tost,
For me to joy and weep, their gain and loss.
And being seated, and Domestick broils
Clean over blown, themselves, the Conquerors,
Make War upon themselves, Brother to Brother,
Blood to Blood, self against self: O prepost'rous
And frantick Outrage! end thy damned Spleen,
Or let me die, to look on Earth no more.

Queen. Come, come, my Boy, we will to Sanctuary.
Madam, farewell.

Dutch. Stay, I will go with you.

Queen. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious Lady, go,
And thither bear your Treasure and your Goods,
For my part, I'll resign unto your Grace
The Seal I keep, and so betide it me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours.
Go, I'll conduct you to the Sanctuary.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

The Trumpets sound. Enter Prince of Wales, the Dukes of Gloucester and Buckingham, Archbishop, with others.

Buck. **W**elcome sweet Prince to London,
To your Chamber.

Glo. Welcome dear Cousin, my thoughts Sovereign,
The weary way hath made you Melancholy.

Prince. No, Uncle, but our crosses on the Way
Have made it tedious, wearisom and heavy.
I want more Uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet Prince, the untainted Virtue of your Years
Hath not yet div'd into the World's deceit:

No

No more can you distinguish of a Man,
 Than of his outward shew, which, God he knows,
 Seldom or never jumpeth with the Heart.
 Those Uncles which you want were dangerous:
 Your Grace attended to their suger'd Words,
 But look'd not on the poison of their Hearts:
 God keep you from them, and from such false Friends.

Prince. God keep me from false Friends,
 But they were none.

Glo. My Lord, the Mayor of *London* comes to greet you.

Enter Lord Mayor.

Mayor. God bless your Grace with Health and Happy
 Days.

Prince. I thank you, good my Lord, and thank you all:
 I thought my Mother, and my Brother *York*,
 Would long e'er this have met us on the way.
 Fie, what a slug is *Hastings*, that he comes not
 To tell us, whether they will come or no.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Buck. And in good time, here comes the sweating Lord.

Prince. Welcome, my Lord; what, will our Mother come?

Hast. On what Occasion God he knows, not I,
 The Queen your Mother, and your Brother *York*,
 Have taken Sanctuary; the tender Prince
 Would fain have come with me to meet your Grace,
 But by his Mother was perforce with-held.

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
 Is this of hers? Lord Cardinal, will your Grace
 Persuade the Queen to send the Duke of *York*
 Unto his princely Brother presently?
 If she deny, Lord *Hastings*, you go with him,
 And from her jealous Arms pluck him perforce.

Arch. My Lord of *Buckingham*, if my weak Oratory
 Can from his Mother win the Duke of *York*,
 Anon expect him here; but if she be obdurate
 To mild Entreaties, God forbid
 We should infringe the holy Privilege
 Of blessed Sanctuary; not for all this Land
 Would I be guilty of so great Sin.

Buck. You are too senseless obstinate, my Lord;
 Too ceremonious and traditional.

Weigh it but with the grossness of this Age,
 You break not Sanctuary, in seizing him;
 The benefit thereof is always granted
 To those whose dealings have deserv'd the Place,
 And those who have the wit to claim the Place :
 This Prince hath never claim'd it, nor deserv'd it,
 Therefore, in mine Opinion, cannot have it.
 Then taking him from thence that is not there,
 You break no Privilege nor Charter there :
 Oft have I heard of Sanctuary Men,
 But Sanctuary Children, ne'er 'till now.

Arch. My Lord, you shall o'er-rule my Mind for once.
 Come on, Lord *Hastings*, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my Lord. [*Exeunt Archbishop and Hastings.*]

Prince. Good Lords, make all the speedy haste you may.
 Say, Uncle *Glo'ster*, if our Brother come,
 Where shall we sojourn 'till our Coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your Royal self.
 If I may counsel you, some day or two
 Your Highness shall repose you at the *Tower* :
 Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
 For your best Health and Recreation.

Prince. I do not like the *Tower* of any Place ;
 Did *Julius Caesar* build that Place, my Lord ?

Buck. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that Place,
 Which since, succeeding Ages have re-edify'd.

Prince. Is it upon Record? or else reported
 Successively from Age to Age he built it ?

Buck. Upon Record, my gracious Lord.

Prince. But say, my Lord, it were not Registred,
 Methinks the Truth should live from Age to Age,
 As 'twere retail'd to all Posterity,
 Even to the general ending Day.

Glo. So wise, so young, they say do never live long.

Prince. What say you, Uncle ?

Glo. I say, without Characters Fame lives long.
 Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity,
 I moralize two meanings in one Word.

[*Aside.*]

Prince. That *Julius Caesar* was a famous Man ;
 With what his Valour did enrich his Wit,
 His Wit set down, to make his Valour live :

Death

Death makes no Conquest of his Conqueror;
For now he lives in Fame, though not in Life.

I'll tell you what, my Cousin *Buckingham*.

Buck. What, my gracious Lord?

Prince. And if I live until I be a Man,
I'll win our ancient Right in *France* again,
Or die a Soldier, as I liv'd a King.

Glo. Short Summers lightly have a forward Spring.

Enter York, Hastings, and Archbishop.

Buck. Now in good time, here comes the Duke of *York*.

Prince. *Richard* of *York*, how fares our Noble Brother?

York. Well, my dear Lord, so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, Brother, to our Grief, as it is yours;
Too late he dy'd that might have kept that Title,
Which by his Death hath lost much Majesty.

Glo. How fares our Cousin, Noble Lord of *York*?

York. I thank you, gentle Uncle. O my Lord,
You said, that idle Weeds are fast in growth:
The Prince my Brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my Lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. Oh my fair Cousin I must not say so.

York. Then he is more beholden to you than I.

Glo. He may command me as my Sovereign,
But you have power in me, as in a Kinsman.

York. I pray you, Uncle, give me this Dagger.

Glo. My Dagger, little Cousin? with all my Heart.

Prince. A Beggar, Brother?

York. Of my kind Uncle, that I know will give,
And being a Toy it is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater Gift than that I'll give my Cousin.

York. A greater Gift? O, that's the Sword to it.

Glo. Ay, gentle Cousin, were it light enough.

York. O then I see you will part but with light Gift,
In weightier things you'll say a Beggar Nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your Grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly were it heavier.

Glo. What, would you have my Weapon, little Lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you, as you call me.

Glo. How?

York. Little.

Prince.

Prince. My Lord of *York* will ever be cross in talk :
Uncle, your Grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean to bear me, not to bear with me :
Uncle, my Brother mocks both you and me,
Because that I am little, like an Ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your Shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp provided Wit he reasons :
To mitigate the Scorn he gives his Uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself ;
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My Lord, wilt please you pass along ?
My self, and my good Cousin *Buckingham*,
Will to your Mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the *Tower*, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the *Tower*, my Lord ?

Prince. My Lord Protector will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the *Tower*.

Glo. Why, what should you fear ?

York. Marry, my Uncle *Clarence* angry Ghost :
My Grandam told me, he was murther'd there.

Prince. I fear no Uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. And if I live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my Lord, and with a heavy Heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the *Tower*.

[*Exeunt Prince, York, Hastings and Dorset.*

Manent Gloucester, Buckingham and Catesby.

Buck. Think you, my Lord, this little prating *York*
Was not incensed by his subtle Mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously ?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt : Oh 'tis a parlous Boy,
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable ;
He is all the Mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest : Come hither, *Catesby*,
Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart :
Thou know'st our Reasons urg'd upon the Way,
What think'st thou ? is it not an easie Matter
To make *William* Lord *Hastings* of our Mind,
For the Instalment of this Noble Duke,
In the seat Royal of this famous Isle ?

Catesby.

Cates. He for his Father's sake so loves the Prince,
That he will not be won to ought against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of *Stanley*? Will not he?

Cates. He will do all in all as *Hastings* doth.

Buck. Well then, no more but this:

Go, gentle *Catesby*, and as it were far off

Sound thou Lord *Hastings*,

How he doth stand affected to our Purpose,

And summon him to Morrow to the *Tower*,

To sit about the Coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,

Encourage him, and tell him all our Reasons:

If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,

Be thou so too, and so break off the Talk,

And give us notice of his Inclination:

For we to Morrow hold divided Councils,

Wherein thy self shalt highly be employ'd.

Glo. Commend me to Lord *William*; tell him, *Catesby*.

His ancient Knot of dangerous Adversaries

To morrow are let Blood at *Pomfret* Castle,

And bid my Lord, for joy of this good News,

Give Mistress *Shore* one gentle Kiss the more.

Buck. Good *Catesby*, go, effect this Business soundly.

Cates. My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, *Catesby*, e'er we sleep?

Cates. You shall, my Lord.

Glo. At *Crosby* House there you shall find us both.

Buck. Now, my Lord,

[*Exit Catesby.*]

What shall we do, if we perceive

Lord *Hastings* will not yield to our Complots?

Glo. Chop off his Head:

Something we will determine:

And look when I am King, claim thou of me

The Earldom of *Hereford*, and all the Moveables

Whereof the King, my Brother, was posselt.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your Grace's Hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.

Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards

We may digest our Complots in some form.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Enter a Messenger to the Door of Hastings.

Mes. My Lord, my Lord.

Hast. Who knocks?

Mes. One from the Lord *Stanly*.

Hast. What is't a Clock?

Mes. Upon the stroak of four.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Cannot my Lord *Stanly* sleep these tedious Nights?

Mes. So it appears by what I have to say:
First, he commends him to your noble Self.

Hast. What then?

Mes. Then certifies your Lordship, that this Night
He dreamt the Boar had rased off his Helm:
Besides, he says there are two Councils kept;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.
Therefore he sends to know your Lordship's pleasure,
If you will presently take Horse with him,
And with all speed post with him towards the North,
To shun the danger that his Soul divines.

Hast. Go Fellow, go, return unto thy Lord,
Bid him not fear the separated Council:
His Honour and my self are at the one,
And at the other is my good Friend *Catesby*;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have Intelligence:
Tell him his Fears are shallow without instance;
And for his Dreams, I wonder he's so simple
To trust the mock'ry of unquiet Slumbers.
To fly the Boar, before the Boar pursues,
Were to incense the Boar to follow us,
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy Master rise and come to me,
And will both together to the *Tower*,
Where he shall see the Boar will use us kindly.

Mes. I'll go, my Lord, and tell him what you say. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Many good morrows to my Noble Lord.

Hast. Good morrow, *Catesby*, you are early stirring:
What News, what News in this our tott'ring State?

Cates. It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord;
And I believe will never stand upright,
'Till *Richard* wear the Garland of the Realm.

Hast. How! wear the Garland?

Dost thou mean the Crown?

Cates. Ay, my good Lord.

Hast. I'll have this Crown of mine cut from my Shoulders;
Before I'll see the Crown so foul misplac'd;
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Cates. Ay, on my Life, and hopes to find you forward
Upon his Party, for the gain thereof;
And thereupon he sends you this good News,

That this same very Day our Enemies,
The Kindred of the Queen, must die at *Pomfret*.

Hast. Indeed I am no mourner for that News,
Because they have been still my Adversaries;
But that I'll give my Voice on *Richard's* Side,
To bar my Master's Heirs in true Descent,
God knows I will not do it to the death.

Cates. God keep your Lordship in that gracious Mind.

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a Twelve-month hence,
That they which brought me in my Master's Hate,
I live to look upon their Tragedy.

Well *Catesby*, e'er a Fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.

Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to dye, my gracious Lord,
When Men are unprepar'd and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*; and so 'twill do
With some Men else, that think themselves as safe

As thou and I, who as thou know'st, are dear

To Princely *Richard* and to *Buckingham*.

Catesby. The Princes both make high account of you—
For they account his Head upon the Bridge. [Aside.

Hast. I know they do, and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your Boar-spear, Man?
Fear you the Boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My Lord, good morrow, good morrow, *Catesby*;
You may jest on, but by the holy Rood,
I do not like these several Councils, I.

Hast. My Lord, I hold my Life as dear as yours,
And never in my Days, I do protest,
Was it so precious to me as 'tis now;
Think you, but that I know the State secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The Lords at *Pomfret*, when they rode from *London*,
Were jocund, and supposed their States were sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust;
But yet you see how soon the Day o'er-cast.
The sudden stab of Rancor I misdoubt,
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless Coward.
What, shall we toward the *Tower*? the Day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you:
Wot ye what, my Lord,

To day, the Lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their Truth, might better wear their Heads,
Than some that have accus'd them wear their Hats.
But come, my Lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with this good Fellow.

[*Exeunt Lord Stanley and Catesby.*

How now, Sirrah? how goes the World with thee?

Purs. The better, that your Lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee Man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet:
Then was I going Prisoner to the *Tower*,
By the Suggestion of the Queen's Allies.
But now I tell thee, keep it to thy self,
This Day those Enemies are put to death,
And I in better State than e'er I was.

Purs. God hold it to your Honour's good Content.

Hast. Gramercy Fellow; there drink that for me,

[*Throws him his Purs.*

Purs. I thank your Honour.

[*Exit Pursuivant.*

Exit

of Richard III.

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Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my Lord, I am glad to see your Honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir *John*, with all my Heart,
I am in your debt for your last Exercise:
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Priest. I'll wait upon your Lordship.

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlain?
Your Friends at *Pomfret*, they do need the Priest,
Your Honour hath no shriving work in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy Man,
The Men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the *Tower*?

Buck. I do, my Lord, but long I cannot stay there:
I shall return before your Lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I'll stay Dinner there.

Buck. And Supper too, although thou know'st it not. [*Aside*]
Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your Lordship. [*Exeunt*]

S C E N E III.

*Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, with Halberds, carrying the
Nobles to Death at Pomfret.*

Riv. Sir *Richard Ratcliff*, let me tell thee this,
To day shalt thou behold a Subject dye
For Truth, for Duty, and for Loyalty.

Gray. God blefs the Prince from all the pack of you,
A Knot you are of damned Blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Dispatch, the limit of your Lives is out.

Riv. O *Pomfret*, *Pomfret*! O thou bloody Prison!
Fatal and ominous to Noble Peers.

Within the guilty closure of thy Walls
Richard the Second here was hackt to Death:
And for more slander to thy dismal Seat,
We give to thee our guiltless Blood to drink.

Gray. Now *Margaret's* Curse is faln upon our Heads,
When she exclaim'd on *Hastings*, you and I,
For standing by, when *Richard* stab'd her Son,

Riv. Then curs'd she *Richard*,
 Then curs'd she *Buckingham*,
 Then curs'd she *Hastings*. O remember God
 To hear her Prayer for them, as now for us:
 As for my Sister and her Princely Sons,
 Be satisfy'd, dear God, with our true Blood,
 Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

Rat. Make haste, the hour of Death is now expir'd.

Riv. Come *Gray*, come *Vaughan*, let us here embrace;
 Farewel, until we meet again in Heaven. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, Bishop of Ely, Norfolk, Ratcliff, Lovel, with others, at a Table.

Hast. Now Noble Peers, the cause why we are met
 Is to determine of the Coronation:

In God's Name speak, when is the Royal Day?

Buck. Are all things ready for the Royal time?

Derby. They are, and want but Nomination.

Ely. To Morrow then I judge a happy Day.

Buck. Who knows the Lord Protector's Mind herein?
 Who is most inward with the Noble Duke?

Ely. Your Grace, we think, should soonest know his Mind.

Buck. We know each others Faces; for our Hearts,
 He knows no more of mine than I of yours,
 Or I of his, my Lord, than you of mine:
 Lord *Hastings*, you and he are near in Love.

Hast. I thank his Grace, I know he loves me well:
 But for his purpose in the Coronation,
 I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
 His gracious pleasure any way therein:
 But you, my Honourable Lord, may name the time,
 And in the Duke's behalf I'll give my Voice,
 Which I presume he'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. In happy time here comes the Duke himself.

Glo. My Noble Lords and Cousins all, good morrow;
 I have been a long sleeper; but I trust
 My absence doth neglect no great design,

Which

Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your Cue, my Lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,
I mean your Voice for crowning of the King.

Glo. Than my Lord *Hastings* no Man might be bolder,
His Lordship knows me well, and loves me well.
My Lord of *Ely*, when I was last in *Holbourn*,
I saw good Strawberries in your Garden there,
I do beseech you send for some of them.

Ely. Marry and will, my Lord, with all my heart.

[Exit *Ely*.]

Glo. Cousin of *Buckingham*, a word with you.
Catesby hath sounded *Hastings* in our Businels,
And finds the testy Gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his Head e'er give consent
His Master's Child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the Royalty of *England's* Throne.

Buck. Withdraw your self a while, I'll go with you.

[Exeunt.]

Derby. We have not yet set down this Day of Triumph;
To Morrow, in my Judgment, is too sudden,
For I my self am not so well provided,
As else I would be were the Day prolong'd.

Enter *Bishop of Ely*.

Ely. Where is my Lord, the Duke of *Gloucester*?
I have sent for these Strawberries.

Hast. His Grace looks chearfully and smooth this Morning,
There's some Conceit or other likes him well
When that he bids good Morrow with such Spirit.
I think there's never a Man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his Love or Hate than he,
For by his Face straight shall you know his Heart.

Derby. What of his Heart perceive you in his Face,
By any livelihood he shew'd to Day?

Hast. Marry that with no Man here he is offended
For were he, he had shewn it in his looks.

Enter *Gloucester and Buckingham*,

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
That do conspire my Death with devilish Plots
Of damned Witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
Upon my Body, with their hellish Charms.

Hast. The tender love I bear your Grace, my Lord,
Makes me most forward in this Princely presence,
To doom th'Offenders, whosoe'er they be:
I say, my Lord, they have deserved Death.

Glo. Then be your Eyes the witness of their Evil,
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine Arm
Is like a blasted Sapling wither'd up:
And this is *Edward's* Wife, that monstrous Witch,
Consorted with that Harlot, Strumpet *Shore*,
That by their Witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this Deed, my Noble Lord——

Glo. If? thou Protector of this damned Strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of Iffs? thou art a Traitor——
Off with his Head——now by *Saint Paul* I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.

Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done:

The rest that love me, rise and follow me. [Exeunt.]

Manent Lovel and Ratcliff, with the Lord Hastings.

Hast. Wo, wo for *England*, not a whit for me,
For I, too fond, might have prevented this:
Stanly did dream the Boar did rase our Helms,
And I did scorn it, and disdain to fly:
Three times to day my Foot-cloth Horse did stumble,
And started when he look'd upon the *Tower*,
As loath to bear me to the Slaughter-house.
O now I need the Priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the Pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine Enemies
To day at *Pomfret* bloodily were butcher'd,
And I my self secure in Grace and Favour.
Oh *Margaret, Margaret*, now thy heavy Curse
Is lighted on poor *Hastings* wretched Head.

Rat. Come, come, dispatch, the Duke would be at dinner.
Make a short Shrift, he longs to see your Head.

Hast. O momentary Grace of mortal Men,
Which we more hunt for, than the Grace of God!
Who builds his hope in Air of your good Looks,
Lives like a drunken Sailor on a Mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal Bowels of the Deep.

Lov. Come, come, dispatch, 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O bloody *Richard*, miserable *England*,
I prophesie the fearfulst time to thee,
That ever wretched Age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the Block, bear him my Head:
They smile at me who shortly shall be dead. [Exeunt.
Enter Gloucester and Buckingham in rusty Armour, mar-
vellous ill-favour'd.

Glo. Come Cousin,
Can'st thou quake and change thy colour,
Murder thy breath in the middle of a Word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with Terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep Tragedian,
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a Straw:
Intending deep Suspicion, gasty Looks
Are at my Service, like enforced Smiles;
And both are ready in their Offices,
At any time, to grace my Stratagems.
But what, is *Catesby* gone?

Glo. He is, and see he brings the Mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor and Catesby.

Buck. Lord Mayor ———

Glo. Look to the Draw-bridge there.

Buck. Hark, a Drum.

Glo. *Catesby*, o'erlook the Walls.

Buck. Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent ———

Glo. Look back, defend there, here are Enemies.

Buck. God and our Innocency defend and guard us.

Enter Lovel and Ratcliff with Hastings's Head.

Glo. Be patient, they are Friends; *Ratcliff* and *Lovel*.

Lov. Here is the Head of that ignoble Traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected *Hastings*.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the Man that I must weep:
I took him for the plainest harmless Creature
That breath'd upon the Earth, a Christian:
Made him my Book, wherein my Soul recorded
The History of all her secret Thoughts;
So smooth he daub'd his Vice with shew of Virtue,
That his apparent open Guilt omitted,

I mean his Conversation with *Shore's* Wife,
He liv'd from all attainder of suspects.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd Traitor
That ever lived.

Would you imagine, or almost believe,
Wer't not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it, that the subtle Traitor
This Day had plotted, in the Council-House,
To murder me and my good Lord of *Gloster*.

Mayor. Had he done so?

Glo. What! think you we are *Turks* or *Infidels*?
Or that we would, against the form of Law,
Proceed thus rashly in the Villain's Death,
But that the extream peril of the Case,
The Peace of *England*, and our Persons safety
Enforc'd us to this Execution.

Mayor. Now fair befall you, he deserv'd his death,
And your good Graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false Traitors from the like Attempts.

Buck. I never look'd for better at his Hands,
After he once fell in with *Mistress Shore*:
Yet had we not determin'd he should die
Until your Lordship came to see his end,
Which now the loving haste of these our Friends,
Something against our meanings hath prevented;
Because, my Lord, I would have had you heard
The Traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his Treasons:
That you might well have signify'd the same
Unto the Citizens, who haply may,
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his Death.

Mayor. But, my good Lord, your Grace's Words shall
As well as I had seen and heard him speak: [serve,
And do not doubt, right Noble Princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous Citizens,
With all your just Proceedings in this Case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your Lordship here,
T'avoid the Censures of the carping World.

Buck. Which since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell. [*Ex. Mayor.*
Glo.

Glo. Go after, after, Cousin *Buckingham*.

The Mayor towards *Guild-Hall* hies him in all post:

There, at your meetest vantage of the time,

Infer the Bastardy of *Edward's* Children,

Tell them, how *Edward* put to death a Citizen,

Only for saying he would make his Son

Heir to the Crown, meaning indeed his House,

Which by the Sign thereof was termed so.

Moreover, urge his hateful Luxury,

And bestial appetite in change of Lust,

Which stretch'd unto their Servants, Daughters, Wives,

Even where his raging Eye, or savage Heart,

Without controll, lusted to make a prey.

Nay, for a need, thus far come near my Person:

Tell them, when that my Mother went with Child

Of that insatiate *Edward*, Noble *York*,

My Princely Father then had Wars in *France*,

And by true Computation of the Time,

Found that the Issue was not his begot:

Which well appeared in his Lineaments,

Being nothing like the Noble Duke, my Father:

Yet touch this sparingly as 'twere far off,

Because, my Lord, you know my Mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, I'll play the Orator

As if the Golden Fee, for which I plead,

Were for my self; and so, my Lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to *Baynard's* Castle,

Where you shall find me, well accompanied

With reverend Fathers, and well-learned Bishops.

Buck. I go, and towards three or four a Clock

Look for the News that the *Guild-Hall* affords.

[Exit *Buckingham*.]

Glo. Go, *Lovel*, with all speed to Doctor *Shaw*,

Go thou to Friar *Beuker*, bid them both

[To *Ratcl* ff.]

Meet me within this hour at *Baynard's* Castle.

[Exeunt.]

Now will I go to take some privy Order

To draw the Brats of *Clarence* out of sight,

And to give order, that no manner of Person

Have any time recourse unto the Princes.

[Exit.]

Enter

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is the Indictment of the good Lord *Hastings*,
Which in a set Hand fairly is engros'd,
That it may be to Day read o'er in *Paul's*.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by *Catesby* was it sent me,
The Precedent was full as long a doing,
And yet within these five hours *Hastings* liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here's a good World the while; who is so gross
That cannot see this palpable Device?
Yet who so bold, but says, he sees it not?
Bad is the World, and all will come to nought,
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought. [Exit.]

Enter Gloucester and Buckingham at several Doors.

Glo. How now, how now, what say the Citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the Bastardy of *Edward's* Children?

Buck. I did, with his Contract with *Lady Lucy*,
And his Contract by Deputy in *France*.

Th' unsatiate greediness of his desire,
And his enforcement of the City Wives,
His Tyranny for Trifles, his own Bastardy,
As being got, your Father then in *France*,
And his resemblance, being not like the Duke.

Withal, I did infer your Lineaments,
Being the right Idea of your Father,
Both in your Form and Nobleness of Mind:
Laid open all your Victories in *Scotland*,
Your Discipline in War, Wisdom in Peace,
Your Bounty, Virtue, fair Humility:
Indeed left nothing fitting for your Purpose
Untoucht, or slightly handled in Discourse.
And when my Oratory grew toward end,
I bid them that did love their Country's good,
Cry, God save *Richard*, *England's* Royal King.

Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a Word,
But like dumb Statues or unbreathing Stones,

Star'd

Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale :
 Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
 And ask'd the Mayor, what meant this wilful silence ?
 His answer was, the People were not used
 To be spoke to, but by the Recorder.
 Then he was urg'd to tell my Tale again :
 Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd,
 But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
 When he had done, some Followers of mine own,
 At lower end of the Hall, hurl'd up their Caps,
 And some ten Voices cry'd, God save King *Richard* :
 And thus I took the vantage of those few.
 Thanks, gentle Citizens and Friends, quoth I,
 This general Applause, and chearful Shout,
 Argues your Wisdom, and your love to *Richard* ;
 And even here brake off and came away.

Glo. What Tongue-less Blocks were they,
 Would they not speak ?

Will not the Mayor then and his Brethren come ?

Buck. The Mayor is here at hand ; intend some fear,
 Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit ;
 And look you get a Prayer-Book in your Hand,
 And stand between two Churchmen, good my Lord,
 For on that ground I'll make a holy Descant :
 And be not easily won to our Requests,
 Play the Maid's part, still answer nay, and take it,

Glo. I go : And if you plead as well for them,
 As I can say nay for thee to my self,

No doubt we bring it to a happy Issue. [Exit *Glo.*]

Buck. Go, go up to the Leads, the Lord Mayor knocks.

Enter Lord Mayor and Citizens,

Welcome my Lord, I dance attendance here,
 I think the Duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter Catesby.

Buck. Now *Catesby*, what says your Lord to my Request ?

Cates. He doth intreat your Grace, my Noble Lord,
 To visit him to Morrow, or next Day ;
 He is within, with two right Reverend Fathers,
 Divinely bent to Meditation,
 And in no worldly Suits would he be mov'd,
 To draw him from his holy Exercise.

Buck.

Buck. Return, good *Catesby*, to the gracious Duke,
Tell him, my self, the Mayor and Aldermen,
In deep Designs, in matter of great Moment,
No less importing than our general Good,
Are come to have some conference with his Grace.

Cates. I'll signifie so much unto him straight. [Exit.

Buck. Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an *Edward*,
He is not lulling on a lew'd Love-Bed,
But on his Knees at Meditation:
Not dallying with a Brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deep Divines:
Not sleeping, to engross his idle Body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful Soul:
Happy were *England*, would this virtuous Prince
Take on his Grace the Sovereignty thereof.
But sure I fear we shall not win him to it.

Mayor. Marry, God defend, his Grace should say us nay.

Buck. I fear he will; here *Catesby* comes again.

Enter Catesby.

Now *Catesby*, what says his Grace?

Cates. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such Troops of Citizens to come to him,
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He fears, my Lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble Cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By Heav'n, we come to him in perfect Love,
And so once more return, and tell his Grace. [Exit *Catesby*.
When holy and devout Religious Men
Are at their Beads, 'tis much to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous Contemplation.

Enter Gloucester above, between two Bishops.

Mayor. See where his Grace stands 'tween two Clergymen.

Buck. Two Props of Virtue, for a Christian Prince,
To stay him from the fall of Vanity:
And see a Book of Prayer in his Hand,
True Ornaments to know a holy Man.
Famous *Plantagenet*, most gracious Prince,
Lend favourable Ear to our requests,
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy Devotion and right Christian Zeal.

Glo.

Glo. My Lord, there needs no such Apology;
I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
Who earnest in the Service of th' high God,
Deferr'd the Visitation of my Friends.

But leaving this, what is your Grace's pleasure?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good Men, of this ungovern'd Isle.

Glo. I do suspect I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the City's Eye,
And that you come to reprehend my Ignorance.

Buck. You have, my Lord.
Would it might please your Grace,
On our entreaties to amend your Fault.

Glo. Else wherefore breath I in a Christian Land.

Buck. Know then, it is your Fault that you resign
The Supream Seat, the Throne Majestical,
The Sceptred Office of your Ancestors,
Your State of Fortune, and your due of Birth,
The Lineal Glory of your Royal House,
To the corruption of a blemish'd Stock;
Whiles in the mildness of your sleepy Thoughts,
Which here we waken to our Country's good,
The noble Isle doth want his proper Limbs:
His Face defac'd with skars of Infamy,
His Royal Stock graft with ignoble Plants,
And almost shouldred in the swallowing Gulf
Of dark Forgetfulness, and deep Oblivion,
Which to re-cure, we heartily sollicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly Government of this your Land:
Not as Protector, Steward, Substitute,
Or lowly Factor, for another's gain;
But as successively, from Blood to Blood,
Your right of Birth, your Empiry, your own:
For this, conformed with the Citizens,
Your very Worshipful and loving Friends,
And by their vehement Instigation,
In this just Cause come I to move your Grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,

Best fitteth my Degree, or your Condition.
 For not to answer, you might haply think
 Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yielded
 To bear the Golden Yoak of Sovereignty,
 Which fondly you would here impose on me.
 If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
 So season'd with your faithful Love to me,
 Then on the other side I check'd my Friends.
 Therefore to speak, and to avoid the first,
 And then in speaking, not to incur the last,
 Definitively thus I answer you.

Your Love deserves my thanks, but my desert
 Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
 First, if all Obstacles were cut away,
 And that my Path were even to the Crown,
 As the ripe Revenue, and due of Birth;
 Yet so much is my poverty of Spirit,
 So mighty, and so many my Defects,
 That I would rather hide me from my Greatness,
 Being a Bark to brook no mighty Sea;
 Than in my Greatness covet to be hid,
 And in the Vapour of my Glory smother'd.
 But God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
 And much I need to help you, were there need:
 The Royal Tree hath left us Royal Fruit,
 Which mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
 Will well become the Seat of Majesty,
 And make us, no doubt, happy by his Reign.
 On him I lay that, you would lay on me,
 The Right and Fortune of his happy Stars,
 Which God defend that I should wring from him.

Buck. My Lord, this argues Conscience in your Grace;
 But the respects thereof are nice, and trivial,
 All Circumstances well considered.

You say, that *Edward* is your Brother's Son,
 So say we too, but not by *Edward's* Wife:
 For first was he contract to Lady *Lucy*,
 Your Mother lives a Witness to his Vow,
 And afterward by Substitute betroth'd
 To *Bona*, Sister to the King of *France*.
 These both put off, a poor Petitioner,

A Care-craz'd Mother to a many Sons,
 A Beauty-waining, and distressed Widow,
 Even in the Afternoon of her best Day,
 Made prize and purchase of his wanton Eye,
 Seduc'd the pitch, and height of his Degree,
 To base Declension, and loath'd Bigamy.
 By her, in his unlawful Bed, he got
 This *Edward*, whom our Manners calls the Prince.
 More bitterly could I expostulate,
 Save that for reverence of some alive,
 I give a sparing limit to my Tongue.
 Then, good my Lord, take to your Royal Self
 This proffer'd benefit of Dignity:
 If not to bless us, and the Land withal,
 Yet to draw forth your noble Ancestry
 From the corruption of abusing times,
 Unto a Lineal true derived course.

Mayor. Do, good my Lord, your Citizens intreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty Lord, this proffer'd Love.

Cates. O make them joyful, grant their lawful Suit.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap this Care on me?

I am unfit for State, and Majesty:

I do beseech you take it not amiss,

I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it, as in love and zeal,
 Loath to depose the Child your Brother's Son,
 As well we know your tenderness of Heart,
 And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
 Which we have noted in you to your Kindred,
 And equally indeed to all Estates:

Yet know, where you accept our Suit, or no,
 Your Brother's Son shall never reign our King,
 But we will plant some other in the Throne,
 To the disgrace and down-fall of your House:
 And in this resolution here we leave you.

Come Citizens, we will intreat no more. [Exeunt]

Cates. Call him again, sweet Prince, accept their Suit:
 If you deny them, all the Land will rue it.

Glo. Will you inforce me to a World of Cares?
 Call them again, I am not made of Stones,

But

But penetrable to your kind Entreaties,
Albeit against my Conscience and my Soul:

Enter Buckingham and the rest.

Cousin of *Buckingham*, and sage, grave Men,
Since you will buckle Fortune on my Back,
To bear her Burthen, whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the Load:
But if black Scandal, or foul-fac'd Reproach,
Attend the sequel of your Imposition,
Your meer enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof,
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

Mayor. God bless your Grace, we see it, and will say it:

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this Royal Title,
Long live King *Richard*, *England's* worthy King.

All. Amen.

Buck. To morrow may it please you to be Crown'd.

Glo. Even when you please, for you will have it so.

Buck. To morrow then we will attend your Grace,
And so most joyfully we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy Work again.
Farewel my Cousins, farewel gentle Friends. [Exeunt

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

*Enter the Queen, Anne Dutchess of Gloucester, the Dutchess
of York, and Marquesse of Dorset.*

Dutch. **W**H O meets us here?

My Neice *Plantagenet*,

Led in the Hand of her kind Aunt of *Glo'ster*?

Now, for my Life, she's wandring to the *Tower*,

On pure Heart's Love, to greet the tender Prince.

Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your Graces both a happy

And a joyful time of Day.

Queen.

Queen. As much to you, good Sister; whither away?

Anne. No farther than the *Tower*, and as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as your selves,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.

Queen. Kind Sister thanks, we'll enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time, here the Lieutenant comes.
Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the Prince, and my young Son of *York*?

Lieu. Right well, dear Madam; by your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Queen. The King? who's that?

Lieu. I mean the Lord Protector.

Queen. The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title.
Hath he set bounds between their love, and me?
I am their Mother, who shall bar me from them?

Dutch. I am their Father's Mother, I will see them?

Anne. Their Aunt I am in Law, in love their Mother;
Then bring me to their fights, I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy Office from thee, on my peril.

Lieu. No, Madam, no, I may not leave it so:
I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit Lieutenant.*]

Enter Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you Ladies one hour hence,
And I'll salute your Grace of *York* as Mother,
And reverend looker on of two fair Queens.
Come Madam, you must straight to *Westminster*,
There to be Crowned *Richard's* Royal Queen.

Queen. Ah, cut my Lace asunder,
That my pent Heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing News.

Anne. Despightful tidings, O unpleasing News.

Dorf. Be of good Cheer: Mother, how fares your Grace?

Queen. O *Dorset*, speak not to me, get thee gone,
Death and Destruction dogs thee at thy heels,
Thy Mother's Name is ominous to Children.
If thou wilt out-strip Death, go cross the Seas;
And live with *Richmond*, from the reach of Hell.
Go hie thee, hie thee from this Slaughter-house,

Left thou increase the number of the dead,
 And make me die the thrall of *Margaret's* Curse,
 Nor Mother, Wife, nor *England's* counted Queen.

Stan. Full of wise Care is this your Counsel, Madam;
 Take all the swift advantage of the Hours;
 You shall have Letters from me to my Son,
 In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
 Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Dutch. O ill dispersing Wind of Misery,
 O my accursed Womb, the Bed of Death:
 A Cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the World,
 Whose unavoyded Eye is Murtherous.

Stan. Come, Madam, come, I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.
 O would to God, that the inclusive Verge
 Of Golden Metal, that must round my Brow,
 Were red hot Steel, to sear me to the Brains.
 Anointed let me be with deadly Venom,
 And die e'er Men can say, God save the Queen.

Queen. Go, go, poor Soul, I envy not thy Glory,
 To feed my humour with thy self no harm.

Anne. No! why? When he that is my Husband now,
 Came to me, as I follow'd *Henry's* Coarse:
 When scarce the Blood was well wash'd from his Hands,
 Which issued from my other Angel Husband,
 And that dear Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:
 O when, I say, I look'd on *Richard's* Face,
 This was my Wish; Be thou, quoth I, accurst,
 For making me, so young, so old a Widow:
 And when thou wed'st, let Sorrow haunt thy Bed;
 And be thy Wife, if any be so mad,
 More miserable, by the Life of thee,
 Than thou hast made me, by my dear Lord's Death.
 Loe, e'er I can repeat this Curse again,
 Within so small a time, my Woman's Heart
 Grossly grew captive to his Honey words,
 And prov'd the subject of mine own Soul's Curse;
 Which hitherto hath held mine Eyes from rest:
 For never yet one hour in his Bed
 Did I enjoy the golden dew of Sleep,
 But with his timorous Dreams was still awak'd.

Besides.

Besides, he hates me for my Father *Warwick*,
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Queen. Poor Heart, adieu, I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my Soul I mourn for yours.

Dorf. Farewel, thou woful welcomer of Glory.

Anne. Adieu, poor Soul, that tak'st thy leave of it.

Dutch. Go thou to *Richmond*, and good Fortune guide thee,

[To *Dorfet*.

Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels tend thee, [To *Anne*.

Go thou to Sanctuary, and good Thoughts possess thee,

[To the *Queen*.

I to my Grave, where Peace and Rest lye with me.

Eighty odd Years of sorrow have I seen,

And each Hours joy wrack'd with a Week of teen.

Queen. Stay, yet look back, with me, unto the *Tower*.

Pity, you ancient Stones, those tender Babes,

Whom Envy hath immur'd within your Walls,

Rough Cradle for such little pretty ones,

Rude ragged Nurse, old sullen Play-fellow,

For tender Princes; use my Babies well;

So foolish Sorrow bids your Stones farewell.

[*Exeunt*.

S C E N E II.

Flourish of Trumpets. Enter Gloucester as King, Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliff, and Lovel.

K. Rich. Stand all apart——Cousin of *Buckingham*——

Buck. My gracious Sovereign.

K. Rich. Give me thy Hand. Thus high by thy advice,

And thy assistance, is King *Richard* seated:

But shall we wear these Glories for a Day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last.

K. Rich. Ah *Buckingham*, now do I play the Touch,

To try if thou be current Gold indeed:

Young *Edward* lives---think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving Lord.

K. Rich. Why, *Buckingham*, I say I would be King.

Buck. Why so you are, my thrice renowned Lord.

L 2

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Ha! am I King? 'tis so---but *Edward* lives---

Buck. True, noble Prince.

K. Rich. O bitter Consequence!

That *Edward* still should live, True noble Prince.

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull.

Shall I be plain? I wish the Bastards dead,

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your Grace may do your Pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindness freezes:

Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some little breath, some pause, dear Lord,
Before I positively speak in this:

I will resolve you herein presently. [Exit Buckingham.

Cates. The King is angry, see he gnaws his Lip.

K. Rich. I will converse with Iron-witted Fools,

And unrespective Boys; none are for me,

That look into me with considerate Eyes,

High-reaching *Buckingham* grows circumspect.

Boy.

Page. My Lord.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting Gold
Will tempt unto a close exploit of Death?

Page. I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty Spirit:

Gold were as good as twenty Orators,

And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his Name?

Page. His Name, my Lord, is *Tirrel*.

K. Rich. I partly know the Man; go call him hither,

Boy. [Exit.

The deep revolving witty *Buckingham*,

No more shall be the Neighbour to my Counsels.

Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,

And stops he now for Breath? Well, be it so.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord *Stanley*, what's the News?

Stan. Know, my loving Lord, the Marquis *Dorset*,

As I hear, is fled to *Richmond*,

In the Parts where he abides.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Come hither, *Catesby*, rumor it abroad,
That *Anne*, my Wife, is very grievous Sick;
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean poor Gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to *Clarence* Daughter:
The Boy is foolish, and I fear not him.
Look how thou dream'st——I say again, give out,
That *Anne*, my Queen, is sick, and like to die.
About it; for it stands me much upon
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.
I must be married to my Brother's Daughter,
Or else my Kingdom stands on brittle Glass:
Murther her Brothers, and than marry her!
Uncertain way of gain. But I am in
So far in Blood, that Sin will pluck on Sin,
Tear-falling Pity dwells not in this Eye.

Enter Tirrel.

Is thy Name *Tirrel*?

Tir. *James Tirrel*, and your most obedient Subject.

K. Rich. Art thou indeed?

Tir. Prove me, my gracious Lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a Friend of mine?

Tir. Please you:

But I had rather kill two Enemies.

K. Rich. Why then thou hast it; two deep Enemies,
Foes to my Rest, and my sweet sleeps disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon;

Tirrel, I mean those Bastards in the *Tower*.

Tir. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet Musick:

Hark, come hither *Tirrel*,

Go by this token; rise, and lend thine Ear,

[*Whispers.*

There is no more but so; say it is done,

And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tir. I will dispatch it straight.

[*Exit.*

Enter Buckingham,

Buck. My Lord, I have consider'd in my mind,
That late request that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest; *Dorset* is fled to *Richmond*.

Buck. I hear the News, my Lord.

K. Rich. *Stanley*, he is your Wife's Son; well, look unto it.

Buck. My Lord, I claim the Gift, my due by Promise,
For which your Honour and your Faith is pawn'd.
Th' Earldom of *Hereford*, and the Moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. *Stanley*, look to your Wife; if she convey
Letters to *Richmond*, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your Highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me, *Henry* the Sixth
Did Propheſie, that *Richmond* should be King,
When *Richmond* was a little peevish Boy.
A King perhaps.

Buck. May it please you to resolve me in my Suit.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me, I am not in the Vein. [Exit.]

Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deep Service
With such contempt? made I him King for this?
O let me think on *Hastings*, and be gone
To *Brecnock*, while my fearful Head is on! [Exit.]

Enter Tirrel.

Tir. The tyrannous and bloody Act is done,
The most Arch-deed of piteous Massacre
That ever yet this Land was guilty of:
Dighton and *Forrest*, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless Butchery,
Albeit they were flesh Villains, bloody Dogs,
Melted with Tenderness, and mild Compassion,
Wept like to Children, in their deaths sad Story:
O thus, quoth *Dighton*, lay the gentle Babes,
Thus, thus, quoth *Forrest*, girdling one another
Within their Alabaster innocent Arms:
Their Lips were four red Roses on a Stalk,
And in their Summer Beauty kiss'd each other.
A Book of Prayers on their Pillow lay,
Which once, quoth *Forrest*, almost chang'd my mind
But oh the Devil — there the Villain stopt:
When *Dighton* thus told on, we smothered
The most replenished sweet Work of Nature,
That from the prime Creation e'er she framed.
Hence both are gone with Conscience and Remorse,
They could not speak, and so I left them both,
To bear these Tydings to the bloody King.

Enter

Enter King Richard.

And here he comes. All health, my Sovereign Lord.

K. Rich. Kind *Tirrel*—am I happy in thy News?

Tir. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But did'st thou see them dead?

Tir. I did, my Lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle *Tirrel*?

Tir. The Chaplain of the *Tower* hath buried them,
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me *Tirrel* soon, soon after Supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their Death,
Mean time—but think how I may do thee good,
And be Inheritor of thy desire.
Farewel 'till then.

Tir. I humbly take my leave.

K. Rich. The Son of *Clarence* have I pent up close,
His Daughter meanly have I match'd in Marriage,
The Sons of *Edward* sleep in *Abraham's* Bosom,
And *Anne* my Wife had bid this World good Night.
Now for I know the *Briton Richmond* aims
At young *Elizabeth* my Brother's Daughter,
And by that knot looks proudly on the Crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving Wooer.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My Lord.

K. Rich. Good or bad News, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

Rat. Bad News, my Lord, *Morton* is fled to *Richmond*,
And *Buckingham*, backt with the hardy *Welshmen*,
Is in the Field, and still his Power encreaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with *Richmond* troubles me more near,
Than *Buckingham* and his rash levied Strength.
Come, I have learn'd that fearful commenting
Is leaden Servitor to dull delay,
Delay leads impotent and Snail'd-pac'd Beggary:
Then fiery Expedition be my Wing,
Jove's Mercury, and Herald for a King:
Go muster Men; my Council is my Shield,
We must be brief, when Traitors brave the Field. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. So now Prosperity begins to mellow,
 And drop into the rotten mouth of Death:
 Here in these Confinés flily have I lurkt,
 To watch the waining of mine Enemies.
 A dire Induction am I witness to,
 And will to *France*, hoping the Consequence
 Will prove as bitter, black and tragical.
 Withdraw thee wretched *Margaret*, who comes here?

Enter Dutchess and Queen.

Queen. Ah my poor Princes! ah my tender Babes!
 My unblown Flowers, new appearing Sweets:
 If yet your gentle Souls fly in the Air,
 And be not fixt in doom petpetual,
 Hover about me with your airy Wings,
 And hear your Mother's Lamentation.

Q. Mar. Hover about her, say, that right for right
 Hath dim'd your infant Morn to aged Night.

Dutch. So many Miseries have craz'd my Voice,
 That my woe-wearied Tongue is still and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. *Plantagenet* doth quit *Plantagenet*,
Edward for *Edward* pays a dying Debt.

Queen. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle Lambs,
 And throw them in the Intrails of the Wolf?
 Why didst thou sleep when such a Deed was done?

Q. Mar. When Holy *Henry* dy'd, and my sweet Son.

Dutch. Dead Life, blind Sight, poor mortal living Ghost,
 Woes Scene, Worlds shame, Graves due, by Life usurpt,
 Brief abstract and record of tedious Days,
 Rest thy unrest on *England's* lawful Earth,
 Unlawfully made drunk with innocent Blood.

Queen. Ah that thou wouldst as soon afford a Grave
 As thou canst yield a melancholly Seat;
 Then would I hide my Bones, not rest them here.
 Ah who hath any cause to mourn but we?

Q. Mar.

Q. Mar. If ancient Sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of Seigneury;
And let my Grievs frown on the upper hand,
If Sorrow can admit Society.

I had an *Edward* 'till a *Richard* kill'd him:
I had a Husband 'till a *Richard* kill'd him:
Thou had'st an *Edward*, 'till a *Richard* kill'd him:
Thou had'st a *Richard* 'till a *Richard* kill'd him.

Dutch. I had a *Richard* too, and thou didst kill him:
I had a *Rutland* too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a *Clarence* too,
And *Richard* kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy Womb hath crept
A Hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to Death:
That Dog, that had his Teeth before his Eyes,
To worry Lambs, and lap their gentle Blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy work,
That reigns in gauled Eyes of weeping Souls:
That excellent grand Tyrant of the Earth,
Thy Womb let loose to chase us to our Graves.
O upright, just, and true disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal Cur
Preys on the Issue of his Mother's Body,
And makes Her, Pue-fellow with others moan.

Dutch. Oh *Harry's* Wife, triumph not in my Woes:
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me: I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy *Edward*, he is dead that kill'd my *Edward*.
The other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward*:
Young *York*, he is but boot, because both they
Match'd not the high perfection of my Loss.
Thy *Clarence* he is dead that stab'd my *Edward*;
And the beholders of this frantick Play,
Th'adulterate *Hastings*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky Grave.
Richard yet lives, Hell's black Intelligencer,
Only reserv'd their Factor to buy Souls,
And send them thither: But at hand, at hand
Insues his piteous and unpitied End.
Earth gapes, Hell burns, Fiends roar, Saints pray,

To have him suddenly convey'd from hence:
 Cancel his Bond of Life, dear God, I pray,
 That I may live and say, the Dog is dead.

Queen. O thou didst Prophesie the time would come,
 That I should wish for thee to help me Curse
 That bottel'd Spider, that foul bunch-back'd Toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my Fortune:
 I call'd thee then, poor Shadow, painted Queen,
 The representation of but what I was;
 The flattering Index of a direful Pageant,
 One heav'd a high to be hurl'd down below:
 A Mother only mock'd with two fair Babes;
 A dream of what thou wast, a garish Flag
 To be the aim of every dang'rous Shot;
 A sign of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble;
 A Queen in Jest, only to fill the Scene.
 Where is thy Husband now? where be thy Brothers?
 Where be thy two Sons? wherein dost thou Joy?
 Who sues and kneels, and says, God save the Queen?
 Where be the bending Peers that flatter'd thee?
 Where be the thronging Troops that follow'd thee?
 Decline all this, and see now what thou art.
 For happy Wife, a most distress'd Widow;
 For joyful Mother, one that wails the Name;
 For one being su'd to, one that humbly sues;
 For Queen, a very Caytiff crown'd with Care;
 For she that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
 For she being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
 For she commanding all, obeyed of none.
 Thus hath the course of Justice whirl'd about,
 And left thee but a very prey to Time,
 Having no more but thought of what thou wast,
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
 Thou didst usurp my Place, and dost thou not
 Usurp the just proportion of my Sorrow?
 Now thy proud Neck bears half my burthen'd Yoak,
 From which, even here I slip my wearied Head,
 And leave the burthen of it all on thee.
 Farewel *York's* Wife, and Queen of sad Mischance,
 These *English* Woes shall make me smile in *France*.

Queen. O thou well skill'd in Curses, stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine Enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the Night, and fast the Day:
Compare dead Happiness with living Woe;
Think that thy Babes were sweeter than they were,
And he that slew them fouler than he is:
Bet'tring thy loss makes the bad Causer worse,
Revolving this, will teach thee how to curse.

Queen. My Words are dull, O quicken them with thine.

Q. Mar. Thy Woes will make them sharp,
And pierce like mine. [Exit Margaret.

Dutch. Why should Calamity be full of Words?

Queen. Windy Attorneys to their Client's Woes,
Airy succeders of intestine Joys,
Poor breathing Orators of Miseries,
Let them have scope, though what they will impart
Help nothing else, yet they do ease the Heart.

Dutch. If so, then be not Tongue-ty'd; go with me,
And in the breath of bitter Words, let's smother
My damned Son, that thy two sweet Sons smother'd.
The Trumpet sounds, be copious of exclams.

Enter King Richard and his Train.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my Expedition?

Dutch. O she that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed Womb,
From all the slaughters, Wretch, that thou hast done.

Queen. Hid'st thou that Forehead with a Golden Crown,
Where't should be branded, if that right were right?
The slaughter of the Prince that ow'd that Crown,
And the dire death of my poor Sons and Brothers.
Tell me, thou Villain-slayer, where are my Children?

Dutch. Thou Toad, thou Toad,
Where is thy Brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet his Son?

Queen. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Gray?

Dutch. Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich. A flourish, Trumpets; strike Alarum Drums:
Let not the Heav'ns hear these Tell-tale Women
Rail on the Lord's Anointed. Strike, I say.

[Flourish, Alarums.

Either be patient, and intreat me fair,

Or

Or with the clamorous reports of War
Thus will I drown your Exclamations.

Dutch. Art thou my Son?

K. Rich. Ay, I thank God, my Father, and your self.

Dutch. Then patiently hear my Impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your Condition,
That cannot brook the accent of Reproof.

Dutch. O let me speak.

K. Rich. Do then, but I'll not hear.

Dutch. I will be mild and gentle in my Words.

K. Rich. And brief, good Mother, for I am in haste.

Dutch. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee,
God knows, in Torment and in Agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Dutch. No by the holy Rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on Earth to make the Earth my Hell.

A grievous burthen was thy Birth to me,
Tetchy and wayward was thy Infancy;
Thy School-days frightful, desperate, wild and furious,
Thy prime of Manhood, daring, bold and venturous:
Thy Age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour can'st thou name,
That ever grac'd me with thy Company?

K. Rich. Faith none but *Humphry Hower*,
That call'd your Grace

To breakfast once, forth of my Company.

If I be so disgracious in your Eye,
Let me march on and not offend you, Madam.
Strike up the Drum.

Dutch. I prithee hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Dutch. Hear me a Word,
For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Dutch. Either thou wilt die by God's just Ordinance,
E'er from this War thou turn a Conqueror;
Or I with Grief and extream Age shall perish,
And never more behold thy Face again.
Therefore take with thee my most grievous Curse,
Which, in the Day of Battel, tire thee more,

Than

Than all the compleat Armor that thou wear'st.
My Prayers on the adverse Party fight,
And there the little Souls of *Edward's* Children
Whisper the Spirits of thine Enemies,
And promise them Success and Victory,
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end:

Shame serves thy Life, and doth thy Death attend. [Exit.

Queen. Tho' far more Cause, yet much less Spirit to curse
Abides in me, I say Amen to her.

K. Rich. Stay, Madam, I must talk a Word with you.

Queen. I have no more Sons of the Royal Blood
For thee to slaughter; for my Daughters, *Richard*,
They shall be praying Nuns, not weeping Queens;
And therefore level not to hit their Lives.

K. Rich. You have a Daughter call'd *Elizabeth*,
Virtuous and Fair, Royal and Gracious.

Queen. And must she die for this? O let her live,
And I'll corrupt her Manners, stain her Beauty,
Slander my self as false to *Edward's* Bed:
Throw over her the Vail of Infamy,
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding Slaughter,
I will confess she was not *Edward's* Daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her Birth, she is a Royal Princess.

Queen. To save her Life I'll say she is not so.

K. Rich. Her Life is safest only in her Birth.

Queen. And only in that safety dy'd her Brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their Birth good Stars were opposite.

Queen. No, to their Lives ill Friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of Destiny.

Queen. True; when avoided Grace makes Destiny.

My Babes were destin'd to a fairer Death,
If Grace had blest thee with a fairer Life.

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my Cousins?

Queen. Cousins indeed, and by their Uncle cozen'd,
Of Comfort, Kingdom, Kindred, Freedom, Life.
Whose Hands soever lanch'd their tender Hearts,
Thy Head, all Indirectly, gave Direction.
No doubt the murd'rous Knife was dull and blunt,
'Till it was whetted on thy Stone-hard Heart,
To revel in the Intrails of my Lambs.

But that still use of Grief makes wild Grief tame,

My Tongue should to thy Ears not name my Boys,
 'Till that my Nails were anchor'd in thine Eyes ;
 And I in such a desp'rate Bay of Death,
 Like a poor Bark of Sails and Tackling reft,
 Rush all to piéces on thy Rocky Bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my Enterprize,
 And dangerous success of bloody Wars,
 As I intend more good to you and yours,
 Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd.

Queen. What good is cover'd with the Face of Heav'n,
 To be discover'd, that can do me good ?

K. Rich. Th'Advancement of your Children, gentle Lady.

Queen. Up to some Scaffold, there to lose their Heads.

K. Rich. Unto the dignity and height of Fortune,
 The high Imperial Type of this Earth's Glory.

Queen. Flatter my Sorrow with report of it;
 Tell me, what State, what Dignity, what Honour
 Canst thou devise to any Child of mine ?

K. Rich. Ev'n all I have ; ay, and my self and all,
 Will I withal endow a Child of thine :
 So in the *Lethe* of thy angry Soul
 Thou drown the sad remembrance of those Wrongs,
 Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Queen. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
 Last longer telling, than thy kindness date.

K. Rich. Then know,
 That from my Soul I love thy Daughter.

Queen. My Daughter's Mother thinks it with her Soul.

K. Rich. What do you think ?

Queen. That thou dost love my Daughter from thy Soul.
 So from thy Soul's love didst thou love her Brothers,
 And from my Heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning ;
 I mean, that with my Soul I love thy Daughter,
 And do intend to make her Queen of *England*.

Queen. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her King.

K. Rich. Even he that makes her Queen ;
 Who else should be ?

Queen. What, thou !

K. Rich. Even so ; how think you of it ?

Queen.

Queen. How can'st thou woo her?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her Humour.

Queen. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my Heart.

Queen. Send to her, by the Man that slew her Brothers,
A pair of bleeding Hearts; thereon ingrave
Edward and *York*, then haply will she weep:
Therefore present to her, as sometime *Margaret*
Did to thy Father, steeped in *Rutland's* Blood,
A Handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet Brothers Bodies,
And bid her wipe her weeping Eyes withal.
If this Inducement move her not to Love,
Send her a Letter of thy Noble Deeds;
Tell her, thou mad'st away her Uncle *Clarence*,
Her Uncle *Rivers*; ay, and for her sake,
Mad'st quick Conveyance with her good Aunt *Anne*.

K. Rich. You mock me, Madam, this is not the way
To win your Daughter.

Queen. There is no other way,
Unless thou could'st put on some other Shape,
And not be *Richard*, that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her.

Queen. Nay then indeed she cannot chuse but hate thee;
Having bought love with such a bloody Spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done, cannot be now amended:
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes.
Which after-hours give leisure to repent of.
If I did take the Kingdom from your Sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your Daughter:
If I have kill'd the Issue of your Womb,
To quicken your encrease I will beget
Mine Issue of your blood, upon your Daughter:
A Grandam's name is little less in love,
Than is the doting Title of a Mother;
They are as Children but one step below,
Even of your Metal, of your very Blood:
Of all one pain, save for a Night of Groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like Sorrow.
Your Children were Vexation to your Youth,

But

But mine shall be a comfort to your Age,
 The loss you have is but a Son being King,
 And by that loss your Daughter is made Queen.
 I cannot make you what amends I would,
 Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset, your Son, that with a fearful Soul
 Leads discontented Steps in Foreign Soil,
 This fair Alliance quickly shall call home,
 To high Promotions and great Dignity.
 The King that call your beauteous Daughter Wife,
 Familiarly shall call thy *Dorset* Brother:
 Again shall you be Mother to a King;
 And all the ruins of distressful Times,
 Repair'd with double Riches of Content.
 What? we have many goodly Days to see:
 The liquid drops of Tears that you have shed
 Shall come again, transform'd to Orient Pearl,
 Advantaging their Love with Interest
 Oftentimes double gain of Happiness.
 Go then, my Mother, to thy Daughter, go,
 Make bold her bashful Years with your Experience,
 Prepare her Ears to hear a Wooer's tale.
 Put in her tender Heart th' aspiring flame
 Of golden Sovereignty; acquaint the Princess
 With the sweet silent hours of Marriage Joys;
 And when this Arm of mine hath chastised
 The petty Rebel, dull-brain'd *Buckingham*,
 Bound with triumphant Garlands will I come,
 And lead thy Daughter to a Conqueror's Bed;
 To whom I will retail my Conquest won,
 And she shall be sole Victress, *Cesar's Cesar*.

Queen. What were I best to say, her Father's Brother
 Would be her Lord? or shall I say, her Uncle?
 Or he that slew her Brothers? and her Uncles?
 Under what Title shall I woo for thee,
 That God, the Law, my Honour, and her Love,
 Can make seem pleasing to her tender Years?

K. Rich. Infer fair *England's* Peace by this Alliance.

Queen. Which she shall purchase with still lasting War.

K. Rich. Tell her, the King, that may command, intreats.

Queen. That at her Hands, which the King's King forbids.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty Queen.

Queen. To vail the Title, as her Mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Queen. But how long shall that Title ever last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force, unto her fair life's end.

Queen. But how long, fairly, shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. As long as Heav'n and Nature lengthens it.

Queen. As long as Hell and *Richard* likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her Sovereign, am her Subject low.

Queen. But she, your Subject, loaths such Sovereignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Queen. An honest Tale speeds best, being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then, plainly, to her tell my loving Tale.

Queen. Plain and not honest, is too harsh a Stile.

K. Rich. Your Reasons are too shallow, and too quick.

Queen. O no, my Reasons are too deep and dead;

Too deep and dead, poor Infants in their Graves,

Harp on it still shall I, 'till Heart-strings break.

K. Rich. Harp not on that String, Madam, that is past.

Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crown——

Queen. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd,

K. Rich. I swear.

Queen. By nothing, for this is no Oath :

Thy George profan'd, hath lost his lordly Honour,

Thy Garter blemish'd, pawn'd his kingly Virtue,

Thy Crown usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly Glory :

If something thou would'st swear to be believ'd,

Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Then by my self——

Queen. Thy self is self-misus'd.

K. Rich. Now by the World——

Queen. 'Tis full of thy foul Wrongs.

K. Rich. My Father's Death——

Queen. Thy Life hath it dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Why then, by Heav'n——

Queen. Heav'n's Wrong is most of all :

If thou didst fear to break an Oath with him,

The Unity the King my Husband made

Thou hadst not broken, nor my Brothers dy'd.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an Oath by him,

'h'Imperial Metal, circling now thy Head,

Had grac'd the tender Temples of my Child,
 And both the Princes had been breathing here,
 Which now two tender Bed-fellows for dust,
 Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Worms.
 What canst thou swear by now?

K. Rich. The Time to come.

Queen. That thou hast wronged in the time o'er-past:
 For I my self have many Tears to wash
 Hereafter Time, for time-past, wrong'd by thee.
 The Children live, whose Fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
 Ungovern'd Youth, to wail it with their Age.
 The Parents live, whose Children thou hast butcher'd,
 Old barren Plants, to wail it with their Age.
 Swear not by Time to come, for that thou hast
 Misus'd e'er us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-past.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent;
 So thrive I in my dangerous Affairs
 Of hostile Arms; My self, my self confound,
 Heaven and Fortune bar me happy Hours,
 Day yield me not thy Light, nor Night thy Rest,
 Be opposite all Planets of good Luck
 To my proceeding, if with dear Hearts Love,
 Immaculate Devotion, holy Thoughts,
 I tend not thy beauteous Princely Daughter.
 In her consists my Happiness and thine;
 Without her, follows to my self and thee,
 Her self, the Land, and many a Christian Soul,
 Death, Desolation, Ruin, and Decay:
 It cannot be avoided, but by this;
 It will not be avoided, but by this:
 Therefore, dear Mother, I must call you so,
 Be the Attorney of my Love to her;
 Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
 Not my Desires, but what I will deserve:
 Urge the necessity and state of Times;
 And be not peevish found in great Designs.

Queen. Shall I be tempted of the Devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the Devil tempt you to do good.

Queen. Shall I forget my self to be my self?

K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong your self.

Queen. Yet thou didst kill my Children.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. But in your Daughter's Womb I bury them;
Where in that Nest of Spicery they will breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Queen. Shall I go win my Daughter to thy Will?

K. Rich. And be a happy Mother by the Deed.

Queen. I go, write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind. [*Exit Queen.*]

K. Rich. Bear her my true Love's kiss, and so farewell——
Relenting Fool, and shallow-changing Woman.
How now, what News?

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. Most mighty Sovereign, on the Western Coast
Rides a puissant Navy: To our Shores
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted Friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back.
'Tis thought, that *Richmond* is their Admiral:
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot Friend post to the Duke of *Nor-*
Ratcliff, thy self, or *Catesby*, where is he? (*folk?*)

Cates. Here, my good Lord.

K. Rich. *Catesby*, fly to the Duke.

Cates. I will, my Lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. *Ratcliff*, come hither, post to *Salisbury*.
When thou comest thither——Dull unmindful Villain,
[*To Catesby.*]

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke?

Cates. First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highness pleasure,
What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O true, good *Catesby*——bid him levy straight
The greatest Strength and Power that he can make,
And meet me suddenly at *Salisbury*.

Cates. I go. [*Exit.*]

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at *Salisbury*?

K. Rich. Why, what would'st thou do there before I go?

Rat. Your highness told me I should post before.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd——

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what News with you?

Stan. None good, my Liege, to please you with the hear-
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported. (*ing.*)

K. Rich. Hoyday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad:
 What need'st thou run so many Miles about,
 When thou may'st tell thy Tale the nearest way?
 Once more, what News?

Stan. *Richmond* is on the Seas.

K. Rich. I woe let him sink, and be the Seas on him,
 White-liver'd Run-a-gate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty Sovereign, but by gues.

K. Rich. Well, as you gues.

Stan. Stir'd up by *Dorset*, *Buckingham*, and *Morton*,
 He makes for *England*, here to claim the Crown.

K. Rich. Is th' Chair empty? is the Sword unsway'd?
 Is the King dead? the Empire unpossess'd?

What Heir of *York* is there alive, but we?

And who is *England's* King, but great *York's* Heir?

Then tel me, what makes he upon the Seas?

Stan. Unless for that, my Liege, I cannot gues.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your Liege,
 You cannot gues, wher fore the *Welch-man* comes.
 Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, my good Lord, therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy Power then to beat him back?
 Where be thy Tenants, and thy Followers?

Are they not now upon the Western Shore,
 Saf' conducting the Rebels from their Ships?

Stan. No, my good Lord, my Friends are in the North.

K. Rich. Cold Friends to me: what do they in the North,
 When they should serve their Sovereign in the West?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty King;
 Pleaeth your Majesty to give me leave,
 I'll muster up my Friends, and meet your Grace,
 Where, and what time your Majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, thou would'st be gone, to join with *Rich-*
 But I'll not trust thee. *(mond:*

Stan. Most mighty Sovereign,
 You have no cause to hold my Friendship doubtful,
 I never was, nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Go then, and muster Men; but leave behind
 Your Son *George Stanley*: Look your Heart be firm,
 Or else his Head's assurance is but frail.

Stan.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you.

[*Exit Stanley.*]

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My gracious Sovereign, now in *Devonshire*,
As I by Friends am well advertised,
Sir *Edward Courtney*, and the haughty Prelate,
Bishop of *Exeter*, his elder Brother,
With many more Confederates are in Arms.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. In *Kent*, my Liege, the *Guilfords* are in Arms,
And every hour Competitors
Flock to the Rebels, and their Power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the Army of great *Buckingham*—

K. Rich. Out on ye, Owls, nothing but Songs of Death.

[*He strikes him.*]

There take thou that, 'till thou bring better News.

Mes. The News I have to tell your Majesty,
Is, that by sudden Flood, and fall of Waters,
Buckingham's Army is dispers'd and scatter'd,
And he himself wandred away alone,
No Man knows whither.

K. Rich. I cry thee Mercy;
There is my Purse, to cure that Blow of thine.
Hath any well advised Friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the Traitor in?

Mes. Such Proclamation hath been made, my Lord.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Sir *Thomas Lovel*, and Lord *Marquess Dorset*,
'Tis said, my Liege, in *Yorkshire* are in Arms:
But this good comfort bring I to your Highness,
The *Britain* Navy is dispers'd by Tempest.
Richmond in *Dorsetshire* sent out a Boat
Unto the Shore, to ask those on the Banks,
If they were his Assistants, yea, or no?
Who answer'd him, they came from *Buckingham*
Upon his Party; he mistrusting them,
Hoist'd Sail, and made his Course again for *Britain*.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in Arms,
If not to fight with Foreign Enemies,

Yet to beat down these Rebels here at Home.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is taken,
That is the best News; that the Earl of *Richmond*
Is with a mighty Power landed at *Milford*,
Is colder News, but yet it must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards *Salisbury*; while we reason here,
A Royal Battel might be won and lost:
Some one take order that *Buckingham* be brought
To *Salisbury*, the rest march on with me. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Derby, and Sir Christopher.

Derby. Sir *Christopher*, tell *Richmond* this from me,
That in the Sty of the most deadly Boar,
My Son *George Stanley* is frankt up in hold:
If I revolt, off goes young *George's* Head,
The fear of that holds off my present Aid.

So get thee gone; commend me to thy Lord.
Withal say, that the Queen hath heartily consented
He should espouse *Elizabeth* her Daughter.

But tell me, where is Princely *Richmond* now?

Chris. At *Pembrook*, or at *Hertford* West in *Wales*.

Derby. What Men of Name resort to him?

Chris. Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned Soldier,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, Sir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redoubted *Pembrook*, Sir *James Blunt*,
And *Rice ap Thomas*, with a valiant Crew,
And many other of great Name and Worth:
And towards *London* do they bend their Power,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Derby. Well, hye thee to thy Lord: I kiss his Hand,
My Letter will resolve him of my Mind.
Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

A C T

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

Enter the Sheriff, and Buckingham with Halberds led to Execution.

Buck. WILL not King *Richard* let me speak with him?
Sher. No, good my Lord, therefore be patient.

Buck. *Hastings*, and *Edward's Children*, *Gray* and *Rivers*,
 Holy King *Henry*, and thy fair Son *Edward*,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
 By under-hand corrupted foul Injustice,
 If that your moody discontented Souls,
 Do through the Clouds behold this present hour,
 Even for revenge mock my Destruction.
 This is *All-Souls Day*, Fellow, is it not?

Sher. It is.

Buck. Why then *All-Souls Day* is my Body's Doomsday.
 This is the Day, which in King *Edward's* time
 I wisht might fall on me, when I was found
 False to his Children, and his Wife's Allies.
 This is the Day wherein I wisht to fall
 By the false Faith of him whom most I trusted.
 This, this *All-Souls Day* to my fearful Soul,
 Is the determin'd respite of my Wrongs:
 That high All-seer, which I dallied with,
 Hath turn'd my feigned Prayer on my Head,
 And given in earnest, what I begg'd in jest.
 Thus doth he force the Swords of wicked Men
 To turn their own points in their Masters Bosoms.
 Thus *Margaret's* Curse falls heavy on my Neck:
 When he, quoth she, will split thy Heart with Sorrow,
 Remember *Margaret* was a Prophetess:
 Come lead me, Officers, to the Block of Shame,
 Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

[*Exeunt Buckingham with Officers.*]

S C E N E II.

*Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others,
with Drum and Colours.*

Richm. Fellows in Arms, and my most loving Friends,
Brus'd underneath the Yoak of Tyranny.
Thus far into the Bowels of the Land,
Have we marcht on without Impediment;
And here receive we from our Father *Stanley*
Lines of fair Comfort and Encouragement:
The wretched, bloody and usurping Boar,
That spoil'd our Summer-Fields, and fruitful Vines,
Swills your warm Blood like Wash, and makes his Trough
In your embowell'd Bosoms; This foul Swine
Is now even in the Center of this Isle,
Near to the Town of *Leicester*, as we learn:
From *Tamworth* thither, is but one Day's march.
In God's Name cheerly on, couragious Friends,
To reap the Harvest of perpetual Peace,
By this one bloody trial of sharp War.

Oxf. Every Man's Conscience is a thousand Men,
To fight against this guilty Homicide.

Herb. I doubt not but his Friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no Friends, but what are Friends for fear,
Which in his dearest need will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage, then in God's Name march,
True hope is swift, and flies with Swallow's Wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner Creatures Kings.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter King Richrdd in Arms, with Norfolk, Ratcliff, and
the Earl of Surrey.*

K. Rich. Here pitch our Tent, even here in *Bosworth-field*.
My Lord of *Surrey*, why look you so sad?

Sur. My Heart is ten times lighter than my Looks.

K. Rich. My Lord of *Norfolk*.

Nor. Here, most gracious Liege.

K. Rich. *Norfolk*, we must have knocks:
Ha, must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my loving Lord.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Up with my Tent, here will I lye to Night,
But where to Morrow? — well all's one for that.

Who hath descry'd the number of the Traitors?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost Power.

K. Rich. Why our Battalia trebles that account:
Besides, the King's Name is a Tower of Strength,
Which they upon the adverse Faction want.

Up with the Tent: Come, Noble Gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the Ground.

Call for some Men of sound Direction:

Let's lack no Discipline, make no delay,

For, Lords, to Morrow is a busie Day.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and
Dorset.*

Richm. The weary Sun hath made a Golden set,
And by the bright Tract of his fiery Car,
Gives token of a goodly Day to Morrow.

Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my Standard:

Give me some Ink and Paper in my Tent;

I'll draw the Form and Model of our Battel,

Limit each Leader to his several Charge,

And part in just proportion our small Power.

My Lord of *Oxford*, you *Sir William Brandon*,

And you *Sir William Herbert* stay with me;

The Earl of *Pembrook* keeps his Regiment;

Good Captain *Blunt*, bear my good Night to him,

And by the second hour in the Morning,

Desire the Earl to see me in my Tent.

Yet one thing more, good Captain, do for me:

Where is Lord *Stanley* quarter'd, do you know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his Colours much,
(Which well I am assur'd I have not done)

His Regiment lies, half a mile at least,

South from the mighty Power of the King.

Richm. If without Peril it be possible,

Sweet *Blunt*, make some good means to speak with him,

And give him from me this most needful Note.

Blunt. Upon my self, my Lord, I'll undertake it.

And so God give you quiet rest to Night.

Richm. Good Night, good Captain *Blunt*.

Come, Gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to Morrow's Business;
Into my Tent, the Dew is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the Tent.*]

Enter King Richard, Ratcliff, Norfolk and Catesby.

K. Rich. What is't a Clock?

Catesby. It's Supper time, my Lord, it's nine a Clock.

K. Rich. I will not Sup to Night,

Give me some Ink and Paper:

What, is my Beaver easier than it was?

And all my Armour laid into my Tent?

Catesb. It is, my Liege; and all things are in readines.

K. Rich. Good *Norfolk* hye thee to thy Charge,
Use careful Watch, chuse trusty Centinels.

Nor. I go, my Lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the Lark to Morrow, gentle *Norfolk*.

Nor. I warrant you, my Lord.

[*Exit.*]

K. Rich. *Ratcliff.*

Rat. My Lord.

K. Rich. Send out a Pursuivant at Arms
To *Stanley's* Regiment; bid him bring his Power
Before Sun-rising, lest his Son *George* fall
Into the blind Cave of eternal Night.

Fill me a Bowl of Wine; give me a Watch:

Saddle white *Surrey* for the Field to Morrow:

Look that my Staves be sound, and not too heavy. *Ratcliff.*

Rat. My Lord.

K. Rich. Saw'st the melancholy Lord *Northumberland*?

Rat. *Thomas* the Earl of *Surrey*, and himself,
Much about Cock-shut time, from Troop to Troop
Went through the Army, cheering up the Soldiers.

K. Rich. So, I am satisfy'd; give me a Bowl of Wine,
I have not that alacrity of Spirit,
Nor cheer of Mind that I was wont to have.
Set it down. Is Ink and Paper ready?

Rat. It is, my Lord.

K. Rich. Bid my Guard watch. Leave me.
Ratcliff, about the mid of Night come to my Tent,
And help to Arm. Leave me, I say. [Exit *Ratcliff*]

Enter Derby to Richmond in his Tent.

Derby. Fortune and Victory sit on thy Helm.

Rich. All comfort that the dark Night can afford,

Be to thy Person, noble Father-in-Law,
Tell me, how fares our noble Mother?

Derby. I, by Attorney, bleſs thee from thy Mother,
Who prays continually for *Richmond's* good;
So much for that. The ſilent Hours ſteal on,
And flaky Darkneſs breaks within the Eaſt.
In brief, for ſo the Season bids us be,
Prepare thy Battel early in the Morning,
And put thy Fortune to th' Arbitrement
Of bloody Stroaks, and mortal ſtaring War:
I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot)
With beſt advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful ſhock of Arms.
But on thy ſide I may not be too forward,
Leſt being ſeen, thy Brother, tender *George*,
Be executed in his Father's fight.

Farewel; the leiſure, and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious Vows of Love.
And ample enterchange of ſweet Diſcourſe,
Which ſo long ſundred Friends ſhould dwell upon:
God give us leiſure for theſe rites of Love.
Once more Adieu, be valiant, and ſpeed well.

Richm. Good Lords, conduct him to his Regiment:
I'll ſtrive, with troubled Noiſe, to take a Nap,
Leſt leaden ſlumber poiſe me down to morrow,
When I ſhould mount with Wings of Victory:
Once more, good Night, kind Lords and Gentlemen.

[*Exeunt. Manet Richmond.*]

O thou, whoſe Captain I account my ſelf,
Look on my Forces with a gracious Eye:
Put in their Hands thy bruſing Irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall,
Th' uſurping Helmets of our Adverſaries.
Make us thy Miniſters of Chaiſtiffement,
That we may praiſe thee in thy Victory:
To thee I do commend my watchful Soul,
E'er I let fall the Windows of mine Eyes:
Sleeping, and waking, oh defend me ſtill.

[*Sleeps.*]

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, Son to Henry the Sixth.

Ghost. Let me fit heavy on thy Soul to morrow:

[*To K. Rich.*
Think

Think how thou stabb'dst me in the prime of Youth
At *Tewksbury*; despair therefore, and die.

Be cheerful, *Richmond*, [To Richm.]

For the wronged Souls
Of butcher'd Princes fight in thy behalf:

King *Henry's* issue, *Richmond*, comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the Sixth.

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed Body,
[To K. Rich.]

By thee was punched full of holes;
Think on the *Tower*, and me: Despair and die.

Henry the Sixth bids thee despair, and die.

Virtuous and holy, be thou Conqueror. [To Richm.]

Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be King,
Doth comfort thee in sleep; live, and flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy Soul to morrow;
[To K. Rich.]

I that was wash'd to death in Full m Wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death:

To morrow in the Battel think on me,
And fall thy edgless Sword, despair and die.

Thou Off-spring of the House of *Lancaster*, [To Richm.]

The wronged Heirs of *York* do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy Battel, live and flourish.

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy Soul to morrow,
[To K. Rich.]

Rivers, that dy'd at *Pomfret*: Despair, and die.

Gray. Think upon *Gray*, and let thy Soul despair.
[To K. Rich.]

Vaugh. Think upon *Vaughan*, and with guilty fear
[To K. Rich.]

Let fall thy Launce, despair and die.

All. Awake, [To Richm.]

And think our wrongs in *Richard's* Bosom
Will conquer. Awake, and win the Day.

Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty; guilty awake, [To K. Rich.]

And in a bloody Battel end thy Days,
Think on *Lord Hastings*; despair and die.

Quie

Quiet untroubled Soul, [To Richm.

Awake, awake:

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair *Englad's* sake.

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Ghosts. Dream on thy Cousins [To K. Rich.

Smother'd in the *Tower*:

Let us be laid within thy Bosom, *Richard*,

And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death.

Thy Nephews Souls bid thee despair and die.

Sleep *Richmond*, [To Richm.

Sleep in Peace, and wake in Joy,

Good Angels guard thee from the Boar's annoy,

Live, and beget a happy race of Kings.

Edward's un happy Sons do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Anne his Wife.

Ghost. *Richard*, thy Wife, [To K. Rich.

Tha wretch d *Anne*, thy Wife,

That never slept a quiet H ur with thee,

Now fills thy sleep with perturbations,

To mo row in the Battel think on me,

And fall thy edgless Sword, despair and die.

Thou quiet Soul, [To Richm.

Sleep thou a quiet Sleep:

Dream of Success, and happy Victory,

Thy Adversaries Wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

Ghost. The first was I, [To K. Rich.

That help'd thee to the Crown:

The last was I, that felt thy Tyranny.

O, in the Battel think on *Buckingham*,

And die in terror of thy guiltiness,

Dream on, dream on, of bloody Deeds and Death,

Fainting d'spair; despairing yield thy breath.

I dy'd for hope, [To Richm.

E'er I could lend thee aid;

But cheer thy Heart, and be thou not dismay'd:

God, and good Angels fight on *Richmond's* side,

And *Richard* falls in height of all his Pride. [*The Ghosts vanish.*

[*K. Richard starts out of his Dream.*

K. Rich. Give me another Horse, bind up my Wounds:

Have mercy, *Jesu* —— Soft, I did but dream.

O coward Conscience! how dost thou afflict me?
 The Lights burn blue — It is not dead Mid-night —
 Cold fearful Drops stand on my trembling Flesh:
 What? do I fear my self? There's none else by,
Richard loves *Richard*, that is, I am I.
 Is there a Murtherer here? No; Yes, I am:
 Then fly? what from my self? Great reason; why?
 Left I revenge. What? my self upon my self?
 Alack, I love my self. Wherefore? For any good
 That I my self have done upon my self?
 O no. Alas, I rather hate my self,
 For hateful Deeds committed by self.
 I am a Villain; yet I lie, I am not.
 Fool, of thy self speak — well Fool, do not flatter.
 My Conscience hath a thousand several Tongues,
 And every Tongue brings in a several Tale,
 And every Tale condemns me for a Villain;
 Perjury, in the high'st degree,
 Murther, stern Murther, in the dir'st degree,
 All several Sins, all us'd in each degree,
 Throng all to th' Bar, crying a l, Guilty, guilty.
 I shall despair, there is no Creature loves me;
 And if I die, no Soul shall pity me.
 Nay, wherefore should they? since that I my self
 Find in my self no pity to my self.
 Methought, the Souls of all that I had murther'd
 Came to my Tent, and every one did threat
 To morrows Vengeance on the head of *Richard*.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My Lord.

K. Rich. Who's there?

Rat. *Ratcliff*, my Lord, 'tis I; the early Village Cock
 Hath twice done Salutation to the Morn;
 Your Friends are up, and buckle on their Armour.

K. Rich. O *Ratcliff*, I fear, I fear' —

Rat. Nay, good my Lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the Apostle *Paul* shadows to night
 Have struck more terrour to the Soul of *Richard*,
 Than can the substance of ten thousand Soldiers
 Armed in proof, and led by shallow *Richmond*.

'Tis not yet near Day. Come, go with me,
Under our Tents; I'll play the Eaves-dropper,
To hear if any Man shrink from me.

[*Exeunt K. Richard and Ratcliff.*

Enter the Lords to Richmond sitting in his Tent.

Lords. Good morrow, *Richmond.*

Richm. Cry you mercy, Lords, and watchful Gentlemen,

That you have ta'en a tardy Sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my Lord?

Richm. The sweetest Sleep,

And fairest boading Dreams,

That ever entred in a drowsie Head.

Have I since your departure had, my Lords.

Methought their Souls, whose Bodies *Richard* murther'd,

Came to my Tent, and cried on Victory.

I promise you my Heart is very jocund,

In the remembrance of so fair a Dream.

How far into the Morning is it, Lords?

Lords. Upon the stroak of four.

Richm. Why then 'tis time to Arm, and give direction.

More than I have said, loving Countrymen,

The leisure and enforcement of the time

Forbids to dwell upon; yet remember this,

God, and our good Cause, fight upon our side,

The Prayers of holy Saints, and wronged Souls,

Like high rear'd Bulwarks, stand before our Faces.

Richard except, those whom we fight against,

Had rather have us win, than him they follow.

For, what is he they follow? Truly Gentlemen,

A bloody Tyrant, and a Homicide:

One rais'd in Blood, and one in Blood establish'd;

One that made means to come by what he hath,

And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;

A base fowl Stone, made precious by the foil

Of *England's* Chair, where he is falsely set.

One that hath ever been God's Enemy;

Then if you fight against God's Enemy,

God will in justice ward you as his Soldiers.

If you do swear to put a Tyrant down,
 You sleep in Peace, the Tyrant being slain:
 If you do fight against your Countries Foes,
 Your Countries Fat shall pay your pains the hire.
 If you do fight in safeguard of your Wives,
 Your Wives shall welcome home the Conquerors.
 If you do free your Children from the Sword,
 Your Childrens Children quits it in your Age.
 Then in the Name of God and all these rights,
 Advance your Standards, draw your willing Swords.
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt,
 Shall be this cold Corps on the Earth's cold face.
 But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt,
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.
 Sound Drums and Trumpets boldly, and chearfully,
 God, and Saint George, *Richmond*, and Victory.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliff, and Catesby.

K. Rich. What said *Northumberland*, as touching *Richmond*?

Rat. That he was never trained up in Arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth; and what said *Surrey* then.

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was in the right, and so indeed it is.

Tell the Clock there.

[Clock strikes.]

Give me a Kalender — who saw the Sun to day?

Rat. Not I, my Lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the Book,
 He should have brav'd the East an hour ago —

A black Day it will be to some body, *Ratcliff*.

Rat. My Lord.

K. Rich. The Sun will not be seen to day
 The Sky doth frown and lowre upon our Army —
 I would these dewy Tears were from the Ground —
 Not shine to day? why what is that to me
 More than to *Richmond*? for the self-same Heav'n
 That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Norf. Arm, arm, my Lord, the Foes vaunt in the Field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle — Caparison my Horse.
 Call up Lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his Power,

I will lead forth my Soldiers to the Plain,
 And thus my Battel shall be ordered.
 My Foreward shall be drawn in length,
 Consisting equally of Horse and Foot:
 Our Archers shall be placed in the midst;
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
 Shall have the leading of the Foot and Horse.
 They thus directed, we will follow
 In the main Battel, whose puissance on either side
 Shall be well winged with our chiefest Horse:
 This, and St. *George* to boot.
 What think'st thou, *Norfolk*?

Nor. A good Direction, warlike Sovereign.
 This found I on my Tent this Morning. [*Giving a Scroll.*]

Jocky of Norfolk, be not so bold. [Reads.
For Dickon thy Master is bought and sold.

K. Rich. A thing devised by the Enemy.
 Go Gentlemen, every Man to his Charge,
 Let not our babling Dreams affright our Souls,
 For Conscience is a Word that Cowards use,
 Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe,
 Our strong Arms be our Conscience, Swords our Law.
 March on, join bravely, let us to't pell mell,
 If not to Heav'n, then hand in hand to Hell.
 What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?
 Remember whom you are to cope withal,
 A sort of Vagabonds, Rascals, Run-aways,
 A scum of *Britains*, and base Lackey-Peasants,
 Whom their o'er-cloyed Country vomits forth
 To desperate Adventures, and assur'd Destruction.
 You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest:
 You having Lands, and blest with beauteous Wives,
 They would restrain the one, distain the other.
 And who doth lead them, but a paltry Fellow?
 Long kept in *Britain* at our Mother's Cost,
 A milk-sop, one that never in his Life
 Felt so much Cold, as over Shoes in Snow:
 Let's whip these Stragglers o'er the Seas again,
 Lash hence these over-weening Rags of *France*,

These famish'd Beggars, weary of their Lives,
 Who, but for dreaming on this fond Exploit,
 For want of means, poor Rats, had hang'd themselves.
 If we be conquer'd, let Men conquer us,
 And not those Bastard-Britains, whom our Fathers
 Have in their own Land beaten, bobb'd and thump'd,
 And on Record, left them the Heirs of Shame.

Shall these enjoy our Lands? lye with our Wives?

Ravish our Daughters?

[*Drum afar off.*]

Hark, I hear their Drum,

Right Gentlemen of *England*, fight boldly, Yeomen,

Draw, Archers, draw your Arrows to the Head.

Spur your proud Horses hard, and ride in Blood,

Amaze the Welkin with your broken Staves.

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord *Stanley*, will he bring his Power?

Mes. My Lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off with his Son *George's* Head,

Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is past the Marsh;

After the Battel let *George Stanley* dye.

K. Rich. A thousand Hearts are great within my Bosom.

Advance our Standards, set upon our Foes,

Our ancient word of Courage, fair *St. George*,

Inspire us with the spleen of fiery Dragons:

Upon them, Victory sits on our Helms. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Catesby.

Cates. Rescue, my Lord of *Norfolk*,

Rescue, Rescue:

The King enacts more Wonders than a Man,

Daring an opposite to every Danger:

His Horse is slain, and all on foot he fights.

Seeking for *Richmond* in the throat of Death:

Rescue, fair Lord, or else the Day is lost.

Alarums. Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdom for a Horse.

Cates. Withdraw, my Lord, I'll help you to a Horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my Life upon a cast,

And I will stand the hazard of the Die:

I think there be six *Richmonds* in the Field,

Five have I slain to Day, instead of him.

A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdom for a Horse.

Alarum.

of Richard III.

1715

Alarum. Enter King Richard and Richmond, they fight,
Richard is slain.

Retreat, and Flourish. Enter Richmond, Derby bearing
the Crown, with divers other Lords.

Richm. God and your Arms be prais'd, Victorious Friends;
The Day is ours, the bloody Dog is dead.

Derby. Courageous *Richmond*, well hast thou acquit thee:
Lo, here these long usurped Royalties,
From the dead Temples of this bloody Wretch,
Have I pluckt off, to grace thy Brows withal,
Wear it, and make use of it.

Richm. Great God of Heaven, say Amen to all.
But tell me, is young *George Stanley* living?

Derby. He is, my Lord, and safe in *Leicester Town*;
Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us.

Richm. What Men of Note are slain on either Side?

Derby. *John Duke of Norfolk*, *Walter Lord Ferris*,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and *Sir William Brandon*.

Richm. Inter their Bodies as becomes their Births,
Proclaim a Pardon to the Soldiers fled,
That in Submission will return to us:

And then, as we have ta'en the Sacrament,
We will unite the White Rose, and the Red.

Smile Heav'n upon this fair Conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their Enmity:

What Traitor hears me, and says not Amen?

England hath long been mad, and scar'd her self:

The Brother blindly shed the Brother's Blood;

The Father rashly slaughter'd his own Son;

The Sons, compell'd, been Butchers to the Sire:

All this divided *York* and *Lancaster*,

Divided in their dire Division.

O now let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth*,

The true Succeeders of each Royal House,

By God's fair Ordinance, conjoin together:

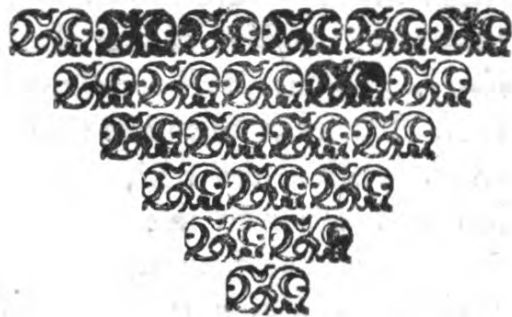
And let their Heirs, God, if thy Will be so,

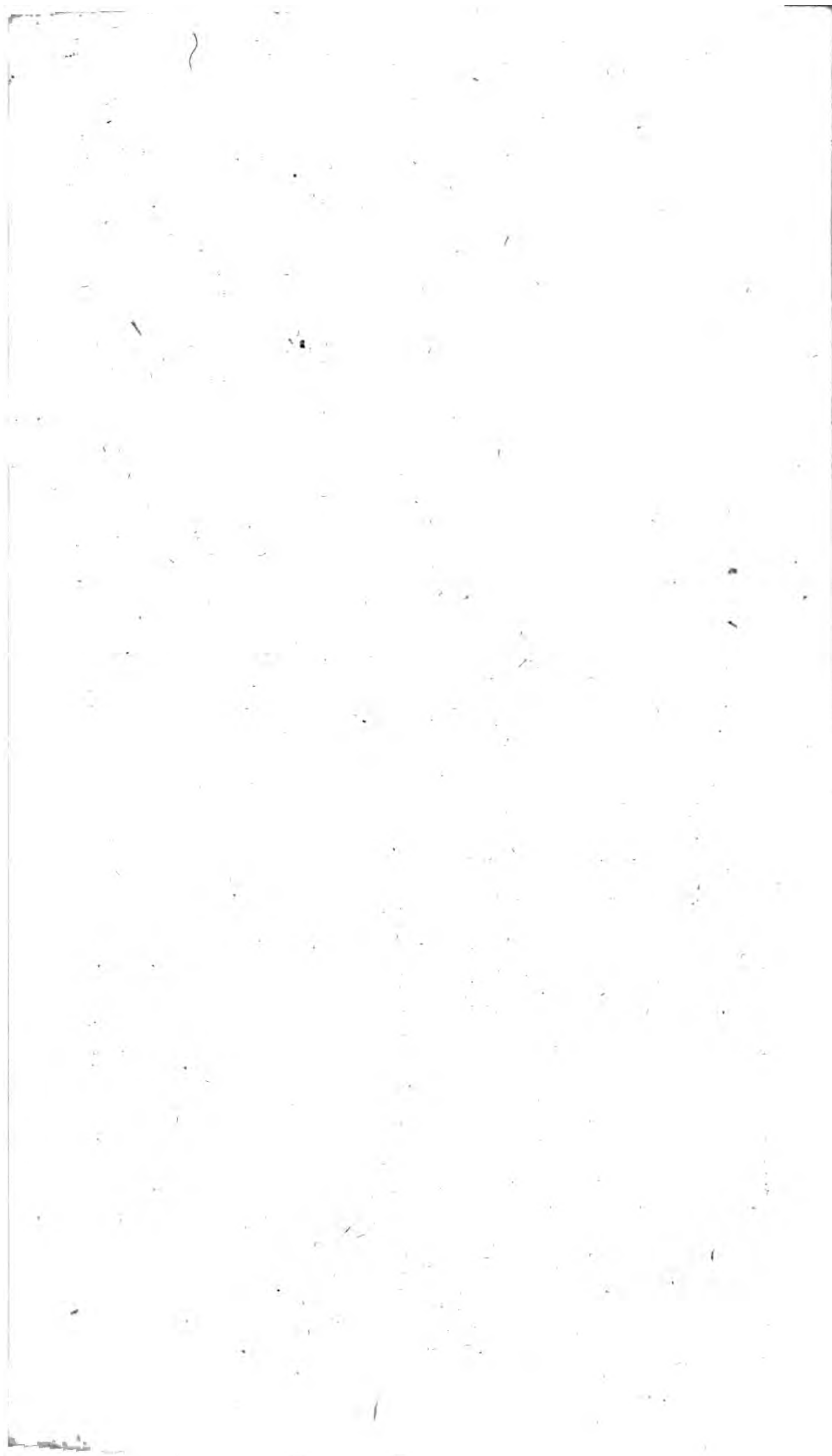
Enrich the time to come, with smooth-fac'd Peace,

With smiling Plenty, and fair prosperous Days.

Abate the edge of Traitors, Gracious Lord.

That would reduce these bloody Days again,
And make poor *England* weep in streams of Blood.
Let them not live to taste this Land's encrease,
That would with Treason wound this fair Land's Peace.
Now Civil Wounds are stopp'd, Peace lives again;
That she may long live here, God say, Amen. [Exeunt.]







The FAMOUS
HISTORY
OF THE
LIFE
OF
King *HENRY* VIII.



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry the Eighth.

Cardinal Wolsey, his first Minister and Favourite.

Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Duke of Norfolk.

Duke of Buckingham.

Duke of Suffolk.

Earl of Surrey.

Lord Chamberlain.

Cardinal Campeius, the Pope's Legat.

Capucius, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles the Fifth.

Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.

Lord Abergavenny.

Lord Sands.

Sir Henry Guilford.

Sir Thomas Lovell.

Sir Anthony Denny.

Sir Nicholas Vaux.

Cromwell, first Servant to Wolsey, afterwards to the King.

Griffith, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katherine.

Three Gentlemen.

Dr. Butts, Physician to the King.

Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.

Porter and his Man.

Queen.

Queen Katherine, first Wife to King Henry, afterwards Divorc'd.

Anne Bullen, belov'd by the King, and afterwards married to him.

An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.

Patience, Woman of the Bed-Chamber to Queen Katherine.

Several Lords and Ladies who appear in the dumb Shews. Women attending upon the Queen. Spirits which appear to her. Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

*The SCENE lies mostly in
LONDON.*

N 4

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

I Come no more to make you laugh; Things now,
That bear a Weighty, and a Serious Brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of State and Woe;
Such noble Scenes, as draw the Eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can Pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a Tear,
The Subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their Money out of hope they may believe,
May here find Truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree,
The Play may pass: If they be still, and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their Shilling
Richly in two short Hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry, bawdy Play,
A noise of Targets: Or to see a Fellow
In a long Motley Coat, guarded with Yellow,
Will be deceiv'd: For, gentle Hearers, know
To rank our chosen Truth with such a show
As Fool, and Fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own Brains, and the Opinion that we bring
That make that only true, we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding Friend.
Therefore, for Goodness sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest Hearers of the Town,
Be sad, as we would make ye. Think ye see
The very Persons of our noble Story,
As they were Living: Think you see them Great,
And follow'd with the general Throng, and sweat
Of thousand Friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this Mightiness meets Misery.
And if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A Man may weep upon his Wedding Day.

THE



THE
L I F E
O F
King HENRY VIII.

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

Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one Door: At the other, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Abergavenny.

B U C K I N G H A M.



GOOD morrow, and well met. How have
Since last we saw y'in *France*? [ye done

Nor. I thank your Grace:
Healthful, and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely Ague
Staid me a Prisoner in my Chamber, when
Those Sons of Glory, those two Lights of Men
Met in the vale of *Ardres*.

Nor. 'Twixt *Guynes* and *Ardres*,
I was then present, saw them salute on Horse-back,

Beheld

Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
 In their Embracement, as they grew together ;
 Which had they,
 What four Thron'd ones could have weigh'd
 Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
 I was my Chamber's Prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
 The view of earthly Glory: Men might say
 'Till this time Pomp was single, but now married
 To one above it self. Each following day
 Became the next Day's Master, 'till the last
 Made former Wonders, its. To day the *French*,
 All Clinquant, all in Gold, like Heathens Gods
 Shone down the *English*; and to morrow, they
 Made *Britain, India*: Every Man that stood,
 Shew'd like a Mine. Their Dwarfish Pages were
 As Cherubins, all gilt; the Madams too,
 Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
 The Pride upon them, that their very labour
 Was to them as a Painting. Now this Mask
 Was cry'd incomparable; and th' ensuing night
 Made it a Fool, and Beggar. The two Kings
 Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst
 As presence did present them; him in Eye,
 Still him in praise; and being present both,
 'Twas said they saw but one, and no Discerner
 Durst wag his Tongue in censure. When these Suns,
 For so they phrase 'em, by their Heralds, challeng'd
 The noble Spirits to Arms, they did perform
 Beyond thought's compass, that former fabulous Story
 Being now seen possible enough, got credit
 That *Bevis* was believ'd.

Buck. Oh, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect,
 In Honour, Honesty, the tract of ev'ry thing
 Would by a good Discourser lose some life,
 Which Actions self was Tongue to.

Buck. All was Royal,
 To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
 Order gave each thing view. The Office did

Distinctly

Distinctly his full Function; who did guide,
I mean who set the Body and the Limbs
Of this great sport together,
As you guess?

Nor. One certes, that promises no Element
In such a Business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my Lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good Discretion
Of the right Reverend Cardinal of *York*.

Buck. The Devil speed him: No Man's Pye is freed
From his ambitious Finger. What had he
To do in these fierce Vanities? I wonder
That such a Ketch can with his very Bulk
Take up the Rays o'th' Beneficial Sun,
And keep it from the Earth.

Nor. Surely, Sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these Ends:
For being not propt by Ancestry, whose Grace
Chalks Successors their way; nor call'd upon
For high Feats done to th' Crown; neither Allied
To eminent Assistants; but Spider-like
Out of his self-drawn Web; O! gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way,
A Gift that Heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the King.

Aber. I cannot tell
What Heav'n hath given him; let some graver Eye
Pierce into that: but I can see his Pride
Peep through each part of him; whence has he that,
If not from Hell; the Devil is a Niggard,
Or has given him all before, and he begins
A new Hell in himself.

Buck. Why the Devil,
Upon this *French* going out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o'th' King, t'appoint
Who should attend on him? he makes up the File
Of all the Gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a Charge as little Honour
He meant to lay upon; and his own Letter
The Honourable Beard of Council out
Must fetch him in, he Papers.

Aber.

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their Estates, that never
They shall abound, as formerly.

Buck. O many
Have broke their Backs with laying Manors on 'em
For this great Journey. What did this great Vanity
But minister Communication of
A most poor Issue.

Nor. Grievingly, I think,
The Peace between the *French* and us not values
The Cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every Man,
After the hideous Storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd, and not consulting, broke
Into a general Prophecie; that this Tempest,
Dashing the Garment of this Peace, aboaded
The sudden breach on'r.

Nor. Which is budded out :
For *France* hath flaw'd the League, and hath attach'd
Our Merchants Goods at *Bourdeaux*.

Aber. Is it therefore
Th' Ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry is't.

Aber. A proper Title of Peace, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate.

Buck. Why all this business
Our Reverend Cardinal carried.

Nor. Like it your Grace,
The State takes notice of the private Difference
Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I advise you
(And take it from a Heart that wishes towards your
Honour, and plenteous Safety) that you read
The Cardinal's Malice, and his Potency
Together: To consider further, that
What his high Hatred would affect, wants not
A Minister in his Power. You know his Nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know, his Sword
Hath a sharp edge: It's long, and't may be said,
It reaches far, and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my Counsel,

You'll

You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that Rock
That I advise your shunning.

*Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the Purse born before him, certain of
the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers; the Cardinal
in his passage fixeth his Eye on Buckingham, and Bucking-
ham on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The Duke of *Buckingham's* Surveyor? Ha?
Where's his Examination?

Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in Person ready?

Secr. Ay, an't please your Grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more, and *Buckingham* shall
lessen his big look. [*Exeunt Cardinal with his Train.*

Buck. This Butcher's Cur is venome mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him, therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A Beggar's Book
Out-worths a Noble's Blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temp'rance, that's th' appliance only
Which your Disease requires.

Buck. I read in's Looks
Matter against me, and his Eye revil'd
Me as his abject Object, at this instant
He bores me with some Trick; he's gone to th' King:
I'll follow and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my Lord,
And let your Reason with your Choler question
What 'tis you go about; to climb steep Hills
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
A full-hot Horse, who being allow'd his way
Self-mettle tires him: Not a Man in *England*
Can advise me, like you: Be to your self,
As you would to your Friend.

Buck. I'll to the King,
And, from a mouth of Honour, quite cry down
Th's *Ipswich* Fellow's Insolence; or proclaim,
There's difference in no Persons.

Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a Furnace for your Foe so hot
That it do singe your self. We may out-run

By violent swiftness, that which we run at;
 And lose by our over-running: Know you not,
 The Fire that mounts the Liquor 'till't run o'er,
 In seeming to augment it, wastes it: Be advis'd;
 I say again, there is no *English* Soul
 More stronger to direct you than your self,
 If with the sap of Reason you would quench,
 Or but allay the fire of Passion.

Buck. Sir,

I am thankful to you, and I'll go along
 By your Prescription; but this top-proud Fellow,
 Who from the flow of Gall I name not, but
 From sincere Motions, by intelligence,
 And proofs as clear as Founts in *July*, when
 We see each grain of Gravel, I do know
 To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To th' King I'll say't, and make my vouch as strong
 As shore of Rock——attend. This holy Fox,
 Or Wolf, or both (for he is equal rav'nous
 As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief,
 As able to perform't) his Mind and Place
 Infecting one another; yea reciprocally,
 Only to shew his Pomp, as well in *France*,
 As here at home, suggests the King our Master
 To this last costly Treaty, th'enterview,
 That swallow'd so much Treasure, and like a Glass
 Did break i'th' wrenching.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray give me favour, Sir——this cunning Cardinal
 The Articles o'th' Combination drew
 As himself pleas'd; and they were ratifi'd
 As he cry'd, Thus let it be——to as much end,
 As give a Crutch to th' dead. But our Count-Cardinal
 Has done this, and 'tis well——for worthy *Wolfey*,
 Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
 (Which, as I take it, is a kind of Puppy
 To th' old Dam, Treason) *Charles* the Emperor,
 Under pretence to see the Queen his Aunt,
 (For 'twas indeed his Colour, but he came
 To whisper *Wolfey*) here makes Visitation:

His

His Fears were that the Interview betwixt
England and *France*, might through their Amity
 Breed him some prejudice; for from this League
 Peep'd harms, that menac'd him. He privily
 Deals with our Cardinal, and as I trow,
 Which I do well——for I am sure the Emperor
 Paid e'er he promis'd, whereby his suit was granted
 E'er it was ask'd. But when the way was made,
 And pay'd with Gold; the Emperor thus desir'd,
 That he would please to alter the King's course,
 And break the foresaid Peace. Let the King know,
 As soon he shall by me, that thus the Cardinal
 Does buy and sell his Honour as he pleases,
 And for his own Advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
 To hear this of him; and could wish you were
 Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No; not a Syllable:
 I do pronounce him in that very Shape
 He shall appear in proof.

*Enter Brandon, a Serjeant at Arms before him, and two or
 three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your Office, Serjeant; execute it.

Serj. Sir,
 My Lord the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Earl
 Of *Hertford*, *Stafford* and *Northampton*, I
 Arrest thee of High Treason, in the name
 Of our most Sovereign King.

Buck. Lo you, my Lord,
 The Net has fall'n upon me; I shall perish
 Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
 To see you ta'en from Liberty, to look on
 The business present. 'Tis his Highness pleasure
 You shall to th' *Tower*.

Buck. It will help me nothing
 To plead mine Innocence; for that Dye is on me,
 Which makes my whit'st part black. The will of Heav'n
 Be done in this and all things: I obey.
 O my Lord *Abergavenny*, fare ye well.

Bran.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you Company. The King
Is pleas'd you shall to th' Tower, 'till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the Duke said,
The Will of Heav'n be done, and the King's Pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King, t'attach Lord *Montague*, and the Bodies
Of the Duke's Confessor, *John de la Car*,
One *Gilbert Peck*, his Counsellor.

Buck. So, so;
These are the Lambs o'th' Plot, no more, I hope,

Bran. A Monk o'th' *Chartreux*.

Buck. O *Michael Hopkins*.

Bran. He.

Buck. My Surveyor is false, the o'er-great Cardinal
Hath shew'd him Gold; my Life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor *Buckingham*,
Whose Figure even this instant Cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear Sun. My Lord, farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Cornet. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal's Shoulder;
the Nobles and Sir Thomas Lovel; the Cardinal places him
under the King's Feet, on his right side.

King. My Life it self, and the best Heart of it,
Thanks you for this great Care: I stood i'th' level
Of a full-charg'd Confederacy, and give thanks
To you that choak'd it. Let be call'd before us
That Gentleman of *Buckingham's* in Person,
I'll hear him his Confessions justify,
And point by point the Treasons of his Master
He shall again relate.

*A noise, with crying, Room for the Queen, Usher'd by the Duke
of Norfolk. Enter the Queen, Norfolk and Suffolk; she
kneels. The King riseth from his State, takes her up, kisses
and placeth her by him.*

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a Suitor.

King.

King. Arise, and take place by us; half your Suit
Never name to us; you have half our Power:
The other moiety e'er you ask is given;
Repeat your Will, and take it.

Queen. Thank your Majesty:
That you would love your self, and in that love
Not unconsidered leave your Honour, nor
The dignity of your Office, is the point
Of my Petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Queen. I am sollicit'd, not by a few,
And those of true Condition, that your Subjects
Are in great Grievance; there have been Commissions
Sent down among 'em, which have flaw'd the Heart
Of all their Loyalties; wherein, although, [To Wolsey.
My good Lord Cardinal, they vent Reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter on
Of these Exactions, yet the King, our Master,
Whose Honour Heav'n shield from Soil, even he escapes not
Language unmannerly; yea, such which breaks
The sides of Loyalty, and almost appears
In loud Rebellion.

Norf. Not almost appears,
It doth appear; for, upon these Taxations,
The Clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The Spinsters, Carders, Fullers, Weavers, who,
Unfit for other Life, compell'd by Hunger,
And lack of other Means, in desperate manner,
Daring th'event to th'Teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

King. Taxation?
Wherein? and what Taxation? My Lord Cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this Taxation?

Wol. Please you, Sir,
I know but of a single part in ought
Pertains to th'State, and front but in that file
Where others tell Steps with me.

Queen. No, my Lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame

Things that are known alike, which are not wholesome
 To those which would not know them, and yet must
 Perforce be their acquaintance. These Exactions
 (Whereof my Sovereign would have note) they are
 Most pestilent to th' hearing, and to bear 'em,
 The Back is sacrifice to th' Load; they say,
 They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer
 Too hard an Exclamation.

King. Still Exaction!

The nature of it, in what kind, let's know,
 Is this Exaction?

Queen. I am much too venturous
 In tempting of your Patience, but am boldned
 Under your promis'd Pardon. The Subjects Grief
 Comes through Commissions, which compels from each
 The sixth part of his Substance, to be levied
 Without delay; and the pretence for this
 Is nam'd, your Wars in *France*; this makes bold Mouths;
 Tongues spit their Duties out, and cold Hearts freeze
 Allegiance in them; their Curses now
 Live where their Prayers did; and it's come to pass,
 That tractable Obedience is a Slave
 To each incens'd Will: I would your Highness
 Would give it quick Consideration, for
 There is no primer baseness.

King. By my Life,
 This is against our Pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
 I have no further gone in this, than by
 A single Voice, and that not past me, but
 By learned Approbation of the Judges: If I am
 Traduc'd by ignorant Tongues, which neither know
 My Faculties nor Person, yet will be
 The Chronicles of my doing; let me say,
 'Tis but the fate of Place, and the rough Brake
 That Virtue must go through: We must not stint
 Our necessary Actions in the fear
 To cope malicious Censurers, which ever,
 As rav'nous Fishes, do a Vessel follow
 That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
 Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,

By sick Interpreters, once weak ones, is
 Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft
 Hitting a grosser quality, is cry'd up
 For our best Act; if we stand still,
 In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
 We should take root here where we sit:
 Or sit State-Statues only.

King. Things done well,
 And with a care, exempt themselves from fear.
 Things done without Example, in their issue
 Are to be fear'd. Have you a President
 Of this Commission? I believe not any.
 We must not rend our Subjects from our Laws,
 And stick them in our Will. Sixth part of each!
 A trembling Contribution—why we take
 From every Tree, Lop, Bark, and part o'th' Timber:
 And though we leave it with a root thus hackt,
 The Air will drink the Sap. To every Country
 Where this is question'd, send our Letters, with
 Free pardon to each Man that has deny'd,
 The Force of this Commission; pray look to't,
 I put it to your Care.

Wol. A word with you. [To the Secretary.]
 Let there be Letters writ to every Shire
 Of the King's Grace and Pardon; the griev'd Commons
 Hardly conceive of me. Let it be nois'd,
 That through our Intercession, this Revokement
 And Pardon comes; I shall anon advise you
 Further in the Proceeding. [Exit Secretary.]

Enter Surveyor.

Queen. I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
 Is run in your Displeasure.

King. It grieves many;
 The Gentleman is Learn'd, and a most rare Speaker,
 To Nature none more bound, his training such,
 That he may furnish and instruct great Teachers,
 And never seek for Aid out of himself; yet see,
 When these so Noble Benefits shall prove
 Not well dispos'd, the Mind growing once corrupt,
 They turn to vicious Forms, ten times more ugly
 Than ever they were fair. This Man so compleat,

Who was enroll'd 'mongst Wonders; and when we
 Almost with raviht listning, could not find
 His hour of Speech, a minute; He, my Lady,
 Hath into monstrous habits put the Graces
 That once were his, and is become as black,
 As if besmear'd in Hell. Sit by us, and you shall hear
 (This was his Gentleman in trust) of him
 Things to strike Honour sad. Bid him recount
 To force-recited Practices, whereof
 We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold Spirit relate, what you,
 Most like a careful Subject, have collected
 Out of the Duke of *Buckingham*.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him every day,
 It would infect his Speech, that if the King
 Should without Issue dye, he'll carry it so
 To make the Scepter his. These very Words
 I've heard him utter to his Son-in-law,
 Lord *Abergavenny*, to whom by Oath he menac'd
 Revenge upon the Cardinal.

Wol. Please your Highness, note
 This dangerous Conception in this Point,
 Not friended by his wish to your high Person;
 His Will is most malignant, and it stretches
 Beyond you to your Friends.

Queen. My learned Lord Cardinal,
 Deliver all with Charity.

King. Speak on;
 How grounded he his Title to the Crown
 Upon our fail; to this point hast thou heard him,
 At any time speak ought?

Surv. He was brought to this,
 By a vain Prophecie of *Nicholas Henton*.

King. What was that *Henton*?

Surv. Sir, a *Chartreux* Friar,
 His Confessor, who fed him every minute
 With words of Sovereignty.

King. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your Highness sped to *France*,
 The Duke being at the *Rose*, within the Parish

St. Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
 What was the Speech among the Londoners
 Concerning the French Journey. I reply'd,
 Men fear the French would prove perfidious
 To the King's danger; presently the Duke
 Said, 'twas the fear indeed, and that he doubted
 'Twould prove the verity of certain Words
 Spoke by a holy Monk, that oft, says he,
 Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
 John de la Car, my Chaplain, a choice hour
 To hear from him a Matter of some moment:
 Whom after, under the Commissions Seal,
 He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
 My Chaplain to no Creature living, but
 To me, should utter, with demure Confidence,
 Thus pausingly ensu'd; neither the King, nor's Heirs
 (Tell you the Duke) shall prosper, bid him strive
 To gain the love o'th'Commonalty, the Duke
 Shall govern England——

Queen. If I know you well,
 You were the Duke's Surveyor, and lost your Office
 On the complaint o'th'Tenants; take good heed
 You charge not in your Spleen a Noble Person,
 And spoil your Noble Soul; I say, take heed;
 Yes, heartily I beseech you.

King. Let him on. Go forward.

Surv. On my Soul, I'll speak but truth.
 I told my Lord the Duke, by th' Devil's Illusions
 The Monk might be deceiv'd, and that 'twas dang'rous
 For him to ruminate on this so far, until
 It forg'd him some Design, which, being believ'd,
 It was much like to do: He answer'd, Tush,
 It can do me no damage; adding further,
 That had the King in his last sickness fail'd,
 The Cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's Heads
 Should have gone off.

King. Ha! What, so rank? Ah, ha——
 There's Mischief in this Man; canst thou say further?

Surv. I can, my Liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at *Greenwich*,
After your Highness had reprov'd the Duke
About Sir *William Blumer*——

King. I remember of such a time, being my sworn Servant,
The Duke retain'd him his. But on; what hence?

Surv. If, quoth he, I for this Deed had been committed,
As to the *Tower*, I thought; I would have plaid
The Part my Father meant to Act upon
Th'Usurper *Richard*, who being at *Salisbury*,
Made suit to come in's presence; which, if granted,
(As he made semblance of his Duty) would
Have put his Knife into him.

King. A Giant Traitor!

Wel. Now, Madam, may his Highness live in freedom,
And this Man out of Prison?

Queen. God mend all.

(say'ft?)

King. There's something more would out of thee; what

Surv. After the Duke his Father, with the Knife---
He stretch'd him, and with one Hand upon his Dagger,
Another spread on's Breast, mounting his Eyes,
He did discharge a horrible Oath, whose tenour
Was, were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His Father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

King. There's his period,
To sheath his Knife in us; he is attach'd,
Call him to present Trial; if he may
Find Mercy in the Law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us: By Day and Night
He's Traitor to th'height

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Sands.

Cham. Is't possible the Spells of *France* should juggle
Men into such strange Mysteries?

Sands. New Customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our *English*
Have got by the last Voyage, is but meerly
A fit or two o'th' Face, but they are shrew'd ones;
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly
Their very Noses had been Counsellors
To *Pepin* or *Clotharius*, they keep State so.

Sands. They have all new Legs,
And lame ones; one would take it,
That never see 'em pace before, the Spavin,
A Spring-halt, reign'd among 'em.

Cham. Death! my Lord,
Their Cloaths are after such a Pagan Cut too,
That sure th'have worn out Christendom: How now?
What News, Sir *Thomas Lovell*?

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

Lov. 'Faith, my Lord,
I hear of none, but the new Proclamation
That's clap'd upon the Court Gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The Reformation of our travell'd Gallants,
That fill the Court with Quarrels, Talk and Tailors.

Cham. I'm glad 'tis there;
Now I would pray our *Monseurs*
To think an *English* Courtier may be wise,
And never see the *Louvre*.

Lov. They must either
(For so run the Conditions) leave those Remnants
Of Fool and Feather, that they got in *France*,
With all their honourable Points of Ignorance
Pertaining thereupon, as Fights and Fire-works,
Abusing better Men than they can be
Out of a foreign Wisdom, renouncing clean
The Faith they have in Tennis and tall Stockings,
Short bolstred Breeches, and those types of Travel,
And understand again like honest Men;
Or pack to their old Play-fellows, there I take it,
They may, *Cum Privilegio*, wear away
The Lag-end of their Lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them Physick, their Diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our Ladies
Will have of these trim Vanities?

Lov. Ay marry,
There will be wo indeed, Lords, the fly Whoresons
Have got a speeding Trick to lay down Ladies:
A French Song and a Fiddle, has no Fellow.

Sands. The Devil fiddle 'em ;
I am glad they are going,
For sure there's no converting 'em : Now
An honest Country Lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain Song,
And have an hour of hearing, and by'r Lady
Held currant Musick too.

Cham. Well said, Lord *Sands*,
Your Colts Tooth is not cast yet?

Sands. No, my Lord,
Nor shall not, while I have a Stump.

Cham. Sir *Thomas*,
Whither were you a-going?

Lov. To the Cardinal's ;
Your Lordship is a Guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true ;
This Night he makes a Supper, and a great one,
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be
The Beauty of this Kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That Churchman
Bears a bounteous mind indeed ;
A hand as fruitful as the Land that feeds us,
His Dew falls every where.

Cham. No doubt, he's noble ;
He had a black Mouth that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my Lord,
H'as wherewithal in him ;
Sparing would shew a worse sin, than ill Doctrine.
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for Examples,

Cham. True, they are so ;
But few now give so great ones :
My Barge stays ;
Your Lordship shall along : Come, good Sir *Thomas*,
We shall be late else, which I would not be,

For I was spoke to, with Sir *Henry Guilford*,
This Night to be Comptrollers.

Sands. I am your Lordship's.

[*Exeunt*.]

S C E N E IV.

Hautboys. *A small Table under a State for the Cardinal, a longer Table for the Guests. Then enter Anne Bullen, and divers other Ladies and Gentlemen, as Guests at one Door; at another Door enter Sir Henry Guilford.*

Guil. Ladies,

A general Welcome from his Grace
Salutes ye all: This Night he dedicates
To fair Content, and you: None here he hopes,
In all this noble Bevy, has brought with her
One Care abroad: he would have all as merry,
As first, good Company, good Wine, good Welcome,
Can make good People.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands and Lovell.

O my Lord, y'are tardy;
The very thought of this fair Company
Clap'd Wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir *Henry Guilford*.

Sands. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, had the Cardinal
But half my Lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running Banquet, e'er they rested,
I think would better please 'em: By my Life,
They are a sweet Society of fair ones.

Lov. O that your Lordship were but now Confessor
To one or two of these.

Sands. I would I were,
They should find easie Penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easie?

Sands. As easie as a Down Bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet Ladies, will it please you sit: Sir *Harry*,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His Grace is entring, nay you must not freeze,
Two Women plac'd together makes cold Weather:
My Lord *Sands*, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray sit between these Ladies,

Sands.

Sands. By my Faith,
And thank your Lordship. By your leave, sweet Ladies,
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me:
I had it from my Father.

Anne. Was he mad, Sir?

Sands. O very mad, exceeding mad, in love too;
But he would bite none, just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

Cham. Well said, my Lord:
So now y'are fairly seated: Gentlemen,
The Penence lyes on you, if these fair Ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little Cue,
Let me alone.

Hawboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes his State.

Wol. Y'are welcome, my fair Guests; that noble Lady
Or Gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my Friend. This to confirm my welcome,
And to you all good Health.

Sands. Your Grace is Noble,
Let me have such a Bowl may hold my Thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord *Sands*,
I am beholding to you; cheer your Neighbour:
Ladies, you are not merry; Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red Wine first must rise
In their fair Cheeks, my Lord, then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry Gamester,
My Lord *Sands*.

Sands. Yes, if I make my Play:
Here's to your Ladiship, and pledge it, Madam:
For 'tis to such a thing——

Anne. You cannot shew me.

[*Drum and Trumpets, Chambers discharged.*]

Sands. I told your Grace, they would talk anon.

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye.

Wol. What warlike Voice,
And to what end is this? Nay, Ladies, fear not;
By all the Laws of War y'are privileged.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Cham. How now, what is't?

Ser. A noble Troop of Strangers,
For so they seem; they have left their Barge and landed,
And hither make, as great Ambassadors
From Foreign Princes.

Wol. Good Lord Chamberlain.

Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the *French Tongue*,
And pray receive 'em Nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our Presence, where this Heav'n of Beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

[All arise, and Tables removed.]

You have now a broken Banquet, but we'll mend it.
A good Digestion to you all; and once more
I shewre a welcome on ye: welcome all.

Hautboys. *Enter King and others as Maskers, habited like
Shepherds, usher'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass di-
rectly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.*

A Noble Company: what are their Pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no *English*, thus they pray'd
To tell your Grace, that having heard by Fame
Of this so noble and so fair Assembly,
This Night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to Beauty,
But leave their Flocks, and under your fair Conduct
Crave leave to view these Ladies, and entreat
An hour of Revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They have done my poor House grace:
For which I pay 'em a thousand thanks,
And pray 'em take their Pleasures.

[Chuse Ladies, King and Anne Bullen.]

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd: O Beauty,
'Till now I never knew thee.

[Musick, Dance.]

Wol. My Lord.

Cham. Your Grace.

Wol. Pray tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em by his Person
More worthy this Place than my self, to whom,

If

If I but knew him, with my Love and Duty
I would surrender it.

[*Whisper.*]

Cham. I will, my Lord.

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed, which they would have your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then,
By all your good leaves, Gentlemen, here I'll make
My Royal Choice.

King. You have found him, Cardinal:
You hold a fair Assembly, you do well, Lord.
You are a Church-man, or I'll tell you, Cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad
Your Grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My Lord Chamberlain,
Prithce come hither, what fair Lady's that?

Cham. An't please your Grace,
Sir *Thomas Bullen's* Daughter, the Viscount *Rochford*,
One of her Highness's Women.

King. By Heav'n she's a dainty one: Sweet heart,
I were unmannerly to take you out, [To Anne Bullen.
And not to Kifs you. A Health, Gentlemen,
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, is the Banquet ready
I'th' Privy Chamber?

Lov. Yes, my Lord.

Wol. Your Grace,
I fear, with Dancing is a little heated.

King. I fear too much.

Wol. There's fresh Air, my Lord,
In the next Chamber.

King. Lead in your Ladies every one: Sweet Partner,
I must not yet forsake you; let's be merry,
Good my Lord Cardinal: I have a dozen Healths
To drink to these fair Ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again, and then let's dream
Who's best in Favour. Let the Musick knock it.

[*Exeunt with Trumpets.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter two Gentlemen at several Doors.

1 Gen. **W**Hither away so fast?

2 Gen. O, God save ye:

Even to the Hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of *Buckingham*.

1 Gen. I'll save you

That labour, Sir. All's now done, but the Ceremony
Of bringing back the Prisoner.

2 Gen. Were you there?

1 Gen. Yes indeed was I.

2 Gen. Pray speak what has hapned.

1 Gen. You may guess quickly what.

2 Gen. Is he found guilty?

1 Gen. Yes, truly is he,
And condemn'd upon't.

2 Gen. I am sorry for't.

1 Gen. So are a number more.

2 Gen. But pray how past it?

1 Gen. I'll tell you in a little. The great Duke
Came to the Bar; where, to his Accusations
He pleaded still Not guilty, and alledged
Many sharp Reasons to defeat the Law.
The King's Attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the Examinations, Proofs, Confessions
Of divers Witnesses, which the Duke desir'd
To have brought *viva voce* to his Face;
At which appear'd against him, his Surveyor.
Sir *Gilbert Pecke*, his Chancellor, and *John Car*
Confessor to him, with that Devil Monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 Gen. That was he,
That fed him with his Prophecies.

1 Gen. The same.

All these accus'd him strongly, which he fain
Would have flung from him; but indeed he could not,
And so his Peers upon this Evidence,
Have found him guilty of high Treason. Much

He

He spoke, and learnedly for Life ; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 *Gen.* After all this, how did he bear himself?

1 *Gen.* When he was brought again to th' Bar, to hear
His Knell rung out, his Judgment, he was stirr'd
With such an Agony, he sweat extreamly,
And something spoke in choler, ill and hasty ;
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly,
In all the rest, shew'd a most noble Patience.

2 *Gen.* I do not think he fears death.

1 *Gen.* Sure he does not,
He never was so Womanish, the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2 *Gen.* Certainly,
The Cardinal is the end of this.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures : First *Kildare's* Attainder,
Then Deputy of *Ireland*, who remov'd,
Earl *Surrey* was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his Father.

2 *Gen.* That trick of State
Was a deep envious one.

1 *Gen.* At his return,
No doubt he will requite it; this is noted
And generally, who ever the King favours,
The Cardinal instantly will find employment for,
And far enough from Court too.

2 *Gen.* All the Commons
Hate him perniciously, and O' my Conscience,
Wish him ten Fathom deep : This Duke as much
They love and doat on, call him Bounteous *Buckingham*,
The Mirror of all Courtesie.

*Enter Buckingham from his Arraignment. Tipstaves before
him, the Axe with the edge towards him, Halberds on each
side, accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovel, Sir Nicholas
Vaux, Walter Sands, and common People, &c.*

1 *Gen.* Stay there, Sir,
And see the noble ruin'd Man you speak of.

2 *Gen.* Let's stand close and behold him.

Buck. All good People,
 You that thus far have come to pity me,
 Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me,
 I have this day receiv'd a Traitor's Judgment,
 And by that name must die; yet Heav'n bear witness,
 And if I have a Conscience, let it sink me,
 Even as the Axe falls, if I be not faithful.
 To th'Law I bear no malice for my death,
 'T has done upon the Premises, but Justice:
 But those that fought it, I could wish more Christians:
 Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em;
 Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
 Nor build their evils on the Graves of great Men;
 For then, my guiltless Blood must cry against 'em.
 For further life in this World I ne'er hope,
 Nor will I sue, although the King have Mercies
 More than I dare make Faults.
 You few that lov'd me,
 And dare be bold to weep for *Buckingham*,
 His noble Friends and Fellows, whom to leave
 Is only bitter to him, only dying,
 Go with me like good Angels to my end,
 And as the long divorce of Steel falls on me,
 Make of your Prayers one sweet Sacrifice,
 And lift my Soul to Heav'n.
 Lead on a God's Name.

Lov. I do beseech your Grace for Charity,
 If ever any malice in your Heart
 Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, I as free forgive you
 As I would be forgiven: I forgive all.
 There cannot be those numberless Offences
 'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with:
 No black envy shall make my Grave.
 Commend me to his Grace:
 And if he speak of *Buckingham*, pray tell him,
 You met him half in Heav'n: My Vows and Prayers,
 Yet are the King's; and 'till my Soul forsake me,
 Shall cry for Blessings on him. May he live
 Longer than I have time to tell his Years;

Ever

Ever belov'd and loving may his Rule be ;
 And when old time shall lead him to his end,
 Goodness and he fill up one Monument.

Lov. To th' Water-side I must conduct your Grace,
 Then give my Charge up to Sir *Nicholas Vaux*,
 Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
 The Duke is coming : See the Barge be ready,
 And fit it with such Furniture as suits
 The greatness of his Person.

Buck. Nay, Sir *Nicholas*,
 Let it alone; my State now will but mock me.
 When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable,
 And Duke of *Buckingham*; now, poor *Edward Bohun*;
 Yet I am richer than my base Accusers,
 That never knew what Truth meant : I now seal it ;
 And with that Blood will make 'em one Day groan for't.
 My noble Father, *Henry of Buckingham*,
 Who first rais'd head against Usurping *Richard*,
 Flying for succour to his Servant *Banister*,
 Being distrest, was by that wretch betray'd,
 And without Trial, fell; God's peace be with him.
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
 My Father's loss, like a most Royal Prince
 Restor'd me to my Honours; and out of Ruins
 Made my Name once more Noble. Now his Son,
Henry the Eighth, Life, Honour, Name, and all
 That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
 For ever from the World. I had my Trial,
 And must needs say, a Noble one; which makes me
 A little happier than my wretched Father :
 Yet thus far are we one in Fortune, both
 Fell by our Servants, by those Men we lov'd most :
 A most unnatural and faithless Service.
 Heav'n has an end in all; yet, you that hear me,
 This from a dying Man receive as certain :
 Where you are liberal of your Loves and Counsels,
 Be sure you be not loose; for those you make Friends,
 And give your Hearts to, when they once perceive
 The least rub in your Fortunes, fall away

Like Water from ye, never found again,
 But where they mean to sink ye; all good People
 Pray for me, I must now forsake ye; the last hour
 Of my long weary Life is come upon me:
 Farewel; and when you would say something that is sad,
 Speak how I fell.

I have done; and God forgive me.

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Train.*]

1 *Gen.* O, this is full of pity; Sir, it calls,
 I fear, too many curses on their Heads,
 That were the Authors.

2 *Gen.* If the Duke be guiltless,
 'Tis full of woe; yet I can give you inkling
 Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
 Greater than this.

1 *Gen.* Good Angels keep it from us:
 What may it be? you do not doubt my Faith, Sir?

2 *Gen.* This Secret is so weighty, 'twill require
 A strong faith to conceal it.

1 *Gen.* Let me have it;
 I do not talk much.

2 *Gen.* I am confident;
 You shall, Sir: Did you not of late Days hear
 A buzzing, of a Separation,
 Between the King and *Katharine*?

1 *Gen.* Yes, but it held not;
 For when the King once heard it, out of anger
 He sent command to the Lord Mayor straight
 To stop the Rumour, and allay the Tongues
 That durst disperse it.

2 *Gen.* But that slander, Sir,
 Is a sound truth now; for it grows again
 Fresher than e'er it was, and held for certain
 The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,
 Or some about him near, have, out of malice
 To the good Queen, possess't him with a scruple
 That will undo her: To confirm this too,
 Cardinal *Campeius* is arriv'd, and lately,
 As all think, for this business.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis the Cardinal;
 And meerly to revenge him on the Emperor,

For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The Arch-bishoprick of *Toledo*, this is purpos'd.

2 *Gen.* I think

You have hit the mark; but is't not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this? the Cardinal
Will have his Will, and she must fall.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis woful.

We are too open here to argue this:
Let's think in Private more.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, reading a Letter.

MY Lord, the Horses your Lordship sent for, with all
the care I had I saw well chosen, ridden, and fur-
nish'd. They were young and handsome, and of the best Breed
in the North. When they were ready to set out for London,
a Man of my Lord Cardinal's, by Commission and main Power
took 'em from me, with this reason: His Master would be
serv'd before a Subject, if not before the King, which stopp'd
our Mouths, Sir.

I fear, he will indeed; well, let him have them; he will
have all, I think.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlain, the Dukes of Norfolk
and Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your Graces.

Suf. How is the King employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad Thoughts and Troubles.

Nor. What's the Cause?

Cham. It seems the Marriage with his Brother's Wife,
Has crept too near his Conscience.

Suf. No, his Conscience
Has crept too near another Lady.

Nor. 'Tis so;
This is the Cardinal's doing; the King-Cardinal:
That blind Priest, like the eldest Son of Fortune,
Turns what he list. The King will know him one Day.

Suf.

Suf. Pray God he do,
He'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his Business,
And with what zeal? For now he has crackt the League
Between us and the Emperor, the Queen's great Nephew,
He dives into the King's Soul, and there scatters
Dangers, Doubts, wringing of the Conscience,
Fears, and Despair, and all these for his Marriage.
And out of all these, to restore the King,
He counsels a Divorce, a loss of her,
That like a Jewel, has hung twenty Years
About his Neck, yet never lost her Lustre;
Of her that loves him with that excellence,
That Angels love good Men with; even of her,
That, when the greatest stroke of Fortune falls,
Will bless the King; and is not this course pious?

Cham. Heav'n keep me from such Counsel; 'tis most true,
These News are every where, every Tongue speaks 'em,
And every true Heart weeps for't. All that dare
Look into these Affairs, see his main end,
The French King's Sister. Heav'n will one day open
The King's Eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad Man.

Suf. And free us from his Slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this Imperious Man will work us all
From Princes into Pages; all Mens Honours
Lye like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my Lords,
I love him not, nor fear him, there's my Creed:
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the King please; his Curses and his Blessings
Touch me alike; th' are breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the Pope.

Nor. Let's in;
And with some other Business, put the King
From these sad Thoughts, that work too much upon him;
My Lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me,
The King has sent me other-where : Besides
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him :
Health to your Lordships. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

Nor. Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.

The Scene draws, and discovers the King sitting and reading pensively.

Suf. How sad he looks ; sure he is much afflicted.

King. Who's there ? Ha ?

Nor. Pray God, he be not angry.

King. Who's there, I say ? how dare you thrust your selves
Into my private Meditations ?
Who am I ? ha ?

Nor. A gracious King, that pardons all Offences
Malice ne'er meant : Our breach of Duty this way,
Is Business of Estate ; in which, we come
To know your Royal Pleasure.

King. Ye are too bold :

Go to ; I'll make ye know your times of Business:
Is this an hour for temporal Affairs ? ha ?

Enter Wolsey, and Campeius the Pope's Legat, with a Commission.

Who's there ? my good Lord Cardinal ? O my Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded Conscience ;

Thou art a cure fit for the King ; you're welcome,

Most learned reverend Sir, into our Kingdom,

Use us, and it ; my good Lord, have great care,

I be not found a Talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot:

I would your Grace would give us but an hour
Of private Conference.

King. We are busie ; go.

Nor. This Priest has no Pride in him ?

Suf. Not to speak of :

I would not be so sick though, for his place :

But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do, I'll venture one heave at him.

Suf. I another.

[*Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.*]

Wol. Your Grace has given a Precedent of Wisdom
Above all Princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the Voice of Christendom :

Who

Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
 The *Spaniard*, ty'd by blood and favour to her,
 Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
 The Trial just and noble. All the Clerks,
 I mean the learned ones in Christian Kingdoms,
 Have their free Voice. *Rome*, the Nurse of Judgment,
 Invited by your Noble self, hath sent
 One general Tongue unto us, this good Man,
 This just and learned Priest, Cardinal *Campeius*,
 Whom once more I present unto your Highness.

King. And once more in mine Arms I bid him welcome,
 And thank the holy Conclave for their Loves,
 They have sent me such a Man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your Grace must needs deserve all Strangers loves,
 You are so Noble: To your Highness's Hand
 I tender my Commission; by whose virtue,
 The Court of *Rome* commanding, You, my Lord,
 Cardinal of *York*, are join'd with me, their Servant,
 In the impartial judging of this Business.

King. Two equal Men: The Queen shall be acquainted
 Forthwith for what you come. Where's *Gardiner*?

Wol. I know your Majesty has always lov'd her,
 So dear in Heart, not to deny her that,
 A Woman of less Place might ask by Law,
 Scholars allow'd, freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favour
 To him that does best, God forbid else; Cardinal,
 Prithee call *Gardiner* to me, my new Secretary,
 I find him a fit Fellow.

Enter Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your Hand; much joy and favour to you;
 You are the King's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
 For ever by your Grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

King. Come hither, *Gardiner*. [*Walks and whispers.*]

Cam. My Lord of *York*, was not one *Doctor Pace*
 In this Man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned Man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill Opinion spread then
Even of your self, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How ? of me ?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envy'd him ;
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign Man still, which so griey'd him,
That he ran Mad, and dy'd.

Wol. Heav'n's peace be with him ;
That's Christian care enough ; for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a Fool,
For he would needs be virtuous. That good Fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment ;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, Brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner Persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to th'Queen.

[*Exit Gardiner.*

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of Learning is *Black-Fryars* :
There ye shall meet about this weighty Business.
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O my Lord,
Would it not grieve an able Man to leave
So sweet a Bedfellow ? But Conscience, Conscience——
O 'tis a tender Place, and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither---here's the pang that pinches.
His Highness having liv'd so long with her, and she
So good a Lady, that no Tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her ; by my Life,
She never knew harm-doing ; Oh, now after
So many courses of the Sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a Majesty and Pomp, the which
To leave, a thousand fold more bitter, than
'Tis sweet at first t'acquire. After this Process,
To give her the Avaunt, it is a pity
Would move a Monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her,

Annt.

Anne. O'God's Will, much better
She ne'er had known Pomp; though't be temporal,
Yet if that quarrel, Fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
As Soul and Body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor Lady,
She's Stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her; verily
I swear 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in Content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring Grief,
And wear a golden Sorrow.

Old L. Our Content
Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth and Maidenhead,
I would not be a Queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture Maidenhead for't, and so would you
For all this spice of your Hypocrisie;
You that have so fair parts of Woman on you,
Have, too, a Woman's Heart, which ever yet
Affected Eminence, Wealth, Sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are Blessings; and which Gifts
(Saving your mincing) the Capacity
Of your soft Chiverel Conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth—

Old L. Yes, troth and troth; you would not be a Queen?

Anne. No, not for all the Riches under Heav'n.

Old L. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd now would hire
Old as I am, to Queen it; but I pray you, (me,
What think you of a Dutchess? have you Limbs
To bear that load of Title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made, pluck off a little,
I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: If your Back
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a Boy.

Anne. How do you talk !
I swear again, I would not be a Queen
For all the World.

Old L. In faith for little *England*
You'll venture an emballing : I my self
Would for *Carnarvanshire*, although there long'd
No more to th' Crown but that. Lo, who comes here ?

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, Ladies ; what wer't worth to know
The secret of your Conference ?

Anne. My good Lord,
Not your demand ; it values not your asking :
Our Mistress Sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle Business, and becoming
The action of good Women, there is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, Amen.

Cham. You bear a gentle Mind, and heavenly Blessings
Follow such Creatures. That you may, fair Lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high Notes
Ta'en of your many Virtues ; the King's Majesty
Commends his good Opinion of you, to you ; and
Does purpose Honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of *Pembrook* ; to which Title
A thousand pound a year, Annual support,
Out of his Grace, he adds.

Anne. I do not know
What kind of Obedience, I should tender ;
More than my All, is nothing : Nor my Prayers
Are not Words duly hallowed, nor my Wishes
More worth than empty Vanities ; yet Prayers and Wishes
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your Lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my Thanks, and my Obedience,
As from a blushing Handmaid to his Highness ;
Whose Health and Royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady ;
I shall not fail t'approve the fair conceit
The King hath of you. I have perus'd her well,
Beauty and Honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the King ; and who knows yet,
But from this Lady may proceed a Gem,

To lighten all this Isle? I'll to the King,
And say I spoke with you. *[Exit Chamberlain.*

Anne. My honour'd Lord.

Old L. Why this it is: See, see,
I have been begging sixteen Years in Court
(Am yet a Courtier beggarly) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early, and too late
For any suit of Pounds; and you, oh fate,
A very fresh Fish here; fie, fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune, have your Mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? Is it bitter? Forty Pence, no:
There was an old Lady once ('tis an old Story)
That would not be a Queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in *Egypt*; have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your Theme, I could
O'er-mount the Lark; the Marchioness of *Pembrook*?
A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect?
No other Obligation? But my Life,
That promises more thousands: Honour's train
Is longer than his Fore-skirt; by this time
I know your Back will bear a Dutchess. Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good Lady,
Make your self Mirth with your particular Fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my Blood a jot; it faints me
To think what follows.

The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence; pray do not deliver,
What here y'ave heard to her.

Old L. What do you think me—— *[Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Trumpe's, Sonnet, and Cornets. Enter two *Vergers*, with *Stor^t*
Silver Wands; next them two *Scribes* in the *habitus* of *Doctors*:
After them, the *Bishop* of *Canterbury* alone; after him, the
Bishops of *Lincoln*, *Ely*, *Rochester*, and *St. Alaph*; next them,
with

with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the great Seal, and a Cardinal's Hat; then two Priests, bearing each a Silver Cross; then a Gentleman-Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Serjeant at Arms, bearing a Mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two Silver Pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals, two Noblemen with the Sword and Mace. The King takes place under the Cloth of State; the two Cardinals sit under him as Judges. The Queen takes place some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the Court in manner of a Consistory: Below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the Stage. !

Vol. Whilst our Commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?
It hath already publickly been read,
And on all sides th' Authority allow'd,
You may then spare that time.

Vol. Be't so, proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come into the Court,
Cryer. Henry King of England, &c.

King. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katherine Queen of England,
Come into the Court.

Cryer. Katherine, Queen of England, &c.

The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her Chair, goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneels at his Feet; then speaks;

Sir, I desire you to do me Right and Justice,
And to bestow your Pity on me; for
I am a most poor Woman, and a Stranger,
Born out of your Dominions; having here
No Judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal Friendship and Proceeding. Alas, Sir,
In what have I offended you? What cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good Grace from me? Heav'n witness,
I have been to you a true and humble Wife,

At all times to your Will conformable:
 Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
 Yea, subject to your Countenance; glad, or sorry,
 As I saw it inclin'd? when was the hour
 I ever contradicted your Desire?
 Or made it not mine too? Or which of your Friends
 Have I not strove to Love, although I knew
 He were mine Enemy? What Friend of mine,
 That had to him deriv'd your Anger, did I
 Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
 He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind,
 That I have been your Wife, in this Obedience,
 Upward of twenty Years, and have been blest
 With many Children by you. If in the course
 And process of this time you can report,
 And prove it too, against mine Honour ought,
 My bond of Wedlock, or my Love and Duty
 Against your Sacred Person; in God's name
 Turn me away; and let foul'st Contempt
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up
 To the sharp'st kind of Justice. Please you, Sir,
 The King, your Father, was reputed for
 A Prince most prudent, and an excellent
 And unmatch'd Wit and Judgment. *Ferdinand*
 My Father, King of *Spain*, was reckon'd one
 The wisest Prince, that there had reign'd, by many
 A year before. It is not to be question'd,
 That they had gather'd a wise Council to them
 Of every Realm, that did debate this Business,
 Who deem'd our Marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
 Beseech you, Sir, to spare me, 'till I may
 Be by my Friends in *Spain* advis'd; whose Counsel
 I will implore. If not, i'th' name of God
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd.

Wol. You have here, Lady,
 (And of your choice) these Reverend Fathers, Men
 Of singular Integrity and Learning:
 Yea, the elect o'th' Land, who are assembled
 To plead your Cause. It shall be therefore bootless,
 That longer you defer the Court, as well

For your own quiet, as to rectifie
What is unsettled in the King.

Cam. His Grace

Hath spoken well, and justly; therefore, Madam,
It's fit this Royal Session do proceed,
And that, without delay, their Arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Queen. Lord Cardinal, to you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, Madam.

Queen. Sir, I am about to weep; but thinking that
We are a Queen, or long have dream'd so, certain
The Daughter of a King, my drops of Tears
I'll turn to sparks of Fire.

Wol. Be patient yet —

Queen. I will, when you are humble, nay before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent Circumstances, that
You are mine Enemy, and make my Challenge.
You shall not be my Judge. For it is you
Have blown this Coal, betwixt my Lord and me,
Which God's dew quench; therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my Soul
Refuse you for my Judge, whom yet once more
I hold my most malicious Foe, and think not
At all a Friend to Truth.

Wol. I do profess

You speak not like your self, who ever yet
Have stood to Charity, and display'd th' effects
Of Disposition gentle, and of Wisdom
O'er-topping Woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong,
I have no Spleen against you, nor Injustice
For you, or any; how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a Commission from the Consistory,
Yea, the whole Consistory of *Rome*. You charge me,
That I have blown this Coal; I do deny it,
The King is present: If it be known to him,
That I gainsay my Deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my Falshood? yea, as much
As you have done my Truth. If he know
That I am free of your Report, he knows

I am not of your Wrong. Therefore in him
It lyes to cure me, and the Cure is to
Remove these thoughts from you. The which before
His Highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious Madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say no more.

Queen. My Lord, my Lord,
I am a simple Woman, much too weak
T'oppose your Cunning. Y'are meek, and humble mouth'd,
You sign your Place and Calling, in full seeming,
With Meekness and Humility; but your Heart
Is cramm'd with Arrogance, Spleen and Pride,
You have by Fortune and his Highness Favours,
Gone slightly o'er low Steps, and now are mounted
Where Powers are your Retainers, and your Words,
Domesticks to you, serve your Will, as't please
You self pronounce their Office. I must tell you,
You tender more your Person's Honour, than
Your high Profession Spiritual. That again
I do refuse you for my Judge, and here
Before you all, Appeal unto the Pope,
To bring my whole Cause 'fore his Holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.

Cam. The Queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to Justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be try'd by't; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Cryer. Katherine, Queen of England, come into the Court.

Usher. Madam, you are call'd back.

Queen. What need you note it? pray you keep your way,
When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience—pray you pass on;
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their Courts.

[*Exeunt Queen, and her Attendants.*

King. Go thy ways, Kate,
That Man i'th' World, who shall report he has
A better Wife, let him in nought be trusted,

For speaking false in th't; thou art alone,
 If thy rare Qualities, sweet Gentleness,
 Thy Meekness Saint-like, Wife-like Government,
 Obeying in commanding, and thy Parts
 Sovereign and Pious, could speak thee out,
 The Queen of earthly Queens: She's Noble born;
 And like her true Nobility, she has
 Carried her self towards me.

Vol. Most gracious Sir,
 In humblest manner I require your Highness
 That it shall please you to declare in hearing
 Of all these Ears (for where I am robb'd and bound,
 There must I be unloos'd, although not there
 At once, and fully satisfy'd) whether ever I
 Did broach this Business to your Highness, or
 Laid any scruple in your way, which might
 Induce you to the question on't; or ever
 Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
 A Royal Lady, spake one, the least word that might
 Be the prejudice of her present State,
 Or touch of her good Person?

King. My Lord Cardinal,
 I do excuse you; yea, upon mine Honour,
 I free you from't: You are not to be taught,
 That you have many Enemies, that know not
 Why they are so, but like the Village Curs,
 Bark when their fellows do. By some of these
 The Queen is put in anger; y'are excus'd:
 But will you be more justify'd? You ever
 Having with'd the sleeping of this Business, never desir'd
 It to be stirr'd; but oft have hindred, oft,
 The Passages made towards it; on my Honour,
 I speak my good Lord Cardinal to this point;
 And thus far clear him.

Now, what mov'd me to't,
 I will be bold with time and your attention:
 Then mark th' inducement. Thus it came; give heed to't:
 My Conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
 Scruple, and prick, on certain Speeches utter'd
 By the Bishop of *Bayon*, then *French* Ambassador,
 Who had been hither sent on the debating

And

And Marriage 'twixt the Duke of *Orleans*, and
 Our Daughter *Mary*: I'th' Progress of this business,
 E'er a determinate resolution, he,
 I mean the Bishop, did require a respite,
 Wherein he might the King his Lord advertise,
 Whether our Daughter were Legitimate,
 Respecting this our Marriage with the Dowager,
 Sometime our Brother's Wife. This respite shook
 The bosom of my Conscience, enter'd me,
 Yea, with a splitting Power, and made to tremble
 The region of my Breast, which forc'd such way,
 That many maz'd Considerings did throng
 And prest in with this Caution. First, methought
 I stood not in the smile of Heav'n, who had
 Commanded Nature, that my Lady's Womb,
 If it conceiv'd a Male-child by me, should
 Do no more Offices of Life to't, than
 The Grave does to th' Dead; for her Male-Issue,
 Or died where they were made, or shortly after
 This World had air'd them. Hence I took a thought,
 This was a Judgment on me, that my Kingdom,
 Well worthy the best Heir o'th' World, should not
 Be glad in't by me. Then follows, that
 I weigh'd the Danger which my Realms stood in
 By this my Issues fail, and that gave to me
 Many a groaning throw; thus hulling in
 The wild Sea of my Conscience, I did steer
 Towards this Remedy, whereupon we are
 Now present here together; that's to say,
 I meant to rectifie my Conscience, which
 I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,
 By all the Reverend Fathers of the Land,
 And Doctors learred. First, I began in private,
 With you, my Lord of *Lincoln*; you remember
 How under my Oppression I did reel,
 When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my Liege.

King. I have spoke long, be pleas'd your self to say
 How far you satisfy'd me.

Lin. So please your Highness,
 The Quest on did at first so stagger me,

Bearing

Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
 And consequence of dread, that I committed
 The daring'st Council which I had to doubt,
 And did intreat your Highness to this Course,
 Which you are running here.

King. I then mov'd you,
 My Lord of *Canterbury*, and got your leave
 To make this present Summons unfollicated.
 I left no reverend Person in this Court,
 But by particular consent proceeded
 Under your Hands and Seals; therefore go on,
 For no dislike i'th' World against the Person
 Of our good Queen, but the sharp thorny Points
 Of my alledged Reasons, drives this forward:
 Prove but our Marriage lawful, by my Life
 And kingly Dignity, we are contented
 To wear our mortal State to come, with her
 (*Katharine* our Queen) before the primest Creature
 That's Paragon'd o'th' World.

Cam. So please your Highness,
 The Queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness,
 That we Adjourn this Court to a further day;
 Mean while must be an earnest motion
 Made to the Queen, to call back her Appeal
 She intends unto his Holiness.

King. I may perceive
 These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
 This dilatory Sloth, and Tricks of *Rome*.
 My learned and well-beloved Servant *Cranmer*,
 Prithee return; with thy approach, I know,
 My comfort comes along: break up the Court:
 I say, set on. [Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.]

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

Enter Queen and her Women, as at Work.

Queen. TAKE thy Lute, Wench,
 My Soul grows sad with Troubles,
 Sing, and disperse 'em if thou can'st: leave working.

S O N G.

SONG.

ORpheus, with his Lute, made Trees,
 And the Mountain tops, that freeze,
 Bow themselves when he did sing.
 To his Musick, Plants and Flowers
 Ever spring, as Sun and Showers
 There had made a lasting Spring.
 Every thing that heard him play,
 Even the Billows of the Sea,
 Hung their Heads, and then lay by.
 In sweet Musick is such Art,
 Killing Care, and Grief of Heart,
 Fall asleep, or hearing dye.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?

Gent. And't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals
 Wait in the Presence.

Queen. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, Madam.

Queen. Pray their Graces

To come near; what can be their Business
 With me, a poor weak Woman, fall'n from Favour?
 I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,
 They should be good Men, their Affairs are Righteous,
 But, *All Hoods make not Monks.*

Enter the Cardinals Wolsey and Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your Highness.

Queen. Your Graces find me here part of a House-wife;
 (I would be all) against the worst may happen:
 What are your Pleasures with me, Reverend Lords?

Wol. May it please you, Noble Madam, to withdraw
 Into your private Chamber; we shall give you
 The full cause of our coming.

Queen. Speak it here.

There's nothing I have done yet, o'my Conscience,
 Deserves a Corner; would all other Women
 Could speak this with as free a Soul, as I do:
 My Lords, I care not (so much I am happy
 Above a number) if my Actions

Were try'd by every Tongue, every Eye saw 'em,
 Envy and base Opinion set against 'em,
 I know my Life to even. If your Business
 Seek me out, and that way I am Wile in ;
 Out with it boldly : Truth loves open Dealing.

Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, Regina Serenissima.--

Queen. Good my Lord, no *Latin* ;
 I am not such a Truant since my coming,
 As not to know the Language I have liv'd in :
 A strange Tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious :
 Pray speak in *English* ; here are some will thank you,
 If you speak truth, for their poor Mistress sake ;
 Believe me she has had much wrong. Lord Cardinal,
 The willing'st Sin I ever yet committed,
 May be absolv'd in *English*.

Wol. Noble Lady,
 I am sorry my Integrity should breed
 (And Service to his Majesty and you)
 So deep Suspicion, where all Faith was meant ;
 We come not by the way of Accusation,
 To taint that Honour every good Tongue blesses ;
 Nor to betray you any way to Sorrow,
 You have too much, good Lady : But to know
 How you stand minded in the weighty Difference
 Between the King and you, and to deliver,
 Like free and honest Men, our just Opinions,
 And comforts to your Cause.

Cam. Most honoured Madam,
 My Lord of *York*, out of his noble Nature,
 Zeal and Obedience, he still bore your Grace,
 Forgetting, like a good Man, your late Censure
 Both of his Truth and him, (which was too far)
 Offers, as I do, in a sign of Peace,
 His Service and his Counsel.

Queen. To betray me.
 My Lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
 Ye speak like honest Men, pray God ye prove so,
 But how to make ye suddenly an Answer
 In such a point of weight, so near mine Honour,
 (More near my Life, I fear) with my weak Wit,
 And to such Men of Gravity and Learning ;

In truth I know not. I was set at work
 Among my Maids, full little, God knows, looking
 Either for such Men, or such Business;
 For her sake that I have been, for I feel
 The last fit of my Greatness, good your Graces,
 Let me have Time and Council for my Cause :
 Alas, I am a Woman friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam,

You wrong the King's Love with those Fears,
 Your Hopes and Friends are infinite.

Queen. In England,

But little for my profit : Can you think, Lord,
 That any *English* Man dare give me Counsel ?
 Or be a known Friend 'gainst his Highness pleasure,
 Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,
 And live a Subject ? Nay forsooth, my Friends,
 They that must weigh out my Afflictions,
 They that my trust must grow to, live not here,
 They are, as all my other Comforts, far hence
 In mine own Country, Lords.

Cam. I would your Grace
 Would leave your Grievs, and take my Counsel.

Queen. How, Sir ?

Cam. Put your main Cause into the King's Protection.
 He's loving and most gracious. 'Twill be much
 Both for your Honour better, and your Cause :
 For if the Trial of the Law o'er-take ye,
 You'll part away disgrac'd;

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my Ruin:
 Is this your Christian Counsel ? Out upon ye,
 Heav'n is above all yet ; there sits a Judge,
 That no King can corrupt.

Cam. Your Rage mistakes us.

Queen. The more shame for ye ; holy Men I thought ye,
 Upon my Soul, two reverend Cardinal Virtues ;
 But Cardinal Sins, and hollow Hearts, I fear ye :
 Mend 'em for shame, my Lords : Is this your comfort ?
 The Cordial that ye bring a wretched Lady ?
 A Woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd ?
 I will not wish ye half my Miseries.

I have more Charity. But say I warn'd ye ;
Take heed, for Heav'n's sake take heed, lest at once
The burthen of my Sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a meer Distraction,
You turn the Good we offer into Envy.

Queen. Ye turn me into nothing. Wo upon ye,
And all such false Professors. Would you have me
(If you have any Justice, any Pity.
If ye be any thing, but Churchmens Habits)
Put my sick Cause into his Hands that hates me ?
Alas, h'as banish'd me his Bed already,
His Love too, long ago. I am old, my Lords,
And all the Fellowship I hold now with him
Is only by Obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness ? All your Studies
Make me a Curse, like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.——

Queen. Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak my self,
Since Virtue finds no Friends) a Wife, a true one ?
A Woman (I dare say without Vain-glory)
Never yet branded with Suspicion ?
Have I, with all my full Affections
Still met the King ? lov'd him next Heav'n, obey'd him ?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him ?
Almost forgot my Prayers to content him ?
And am I thus rewarded ? 'tis not well, Lords.
Bring me a constant Woman to her Husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a Joy, beyond his pleasure :
And to that Woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an Honour ; a great Patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good
We aim at.

Queen. My Lord,
I dare not make my self so guilty.
To give up willingly that noble Title
Your Master wed me to : Nothing but Death
Shall e'er divorce my Dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me——

Queen. Would I had never trod this *English* Earth,
Or felt the Flatteries that grow upon it :
Ye have Angels Faces, but Heav'n knows your Hearts.

What

What shall become of me now ! wretched Lady !
I am the most unhappy Woman living.
Alas, poor Wenches, where are now your Fortunes ?

[To her Women.

Ship-wrack'd upon a Kingdom, where no Pity,
No Friends, no Hope, no Kindred weep for me ?
Almost no Grave allow'd me ? like the Lilly,
That once was Mistress of the Field, and flourish'd,
I'll hang my Head, and perish.

Wol. If your Grace

Could but be brought to know our Ends are honest,
You'll feel more comfort. Why should we, good Lady,
Upon what cause wrong you ? Alas, our Places,
The way of our Profession is against it ;
We are to cure such Sorrows, not to sow 'em.
For goodness sake consider what you do,
How you may hurt your self, ay, utterly
Grow from the King's Acquaintance, by this Carriage.
The Hearts of Princes kiss Obedience,
So much they love it : But to stubborn Spirits,
They swell and grow as terrible as Storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble Temper,
A Soul as even as a Calm ; pray think us,
Those we profess, Peace-makers, Friends and Servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so :

You wrong your Virtues
With these weak Womens fears. A Noble Spirit,
As yours was, put into you ever casts
Such doubts as false Coin from it. The King loves you,
Beware you lose it not ; for us (if you please
To trust us in your Business) we are ready
To use our utmost Studies in your Service.

Queen. Do what you will, my Lords ;
And pray forgive me,
If I have us'd my self unmannerly ;
You know I am a Woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such Persons.
Pray do my Service to his Majesty.

He has my Heart yet ; and shall have my Prayers
While I shall have my Life. Come, Reverend Fathers,
Bestow your Counsels on me. She now begs

That little thought when she set footing here,
She should have bought her Dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Enter the Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolk, Lord Surrey,
and Lord Chamberlain,*

Nor. If you will now unite in your Complaints,
And force them with a Constancy, the Cardinal
Cannot stand under them. If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new Disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least Occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my Father-in-law the Duke,
To be reveng'd on him,

Suf. Which of the Peers
Have uncontain'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? When did he regard
The stamp of Nobleness in any Person
Out of himself?

Cham. My Lords, you speak your Pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me, I know:
What we can do him (though now the time
Gives way to us) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to th'King, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the King in's Tongue.

Nor. O fear him not,
His Spell in that is out; the King hath found
Matter against him that for ever mars
The Hony of his Language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his high Displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such News as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the Divorce, his contrary Proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,

As I would wish mine Enemy.

Sur. How came

His Practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O how? how?

Suf. The Cardinal's Letters to the Pope miscarried,
And came to th' Eye o' th' King, wherein was read,
How that the Cardinal did intreat his Holiness
To stay the Judgment o' th' Divorce; for if
It did take place, I do, quoth he, perceive
My King is tangled in Affection, to
A Creature of the Queen's, Lady *Anne Bullen*.

Sur. Ha's the King this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his own way. But in this Point,
All his tricks founder, and he brings his Physick
After his Patient's death; the King already
Hath married the fair Lady.

Sur. Would he had.

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my Lord,
For I profess you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the Conjunction.

Suf. My Amen to't.

Nor. All Mens.

Suf. There's order given for her Coronation:
Marry this is but young, and may be left
To some Ears unrecounted. But, my Lords,
She is a gallant Creature, and compleat
In Mind and Feature, I persuade me from her
Will fall some Blessing to this Land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But will the King
Digest this Letter of the Cardinal's?
The Lord forbid.

Nor. Marry, Amen.

Suf. No, no:

There be moe Wasps that buz about his Nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. *Cardinal Campeius*

Is stoln away to *Rome*, hath ta'en no leave,
Hath left the Cause to th'King unhandled, and
Is posted as the Agent of our Cardinal,
To second all his Plot. I do assure you,
The King cry'd Ha! at this.

Cham. Now God incense him;
And let him cry Ha, louder.

Nor. But, my Lord,
When returns *Cranmer*?

Suf. He is return'd with his Opinions, which
Have satisfy'd the King for his Divorce,
Gather'd from all the famous Colleges
Almost in Christendom; shortly, I believe,
His second Marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her Coronation. *Katharine* no more
Shall be call'd Queen, but Princess Dowager,
A Widow to Prince *Arthur*.

Nor. This same *Cranmer's*
A worthy Fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the King's Business.

Suf. He has, and we shall see him,
For it, an Archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.

Enter Wolsey and Cromwel.

The Cardinal.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The Packet, *Cromwel*,
Gav't you the King?

Crom. To his own Hand, in's Bed-chamber.

Wol. Lock'd he o'th' inside of the Paper?

Crom. Presently,
He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious Mind; a heed
Was in his Countenance. You he bad
Attend him here this Morning.

Wol. Is he ready to come Abroad?

Crom. I think by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while.

It shall be to the Dutchess of *Alençon*,
The *French* King's Sister; he shall marry her.

[Exit *Cromwel*.

[Aside.

Anne Bullen !---No, I'll no *Anne Bullens* for him,——
There's more in't than fair Visage——*Bullen!*——
No, we'll no *Bullens*——Speedily I wish
To hear from *Rome*——the Marchioness of *Pembrook!*——

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be he hears the King
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord for thy Justice.

Vol. [*Aside.*] The late Queen's Gentlewoman!
A Knight's Daughter!
To be her Mistress's Mistress! the Queen's Queen!——
This Candle burns not clear, 'tis I must snuff it,
Then out it goes——What though I know her virtuous,
And well-deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholsom to
Our Cause!——that she should lye i'th' Bosom of
Our hard-rul'd King!——Again, there is sprung up
An Heretick, an arch one; *Cranmer*, one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,
And is his Oracle.

Norf. He's vex'd at something.

Enter King, reading of a Schedule.

Sur. I would 'twere something that would fret the string
The Master-cord on's Heart.

Suf. The King, the King.

King. What piles of Wealth hath he accumulated
To his own Portion! and what expence by th' hour
Seems to flow from him! how i'th' name of Thrift
Does he rake this together! Now, my Lords,
Saw you the Cardinal?

Nor. My Lord, we have
Stood here observing him. Some strange Commotion
Is in his Brain; he bites his Lips and starts,
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the Ground,
Then lays his Finger on his Temple; straight
Springs out into fast Gate, then stops again,
Strikes his Breast hard, and then anon, he casts
His Eye against the Moon, in most strange Postures
We have seen him set himself.

King. It may well be,

There

There is a Mutiny in's mind. This Morning,
 Papers of State he sent me to peruse,
 As I requir'd; and wot you what I found
 There, on my Conscience put unwittingly,
 Forsooth an Inventory, thus importing
 The several parcels of his Plate, his Treasure,
 Rich Stuffs and Ornaments of Household, which
 I find at such a proud Rate, that it out-speaks
 Possession of a Subject.

Nor. It's Heaven's will,
 Some Spirit put this Paper in the Packet,
 To bless your Eye withal.

King. If we did think
 His Contemplations were above the Earth,
 And fix'd on spiritual Objects, he should still
 Dwell in his Musings, but I am afraid
 His thinkings are below the Moon, nor worth
 His serious considering.

He takes his Seat, whispers Lovel, who goes to Wolsey.

Wol. Heaven forgive me —
 Ever God bless your Highness —

King. Good my Lord,
 You are full of heavenly Stuff, and bear the Inventory
 Of your best Graces, in your Mind; the which
 You were now running o'er; you have scarce time
 To steal from spiritual leisure, a brief span
 To keep your earthly Audit, sure in that
 I deem you an ill Husband, and am glad
 To have you therein my Companion.

Wol. Sir,
 For Holy Offices I have a time; time
 To think upon the part of Business, which
 I bear i'th' State; and Nature does require
 Her times of Preservation, which perforce
 I her frail Son, amongst my Brethren mortal,
 Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your Highness yoke together,
 As I will lend you cause, my doing well,
 With my well saying.

King. 'Tis well said again.

And

And 'tis a kind of good Deed to say well,
And yet Words are no Deeds. My Father lov'd you,
He said he did, and with this Deed did crown
His Word upon you. Since I had my Office
I have kept you next my Heart, have not alone
Imploy'd you where high Profits might come home,
But par'd my present Havings, to bestow
My Bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean?

Sur. The Lord increase this Business.

King. Have I not made you

The prime Man of the State? I pray you tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:
And if you may confess it, say withal
If you are to bound to us, or no. What say you?

Wol. My Sovereign, I confess your Royal Graces
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes require, which went
Beyond all Man's endeavours. My endeavours,
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet fill'd with my Abilities: Mine own Ends
Have been so, that evermore they pointed
To th' good of your most Sacred Person, and
The profit of the State: For your great Graces
Heap'd upon me, poor Undeserver, I
Can nothing render but Allegiant Thanks,
My Prayers to Heav'n for you; my Loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
'Till Death, that Winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd:

A-Loyal and Obedient Subject is
Therein illustrated, the Honour of it
Does pay the Act of it, as i'th' contrary
The foulness is the Punishment. I presume,
That as my Hand has open'd Bounty to you,
My Heart dropp'd Love, my Pow'r rain'd Honour, more
On you, than any; so your Hand and Heart,
Your Brain, and every Function of your Power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of Duty,
As 'twere in Love's particular, be more
To me, your Friend, than any.

[*Aside.*

[*Aside.*

Wol.

Wol. I do profess,
 That for your Highness good, I ever labour'd
 More than mine own; That am I, have been, and will be;
 Though all the World should crack their duty to you,
 And throw it from their Soul; though perils did
 Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
 Appear in forms more horrid; yet, my Duty,
 As doth a Rock against the chiding Flood,
 Should the approach of this wild River break,
 And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis noble spoken;
 Take notice Lords, he has a loyal Breast,
 For you have seen him open't. Read o'er this,
 And after this, and then to Breakfast with
 What appetite you may.

[*Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey, the Nobles
 throng after him whispering and smiling.*]

Wol. What should this mean?
 What sudden Anger's this? How have I reap'd it?
 He parted frowning from me, as if Ruin
 Leap'd from his Eyes. So looks the chafed Lion
 Upon the daring Huntsman that has gall'd him,
 Then makes him nothing. I must read this Paper:
 I fear, the Story of his Anger——'Tis so——
 This Paper has undone me——'Tis th' Account
 Of all that World of Wealth I have drawn together
 For mine own ends, indeed to gain the Popedom,
 And see my Friends in Rome. O Negligence!
 Fit for a Fool to fall by: What cross Devil
 Made me put this main Secret in the Packet
 I sent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
 No new device to beat this from his Brains?
 I know 't will stir him strongly; yet I know
 A way, if it take right, in spite of Fortune
 Will bring me off again. What's this——*To the Pope?*
 The Letter, as I live, with all the Business
 I writ to's Holiness. Nay, then farewell;
 I have touch'd the highest point of all my Greatness,
 And from that full Meridian of my Glory,
 I haste now to my Setting. I shall fall

Like a bright Exhalation in the Evening,
And no Man see me more.

Enter to Wolsey, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl
of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal,
Who commands you
To render up the great Seal presently
Into our hands, and to confine your self
To *Asher-house*, my Lord of *Winchester's*,
'Till you hear further from his Highness.

Wol. Stay :

Where's your Commission, Lords? words cannot carry
Authority so mighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em,

Bearing the King's Will from his Mouth expressly?

Wol. 'Till I find more than will, or words to do it,
I mean your Malice, know, *Officious Lords*,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what course Metal ye are molded———Envy:
How eagerly ye follow my Disgrace
As if it fed ye, and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my Ruin?
Follow your envious Courses, Men of Malice;
You have a Christian warrant for 'em, and no doubt
In time will find their fit Rewards. That Seal
You ask with such a Violence, the King,
Mine, and your Master, with his own hand gave me:
Bad me enjoy it, with the Place, and Honours
During my life; and to confirm his goodness,
Ty'd it by Letters Patents. Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The King that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou art a proud Traitor, Priest.

Wol. Proud Lord, thou lyest:

Within these forty hours, *Surrey* durst better
Have burnt that Tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy Ambition,
Thou scarlet Sinner, robb'd this bewailing Land
Of noble *Buckingham*, my Father-in-Law:
The Heads of all thy Brother Cardinals,

With

With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,
 Weigh'd not a Hair of his. Plague of your Policy,
 You sent me Deputy for *Ireland*,
 Far from his succour; from the King, from all
 That might have mercy on the fault, thou gav'st him:
 Whil'tt your great Goodness, out of holy Pity,
 Absolv'd him with an Axe.

Wol. This, and all else.

This talking Lord can lay upon my Credit,
 I answer, is most false. The Duke by Law
 Found his deserts. How innocent I was
 From any private malice in his end,
 His noble Jury, and soul Cause can witness.
 If I lov'd many words, Lord, I should tell you,
 You have as little Honesty, as Honour,
 That in the way of Loyalty, and Truth
 Toward the King, my ever Royal Master,
 Dare mate a sounder Man than *Surrey* can be,
 And all that love his Follies.

Sar. By my Soul,
 Your long Coat, Priest, protects you,
 Thou should'st feel
 My Sword i'th' Life-Blood of thee else. My Lord's,
 Can ye endure to hear this Arrogance?
 And from this Fellow? If we live thus tamely,
 To be thus Jaded by a piece of Scarlet,
 Farewel Nobility; let his Grace go forward,
 And dare us with his Cap, like Larks.

Wol. All Goodness
 Is poison to thy Stomach.

Sar. Yes, that Goodness
 Of gleaning all the Lands-wealth into one,
 Into your own hands, Card'nal, by Extortion:
 The goodness of your intercepted Packets
 You writ to the Pope, against the King; your goodness,
 Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
 My Lord of *Norfolk*, as you are truly noble,
 As you respect the common Good, the State
 Of our despis'd Nobility, our Issues,
 Who, if he live, will scarce be Gentlemen,
 Produce the grand sum of his Sins, the Articles

Collected from his Life. I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring Bell, when the brown Wench
Lay kissing in your Arms, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How much methinks I could despise this Man,
But that I am bound in Charity against it.

Nor. Those Articles, my Lord, are in the King's Hand:
But thus much, they are foul ones,

Wol. So much fairer
And spotless shall mine Innocence arise,
When the King knows my Truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my Memory, I yet remember
Some of these Articles, and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry Guilty, Cardinal,
You'll shew a little Honesty.

Wol. Speak on, Sir,
I dare your worst Objections: If I blush,
It is to see a Nobleman want Manners.

Sur. I had rather want those, than my Head;
Have at you.

First, that without the King's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a Legat, by which power
You maim'd the Jurisdiction of all Bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to *Rome*, or else
To foreign Princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the King
To be your Servant.

Suf. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of King or Council, when you went
Ambassador to the Emperor, you made bold
To carry into *Flanders* the great Seal.

Sur. Item, You sent a large Commission
To *Gregory de Cassalis*, to conclude,
Without the King's Will, or the States allowance,
A League between his Highness and *Ferrara*.

Suf. That out of meer Ambition, you have caus'd
Your Holy-Hat to be stamp'd on the King's Coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,
By what means got I leave to your own Conscience,
To furnish *Rome*, and to prepare the ways
You have for Dignities, to the meer undoing

Of all the Kingdom. Many more there are
Which since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my Mouth with.

Cham. O my Lord,
Pres not a falling Man too far; 'tis Virtue:
His Faults lye open to the Laws, let them,
Not you, correct him. My Heart weeps to see him
So little, of his great Self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleasure is,
Because all those things you have done of late,
By your Power Legatine, within this Kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a Præmunire;
That therefore such a Writ be sued against you,
To forfeit all your Goods, Lands, Tenements,
Castles, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the King's Protection. This is my Charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your Meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great Seal to us,
The King shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*]

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewel, a long farewell to all my Greatness.
This is the state of Man; to day he puts forth
The tender Leaves of Hopes, to morrow Blossoms,
And bears his blushing Honours thick upon him:
The third Day comes a Frost, a killing Frost,
And when he thinks, good easie Man, full surely
His Greatness is a ripening, nips his Root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton Boys that swim on Bladders,
This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown Pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me
Weary, and old with Service, to the mercy
Of a rude Stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of the World, I hate ye,
I feel my Heart new open'd. Oh how wretched
Is that poor Man that hangs on Princes Favours?

There

There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet Aspect of Princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than Wars or Women have:
And when he falls, he falls like *Lucifer*,
Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell standing amaz'd.

Why, how now *Cromwell*?

Crom. I have no power to speak, Sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd

At my Misfortunes? Can thy Spirit wonder
A great Man should decline. Nay, and you weep
I am fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace?

Wol. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good *Cromwell*,
I know my self now, and I feel within me
A Peace above all Earthly Dignities,
A still and quiet Conscience. The King has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his Grace; and from these Shoulders
This ruin'd Pillar, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a Navy, too much Honour.
O'tis a Burden, *Cromwell*, 'tis a Burden
Too heavy for a Man, that hopes for Heav'n.

Crom. I am glad your Grace
Has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have:

I am able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of Soul, I feel,
To endure more Miseries, and greater far
Than my weak-hearted Enemies dare offer.
What News abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the King.

Wol. God bless him.

Crom. The next is, that Sir *Thomas Moor* is chosen
Lord Chancellor, in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden——

But he's a learned Man. May he continue
Long in his Highness favour, and do Justice
For Truth's-sake, and his Conscience; that his Bones,

When he has run his course, and sleeps in Blessings,
 May have a Tomb of Orphans Tears wept on him.
 What more?

Crom. That *Cranmer* is return'd with welcome;
 Install'd Lord Archbishop of *Canterbury*.

Wol. That's News indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady *Anne*,
 Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,
 This day was view'd in open, as his Queen,
 Going to Chappel; and the Voice is now
 Only about her Coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.

O *Cromwell*,
 The King has gone beyond me: All my Glories
 In that one Woman I have lost for ever.
 No Sun shall ever usher forth mine Honours,
 Or gild again the noble Troops that waited
 Upon my Smiles. Go get thee from me, *Cromwell*,
 I am a poor fallen Man, unworthy now
 To be thy Lord and Master. Seek the King,
 That Sun, I pray may never set; I have told him,
 What and how true thou art; he will advance thee:
 Some little memory of me will stir him,
 I know his noble Nature, not to let
 Thy hopeful service perish too. Good *Cromwell*,
 Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
 For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my Lord,
 Must I then leave you? Must I needs forgo
 So good, so noble, and so true a Master?
 Bear witness, all that have not Hearts of Iron,
 With what a Sorrow *Cromwell* leaves his Lord.
 The King shall have my service; but my Prayers
 For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. *Cromwell*, I did not think to shed a Tear
 In all my Miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the Woman.
 Let's dry our Eyes: And thus far hear me, *Cromwell*,
 And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold Marble, where no mention

Of me more must be heard: Say, I taught thee;
 Say, *Wolsey*, that once trod the ways of Glory,
 And founded all the Depths and Shoals of Honour,
 Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in:
 A sure, and safe one, though thy Master mist it.
 Mark but my Fall, and that that ruin'd me:
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away Ambition,
 By that Sin fell the Angels; how can Man then
 The Image of his Maker, hope to win it?
 Love thy self last, cherish those Hearts that hate thee:
 Corruption wins not more than Honesty.
 Still in thy right Hand, carry gentle Peace
 To silence envious Tongues. Be just, and fear not.
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy Country's,
 Thy God's and Truth's; then if thou fall'st, O *Cromwell*,
 Thou fall'st a blessed Martyr.
 Serve the King; and prithee lead me in:
 There take an Inventory of all I have,
 To the last Penny, 'tis the King's. My Robe,
 And my Integrity to Heav'n, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O *Cromwell*, *Cromwell*,
 Had I but serv'd my God, with half the Zeal
 I serv'd my King; he would not in mine Age
 Have left me naked to mine Enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewel

The hopes of Court, my hopes in Heav'n do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 *Gen.* **Y**ou're well met once again.

2 *Gen.* So are you.

1 *Gen.* You come to take your Stand here, and behold
 The Lady *Anne* pass from her Coronation.

2 *Gen.* 'Tis all my Business. At our last encounter,
 The Duke of *Buckingham* came from his Trial.

R. 2

1 *Gen.*

1 Gen. 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd Sorrow,
This, general Joy.

2 Gen. 'Tis well; the Citizens
I am sure have shewn at full their Royal Minds,
And let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward
In Celebration of this day with Shews,
Pageants, and Sights of Honour.

1 Gen. Never greater,
Nor I'll assure you better taken, Sir.

2 Gen. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
The Paper in your Hands?

1 Gen. Yes, 'tis the List
Of those that claim their Offices this Day,
By custom of the Coronation.
The Duke of *Suffolk* is the first, and claims
To be high Steward; next the Duke of *Norfolk*,
He to be Earl Marshal; you may read the rest.

2 Gen. I thank you, Sir; had I not known those Customs,
I should have been beholding to your Paper:
But I beseech you what's become of *Katharine*,
The Princes Dowager? How goes her Business?

1 Gen. That I can tell you too; the Archbishop
Of *Canterbury*, accompanied with other
Learned and Reverend Fathers of his Order,
Held a late Court at *Dunstable*, six Miles off
From *Amphil*, where the Princess lay, to which
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:
And to be short, for not Appearance, and
The King's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned Men, she was Divorc'd,
And the late Marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was removed to *Kimbolton*,
Where she remains now sick.

2 Gen. Alas good Lady!
The Trumpets sound; stand close,
The Queen is coming.

[Hautboys.]

The

The Order of the Coronation.

1. *A lively Flourish of Trumpets.*
 2. *Then two Judges.*
 3. *Lord Chancellor, with the Purse and Mace before him.*
 4. *Quiristers singing.* [Musick.]
 5. *Mayor of London, bearing the Mace. Then Garter in his Coat of Arms, and on his Head a Gilt Copper Crown.*
 6. *Marquess of Dorset, bearing a Scepter of Gold, on his Head a Demi-Coronal of Gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the Rod of Silver with the Dove, Crown'd with an Earl's Coronet. Collars of SS.*
 7. *Duke of Suffolk, in his Robe of Estate, his Coronet on his Head, bearing a long white Wand, as High Steward. With him the Duke of Norfolk, with the Rod of Marshalship, a Coronet on his Head. Collars of SS.*
 8. *A Canopy born by four of the Cinque-ports, under it the Queen in her Robe; in her Hair, richly adorned with Pearl, Crowned. On each side her the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
 9. *The old Dutches of Norfolk, in a Coronal of Gold, wrought with Flowers, bearing the Queen's Train.*
 10. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain Circlets of Gold without Flowers.*
- They pass over the Stage in Order and State, and then Exeunt, with a great Flourish of Trumpets.*

2 Gen. A Royal Train, believe me; these I know;
Who's that bears the Scepter?

1 Gen. Marquess Dorset.

And that the Earl of Surrey, with the Rod.

2 Gen. A bold brave Gentleman. That should be
The Duke of Suffolk.

1 Gen. 'Tis the same: High Steward.

2 Gen. And that my Lord of Norfolk?

1 Gen. Yes.

2 Gen. Heav'n bless thee,

Thou hast the sweetest Face I ever look'd on.

Sir, as I have a Soul, she is an Angel;
 Our King has all the *Indies* in his Arms.
 And more, and richer, when he strains that Lady :
 I cannot blame his Conscience.

1 *Gen.* They that bear
 The Cloth of Honour over her, are four Barons
 Of the *Cinque-Ports*.

2 *Gen.* Those Men are happy,
 And so are all, are near her.
 I take it, she that carries up the Train,
 Is that old noble Lady, the Dutchess of *Norfolk*.

1 *Gen.* It is, and all the rest are Countesses.

2 *Gen.* Their Coronets say so. These are Stars indeed,
 And sometimes falling ones.

1 *Gen.* No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you Sir. Where have you been broiling?

3 *Gen.* Among the Croud i'th' Abby, where a Finger
 Could not be wedg'd in more; I am stifled
 With the meer Rankness of their Joy.

2 *Gen.* You saw the Ceremony?

3 *Gen.* I did.

1 *Gen.* How was it?

3 *Gen.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gen.* Good Sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gen.* As well as I am able. The rich Stream
 Of Lords and Ladies, having brought the Queen
 To a prepar'd place in the Quire, fell off
 A distance from her; while her Grace sat down
 To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,
 In a rich Chair of State, opposing freely
 The Beauty of her Person to the People.
 Believe me, Sir, she is the goodliest Woman
 That ever lay by Man; which when the People
 Had the full View of, such a noise arose,
 As the shrowds make at Sea in a stiff Tempest,
 As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, Cloaks,
 Doublets, I think, flew up, and had their Faces
 Been lose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
 I never saw before. Great-belly'd Women,
 That had not half a Week to go, like Rams

In the old time of War, would shake the Press
And make 'em reel before 'em. No Man living
Could say, this is my Wife there, all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gen.* But what follow'd?

3 *Gen.* At length her Grace rose, and with modest Paces
Came to the Altar, where she kneel'd, and Saint-like
Cast her fair Eyes to Heav'n, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the People:
When by the Archbishop of *Canterbury*,
She had all the Royal makings of a Queen;
As holy Oil, *Edward Confessor's Crown*,
The Rod, and Bird of Peace, and all such Emblems
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the Quire
With all the choicest Musick of the Kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full State pac'd back again
To *York-Place*, where the Feast is held.

1 *Gen.* Sir,

You must no more call it *York-Place*, that's past:
For since the Cardinal fell, that Title's lost,
'Tis now the King's, and call'd *Whitehall*.

3 *Gen.* I know it:

But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old Name
Is fresh about me.

2 *Gen.* What two Reverend Bishops

Were those, that went on each side of the Queen?

3 *Gen.* *Stokesly* and *Gardiner*, the one of *Winchester*,
Newly prefer'd from the King's Secretary:
The other, *London*.

2 *Gen.* He of *Winchester*

Is held no great good Lover of the Archbishop,
The virtuous *Cranmer*.

3 *Gen.* All the Land knows that:

However yet there is no great breach, when it comes,
Cranmer will find a Friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gen.* Who may be that, I pray you?

3 *Gen.* *Thomas Cromwell*,

A Man in much esteem with th' King, and truly
A worthy Friend. The King has made him

Master o'th' Jewel House,
And one already of the Privy-Council.

2 *Gent.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gen.* Yes, without all doubt.

Come, Gentlemen, you shall go my way,
Which is to th'Court, and there ye shall be my Guests:
Something I can command; as I walk thither
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Enter Katharine Dowager, sick, led between Griffith her
Gentleman-Usher, and Patience her Woman.*

Grif. How does your Grace?

Kath. O *Griffith*, sick to death:

My Legs like loaded Branches bow to Earth,
Willing to leave their Burthen: Reach a Chair——
So——now methinks I feel a little ease. [*Sitting down.*]
Didst thou not tell me, *Griffith*, as thou lead'st me,
That the great Child of Honour, Cardinal *Wolsey*,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, Madam; but I think your Grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Prithee, good *Griffith*, tell me how he dy'd.
If well, he stept before me happily,
For my Example.

Grif. Well, the Voice goes, Madam;
For after the stout Earl of *Northumberland*
Arrested him at *York*, and brought him forward
As a Man sorely tainted, to his Answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his Mule.

Kath. Alas, poor Man.

Grif. At last, with easie Roads he came to *Leicester*,
Lodg'd in the Abby; where the reverend Abbot,
With all his Convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these Words. O Father Abbot,
An old Man broken with the Storms of State,
Is come to lay his weary Bones among ye;
Give him a little Earth for Charity.

So went to Bed; where eagerly his Sickness
Pursu'd him still, and three Nights after this,
About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last, full of Repentance,
Continual Meditations, Tears and Sorrows,
He gave his Honours to the World again,
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in Peace.

Kath. So may he rest,
His faults lay bury'd with him.
Yet thus far, *Griffith*, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with Charity; he was a Man
Of an unbounded Stomach, ever ranking
Himself with Princes. One that by Suggestion
Ty'd all the Kingdom; Simony was fair play,
His own Opinion was his Law. I'th' Presence
He would say Untruths, and be ever double
Both in his Words and Meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to Ruin, pitiful.
His Promises were, as he then was, Mighty;
But his Performance, as he now is, Nothing;
Of his own Body he was ill, and gave
The Clergy ill Example.

Grif. Noble Madam,
Mens evil Manners live in Brass, their Virtues
We write in Water. May it please your Highness
To hear me speak his Good now?

Kath. Yes, good *Griffith*,
I were malicious else.

Grif. This Cardinal,
Though from an humble Stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much Honour. From his Cradle
He was a Scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;
But to those Men that sought him, sweet as Summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
Which was a Sin, yet in bestowing, Madam,
He was most Princely; ever witness for him
Those twins of Learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and *Oxford*; one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to out-live the good that did it.

The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
 So excellent in Art, and still so rising,
 That Christendom shall ever speak his Virtue.
 His Overthrow heap'd Happiness upon him;
 For then, and not 'till then, he felt himself,
 And found the Blessedness of being little.
 And to add greater Honours to his Age
 Than Man could give him; he dy'd, fearing God.

Kath. After my Death, I wish no other Herald,
 No other Speaker of my living Actions,
 To keep mine Honour from Corruption,
 But such an honest Chronicler, as *Griffith*.
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me
 With thy religious Truth and Modesty,
 Now in his Ashes, Honour; Peace be with him.
Patience, be near me still, and set me lower.
 I have not long to trouble thee. Good *Griffith*,
 Cause the Musicians play me that sad Note
 I nam'd my Knell; whilst I sit meditating
 On that Celestial Harmony, I go to.

Sad and solemn Musick.

Grif. She is asleep: Good Wench, let's sit down quiet,
 For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle *Patience*.

The Vision. Enter solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white Robes, wearing on their Heads Garlands of Bays, and golden Vizards on their Faces, Branches of Bays or Palm in their Hands. They first Congee unto her, then Dance; and at certain Changes, the first two hold a spare Garland over her Head, at which the other four make reverend Curtsies. Then the two, that held the Garland, deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their Changes, and holding the Garland over her Head. Which done, they deliver the same Garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same Order. At which, as it were by Inspiration, she makes, in her sleep, signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her Hands to Heaven. And so in their Dancing vanish, carrying the Garland with them. The Musick continues.

Kath. Spi its of Peace, where are ye? are ye all gone?
 And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif.

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for,
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, Madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not even now a blessed Troop
Invite me to a Banquet, whose bright Faces
Cast a thousand Beams upon me, like the Sun?
They promis'd me eternal Happiness,
And brought me Garlands, *Griffith*, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, Madam, such good Dreams
Possess your Fancy.

Kath. Bid the Musick leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me.

[*Musick ceases.*]

Pat. Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her Face is drawn? How pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold? Mark her Eyes.

Grif. She is going, Wench. Pray, pray,——

Pat. Heaven comfort her.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. And't like your Grace——

Kath. You are a sawcy Fellow,
Deserve we no more Reverence?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted Greatness,
To use so rude Behaviour. Go to, kneel.

Mes. I humbly do intreat your Highness Pardon,
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A Gentleman sent from the King, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, *Griffith*. But this Fellow
Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

Enter Lord Capucius.

If my sight fail me not,
You should be Lord Ambassador from the Emperor,
My Royal Nephew, and your Name *Capucius*.

Cap. Madam, the same, your Servant.

Kath. O my Lord,
The Times and Titles now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me.
But I pray you,

What

What is your Pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble Lady,

First mine own Service to your Grace, the next
The King's request that I would visit you,
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his Princely Commendations,
And heartily intreats you take good Comfort.

Kath. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late,
'Tis like a Pardon after Execution;
That gentle Physick given in time had cur'd me:
But now I am past all Comforts here, but Prayers.
How does his Highness?

Cap. Madam, in good Health.

Kath. So may he ever do, and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with Worms, and my poor Name
Banish'd the Kingdom. *Patience*, is that Letter
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, Madam.

Kath. Sir, I must humbly pray you to deliver
Th's to my Lord the King.

Cap. Most willingly, Madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his Goodness
The Model of our chaste loves, his young Daughter,
The dews of Heav'n fall thick in Blessings on her,
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding.
She is young, and of a Noble modest Nature,
I hope she will deserve well, and a little
To love her for her Mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heav'n knows how dearly.

My next poor Petition
Is, that his Noble Grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched Women, that so long
Have follow'd both my Fortunes, faithfully,
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
And now I should not lye, but well deserve
For Virtue, and true Beauty of the Soul,
For Honesty, and decent Carriage,
A right good Husband, let him be a Noble,
And sure those Men are happy that shall have 'em.
The last is for my Men, they are the poorest,
But Poverty could never draw 'em from me,

That

That they may have their Wages duly paid 'em,
 And something over to remember me by.
 If Heav'n had pleas'd to have given me longer Life
 And able Means, we had not parted thus.
 These are the whole Contents, and good my Lord,
 By that you love the dearest in this World,
 As you wish peace to Christian Souls departed,
 Stand these poor Peoples Friend, and urge the King
 To do me this last Right.

Cap. By Heav'n I will,
 Or let me lose the fashion of a Man.

Kath. I thank you, honest Lord. Remember me
 In all humility unto his Highness;
 Say, his long trouble now is passing
 Out of this World. Tell him, in death I blest him,
 For so I will; mine Eyes grow dim. Farewel,
 My Lord. *Griffith* farewel. Nay, *Patience*,
 You must not leave me yet. I must to Bed,
 Call in more Women. When I am dead, good Wench,
 Let me be us'd with Honour, strew me over
 With Maiden Flowers, that all the World may know
 I was a chaste Wife to my Grave: Embalm me,
 Then lay me forth, although un-Queen'd, yet like
 A Queen, and Daughter to a King, inter me.
 I can no more. [*Exeunt, leading Katharine.*]

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

*Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a Torch
 before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovel.*

Gard. IT'S one a Clock, Boy, is't not?
Boy. It hath struck.

Gard. These should be hours for Necessities,
 Not for Delights; times to repair our Nature
 With comforting Repose, and not for us
 To waste these times. Good hour of Night, Sir Thomas,
 Whither so late?

Lov.

Lov. Came you from the King, my Lord?

Gard. I did, Sir *Thomas*, and left him at *Primero*
With the Duke of *Suffolk*.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to Bed. I'll take my leave.

Gard. Not yet, Sir *Thomas Lovel*; what's the matter?
It seems you are in haste: And if there be
No great Offence belongs to't, give your Friend
Some touch of your late Business; Affairs that walk,
As they say Spirits do, at midnight, have
In them a wilder Nature, than the Business
That seeks dispatch by Day.

Lov. My Lord, I love you:
And durst commend a Secret to your Ear
Much weightier than this Word. The Queen's in Labour,
They say in great extremity, and 'tis fear'd
She'll with the Labour end.

Gard. The Fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live; but for the Stock, Sir *Thomas*,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the Amen, and yet my Conscience says,
She is a good Creature, and sweet Lady, does
Deserve our better Wishes.

Gard. But, Sir, Sir——
Hear me, Sir *Thomas*——y'are a Gentleman
Of mine own way, I know you are Wise, Religious,
And let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'Twill not, Sir *Thomas Lovel*, tak't of me,
'Till *Cranmer*, *Cromwell*, her two Hands, and she,
Sleep in their Graves.

Lov. Now, Sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i'th' Kingdom; as for *Cromwell*,
Beside that of the Jewel-house, is made Master
O'th' Rolls, and the King's Secretary. Further, Sir,
Stands in the gap and trade for more Preferments,
With which the Time will load him. Th'Archbishop
Is the King's Hand, or Tongue, and who dare speak
One Syllable against him?

Gard.

Gard. Yes, yes, Sir *Thomas*,
 There are that dare; and I my self have ventur'd
 To speak my Mind of him; and indeed this Day,
 Sir, I may tell it you, I think I have
 Incens'd the Lords of the Council, that he is,
 (For so I know he is, they know he is)
 A most Arch-heretick, a Pestilence
 That does infect the Land; with which they mov'd,
 Have broken with the King, who hath so far
 Given ear to our Complaint, of his great Grace
 And Princely Care, foreseeing those fell Mischiefs
 Our Reasons laid before him, hath commanded
 To morrow Morning to the Council Board
 He be Convented, He's a rank Weed, Sir *Thomas*,
 And we must root him out. From your Affairs
 I hinder you too long: Good Night, Sir *Thomas*.

[*Exeunt Gardiner and Page.*

Lov. Many good Nights, my Lord, I rest your Servant.

Enter King and Suffolk.

King. Charles, I will play no more to Night,
 My Mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little, Charles,

Nor shall not, when my Fancy's on my Play.
 Now, *Lovel*, from the Queen what is the News?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
 What you commanded me, but by her Woman
 I sent your Message, who return'd her Thanks
 In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your Highness
 Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou! Ha!
 To pray for her! What! is she crying out?

Lov. So said her Woman, and that her suffrance made
 Almost each pang a death.

King. Alas, good Lady.

Suf. God safely quit her of her Burthern, and
 With gentle Travel, to the gladding of
 Your Highness with an Heir.

King. 'Tis midnight, Charles,
 Prithee to Bed, and in thy Prayers remember
 Th' estate of my poor Queen. Leave me alone,

For I must think of that, which Company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I with your Highness
A quiet Night, and my good Mistress will
Remember in my Prayers.

King. Charles, Good Night: [Exit Suffolk.
Well, Sir, what follows?

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Denny. Sir, I have brought my Lord the Archbishop,
As you commanded me.

King. Ha! *Canterbury!*——

Denny. Ay, my good Lord.

King. 'Tis true—— where is he, *Denny?*

Denny. He attends your Highness pleasure.

King. Bring him to us. [Exit Denny.

Lov. This is about that which the Bishop spake,
I am happily come hither. [Aside.

Enter Cranmer and Denny.

King. Avoid the Gallery. [Lovel seemeth to stay.
Ha!——I have said——be gone. [Exeunt Lovel and Denny.

Cran. I am fearful: Wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his Aspect of Terror. All's not well.

King. How now, my Lord?
You do desire to know, wherefore
I sent for you.

Cran. It is my Duty
To attend your Highness pleasure.

King. Pray you arise.
My good and gracious Lord of *Canterbury*:
Come, you and I must walk a turn together:
I have News to tell you.
Come, come, give me your Hand.
Ah my good Lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows,
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my Lord,
Grievous Complaints of you; which being consider'd,
Have mov'd us, and our Council, that you shall
This Morning come before us, where I know
You cannot with such freedom purge your self,
But that 'till further Trial, in those Charges

Which

Which will require your Answer, you must take
Your Patience to you, and be well contented
To make your House our *Tower*; you, a Brother of us.
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your Highness,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion,
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my Chaff
And Corn shall fly asunder. For I know
There's none stands under more calumnious Tongues
Than I my self, poor Man.

King. Stand up, good *Canterbury*;
Thy Truth and thy Integrity is rooted
In us, thy Friend. Give me thy hand, stand up,
Prithee let's walk. Now, by my holy Dame,
What manner of Man are you? My Lord, I look'd
You would have given me your Petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains, to bring together
Your self and your Accusers, and to have heard you
Without indurance further.

Cran. Most dread Liege,
The Good I stand on, is my Truth and Honesty:
If they shall fall, I, with mine Enemies,
Will triumph o'er my Person; which I weigh not,
Being of those Virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
How your State stands i'th' World, with the whole World?
Your Enemies are many, and not small; their Practices
Must bear the same proportion; and not ever
The Justice and the Truth o'th' question carries
The due o'th' Verdict with it. At what ease
Might corrupt Minds procure Knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? Such things have been done.
You are potently oppos'd; and with a Malice
Of as great a size. Ween you of better Luck,
I mean in perjur'd Witness, than your Master,
Whose Minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty Earth? Go to, go to,
You take a Precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own Destruction.

Cran. God and your Majesty
Protect mine Innocence, or I fall into
The Trap is laid for me.

King. Be of good Cheer,
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to :
Keep comfort to you, and this Morning see
You do appear before them. If they shall chance,
In charging you with Matters, to commit you ;
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use ; and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you. If Intreaties
Will render you no Remedy, this Ring
Deliver them, and your Appeal to us
There make before them. Look, the good Man weeps :
He's honest, on mine Honour. God's blest Mother,
I swear he is true-hearted, and a Soul
None better in my Kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit Cranmer.*]
He has strangled all his Language in his Tears

Enter old Lady.

Gent. within. Come back ; what mean you ?

Lady. I'll not come back, the tidings that I bring
Will make my Boldness Manners. Now good Angels
Fly o'er thy Royal Head, and shade thy Person
Under their blessed Wings.

King. Now by thy Looks
I guess thy Message. Is the Queen deliver'd ?
Say, Ay, and of a Boy :

Lady. Ay, ay, my Liege ;
'And of a lovely Boy ; the God of Heav'n
Both now, and ever blest her : 'Tis a Girl,
Promises Boys hereafter. Sir, your Queen
Desires your Visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this Stranger ; 'tis as like you,
As Cherry is to Cherry.

King. Lovell.

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred Marks,
I'll to the Queen.

[*Exit King.*]

Lady

Lady. An hundred Marks ! By this Light, I'll ha' more.
 An ordinary Groom is for such Payment.
 I will have more, or scold it out of him.
 Said I for this, the Girl was like to him ? I'll
 Have more, or else unsay't : and now, while 'tis hot,
 I'll put it to the Issue. [Exit Lady.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Crammer.

Cran. I hope I am not too late, and yet the Gentleman
 That was sent to me from the Council, pray'd me
 To make great haste. All fast ? What means this ? Ho ?
 Who waits there ? Sure you know me ?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my Lord ;
 But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why ?

Keep. Your Grace must wait 'till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So.

Butts. This is a piece of Malice : I am glad
 I came this way so haply. The King
 Shall understand it presently. [Exit Butts.]

Cran. 'Tis Butts,

The King's Physician, as he past along,
 How earnestly he cast his Eyes upon me ;
 Pray Heav'n he found not my Disgrace : for certain
 This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
 (God turn their Hearts, I never sought their Malice)
 To quench mine Honour ; they would shame to make me
 Wait else at Door : A Fellow-Councillor
 'Mong Boys, Grooms, and Lackeys !
 But their Pleasures
 Must be fulfilled, and I attend with Patience.

Enter the King and Butts at a Window above.

Butts. I'll shew your Grace the strangest sight---

King. What's that, Butts ?

Butts. I think your Highness saw this many a Day.

King. Body a me: where is it?

Butts. There, my Lord:

The high Promotion of his Grace of *Canterbury*,
Who holds his State at door 'mongst Purse-vants,
Pages, and Foot-boys.

King. Ha? 'tis he indeed.

Is this the Honour they do one another?

'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I had thought

They had parted so much Honesty among 'em,

At least good Manners, as not thus to suffer

A Man of his Place, and so near our Favour,

To dance Attendance on their Lordships Pleasures,

And at the Door too, like a Post with Packets:

By holy *Mary*, *Butts*, there's Knavery;

Let 'em alone, and draw the Curtain close.

We shall hear more anon.

A Council Table brought in with Chairs and Stools, and placed under the State. Enter Lord-Chancellor, places himself at the upper end of the Table, on the Left Hand: A Seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of Canterbury's Seat. Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord-Chamberlain, and Gardiner, seat themselves in Order on each side. Cromwel at the lower end, as Secretary.

Chan. Speak to the Business, Mr. Secretary:

Why are we met in Council?

Crom. Please your Honours,

The chief Cause concerns his Grace of *Canterbury*.

Gard. Has he knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

Keep. Without, my Noble Lords?

Gard. Yes.

Keep. My Lord Archbishop;

And has done half an hour, to know your Pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

Keep. Your Grace may enter now.

[*Cranmer approaches the Council Table.*

Chan.

Chan. My good Lord Archbishop, I'm very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That Chair stand empty: But we all are Men
In our own Natures frail, and capable
Of our Flesh, few are Angels; out of which Frai'ty
And want of Wisdom, you that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd your self, and not a little:
Toward the King first, then his Laws, in filling
The whole Realm, by your teaching and your Chaplains,
(For so we are inform'd) with new Opinions
Divers and dangerous, which are Heresies;
And not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which Reformation must be sudden too,
My noble Lords; for those that tame wild Horses,
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their Mouths with stubborn Bits, and spur 'em
'Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,
Out of our Easiness and childish Pity
To one Man's Honour, this contagious Sickness,
Farewel all Physick: And what follows then?
Commotions, Uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole State: As of late Days our Neighbours,
The upper *Germany*, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our Memories.

Cran. My good Lords; hitherto, in all the Progress
Both of my Life and Office, I have labour'd,
And with no little Study, that my Teaching,
And the strong Course of my Authority,
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever to do well: Nor is there living,
(I speak it with a single Heart, my Lords)
A Man that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private Conscience, and his Place,
Defacers of the publick Peace, than I do:
Pray Heav'n the King may never find a Heart
With less Allegiance in it. Men that make
Envy, and crooked Malice, Nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your Lordships,
That in this case of Justice, my Accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth Face to Face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my Lord,
That cannot be; you are a Councillor,
And by that Vertue no Man dare accuse you.

Gard. My Lord, because we have Business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his Highness pleasure,
And our consent, for better Tryal of you,
From hence you be committed to the *Tower*,
Where being but a private Man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ay, my good Lord of *Winchester*, I thank you,
You are always my good Friend; if your Will pass,
I shall both find your Lordship Judge and Juror,
You are so merciful. I see your end,
'Tis my undoing. Love and Meekness, Lord,
Become a Church-man better than Ambition:
Win straying Souls with Modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear my self,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my Patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do Conscience
In doing daily Wrongs. I could say more,
But Reverence to your Calling makes me modest.

Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a Sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted Gloss discovers,
To Men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My Lord of *Winchester*, you're a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; Men so Noble,
How ever faulty, yet should find Respect
For what they have been: 'Tis a Cruelty
To load a falling Man.

Gard. Good Mr. Secretary,
I cry your Honour's Mercy; you may, worst
Of all this Table, say so.

Crom. Why, my Lord?

Gard. Do not I know for you a Favourer
Of this new Sect? ye are not found.

Crom. Not found?

Gard. Not found, I say.

Crom. Would you were half so honest:
Mens Prayers then would seek you, not their Fears.

Gard.

Gard. I shall remember this bold Language.

Crom. Do.

Remember your bold Life too.

Cham. This is too much ;

Forbear for shame, my Lords.

Gard. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Cham. Then thus for you, my Lord, it stands agreed,
I take it, by all Voices ; that forthwith

You be convey'd to th'*Tower* a Prisoner ;

There to remain 'till the King's further Pleasure

Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, Lords ?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of Mercy,

But I must needs to th'*Tower*, my Lords ?

Gard. What other

Would you expect ? you are strangely troublesome ;

Let some o'th' Guard be ready there.

Enter the Guard.

Cran. For me ?

Must I go like a Traitor thither ?

Gard. Receive him.

And see him safe i'th' *Tower*.

Cran. Stay, good my Lords,

I have a little yet to say. Look there, my Lords ;

By vertue of that Ring, I take my Cause

Out of the gripes of cruel Men, and give it

To a most Noble Judge, the King my Master.

Cham. This is the King's Ring.

Gard. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis his right Ring, by Heav'n. I told ye all,

When we first put this dang'rous Stone a rowling,

'Twould fall upon our selves.

Nor. Do you think, my Lords,

The King will suffer but the little Finger

Of this Man to be vex'd ?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain,

How much more is his Life in value with him ?

Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My Mind gave me,
 In seeking Tales and Informations
 Against this Man, whose Honesty the Devil
 And his Disciples only envy at,
 Ye blew the Fire that burns ye; now have at ye.

Enter King frowning on them, takes his Seat.

Gard. Dread Sovereign,
 How much are we bound to Heav'n,
 In daily Thanks, that gave us such a Prince;
 Not only Good and Wise, but most Religious:
 One that in all Obedience, makes the Church
 The chief aim of his Honour, and to strengthen
 That holy Duty of our dear Respect,
 His Royal Self in Judgment comes to hear
 The Cause betwixt her and this great Offender.

King. You were ever good at sudden Commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
 To hear such Flattery now, and in my presence,
 They are too thin and base to hide Offences.
 To me you cannot reach; you play the Spaniel,
 And think with wagging of your Tongue to win me:
 But whatso'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure
 Thou hast a cruel Nature, and a bloody.
 Good Man, sit down: now let me see the proudest [*To Cran.*
 He that dares most, but wag his Finger at thee.
 By all that's Holy, he had better starve,
 Than but once think, this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your Grace, ———

King. No, Sir, it does not please me,
 I had thought I had Men of some Understanding,
 And Wisdom, of my Council; but I find none:
 Was it discretion, Lords, to let this Man,
 This good Man, (few of you deserve the Title,)
 This honest Man, wait like a lowlie Foot-boy
 At Chamber Door, and one, as great as you are?
 Why, what a shame was this? Did my Commission
 Bid ye so far forget your selves? I gave ye
 Power, as he was a Counsellor, to try him,
 Not as a Groom; there's some of ye, I see,
 More out of Malice than Integrity,

Would

Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have, while I do live.

Cham. Thus far,

My most dread Sovereign, may it like your Grace,
To let my Tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his Imprisonment, was rather,
If there be faith in Men, meant for his Trial,
And fair Purgation to the World, than Malice;
I'm sure in me.

King. Well, well, my Lords, respect him :
Take him, and use him well; he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, if a Prince
May be beholden to a Subject, I
Am, for his Love and Service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
Be Friends for shame, my Lords. My Lord of *Canterbury*,
I have a Suit, which you must not deny me.
There is a fair young Maid that yet wants Baptism,
You must be Godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest Monarch now alive may glory
In such an Honour; how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble Subject to you?

King. Come, come, my Lord, you'd spare your Spoons:
You shall have two noble Partners with you: the old Dutch-
ess of *Norfolk*, and the Lady Marquess of *Dorset*?
Will these please you?
Once more, my Lord of *Winchester*, I charge you
Embrace, and love this Man.

Gard. With a true Heart,
And Brother's love I do it.

Cran. And let Heav'n
Witness, how dear I hold this Confirmation.

King. Good Man, those joyful Tears shew thy true Heart;
The common Voice I see is verified
Of thee, which says thus: Do my Lord of *Canterbury*
A shrewd turn, and he's your Friend for ever.
Come, Lords, we trifle time away: I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, Lords, one remain:
So I grow stronger, you more Honour gain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Noise and Tumult within: Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye Rascals; do you take the Court for *Paris Garden*? ye rude Slaves, leave your gaping.

Within. Good Mr. Porter, I belong to th' Larder.

Port. Belong to the Gallows. and be hang'd, ye Rogue: Is this a Place to roar in? Fetch me a dozen Crab-tree Staves, and strong ones; these are but Switches to 'em: I'll scratch your Heads; you must be seeing Christnings? Do you look for Ale and Cakes here, you rude Rascals?

Man. Pray, Sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible, Unless we swept them from the Door with Cannons, To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep
On *May-day* Morning, which will never be:
We may as well push against *Pauls*, as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the Tide in?
As much as one sound Cudgel of four Foot,
You see the poor remainder, could distribute,
I made no spare, Sir.

Port. You did nothing, Sir.

Man. I am not *Sampson*, nor *Sir Guy*, nor *Colebrand*,
To mow 'em down before me; but if I spar'd any
That had a Head to hit, either young or old,
He or she, Cuckold, or Cuckold-maker,
Let me ne'er hope to see a *Chine* again;
And that I would not for a Cow, God save her.

Within. Do you hear, Mr. Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good Mr. Puppy.
Keep the Door close, Sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this *Morefields* to Muster in? Or have we some strange *Indian* with the great Tool, come to Court, the Women so besiege us? Bless me! what a fry of Fornication is at the Door? On my Christian Conscience, this one Christning will beget a thousand, here will be Father, God-father, and all together.

Man.
2-2-11

Man. The Spoons will be the bigger, Sir; there is a Fellow somewhat near the Door, he should be a Brasier by his Face, for o' my Conscience twenty of the Dog-days now reign in's Nose; all that stand about him are under the Line, they need no other Penance; that Fire-Drake did I hit three times on the Head, and three times was his Nose discharged against me; he stands there like a Mortar-piece to blow us up. There was Haberdasher's Wife of small Wit, near him, that rail'd upon me, 'till her pinck'd Porringer fell off her Head, for kindling such a combustion in the State. I mist the Meteor once, and hit that Woman, who cry'd out Clubs, when I might see from far, some forty Truncheons draw to her Succour, which were the hope o'th' Strand, where she was quarter'd; they fell on, I made good my Place; at length they came to th' Broom-staff to me, I defy'd 'em still, when suddenly a File of Boys behind 'em, loose shot, deliver'd such a shower of Pibbles, that I was fain to draw mine Honour in, and let 'em win the Work; the Devil was amongst 'em, I think surely.

Port. These are the Youths that thunder at a Play-house, and fight for bitten Apples, that no Audience but the Tribulation of *Tower-Hill*, or the Limbs of *Limt-House*, their dear Brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three Days; besides the running Banquet of two Beadles, that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o'me; what a Multitude are here?
They grow still too; from all Parts they are coming,
As if we kept a Fair here? where are these Porters?
These lazy Knaves? Ye've made a fine Hand, Fellows?
There's a trim Rabble let in; are all these
Your faithful Friends o'th' Suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the Ladies,
When they pass back from the Christning?

Port. And't please your Honour,
We are but Men, and what so many may do,
Not being torn in pieces, we have done:
An Army cannot rule 'em.

Cham.

Cham. As I live,
If the King blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By th' Heels, and suddenly; and on your Heads
Clap round Fines, for neglect: Y'are lazy Knaves,
And here ye lye baiting of Bombards, when
Ye should do Service. Hark, the Trumpets sound,
Th'are come already from the Christning;
Go break among the Press, and find a way out
To let the Troop pass fairly; or I'll find
A *Marshalsea* shall hold ye play these two Months.

Port. Make way there, for the Princess.

Man. You great Fellow,
Stand close up, or I'll make your Head ake.

Port. You i'th' Chamblet, get up o'th' Rail,
I'll peck you o'er the Pales else.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Trumpets sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his Marshal's Staff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen, bearing great standing Bowls for the Christning Gifts; Then four Noblemen bearing a Canopy, under which the Dutcheß of Norfolk, God-mother, bearing the Child richly habited in a Mantle, &c. Train born by a Lady: Then follows the Marchioness of Dorset, the other God-mother, and Ladies. The Troop pass once about the Stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven,
From thy endless Goodness send prosperous Life,
Long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty
Princesses of England, Elizabeth.

Flourish. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. And to your Royal Grace, and the good Queen,
My Noble Partners, and my self thus pray,
All comfort, joy in this most gracious Lady,
Heav'n ever laid up to make Parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye.

King. Thank you good Lord Archbishop:
What is her Name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King.

King. Stand up, Lord;
With this Kiss, take my Blessing: God prote& thee,
Into whose hand I give thy Life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble Gossips, y'have been too prodigal,
I thank ye heartily: So shall this Lady,
When she has so much *English*.

Cran. Let me speak, Sir,
For Heav'n now bids me; and the words I utter,
Let none think Flattery; for they'll find 'em Truth.
This Royal Infant, Heav'n still move about her,
Though in her Cradle, yet now promises
Upon this Land, a thousand thousand Blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be,
(But few now living can behold that Goodness,)
A Pattern to all Princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: *Saba* was never
More covetous of Wisdom, and fair Virtue,
Than this poor Soul shall be. All Princely Graces
That mould up such a mighty Piece as this is,
With all the Virtues that attend the Good,
Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse her,
Holy and Heav'nly Thoughts still Counsel her:
She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own shall bless her;
Her Foes shake like a Field of beaten Corn,
And hang their Heads with Sorrow:
Good grows with her.
In her days every Man shall eat in safety,
Under his own Vine what he plants; and sing
The merry Songs of Peace to all his Neighbours.
God shall be truly known, and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of Honour,
And by those claim their Greatness, not by Blood.
Nor shall this Peace sleep with her; But as when
The Bird of wonder dies, the Maiden Phoenix,
Her Ashes new create another Heir,
As great in admiration as her self;
So shall she leave her Blessedness to One,
(When Heav'n shall call her from this cloud of darkness,)
Who from the sacred Ashes of her Honour

Shall

Shall Star-like rise, as great in Fame as she was,
 And so stand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Love, Truth, Terror,
 That were the Servants to this chosen Infant,
 Shall then be his, and like a Vine grow to him;
 Where ever the bright Sun of Heav'n shall shine,
 His Honour, and the greatness of his Name,
 Shall be, and make new Nations. He shall flourish,
 And like a Mountain Cedar, reach his Branches,
 To all the Plains about him: Our Children's Children
 Shall see this, and bless Heav'n.

King. Thou speakest Wonders.

Cran. She shall be to the Happiness of *England*,
 An aged Princess; many days shall see her,
 And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
 Would I had known no more: But she must die,
 She must, the Saints must have her; yet a Virgin,
 A most unspotted Lilly shall she pass
 To th' Ground, and all the World shall mourn her.

King. O Lord Archbishop,
 Thou hast made me now a Man; never, before
 This happy Child, did I get any thing.
 This Oracle of Comfort has so pleas'd me,
 That when I am in Heav'n, I shall desire
 To see what this Child does, and praise my Maker.
 I thank ye all. To you, my good Lord Mayor,
 And you good Brethren, I am much beholden:
 I have receiv'd much Honour by your presence,
 And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, Lords,
 Ye must all see the Queen, and she must thank ye,
 She will be sick else. This day, no Man think
 H'as business at his House, for all shall stay:
 This little One shall make it Holy-day.

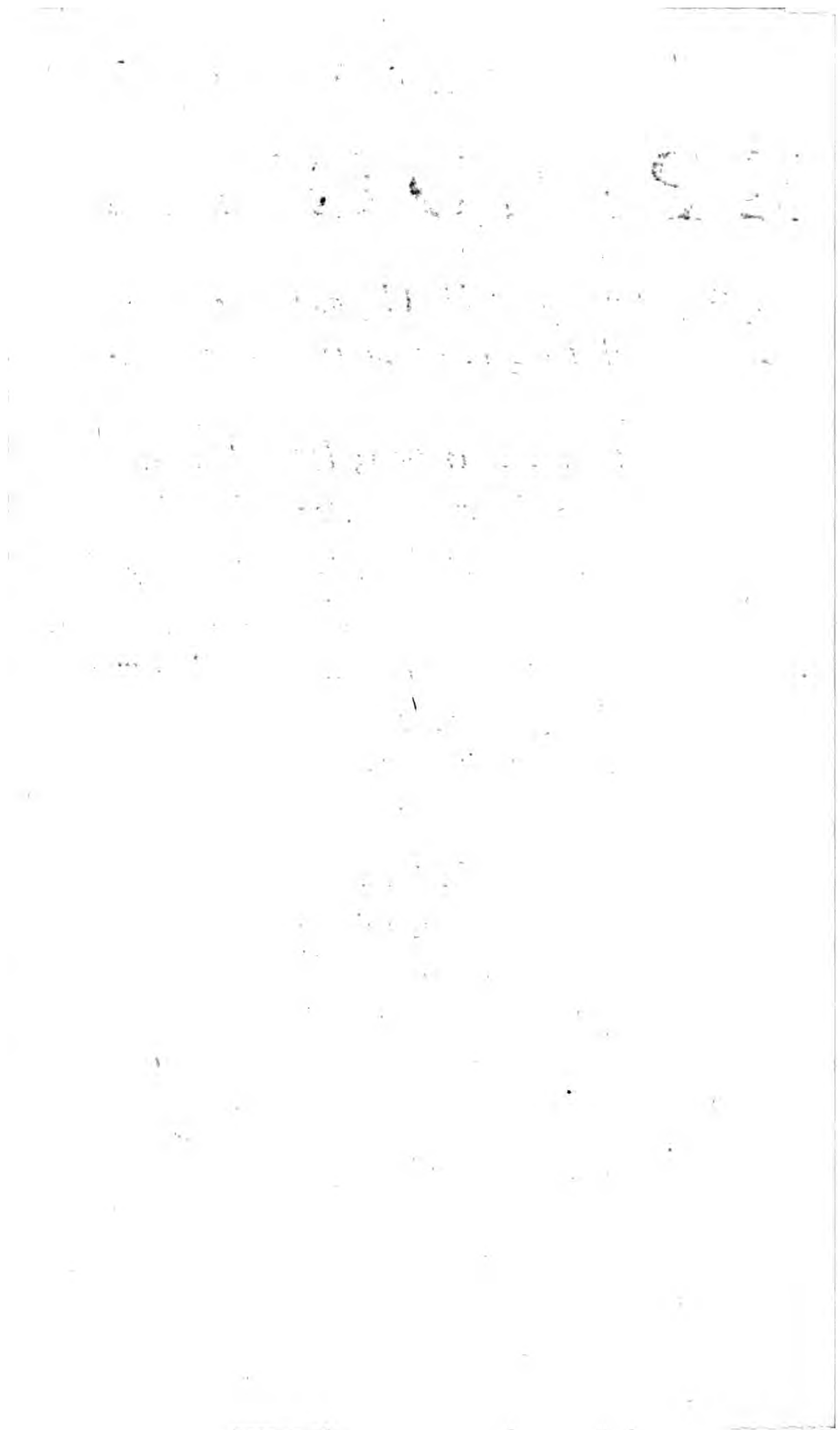
[*Exeunt.*]

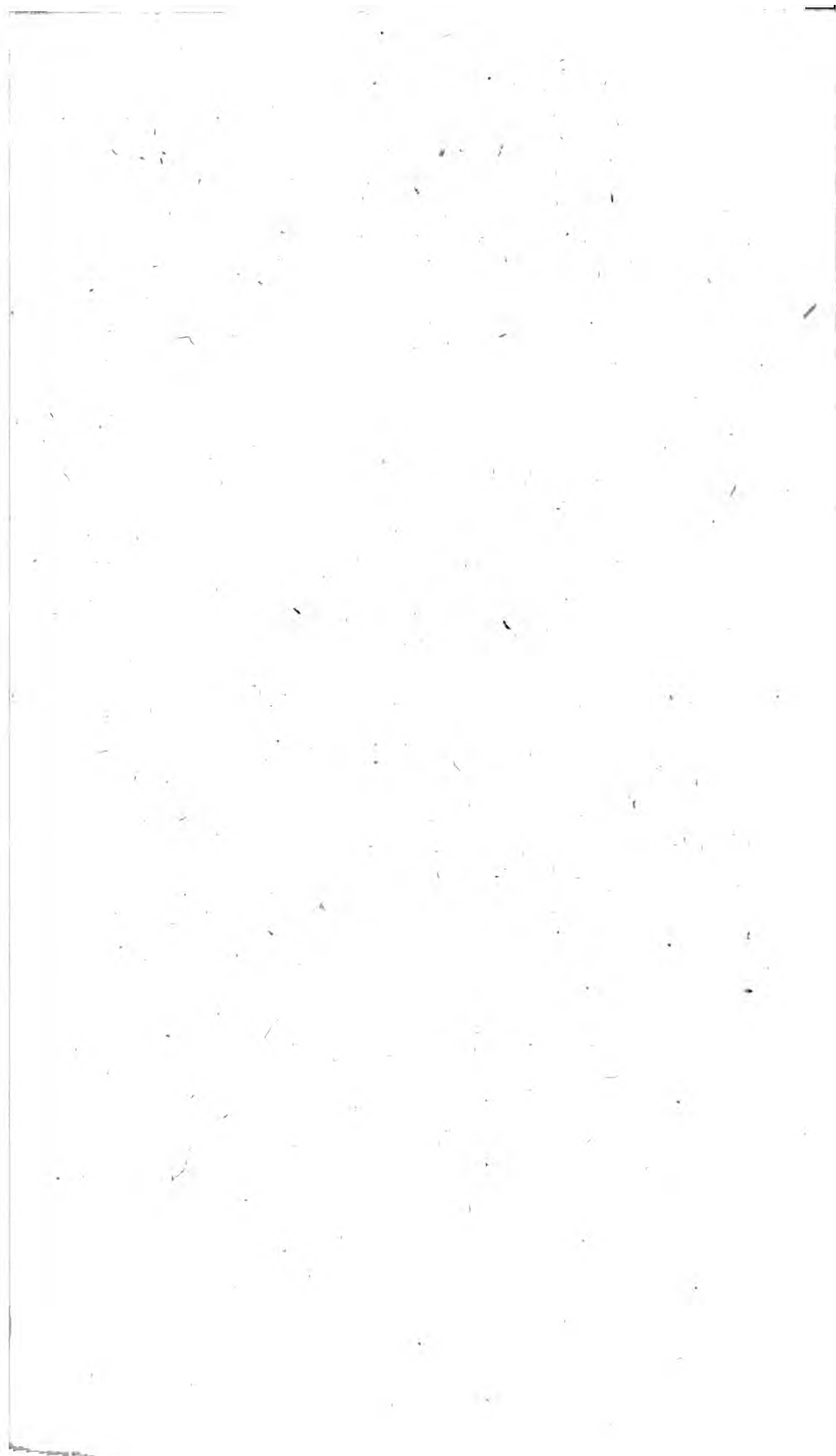
T H E

T H E
E P I L O G U E.

*'T*IS ten to one this Play can never please
All that are here : Some come to take
their ease,
And sleep out an Act or two ; but those we fear
We've frighted with our Trumpets : so 'tis clear,
They'll say it's naught. Others, to hear the City
Abus'd extreamly, and to cry That's witty ;
Which we have not done neither ; that, I fear,
All the expected good w'are like to hear,
For this Play at this time, is only in
The merciful Construction of good Women ;
For such a one we shew'd 'em : If they smile,
And say 'twill do ; I know within a while,
All the best Men are ours ; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their Ladies bid 'em clap.









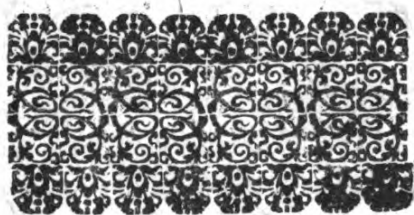
T R O I L U S

A N D

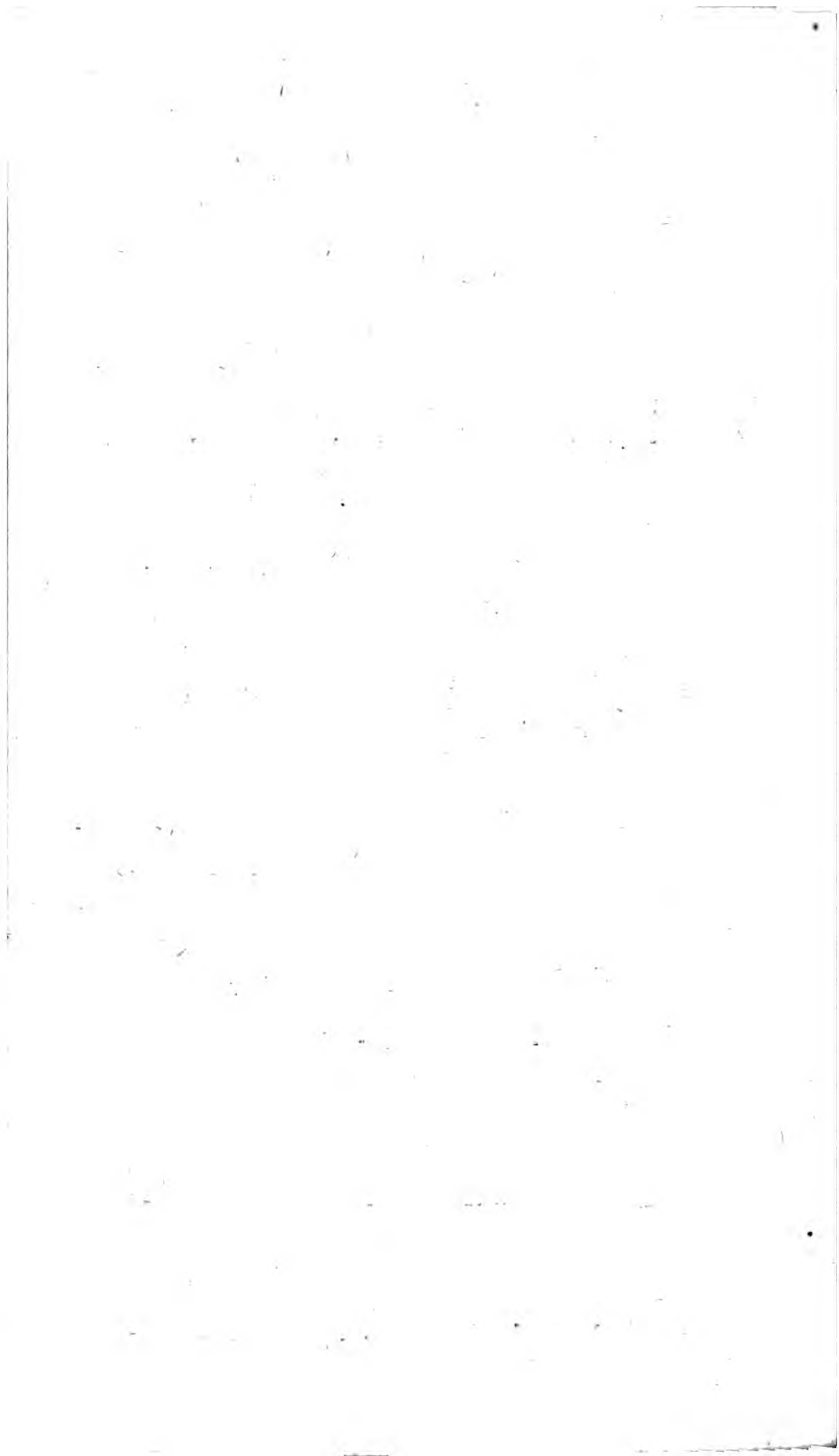
C R E S S I D A.

A

T R A G E D Y.



Printed in the YEAR 1709.



THE PROLOGUE

IN Troy, there lyes 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-gated City,
Dardan, and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenonidus, with massy Staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling Bolts,
Stir up the Sons of Troy.
Now Expectation tickling skittish Spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come
A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of Author's Pen, or Actor's Voice ; but suited
In like Conditions, as our Argument ;
To tell you (fair Beholders) that our Play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those Broils,
Beginning in the middle : starting thence away,
To what may be digested in a Play :
Like, or find fault, do as your Pleasures are,
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of War.

Dramatis Personæ.

PRiam,
Hector,
Troilus,
Paris,
Deiphobus,
Helenus,
Æneas,
Pandarus,
Antenor,

TROJANS.

Agamemnon,
Achilles,
Ajax,
Menelaus,
Ulysses,
Nestor,
Diomedes,
Patroclus,
Thersites,
Calchas,

GREEKS.

Helen, *Wife to Menelaus, in Love with Paris.*

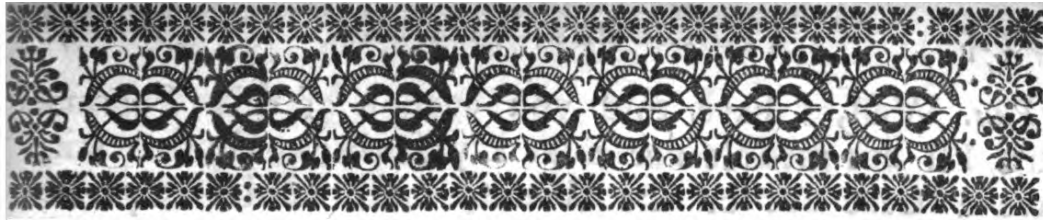
Andromache, *Wife to Hector.*

Cressida, *Daughter to Calchas, in Love with Troilus.*

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, with other Attendants

SCENE Troy and the Grecian Camp.

TROJ



T R O I L U S

A N D

C R E S S I D A.

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

S C E N E *Troy.*

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

T R O I L U S.



ALL here my Varlet, I'll unarm again.
Why should I war without the Walls of
Troy,
That find such cruel Battel 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,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant:
But I am weaker than a Woman's Tear,
Tamer than Sleep, fonder than Ignorance;
Less valiant than the Virgin in the Night,
And skilless as unpractis'd Infancy.

V O L. IV.

T 3

Pan.

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 her self, what Goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench at Sufferance, than I do:
At *Priam's* Royal Table I do sit;
And when fair *Cressid* comes into my Thoughts,
So, Traitor!—When she comes, when she is 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.

Pan. And her Hair were not somewhat darker than *He-
len'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 it—but I would some
Body 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 intrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In *Cressid's* Love. Thou answer'st, she is Fair,
Pour'st in the open Ulcer of my Heart,
Her Eyes, her Hair, her Cheek, her Gate, her Voice,

Handleft

Handlest in thy Discourse——O that! her Hand! ——
 (In whose Comparison, all Whites are Ink
 Writing their own Reproach) to whose soft seizure
 The Cignets Down is harsh, and Spirit of Sense
 Hard as the Palm of Ploughman. This thou tell'st me;
 As true thou tell'st me; when I say I love her:
 But saying thus, instead of Oil and Balm,
 Thou lay'st in every gash that Love hath given me,
 The Knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than Truth.

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, she
 has the mends in her own hands.

Troi. Good *Pandarus*; how now, *Pandarus*?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel, ill thought on
 of her, and ill thought on of you: Gone between and be-
 tween, 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 and she were a Black-a-More, '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,
 Fool, 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 *Pandarus*,

And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woe,
 And she is stubborn, chaste, against all fate.
 Tell me, *Apollo*, for thy *Daphne's* Love,
 What *Cressida* 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 mild and wandring Flood,
 Our self the Merchant, and this sailing *Pandar*
 Our doubtful Hope, our Convoy, and our Bark.

Alarum.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. How now Prince *Troilus*?
 Wherefore not i'th' Field?

Troi. Because not there; this Woman's answer sorts,
 For womanish it is to be from thence:

What News, *Æneas*, from the Field to day?

Æne. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

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.*

Enter Cressida and a Servant.

Cre. Who were those went by?

Ser. Queen *Hecuba* and *Helen*.

Cre. And whither go they?

Ser. Up to the Eastern Tower,
 Whose height commands as subject all the Vale,
 To see the Battel; *Hector*, whose Patience
 Is as a Virtue fix'd, to day was mov'd:
 He chid *Andromache*, and struck his Armorer,
 And like as there were Husbandry in War,
 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.

Ser. The noise goes this;
There is among the *Greeks*,
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, that his Valour is crusht into Folly, his Folly sauced with Discretion: There is no Man hath a Virtue, that he hath not a Glimpse of, nor any Man an Attaint, but he carries some Stain of it. He is melancholy without Cause, and merry against the Hair; he hath the Joints of every thing, but every thing so out of Joint, that he is a gouty *Briareus*, many Hands and no use; or pur-blinded *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 Battel and struck him down, the Disdain and Shame whereof hath ever since kept *Hector* fasting and waking.

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? 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, e're ye came to *Ilium*? *Helen* was not up? was she?

Cre. *Hector* was gone, but *Helen* was not up.

Pan. E'n so; *Hector* was stirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his Anger.

Pan.

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*.

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 a were himself; well, the Gods are above, time must friend or end; well, *Troilus*, well, I would my Heart were in her Body — no, *Hector* is not a better Man than *Troilus*.

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* her self 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 commanded *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 doe. She came to him th'other Day into the compast Window, and you know he has not past three or four Hairs on his Chin.

Cre. Indeed a Tapsters Arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a Total.

Pan. Why he is very Young, and yet will he within three Pound lift as much as his Brother *Hector*.

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. Oh yes, and '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 *Marvel's* white Hand, I must needs confess.

Cre.

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. But there was such laughing, Queen *Hecuba* laught that her Eye 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. And 'had been a green Hair, I should have laught too.

Pad. They laught not so much at the Hair as at his pretty Answer.

Cre. What was his Answer?

Pan. Quoth she, here's but two and fifty Hairs on your Chin, and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her Question.

Pan. That's true, make no question of that: Two 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't out and give it him: But there was such laughing, and *Helen* so blush'd, and *Paris* so chaf't, and all the rest so laught, that it pass't.

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, as '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 Neice do, sweet Neice *Cressida*.

Cre.

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' foundest 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 Rich shall have more.

Hector passes over.

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that, look you, that, there's a Fellow. Go thy way, *Hector*, there's a brave Man, Neice, O brave *Hector*! Look how he looks? there's a Countenance! is't not a brave Man?

Cre. O brave Man!

Pan. Is a not? It does a Man's Heart good, look you what hacks are on his Helmet, look you yonder, do you see? Look you there? There's no jesting; laying on, tak'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, and the Devil come to him, it's all one; by Godslid it does ones 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

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 were *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 then *Hector*'s, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable Youth! he ne'er ſaw three and twenty. Go thy way *Troilus*, go thy way; had I a Siſter were a Grace, or a Daughter a Goddeſs, he ſhould take his choice. O admirable Man! *Paris*? *Paris* is dirt to him, and I warrant, *Helen* to change would give Mony to boot.

Enter common Soldiers.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Aſſes, 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.

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 Secrefie, 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.

Enter Boy.

Pan. You are such another.

Boy. Sir, my Lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own House.

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 Loves full Sacrifice,
He offers in another's Enterprize:
But more in *Troilus* thousand fold I see,
Then in the Glafs 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 go so sweet, as when desire did sue:
Atchievement is command; ungain'd, beseech.
Therefore this Maxim out of Love I teach;
That though my Heart Content's firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine Eyes appear. [*Exit.*

S C E N E

SCENE II. Agamemnon's Tent in the Grecian Camp.

Trumpets. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Diomedes, Menelaus, with others.

Agam. Princes;

What Grief hath set the Jaundise on your Cheeks?
 The ample Proposition that hopes make
 In all designs begun on Earth below,
 Fails in the promis'd largeness; checks and disasters
 Grow in the veins of Actions highest rear'd.
 As knots by the conflux of meeting Sap,
 Infect the sound Pine, and divert his Grain
 Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
 Nor, Princes, is it matter new to us,
 That we come short of our suppose so far,
 That after seven years Siege, yet *Troy Walls* stand;
 Sith every Action that hath gone before,
 Whereof we have Record, Trial did draw
 Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
 And that unbodied Figure of the thought
 That gav't surmised shape. Why then, you Princes,
 Do you with Cheeks abash'd, behold our Works,
 And think them shame, which are, indeed, nought else
 But the protractive Trials of great *Jove*,
 To find persistive Constancy in Men?
 The fineness of which Metal is not found
 In Fortune's love; for then, the Bold and Coward,
 The Wise and Fool, the Artist and unread,
 The hard and soft, seem all affin'd, and kins.
 But in the Wind and Tempest of her Frown,
 Distinction with a loud and powerful Fan,
 Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
 And what hath Mass, or Matter by it self,
 Lies rich in Virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godly Seat,
 Great *Agamemnon*, *Nestor* shall apply
 Thy latest Words.
 In the reproof of Chance,

Lies the true proof of Men : The Sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble Boats dare sail
Upon her patient Breast, making their way
With those of noble Bulk ?

But let the Ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and anon, behold,
The strong ribb'd Bark thro' 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 ? Either to harbour fled,
Or made a Toft 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 the splitting Wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted Oaks,
And Flies fled under shade, why then
The thing of Courage,
As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in self-same Key,
Retires to chiding Fortune.

Ulys. *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 Merit, [*To Aga.*
And thou most reverend for thy stretcht-out Life, [*To Nest.*
I give to both your Speeches, which were such,
As *Agamemnon* and the Hand of *Greece*
Should hold up high in Brass; and such again
As venerable *Nestor* (hatch'd in Silver)
Should with a bond of Air, strong as the Axle-tree
On which the Heavens ride, knit all *Greeks* Ears
To his experienc'd Tongue: Yet let it please both
(Thou Great and Wise) to hear *Ulysses* speak.

Aga. Speak, Prince of *Ithaca*: and be't of 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 Musick, Wit, and Oracle.

Ulys. 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.
When that the General is not like the Hive,
To whom the Foragers shall all repair,
What Honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
Th' unworthiest shews as fairly in the Mask.
The Heav'ns 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*,
In noble Eminence, enthron'd and sphear'd
Amidst the other, whose med'cinable Eye
Corrects the ill Aspects of Planets evil,
And posts like the Command'ment of a King,
Sans check, to good and bad. But when the Planets
In evil mixture to disorder wander,
What Plagues, and what Portents, what Mutiny?
What raging of the Sea? shaking of Earth?
Commotion in the Winds? Frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity, and married calm of States
Quite from their fixure? O, 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,
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

And make a sop of all this solid Globe:
 Strength would be Lord of Imbecility,
 And the rude Son would strike his Father dead:
 Force would be Right; or rather, Right and Wrong
 (Between whose endless jar Justice resides)
 Would lose their Names, and so would Justice too.
 Then every thing includes it self in Power,
 Power into Will, Will into Appetite,
 And Appetite (an universal Wolf,
 So doubly seconded with Will and Power)
 Must make perforce an universal prey,
 And last, eat up himself.

Great *Agamemnon*,
 This Chaos, when Degree is suffocate,
 Follows the choaking:
 And this neglect of Degree is it,
 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,
 Exemplified by the first pace, that is sick
 Of his Superior, grows to an envious Feaver
 Of pale and bloodless Emulation.

And 'tis this Feaver 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 Feaver, whereof all our Power is sick.

Aga. The Nature of the sickness found, *Ulysses*,
 What is the Remedy?

Ulys. 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 aukward Action,
 (Which, Slanderer, he imitation calls)
 He Pageants us. Sometime, great *Agamemnon*,
 Thy topless Deputation he puts on;

And like a strutting Player, whose Conceit
 Lies in his 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-rested 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,
 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 extreamest 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 River——and at this sport,
 Sir Valour dies; cries, O!——enough *Patroclus*——
 Or, give me Ribs of Steel, I shall split all
 In pleasure of my Spleen. And in this fashion
 All our Abilities, Gifts, Natures, Shapes,
 Severals and generals of Grace exact,
 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,
 Who, 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, is full as proud a place,
 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 rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulys. 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 calls them on, and know by measure
Of their observant Toil, the Enemies weight,
Why this hath not a Finger's dignity;
They call this Bed-work, 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*.

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. Ay: I ask, that I might waken Reverence,
And on the Cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as Morning, when the 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.

Ane. Courtiers as free, as debonaire, unarm'd,
As bending Angels; that's their Fame, in peace:
But when they would seem Soldiers, they have Galls,
Good Arms, strong Joints, true Swords, and Jove's accord,
Nothing so full of Heart. But peace, *Aeneas*,
Peace Trojan, lay thy Finger on thy Lips,
The worthiness of Praise distains his worth,
If that he prais'd himself, bring the Praise forth:
What the repining Enemy commends,
That breath Fame blows, that Praise sole pure transcends.

Aga. Sir, you of Troy, call you your self, *Aeneas*?

Ane. Ay, Greek, that is my Name.

Aga. What's your Affair, I pray you?

Ane. Sir, pardon, 'tis for *Agamemnon's* Ears.

Aga. He hears nought privately
That comes from Troy.

Ane. 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.

Ane. Trumpet blow loud:
Send thy brass 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 fair'st of Greece,
That holds his Honour higher than his Ease,
That seeks his Praise, more than he fears his Peril,
That knows his Valour, and knows not his Fear,
That loves his Mistress more than in Confession,

(With

(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,
 Midway between your Tents, and Walls of *Troy*,
 To rowze 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-burnt, 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 have 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, I'll be 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* mold,
 One Nobleman, 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 is flood,
 I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of Blood.

Aeneas. Now Heav'ns forbid such scarcity of Youth.

Ulys. Amen.

Aga. Fair Lord *Aeneas*,
 Let me touch your Hand:
 To our Pavillion 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.*
Manent

Manent Ulysses and Nestor.

Ulys. *Nestor.*

Nest. What says *Ulysses*?

Ulys. I have a young Conception in my Brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?

Ulys. 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?

Ulys. This Challenge that the valiant *Hector* sends,
However it is spread in general Name,
Relates in purpose only to *Achilles*.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as Substance,
Whose grossness little Characters sum up,
And in the publication make no strain:
But that *Achilles*, were his Brain as barren
As Banks of *Lybia*, tho', *Apollo* knows,
'Tis dry enough, will with great speed of Judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find *Hector's* purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulys. And wake him to the Answer, think you?

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet; whom may you else oppose
That can from *Hector* bring his Honour off,
If not *Achilles*? Though't be a sportful Combat,
Yet in this Trial much Opinion dwells.
For here the *Trojans* taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st Palate: And trust to me, *Ulysses*,
Our imputation shall be odly poiz'd
In this wild Action. For the success,
Although particular, shall have 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

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.

Ulys. Give pardon to my Speech:
Therefore 'tis meet, *Achilles* meet not *Hector*:
Let us, like Merchants, shew our fowlest Wares,
And think perchance they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better, yet to shew,
Shall shew the better. Do not consent,
That ever *Hector* and *Achilles* meet:
For both our Honour, and our Shame in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange Followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old Eyes: What are they?

Ulys. What glory our *Achilles* shares from *Hector*,
Were he not proud, we all should wear with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in *Africk* Sun
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his Eyes,
Should he scape *Hector* fair. If he were 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*: Among 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 stil',
That we have better Men. But hit or miss,
Our Projects life this shape of sense assumes,
Ajax imploy'd, plucks down *Achilles* Plumes.

Nest. Now *Ulysses*, I begin to 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
Must tar the Mastiffs on, as 'twere their Bone. [Exit.]

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

SCENE *the Grecian Camp.*

Enter Ajax and Therfites.

Ajax. **T***herfites.*

Ther. *Agamemnon* — how if he had Biles —
full, all over generally. [Talking to himself.]

Ajax. *Therfites.*

Ther. And those Biles 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 whinid'st leaven, speak, I will beat
thee into handsomness.

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 Jades tricks.

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the Proclamation.

Ther. Doest thou think I have no sense, thou strik'st me

Ajax. The Proclamation. [thus?

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 loath-
som'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. I, that thou bark'st at him.

Ajax.

Ajax. Mistress *Thersites*.

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf.

Ther. He would pun thee into Shivers with his Fist, as a Sailor breaks a Bisket.

Ajax. You whorson Cur.

[*Beating him.*]

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a Witch,

Ther. Ay, do, thou sodden-witted Lord; thou hast no more Brain than I have in my Elbows: An *Afinico* may tutor thee. Thou scurvy valiant Afs, thou art here but to thresh *Trojans*, and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a *Barbarian Slave*. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy Heel, and tell what thou art by Inches, thou thing of no Bowels, thou.

Ajax. You Dog.

Ther. You scurvy Lord.

Ajax. You Cur.

[*Beating him.*]

Ther. Mars his Idiot; do Rudeness, do Camel, do, do.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, *Ajax*? wherefore do you 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.

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 bob'd 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.

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 tenure 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. E'en so -- a great deal of your Wit too lies in your Sinews, or else there be Liars: *Hector* shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your Brains, 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 mouldy e'er their 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.

Ther. I will see you hang'd like Clotpoles, e'er 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, and 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 will go learn more of it. [Exit.

SCENE II. Priam's Palace in Troy.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris and Helenus.

Pri. After so many Hours, Lives, Speeches spent, Thus once again says *Nestor* from the *Greeks*, Deliver *Helen*, and all damage else (As Honour, loss of Time, Travel, Expence, Wounds, Friends, and what else dear, that is consum'd In not digestion of this Cormorant War) Shall be struck off. *Hector*, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no Man lesser fears the *Greeks* than I, As far as touches my particular; yet, dread *Priam*, 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, Every Tithe Soul 'mongst many thousand dismes, Hath been as dear as *Helen*, I mean of ours: If we have lost so many Tenths of ours To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us (Had it our Name) the value of one ten;

What

What merit's in that reason, which denies
The yielding of her up?

Troi. Fie, fie, my Brother:

Weigh you the worth and honour of a King
(So great is 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, tho' you bite so sharp at Reasons,
You are empty of them. Should not our Father
Bear the great sway of his Affairs with Reasons,
Because your Speech hath none that tells him so?

Troi. You are for Dreams and Slumbers, Brother Priest,
You fur your Gloves with Reason: Here are your Reasons,
You know an Enemy intends you harm:
You know, a Sword employ'd is perillous,
And Reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels then, when *Helenns* beholds
A *Grecian* and his Sword, if he do set
The very wings of Reason to his He ls:
Or like a Star disorb'd.—Nay, if we talk of Reason,
And flie like chidden *Mercury* from *Jove*,
Let's shut our Gates and sleep: Manhood and Honour
Should have hard Hearts, would they but fat their Thoughts
With this cram'd Reason: Reason and Respect
Make Lovers pale, and lustyhood deject.

Hel. Brother, she is not worth
What she doth cost the holding.

Troi. What's ought, but as 'tis valu'd?

Hel. But value dwells not in particular Will,
It holds his Estimate and Dignity,
As well wherein 'tis precious of it self,
As in the prizer: 'Tis made Idolatry,
To make the Service greater than the God;
And the will dotes, that is inclinable
To what infectiously it self affects,
Without some Image of th' affected Merit.

Troi.

Troi. I take to day a Wife, and my Election
 Is led on in the conduct of my Will;
 My Will enkindled in mine Eyes and Ears,
 Two traded Pilots 'twixt the dangerous Shores
 Of Will and Judgment. How may I avoid
 (Although my Will distast what is elected)
 The Wife I chose? there can be no evasion
 To blench from this, and to stand firm by Honour.
 We turn not back the Silks upon the Merchant,
 When we have spoil'd them; nor the 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 freshness
 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,
 Begger the Estimation, which you priz'd
 Richer than Sea and Land? O Theft most base!
 That we have stoln what we do fear to keep.
 But Theives, unworthy of a thing so stoln,
 That in their Country did them that Disgrace,
 We fear to warrant in our native Place.

Enter Cassandra with her Hair about her Ears.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry.

Pri. What noise? what shriek in this?

Troi. 'Tis our mad Sister, I do know her Voice.

Cas. Cry, Trojans.

Hect. It is *Cassandra*.

Cas. Cry, *Trojans*, cry; lend me ten thousand Eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetick Tears.

Hect. Peace, Sister, Peace.

Cas. 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 the 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

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 Hony still, but these the Gall,
So to be Valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not meerly to my self,
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 foot within your generous Bosoms?
There's not the meanest Spirit on our Party,
Without a Heart to dare, or Sword to draw,
When *Helen* is defended: Nor none so Noble,
Whose Life were ill bestow'd, or Death unfam'd,
Where *Helen* is the Subject. Then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The World's large Spaces cannot parallel.

Hec. Paris and Troilus, you have both said well:
And on the Cause and Question, now in hand,
Have gloss'd, but superficially; not much
Unlike young Men, whom graver Sages think
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 rendred 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-ordered Nation,
To curb those raging Appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.

If *Helen* then be Wife to *Sparta's* King,
(As it is known she is) these moral Laws
Of Nature, and of Nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd. Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. *Hector's* Opinion
Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheless,
My spritely Brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep *Helen* still;
For 'tis a Cause that hath no mean dependance,
Upon our joint and several Dignities.

Troi. Why there, you touch'd the Life of our Designs:
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 advertis'd, their great General slept,
Whilst Emulation in the Army crept:
This I presume will wake him.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E II. *The Grecian Camp.*

Enter Therfites solus.

How now, *Therfites*? what, lost in the Labyrinth of thy Fury? Shall the Elephant *Ajax* carry it thus? He beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy Satisfaction! would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he 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, lest than little, wit from them that they have, which short-arm'd Ignorance it self 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? *Therfites.* Good *Therfites*, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembred a gilt Counter, thou would'st not have slip'd out of my Contemplation, but it is no matter, thy self upon thy self. The common Curse of Mankind, Folly and Ignorance be thine in great Revenue; Heav'n 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 a Prayer?

Ther. Ay, the Heav'ns hear me.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. *Therfites*, 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. Thy Commander, *Achilles*; then tell me, *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles* ?

Patr. Thy Lord, *Thersites* : then tell me, I pray thee, what's thy self ?

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 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 aforesaid, *Patroclus* is a Fool.

Achil. Derive this ; come.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a Fool to offer to command *Achilles*, *Achilles* is a Fool to be commanded of *Agamemnon*, *Thersites* is a Fool to serve such a Fool, and *Patroclus* is a Fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a Fool ?

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, Ajax, and Calcas.

Ther. Make that demand to thy Creator, it suffices me thou art. 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 Jugling, and such Knavery : all the Argument is a Cuckold and a Whore, a good quarrel to draw emulatiuous Factions, and bleed to Death upon : Now the dry *Serpigo* on the Subject, and War and Lechery confound all.

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 sent our Messengers, and we lay by Our Appertainments, visiting of him :

Let him be told of, lest perchance he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him.

[*Exit.*]

Ulys. 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?

Ulys. *Achilles* hath inveigled his Fool from him.

Nest. Who, *Thersites*?

Ulys. He.

Nest. Then will *Ajax* lack Matter, if he have lost his
Argument.

Ulys. No, you see he is his Argument, that has his Ar-
gument, *Achilles*.

Nest. All the better, this Faction is more our wish than
their Faction; but it was a strong Counsel that a Fool could
disunite.

Ulys. The Amity that Wisdom knits not, Folly may ea-
sily untie. *Enter Patroclus.*

Here comes *Patroclus*.

Nest. No *Achilles* with him?

Ulys. The Elephant hath Joints, but none for Courtesie;
His Legs are Legs for necessity, not for flight.

Patr. *Achilles* bids me say, he is much sorry,
If any thing more than your Sport and Pleasure,
Did move your Greatness, and this noble State,
To call upon him; he hopes it is no other,
But for your health and your digestion-sake;
An after-Dinner's Breath.

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 of his own part beheld)
Do in our Eyes begin to lose their Gloss;

And like fair Fruit in an unwholsom Dish,
 Are like to rot untasted; go and tell him,
 We come to speak with him, and you shall not sin;
 If you do say, we think him over-proud,
 And under-honest; in Self-assumption greater
 Than in the note of Judgment; and worthier than himself,
 Here tend the savage Strangeness he puts on,
 Disguise the holy Strength of their command,
 And under write in an observing kind
 His humorous predominance; yea, watch
 His pettish lines, his ebbs, his flows; as if
 The passage and whole carriage of this Action
 Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,
 That if he 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 cannot go to War:
 A stirring Dwarf we do allowance give,
 Before a sleeping Gyant; tell him so.

Pat. 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 you.

[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 altogether 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 whate-
 ver Praises it self but in the Deed, devours the Deed in the
 Praise.

Enter

Enter Ulysses.

Ajax. I do hate a proud Man, as I hate the engending of Toads.

Nest. Yet he loves himself: Is't not strange?

Ulys. *Achilles* will not to the Field to Morrow.

Aga. What's his Excuse!

Ulys. He doth rely on none;

But carries on the Stream of his Dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In Will peculiar, and in Self-admission.

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Un-tent his Person, and share the Air with us?

Ulys. Things small as Nothing, for Requests sake only
He makes Important: Possess't he is with Greatness,
And speaks not to himself, but with a Pride
That quarrels at Self-breath. Imagin'd Wrath
Holds in his Blood such swol'n and hot Discourse,
That 'twixt his mental and his active Parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters 'gainst it self; 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.

Ulys. O, *Agamemnon*, let it not be so.

We'll consecrate the Steps that *Ajax* makes,
When they go from *Achilles*; shall the proud Lord,
That bastes his Arrogance with his own Seam,
And never suffers matter of the World
Enter his Thoughts, save such as do revolve
And ruminat himself? Shall he be worship'd,
Of that we hold an Idol, more than he?
No, this Thrice Worthy, and Right Valiant Lord,
Must not so stale his Palm, nobly acquir'd,
Nor by my Will assubjugate his Merit,
As amply Titl'd, as *Achilles* is, by going to *Achilles*.
That were to enlard his Fat, already, Pride,
And add more Coles 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 his 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. And a be proud with me, I'll pefe his Pride; let
me go to him.

Ulys. Not for the worth that hangs upon our Quarrel.

Ajax. A paulty Insolent Fellow —

Nest. How he describes himself.

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulys. The Raven chides blackness.

Ajax. I'll let his Humours Blood.

Aga. He will be the Physician, that should be the Patient.

Ajax. And all Men were a my Mind —

Ulys. Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax. A should not bear it so, a should eat Swords first;
shall Pride carry it?

Nest. And 'twould, you'd carry half.

Ulys. A would have ten shares.

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him supple, he's not
yet through warm.

Nest. Force him with Praises, pour in, pour in, his Am-
bition is dry.

Ulys. 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*.

Ulys. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harm.

Here is a Man----but 'tis before his Face----

I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

Ulys. Know the whole World, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whorson Dog! that shall palter thus with us —
would he were a *Trojan*.

Nest. What a Vice were it in *Ajax* now —

Ulys. If he were proud.

Dio. Or covetous of Praise.

Ulys. Ay, or furly born.

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected. (posure;

Ulys. Thank the Heav'ns, Lord, thou art of a sweet Com-
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:
Fame 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 yield
To Sinewy *Ajax*; I will not praise thy Wisdom
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts; here's *Nestor*
Instructed by the Antiquary times:
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise.
But pardon, Father *Nestor*, were your Days
As green as *Ajax*, and your Brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him
But be as *Ajax*.

Ajax. Shall I call you Father?

Ulys. Ay, my good Son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, Lord *Ajax*.

Ulys. There's no tarrying here, the Hart *Achilles*
Keeps thicket; please it our General,
To call together all this State of War;
Fresh Kings are come to *Troy*; to Morrow
We must with all our main of Power stand fast:
And here's a Lord (come Knights from East to West,
And cull their Flower) *Ajax* shall cope the best.

Aga. Go we to Council, let *Achilles* sleep;
Light Boats may sail swift, though great bulks draw deep.

[*Exeunt.* Musick sounds within.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE Troy.

Enter Pandarus, and a Servant.

Pan. Friend! you! pray you a word: Do not you follow
the young Lord *Paris*?

Ser. Ay, Sir, when he goes before me.

Pan.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Ser. Sir, I do depend upon the Lord.

Pan. You 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. 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, Love's invifible 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.

Enter Paris and Helen.

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.

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 you shall make it whole again, you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. *Nel.* 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. With my disposer *Cressida*.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide, come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan.

Pan. Ay, good my Lord; why should you say *Cressida*?
No, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy——

Pan. You spy, what do you spy? Come, give me an Instrument now, sweet Queen.

Helen. Why this is kindly done.

Pan. My Neice is horrible 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, prithee now; by my troth, sweet Lord, thou hast a fine Fore-head.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may——

Hel. 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 both Buck and Doe:

The Shaft confounds not that it wounds,

But tickles still the Sore:

These Lovers cry, oh ho they dye;

Yet that which seems they wound to kill,

Doth turn oh ho, 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.

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 afield to Day?

Par. *Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Anthenor,* 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* Sinews, you shall do more Than all the Island Kings, disarm great *Hector*.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be your Servant, *Paris*; Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty, Gives us more palm in Beauty than we have: Yea, over-shines our self.

Sweet, above thought, I love thee. [Exeunt.

Enter *Pandarus*, and *Troilus's* Man.

Pan. How now, where's thy Master, at my Cousin *Cressida's*?

Ser. No, Sir, he stays for 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

Where I will wallow in the Lilly Beds
 Propos'd for the deservert. O gentle *Pandarus*,
 From *Cupid's* Shoulder pluck his painted Wings,
 And fly with me to *Cressid*.

Pan. Walk here i' th' Orchard, I'll bring her straight.

[*Exit Pandarus.*]

Troi. I am giddy; Expectation whirles me round,
 Th' imaginary relish is so sweet,
 That it enchants my Sense; what will it be
 When that the watry Palates taste indeed
 Love's thrice reputed Nectar? Death, I fear me;
 Sounding Destruction, or some Joy too fine,
 Too subtile, potent, and too sharp in sweetness,
 For the Capacity of my ruder Powers;
 I fear it much, and I do fear besides,
 That I shall lose distinction in my Joys,
 As doth a Battel when they charge on heaps
 The Enemy flying.

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 fraid with a Sprite: I'll fetch her; it
 is the prettiest Villain, she fetches her breath so short as a
 new ta'en Sparrow.

[*Exit Pan.*]

Troi. Even such a Passion doth embrace my Bosom:
 My Heart beates thicker than a feverous Pulse,
 And all my Powers do their bestowing lose,
 Like Vassalage at unawares encountring
 The Eye of Majesty.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush?
 Shame's a Baby; here she is now, swear the Oaths now to her,
 that you have sworn to me. What, are you gone again, you
 must be watch'd e'er you be made tame, must you? Come
 your ways, come your ways, and 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 loath you are to offend day-light? and 'twere dark you'd
 close sooner. So, so, rub on, and kiss the Mistrefs; how now,
 a kiss in Fee-farm? build there, Carpenter, the Air is sweet.
 Nay, you shall fight your Hearts out e'er I part you. The

Faulcon,

Faulcon has the Tercel, for all the Ducks i' th' River: Goto, go to.

Troi. You have bereft me of all Words, Lady.

Pan. Words pay no Debts, give her Deeds: But she'll be-reave you o' th' Deeds too, if she call your Activity in que-stion: What, billing again? here's in witness whereof the Parties interchangeably—Come in, come in, I'll go get a Fire. [Exit Pan.]

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 Cherubins, they never see truly.

Cre. Blind fear, that seeing Reason leads, finds safer foot-ing 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 their Undertakings, when we vow to weep Seas, live in Fire, eat Rocks, tame Tygers, thinking it harder for our Mistres to devise Imposition enough, than for us to undergo any Difficulty imposed. This is the monstro-sity in Love, Lady, that the Will is infinite, and the Execu-tion 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 dis-charging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the Voice of Lions, and the act of Hares, are they not Monsters?

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 reversion shall have a Praise in present; we will not name Desert before his Birth, and being born, his addition shall be humble; few Words to
fair

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?

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 e'er they are woo'd, they are constant being won: They are Burs, 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 lye—— My thoughts were like unbridled Children, grown Too head-strong for their Mother; see we Fools, Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us 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 the Women had Mens privilege Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my Tongue, For in this Rapture I shall surely speak The thing I shall repent; see, your silence Coming in dumbness, for my weakness draws My Soul of Counsel from me. Stop my Mouth.

Troi. And shall, albeit sweet Musick issues thence. [*Kissing.*]

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cre.

Cre. My Lord, I do beseech you pardon me ;
'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a Kiss :
I am asham'd ;— O Heav'ns, what have I done! —
For this time will I take my leave, my Lord.

Troi. Your leave, sweet *Cressid*?

Pan. Leave! and you take leave 'till to Morrow Morn-
ing—

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 and 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; for 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;
And 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 Perswasion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you,
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnowed purity in Love:
How were I then up-listed! But alas,
I am as true as Truth's Simplicity,
And simpler than the Infancy of Truth.

Cre. In that I'll war with you.

Troi. O virtuous Fight,
When right with right wars, who should 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 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 comparifons of truth,
 (As Truth's Authentick Author 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 *Cressida*.

Pan. Go to, a Bargain made : Seal it, seal it, I'll be the
 Witness. Here I hold your Hand ; here my Cousin's ; if
 ever you prove false 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
Panders ; let all constant Men be *Troilusses*, all false Women
Cressida's, and all Brokers between, *Panders* ; say, Amen.

Troi. Amen.

Cre. Amen.

Pan. Amen.

Whereupon I will shew you a Chamber, which Bed, be-
 cause it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to
 Death : Away.

And *Cupid* grant all Tongue-ty'd Maidens here,
 Bed, Chamber, and *Pander*, to provide this geer.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

S C E N E II. *The Grecian Camp.*

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Menelaus and Calchas.

Cal. Now, Princes, for the Service I have done you,
Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud,
To call for recompence : Appear it to your Mind,
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 my self,
From certain and possess'd Conveniencies,
To doubtful Fortunes, sequestering from me all
That Time, Acquaintance, Custom, and Condition,
Made tame, and most familiar to my Nature :
And here to do you Service am become
As new into the World, strange, unacquainted.
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many Registr'd 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 *Anthenor*,
Yesterday took : *Troy* holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you, Thanks therefore)
Desir'd my *Cressid* in right great Exchange,
Whom *Troy* hath still deny'd : But this *Anthenor*,
I know, is such a wrest in their Affairs,
That their Negotiations all must slack,
Wanting this 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,
In most accepted pain.

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 ;
With all, 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.

[*Exit.*

Enter Achilles and Patroclus, in 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? why turn'd on him?
If so, I have Decision medicinable,
To use between our Strangeness and his Pride,
Which his own Will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good: Pride hath no other Glass
To shew it self, but Pride; for supple Knees
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 ought with us?

Nest. Would you, my Lord, ought 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?

Aja. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good Morrow, Ajax.

Aja. Ha.

Achil. Good Morrow.

Aja. Ay, and good next Day too.

[*Exeunt.*

Achil. What mean these Fellows? Know they not Achilles?

Parr. They pass 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

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 Butter-flies,
 Shew not their mealy Wings, but to the Summer;
 And not a Man, for being simple Man,
 Hath any Honour, but honour'd by those Honours
 That are without him; as Place, Riches, Favour,
 Prizes of Accident, as oft as Merit:
 Which when they fall (as being slippery standers)
 The Love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
 Doth one pluck down another, and together
 Dye 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 Mens Looks, who do methinks find out
 Something in me not worth that rich Beholding,
 As they have often given. Here is *Ulysses*,
 I'll interrupt his Reading.—How now *Ulysses*?

Ulys. Now, great *Thetis* Son!

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulys. A strange Fellow here

Writes me, that Man, how dearly ever parted,
 How much in having, or without, or in,
 Cannot make boast to have that which he hath;
 Nor feels not what he owes, but by Reflection,
 As when his Virtues shining upon others,
 Heat them, and they retort that Heat again
 To the first Giver.

Achil. This is not strange, *Ulysses*,
 The Beauty that is born here in the Face,
 The Bearer knows not, but commends it self,
 Not going from it self, but Eye to Eye oppos'd,
 Salute each other, with each others Form.
 For Speculation turns not to it self,
 'Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
 Where it may see it self; this is not strange at all.

Ulys. I do not strain at the Position,
 It is familiar; but at the Author's drift;
 Who in his Circumstance, expressly proves
 That no Man is the Lord of any thing,
 (Tho' in and of him) there is much consisting,

'Till he communicate his Parts to others:
 Nor doth he of himself know them for ought,
 'Till he behold them formed in th' Applause,
 Where they're extended: Which like an Arch reverb'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 as he knows not Nature, what things 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,
 And act that very Chance doth throw upon him:
Ajax renown'd! O Heav'ns, what some Men do,
 While some Men leave to do!
 How some Men creep in skittish Fortune's Hall,
 Whiles others play the Idiots in her Eyes:
 How one Man eats into another's Pride,
 While Pride is feasting in his Wantonness!
 To see these *Grecian* Lords; why, even already,
 They clap the Lubber *Ajax* on the Shoulder,
 As if his Foot were on brave *Hector's* Breast,
 And great *Troy* shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it,

For they pass 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 Ingratitudes:
 Those scraps are good Deeds past,
 Which are devour'd as fast as they are made,
 Forgot as soon as done: Perseverance, dear my Lord,
 Keeps Honour bright: To have done, is to hang
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty Male
 In monumental Mock'ry: Take the instant way,
 For Honour travels in a Streight so narrow,
 Where one but goes abreast, keep then the Path,
 For Emulation hath a thousand Sons,

That

That one by one pursue; if you give Way
 Or hedge aside from the direct forth-right,
 Like to an entered Tide, they all rush by,
 And leave you hindmost;
 Or like a gallant Horse fall'n in first Rank,
 Lye there for pavement to the abject, near
 O'er-run and tramp'd 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;
 And with Arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
 Crasps in the Comer; the Welcome ever smiles,
 And Farewel goes out sighing: O let not Virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was; for Beauty, Wit,
 High Birth, Vigour of Bone, Desert in Service,
 Love, Friendship, Charity, are Subjects all
 To envious and calumniating Time:
 One touch of Nature makes the whole World Kin;
 That all with one consent praise new-born Gauds,
 Tho' they are made and moulded of things past,
 And go to Dust, that is, a little Gilt;
 More Laud in Gilt o'er-dusted,
 The present Eye, praises the present Object.
 Then marvel not, thou great and compleat Man,
 That all the *Greeks* begin to worship *Ajax*;
 Since things in motion 'gin to catch the Eye,
 Than what not stirs; the Cry went out on thee,
 And still it might, and yet it may again,
 If thou would'st not entomb thy self alive,
 And case thy Reputation in thy Tent;
 Whose glorions Deeds, but in these Fields of late,
 Made emulous missions 'mongst the Gods themselves,
 And drave great *Mars* to Faction.

Achil. Of this my Privacy,
 I have strong Reasons.

Ulys. But 'gainst your Privacy,
 The Reasons are more potent and heroical:
 'Tis known, *Achilles*, that you are in Love
 With one of *Priam's* Daughters.

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,
 Keeps place with thought; and, almost like the Gods,
 Does thoughts unveil in their dumb Cradles:
 There is a Mystery (with whom relation
 Durst never meddle) in the Soul of State;
 Which hath an Operation more divine,
 Than Breath of 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 *Polixena*.
 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.

Patr. To this effect, *Achilles*, have I mov'd you;
 A Woman, impudent, and mannish grown,
 Is not more loath'd than an effeminate Man,
 In time of Action: I stand condemn'd for this;
 They think my little stomach to the War,
 And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
 Sweet, rouse your self; and the weak wanton *Cupid*
 Shall from your Neck unloose his amorous fold,
 And like a dew-drop from the Lion's mane,
 Be shook to airy Air.

Achil. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector*!----

Patr. Ay, and perhaps receive much Honour by him.

Achil. I see my Reputation is at Stake,
 My Fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O then beware:
 Those wounds heal ill that Men do give themselves:
 Om sion 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.

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,

Enter Thersites.

To talk with him, and to behold his Visage,
Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd————

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, and '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---languageless---a Monster; a plague of Opinion, a Man may wear it on both sides, like a Leather Jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my Ambassador to him, *Thersites*.

Ther. Who? I?---why he'll answer 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 se-

ven 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*!——

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 a Clock, it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me e'er 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 a tune thus; what Musick he will be in, when *Hector* has knockt 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. [Exeunt.

A C T

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

Enter at one Door Æneas with a Torch, at another, Paris, Deiphobus, Anthenor, and Diomedes with Torches.

Por. S E E 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,
As you, Prince *Paris*, nothing 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 within;
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 human gentleness:
Welcome to *Troy* — now by *Anchises's* Life,
Welcome indeed — By *Venus* Hand I swear,
No Man alive can love in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize. *Jove*, let *Æneas* live
(If to my Sword his Fate be not the glory)
A thousand compleat 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.

Par. This is the most despightfull'st, gentle Greeting ;
The noblest, hateful Love, that e'er I heard of.
What Business, Lord, so early ?

Ane. I was sent for to the King ; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you ; it was, to bring this *Greek*
To *Calchas's* House, and there to render him,
For the enfréed *Anthenor*, the fair *Cressid*.

Let's have your Company ; or, if you please,
Haste there before us. I constantly do think
(Or rather call my Thought a certain Knowledge)
My Brother *Troilus* lodges there to Night.
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole Quality whereof, I fear
We shall be much unwelcome.

Ane. That I assure you.

Troilus had rather *Troy* were born to *Greece*,
Than *Cressid* born from *Troy*.

Par. There is no help ;
The bitter disposition of the time will have it so.
On, Lord, we'll follow you.

Ane. Good Morrow all. [Exit *Aneas*.

Par. And tell me, Noble *Diomedé* ; faith tell me true,
Even 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 Soilure,
With such a Hell of pain, and world of Charge.
And you as well to keep her that defend her,
Not palating the taste of her Dishonour,
With such a costly loss of Wealth and Friends ;
He, like a puling Cuckold, would drink up
The Lees and Dregs of a flat tamed Piece ;
You, like a Letcher, 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, with heavier for a Whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your Country-woman.

Dio. She's bitter to her Country : Hear me, *Paris*,
For every false drop in her bawdy Veins

A Grecian's Life hath sunk; for every Scruple
Of her contaminated Carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain. Since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good Words breath,
As, for her, Greeks and Trojans suffer'd Death.

Par. Fair *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 to sell.
Here lyes our way.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Troilus and Cressida.

Troi. Dear, trouble not your self; the Morn is cold.

Cre. Then, sweet my Lord, I'll call my Uncle down:
He shall unbolt the Gates.

Troi. Trouble him not——
To Bed, to Bed——sleep kill those pretty Eyes.
And give as soft attachment to thy Senses,
As Infants empty of all thought.

Cre. Good Morrow then.

Troi. I prithee 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 Eyes no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cre. Night hath been too brief.

Troi. Beshrew the Witch! with venomous weights she stays,
As hideously as Hell; but flies the grasps of Love,
With Wings more momentary, swifter than Thought:
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cre. Prithee 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 *Cressid*?

Cre.

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?

Cre. Come, come, beshrew your Heart; you'll ne'er be good; nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! alas poor Wretch; a poor *Chipechia*, hast not slept to Night? Would he not (a naughty Man) let it sleep; a Bug-bear take him. [*One knocks.*]

Cre. Did I not tell you?——Would he were knock'd i' 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 deceiv'd, 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?

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 late: What should he do here?

Æne. Who----nay, then:----Come, come, you'll do him wrong, e'er 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.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My Lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you, My matter is so harsh: there is at hand, *Paris* your Brother, and *Deiphobus*, The *Grecian Diomedes*, and our *Antenor* Deliver'd to us, and for him forthwith, E'er the first Sacrifice, within this Hour,

We

We must give up to *Diomedes* Hand
The Lady *Cressida*.

Troi. Is it concluded so?

Ane. By *Priam*, and the general State of *Troy*.
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troi. How many Atcheivements mock me!
I will go meet them; and my Lord *Aneas*,
We met by chance, you did not find me here.

Ane. Good, good, my Lord; the secrets of Nature
Have not more Gift in taciturnity. [Exeunt.

Enter *Pandarus* and *Cressida*.

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost: The Devil
take *Anthenor*; the young Prince will go mad: a Plague
upon *Anthenor*; 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?

Pan. Prethee get thee in; would thou had'st ne'er been
born: I knew thou would'st be his Death. O poor Gentle-
man! A Plague upon *Anthenor*.

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 *Anthenor*; 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 have forgot my Father.
I know no touch of Consanguinity:
No Kin, no Love, no Blood, no Soul so near me,
As the sweet *Troilus*: O you Gods divine!
Make *Cressid*'s name the very Crown of Falshood,
If ever she leave *Troilus*: Time and Death,
Do to this Body what extremity you can;
But the strong Base and building of my Love
Is, as the very centre of the Earth.

Drawing all things to it. I will go in 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 sounding *Troilus*. I will not go from *Troy*. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Anthenor,
and Diomedes.*

Par. It is great Morning, and the Hour prefixt
Of her deliv'ry to this valiant *Greek*
Comes fast upon: Good my Brother *Troilus*,
Tell you the Lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

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.*]

Enter Pandarus and Cressid.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cre. Why tell you me of moderation?
The Grief is fine, full perfect that I taste,
And no less in a sense as strong, as that
Which causeth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my Affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder Palate,
The like allayment could I give my Grief;
My Love admits no qualifying cross,

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: Oh Heart, as the goodly saying is; O Heart, heavy
Heart, why sittest thou without breaking? Look where he
answers again;—Because thou can't not ease thy smart by
Friendship

Friendship, nor by speaking; there was never a truer time; 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, 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*.

Cres. 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 Embrasures; strangles our dear Vows, Even in the birth of our own labouring Breath. We two, that with so many thousand sighs Did buy each other, must poorly sell our selves, With the rude brevity and discharge of one; Injurious time, now, with a Robber's haste, Cram his rich Thievery up, he knows not how. As many farewells as be Stars in Heaven, With distinct Breath, and consign'd Kisses to them, He furnishes up all in one loose adieu; And parts us with a single famish'd Kiss, Distill'd 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. Where are my Tears? Rain, to lay this Wind, or my Heart will be blown up by the Root.

Cre. I must then to the Grecians?

Troi. No remedy.

Cre. A woful *Cressid*, 'mongst the merry *Greeks*?

Troi. When shall we see again?

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 Expostulation kindly,

For it is parting from us:

I speak not, be thou true, as fearing thee:

For I will throw my Glove to Death himself,

That there's no maculation in thy Heart;

But be thou true, say I, to fashion in

My sequent Protestation: Be thou true,

And I will see thee.

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 while I speak it, Love:

The *Grecian* Youths are full of subtle Qualities,

They're loving, well compos'd, with gift of Nature,

Flowing and swelling o'er with Arts and Exercise;

How Novelties may move, and Parts with Person——

Alas, a kind of godly Jealousie,

Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous Sin,

Makes me afraid.

Cre. O Heav'ns, you love me not!

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-discoursive Devil,

That tempts most cunningly: But be not tempted.

Cre. Do not think, I will.

Troi. No, but something may be done that we will not:

And sometimes we are Devils to our selves,

When

Troilus and Cressida.

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When we will attempt the frailty of our Powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Aeneas within. Nay, good my Lord.

Troi. Come kiss, and let us part.

Paris within. Brother *Troilus*.

Troi. Good Brother, come you hither,
And bring *Aeneas* and the *Grecian* with you.

Cre. My Lord, will you be true?

Troi. Who I? Alas, it is my Voice, 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;

Enter Aeneas, Paris, and Diomedes:

Fear not my Truth; the Moral of my Wit
Is plain and true, there's all the reach of it.

Welcome, Sir *Diomede*, here is the Lady,
Which for *Anthenor* 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*.

Diom. Fair Lady *Cressid*,

So please you, save the Thanks this Prince expects:

The lustre in your Eyes, Heav'n in your Cheek,

Pleads your fair usage, and to *Diomede*

You shall be Mistress, and command him wholly.

Troi. *Grecian*, thou dost not use me courteously,

To shame the Seal 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.

Diom. 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 Lust : 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,
To our own selves bend we our needful Talk.

[*Sound Trumpet.*

Par. Hark, *Hector's* Trumpet !

Aene. 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* fault. Come, come to Field with him.

Dio. Let us make ready strait.

Aene. 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 II. *The Grecian Camp.*

Enter Ajax Armed, Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, Calchas, &c.

Aga. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating Time. With starting Courage,
Give with thy Trumpet a loud note to *Troy*,
Thou dreadful *Ajax*, that the appalled Air
May pierce the Head of the great Combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou Trumpet, there's my Purse ;
Now crack thy Lungs, and split thy Brasen 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 blowest for *Hector*.

Ulyss. No Trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Enter

Enter Diomede and Cressida.

Aga. Is't not young *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.

Aga. Is this the Lady *Cressida*?

Dio. Even she.

Aga. Most dearly welcome to the *Greeks*, sweet Lady.

Nest. Our General doth salute you with a Kiss.

Ulys. Yet is your Kindness but particular; 'twere better
she were kist 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.

Ulys. Oh deedly 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 give,
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.

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.

Ulys. It were no match, your Nail against his Horn:
May I, sweet Lady, beg a kifs of you?

Cre. You may.

Ulys. I do desire it.

Cre. Why beg then.

Ulys. 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.

Ulys. Never's my Day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word——I'll bring you to your Father——

Nest. A Woman of quick Sense.

[*Diomedes leads out Cressida, then returns.*]

Ulys. Fie, fie upon her:

There's Language in her Eye, her Cheek, her Lip:
Nay, her Foot speaks, her wanton Spirits look out
At every joint, and motive of her Body:

Oh these Encounters, are so glib of Tongue,

That give a coasting welcome e'er it comes;

And wide unclasp the Tables of their Thoughts,

To every tickling Reader: Set them down,

For sluttish spoils of Opportunity,

And Daughters of the Game.

Enter Hector, Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Helenus, and Attendants.

All. The Trojans Trumpet.

Aga. Yonder comes the Troop.

Æne. Hail all you state of Greece; what shall be done
To him that Victory commands? or do you purpose,

A Victor shall be known? Will you, the Knights

Shall to the edge of all extremity

Pursue each other, or shall be divided

By any Voice, or order of the Field? *Hector* bad ask.

Aga. Which way would *Hector* have it?

Æne. He cares not, he'll obey Conditions.

Aga. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal despising
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
Is the extremity of great and little:

Valour and Pride excel themselves in *Hector*;

The one almost as infinite as all,

The other blank as nothing; weigh him well;

And that which looks like Pride, is Curtelie;

This *Ajax* is half made of *Hector's* Blood,

In love whereof, half *Hector* stays at home:
Half Heart, half Hand, half *Hector*, comes to seek
This blended Knight, half *Trojan* and half *Greek*.

Achil. A Maiden Battel then? O, I perceive you.

Aga. Here is Sir *Diomede*: Go, gentle Knight,
Stand by our *Ajax*; as you and Lord *Aeneas*
Consent upon the order of their Fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breach, the Combatants being kin,
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

Ulys. They are oppos'd already.

Ajax. What *Trojan* is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulys. The youngest Son of *Priam*,
And a true Knight; they call him *Troilus*;
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,
Even to his Inches; and with private Soul,
Did in great *Ilium* thus translate him to me.

Aga. They are in Action. [Alarum,
[*Hector* and *Ajax* fight.

Nest. Now *Ajax* hold thine own.

Troi. *Hector*, thou sleep'st, awake thee.

Aga. His Blows are well dispos'd; there *Ajax*. [Trumpets

Dio. You must no more. cease.

Aene. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As *Hector* pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more:
Thou art, great Lord, my Father's Sister's Son;
A Cousin German to great *Priam*'s Seed:

The obligation of our Blood forbids
 A gory Emulation 'twixt us twain;
 Were thy 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 Father's: By *Jove* multipotent,
 Thou should'st not bear from me a *Greekish* Member
 Wherein my Sword had not impresse made
 Of our rank feud; but the just Gods gainsay,
 That any drop thou borrow'st from thy Mother,
 My sacred Aunt, should by my mortal Sword
 Be drain'd. Let me embrace thee, *Ajax*:
 By him that Thunders, thou hast lusty Arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus—
 Cousin, all honour to thee.

Ajax. I thank thee, *Hector*:

Thou art too gentle, and too free a Man:
 I came to kill thee, Cousin, and bear hence
 A great addition earned in thy Death.

Hect. Not *Neoptolemus* so mirable,
 On whose bright Crest, Fame with her loud'st O yes,
 Cries, This is he, could promise to himself
 A thought of added Honour torn from *Hector*.

Aene. There is expectance here from both the sides:
 What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it:

The issue is Embracement: *Ajax*, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in Entreaties find success,
 As feld I have the chance; I would desire
 My famous Cousin to our *Grecian* Tents.

Dio. 'Tis *Agamemnon's* wish, and great *Achilles*
 Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant *Hector*.

Hect. *Aeneas*, call my Brother *Troilus* to me:
 And signifie this loving Interview
 To the expectors of the *Trojan* part:
 Desire him 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.

Hect. 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 Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most Imperious Agamemnon. [To Troi.]

Aga. My well fam'd Lord of Troy, no less to you.

Men. Let me confirm my Princely Brother's Greeting,
You brace of warlike Brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer?

Aene. The Noble Menelaus.

Hect. 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 bad me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, Sir, she's a deadly Theme.

Hect. O pardon—I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft
Labouring for Destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish Youth; and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian Steed,
And seen thee scouring Forfeits and Subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanc'd Sword i'th' Air,
Not letting it decline on the declined:
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. Thus I have seen,
But this thy Countenance, still stock'd in Steel,
I never saw 'till now. I knew thy Grandfire,
And once fought with him; he was a Soldier good,

But

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.

Aene. 'Tis the old *Nestor*.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old *Chronicle*;
That hast so long walk'd Hand in Hand with time:
Most reverend *Nestor*, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would my Arms could match thee in Contention,
As they contend with thee in Courtesie.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha? by this white Beard I'd fight with thee to
Morrow. Well, welcome, welcome; I have seen the time--

Ulys. I wonder now how yonder City stands,
When we have here the Base and Pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, Lord *Ulysses*, well;
Ah, Sir, there's many a *Greek* and *Trojan* dead,
Since first I say you self and *Diomed*
In *Ilion*, on your *Greekish* Embassie.

Ulys. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue.
My Prophecie is but half his Journey yet,
For yonder Walls that partly front your Town;
Yond Towers, whose wanton tops do buss the Clouds,
Must kiss their own Feet.

Hect. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every *Phrygian* Stone will cost
A drop of *Grecian* Blood; the end crowns all,
And that old common Arbitrator, Time,
Will one Day end it.

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.

Hect. Is this *Achilles*?

Achil. I am *Achilles*.

Hect. Stand fair, I prithee, let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief, I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a Book of Sport thou'lt read me o'er:
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine Eye?

Achil. Tell me, you Heav'ns, in which part of his Body
Shall I destroy him? Whether there, or 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.

Hect. It would discredit the blest Gods, proud Man,
To answer such a Question: Stand again,
Think'st thou to catch my Life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice Conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou 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 *Grecian's* 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.
 Beat loud the Taborins, let the Trumpets blow;
 That this great Soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manent Troilus and Ulysses.

Troi. My Lord *Ulysses*, tell me, I beseech you,
 In what place of the Field doth *Calchas* keep?

Ulys. At *Menelaus* Tent, most Princely *Troilus*;
 There *Diomedes* doth feast with him to Night;
 Who neither looks on Heav'n, nor on Earth,
 But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
 On the fair *Cressida*.

Troi. Shall I, sweet Lord, be bound to thee so much,
 After you part from *Agamemnon's* Tent,
 To bring me thither?

Ulys. 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 absence?

Troi. O Sir, to such as boasting shew their Scars,
 A mock is due: Will you walk on, my Lord?
 She was lov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth.
 But still, sweet Love is Food for Fortune's tooth. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE before Achilles Tent in the Grecian
 Camp.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. I'LL heat his Blood with *Greekish* Wine to Night,
Patroclus, let us Feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes *Thersites*.

Enter Thersites.

Achil. How now, thou core of Envy?
 Thou crusty batch of Nature, what's the News?

Ther. Why, thou Picture of what thou seem'st, and Idol
 of Idiot-worshippers, here's a Letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, Fragment?

Ther.

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. Prithee 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 rotted Diseases of the South, Guts-griping, Ruptures, Catarrhs, loads o' Gravel i'th' Backs, Lethargies, cold Palsies, and the like, take and take again such preposterous Discoveries,

Potr. Why, thou damnable Box of Envy, thou, what mean'st thou to Curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why no, you ruinous Butt, you whoreson indistinguishable Cur.

Ther. No? Why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial Skein of sley'd Silk; thou green Sarcenet flap for a fore Eye; thou Tassel of a Prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor World is pestred 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 Battel:

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*.

[*Exit.*

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 that loves Quails, but he has not so much Brain as Ear-wax; and the good Transformation of *Jupiter* there his Brother, the Bull, the primitive Statue, and oblique Memorial of Cuckolds,

a thrifty shooting-horn in a Chain, hanging at his Brother's Leg; to what Form, but that he is, should Wit larded with Malice, and Malice forced with Wit turn him to? to an Ass were nothing, he is both Ass and Ox; to an Ox were nothing, he is both Ox and Ass; to be a Dog, a Mule, a Cat, a Fitchew, a Toad, a Lizard, an Owl, a Puttock, or a Herring without a Roe, I would not care: But to be *Menelaus*, I would conspire against Destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were *Thersites*; for I care not to be the Lowse of a Lazar, so I were not *Menelaus*. Hoy-day, Spirits and Fires.

Enter Hector, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, and Diomede, 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.

Ulyf. 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 *Greek's* General.

Men. Good Night, my Lord.

Hect. Good Night, sweet Lord *Menelaus*.

Ther. 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 *Nestor* tarries, and you too, *Diomede*, Keep *Hector* Company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, Lord, I have important Business, The tide whereof is now; Good Night, great *Hector*.

Hect. Give me your Hand.

Ulyf. Follow his Torch, he goes to *Calchas's* Tent, I'll keep you Company. [To Troilus.

Troi. Sweet Sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so good Night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my Tent.

[*Exeunt.*
Ther.

Ther. That same *Diomedes*'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 *Diomedes* keeps his Word. I will rather leave to see *Hector*, than not to dog him: They say, he keeps a Trojan Drab, and uses the Traitor *Calchas* his Tent. I'll after—
Nothing but Lechery; all incontinent Varlets. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Calchas Tent.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. What are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. Who calls?

Dio. *Diomedes*; *Calchas*, I think; where's your Daughter?

Cal. She comes to you,

Enter Troilus and Ulysses, after them Therites.

Ulys. Stand where the Torch may not discover us.

Enter Cressid.

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 find her, if he can take her life: 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. List.

Cre. Sweet, Honey Greek, tempt me no more to Folly.

Ther. Roguery—

Dio. Nay, then.

Cre. I'll tell you what.

Dio. Fo, fo, come tell a pin, you are a forsworn—

Cre.

Cre. In Faith I cannot: what would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling Trick, to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cre. I prithee 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. *Diomedes*.

Dio. No, no, good Night: I'll be your Fool no more.

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 it self

To wrathful Terms: this place is dangerous;

The time right deadly: I beseech you go.

Troi. Behold, I pray you——

Ulys. Nay, good my Lord go off:

You flow to great distraction: Come, my Lord.

Troi. I pray thee stay?

Ulys. You have not patience; come.

Troi. I pray you stay; by Hell, and 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. Fo, fo, 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 stroaks 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, Letchery, fry.

Dio. But will you then?

Cre. In Faith I will come ; never trust me else.

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 my self, nor have cognition
Of what I feel : I am all Patience.

Enter Cressida.

Ther. Now the Pledge, now, now, now.

Cre. Here, *Diomede*, keep this Sleeve.

Troi. O Beauty ! where is 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 prithee, *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 you 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 Kisses to it :
As I kiss thee.

Dio. Nay, do not snatch it from me.

Cre. He that takes that, takes 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. I will have this : Whose was it ?

Cre. It is no matter.

VOL IV.

A a

Dio.

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. By all *Diana's* Waiting-women yonder,
And by her self, 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 me, pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour.

Cre. Ay, come:—O *Jove!*—do, come:—I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewel 'till then. [Exit.

Cre. Good Night: I prithee come:
Troilus, farewell; one Eye yet looks on thee,

But with my Heart, the other Eyes 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.

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 recordation to my Soul,
Of every Syllable that here was spoke:
But if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a Truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my Heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong.

That

That doth invert that test of Eyes and Ears;
As if those Organs had deceptious Functions,
Created only to calumniate.

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 the general Sex

By *Cressid's* Rule. Rather think this not *Cressid*.

Ulys. What hath she done, Prince, that can foil our Mothers?

Troi. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own Eyes?

Troi. This she? no, this is *Diomedes's Cressid*:

If Beauty have a Soul, this is not she:

If Souls guide Vows, if Vows are Sanctimony,

If Sanctimony be the Gods delight,

If there be Rule in Unity it self,

This is not she. O madness of Discourse!

That Cause sets up, with and against thy self,

By foul Authority; where Reason can revolt

Without Perdition, and Loss assume all Reason,

Without Revolt. This is, and is not *Cressid*.

Within my Soul, there doth commence a fight

Of this strange Nature, that a thing inseparate

Divides more wider than the Sky and Earth,

And yet the spacious breadth of this Division

Admits no Orifice for a point, as subtle

As *Ariachne'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 it self;

The Bonds of Heav'n are slip'd, dissolv'd and loos'd,

And with another Knot five finger'd 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 doth express?

Troi. Ay, *Greek*, and that shall be divulged well;
In Characters, as red as *Mars*, his Heart

Inflam'd with *Venus*——never did young Man fancy
With so Eternal, and so fix'd a Soul——

Hark, *Greek*, as much as I do *Cressida* 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,

Constring'd in Mass by the Almighty Finger
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.

Ulys. O contain your self:
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.

Ulys. 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: *Patro-*
clus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this
Whore:

Troilus and Cressida. 1893

Whore : The Parrot will not do more for an Almond,
than he for a commodious Drab: Letchery, Letchery, still
Wars and Letchery, nothing else holds fashion. A burning
Devil take them. [Exit.

SCENE III. Troy.

Enter Hector and Andromache.

And. When was my Lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his Ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you gone,
By the everlasting Gods, I'll go.

Andr. My Dreams will sure prove ominous to the day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Cas. Where is my Brother *Hector*?

Andr. Here Sister, arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Consort with me in loud and dear Petition;
Pursue we him on Knees; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulences; 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 sally, 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 abhor'd
Than spotted Livers in the Sacrifice.

Andr. 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. Hold you still, I say;
Mine Honour keeps the weather of my Fate;

Life every Man holds dear, but the dear Man
Holds Honour far more precious-dear than Life.

Enter Troilus.

How, now, young man; mean'st thou to fight to day?

Andr. 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. When many times the Captive *Grecians* fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair Sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Troi. Fools Play, by Heav'n, *Hector*.

Hect. How now? how now?

Troi. For th' love of all the Gods,
Let's leave the Hermit Pity with our Mothers;
And when we have our Armours buckeld on,
The venom'd Vengeance ride upon our Swords,
Spur them to ruful work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fie, Savage, fie.

Troi. *Hector*, then 'tis Wars.

Hect. *Troilus*, I would not have you fight to day!

Troi. Who should with-hold me?

Not Fate, Obedience, nor the Hand of *Mars*,

Beckning with fiery Truncheon my retire:

Not *Priamus* and *Hecuba* on Knees,

Their Eyes o'er-galled 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.

Enter

Enter Priam and Cassandra.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, *Priam*, hold him fast:
He is thy Crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all *Troy* on thee;
Fall all altogether.

Priam. Come, *Hector*, come, go back:
Thy Wife hath Dreamt; thy Mother hath had Visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I my self,
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*,
Even in the Faith of Valour, to appear
This Morning to them.

Priam. Ay, but thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my Faith:
You know me Dutiful, therefore, dear Sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your Consent and Voice,
Which you do here forbid me, Royal *Priam*.

Cas. O, *Priam*, yield not to him.

Andr. Do not, dear Father.

Hect. *Andromache*, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me; get you in.

[*Exit Andromache.*]

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.

Cas. Farewel: Yet, soft: *Hector*, I take my leave;
Thou dost thy self, 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 of praise, and tell you them at Night.

Priam. Farewel: The Gods with safety stand about thee.

[*Alarum.*

Troi. They are at it, hark: Proud *Diomede*, believe
I come to lose my Arm, or win my Sleeve.

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. Do you hear, my Lord? do you hear?

Troi. What now?

Pand. Here's a Letter come from yond poor Girl.

Troi. Let me read.

Pand. 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, 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.

Pand. Why, but hear you——

Troi. Hence, Brothel, Lacquy, Ignominy and Shame
Pursue thy Life, and live ay with thy Name.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Field between Troy and the Camp.*

Alarum. *Enter Therites.*

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another, I'll go look on: That dissembling abominable Varlet, *Diomede*, 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-masterly Villain, with the Sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious Drab,

Drab, of a sleeveless Errant. O'th' t'other side, the Policy of those crafty swearing Rascals, that stale old Mouse-eaten dry Cheese, *Nestor*; and that same dog-fox *Ulysses* is not prov'd worth a Blackberry. 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* began to proclaim Barbarism, and Policy grows into an ill Opinion.

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.

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou, *Greek*? art thou for *Hector's* match?
Art thou of Blood and Honour?

Ther. No, no: I am a Rascal; a scurvy railing Knave; a very filthy Rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee—live. [Exit.]

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy Neck—for frightening me; what's become of the wenching Rogues? I think, they have swallowed one another. I would laugh at that Miracle—yet in a sort, Letchery 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.

Enter Agamemnon.

Aga. Renew, renew, the fierce *Polydamus*
Hath beat down *Menon*: Bastard *Margarelon*

Hath

Hath *Doreus* Prisoner,
 And stands, *Colossus* wife, waving his Beam,
 Upon the pashed coarces of the Kings,
Epistropus and *Cedus*: *Polyxines* is slain;
Amphimachus and *Thous* deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en or slain, and *Palamedes*
 Sore hurt and bruised; the dreadful *Sagittary*
 Appals our Numbers, haste we, *Diomedes*,
 To Reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go bear *Patroclus*'s Body to *Achilles*,
 And bid the snail'd-pac'd *Ajax* arm for shame,
 There are a thousand *Hectors* in the Field:
 Now here he fights on *Galathe* his Horse,
 And there lacks work; anon he's there a-foot,
 And there they fly or dye, like scaled Sculls,
 Before the belching Whale: Then is he yonder,
 And there the straying *Greeks*, ripe for his edge,
 Fall down before him, like the Mower's Swath;
 Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes;
 Dexterity fo obeying Appetite,
 That what he will, he does, and does so much,
 That Proof is call'd Impossibility.

Enter Ulyffes:

Ulyf. Oh, Courage, Courage, Princes; great *Achilles*
 Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing Vengeance;
Patroclus's 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* hath lost his 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,

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. *Troilus*, thou Coward, *Troilus*.

[Exit.]

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

[Exeunt.]

Enter

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector*?

Come, come, thou Boy-killer, shew thy Face:
Know what it is to meet *Achilles* angry.

Hector, where's *Hector*? I will none but *Hector*. [Exit]

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. *Troilus*, thou Coward *Troilus*, shew thy Head.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. *Troilus*, I say, where's *Troilus*?

Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the General,
Thou should'st have my Office,
E'er 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. Yes, *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 befriended 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

Or bring him off: Fate, hear me what I say;
I wreak 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 frush it, and unlock the Rivets all,
But I'll be Master of it; wilt thou not, Beast, abide?
Why then fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy Hide. [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. [Exit.

Enter Therfites, 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. [Exit *Paris and Menelaus*.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Turn, Slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

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 temps Judgment: Farewel, Bastard.

Bast. The Devil take the Coward. [Exeunt.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrified Core! so fair without:—
Thy goodly Armor thus hath cost thy Life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good Breath:
Rest Sword, thou hast thy fill of Blood and Death.

Enter

Enter Achilles, and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, *Hector*, now the Sun begins to set;
How ugly Night comes breathing at his Heels:
Even with the veil and darking 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. Strike, Fellows, strike, this is the Man I seek.
So, *Ilium*, fall thou: Now, *Troy*, sink down:
Here lies thy Heart, thy Sinews and thy Bone.

On, *Myrmidons*, cry you all amain,

Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* slain. [Exeunt.]

Hark, a Retreat upon our *Grecian* part.

Myr. The *Trojan* Trumpets sound the like, my Lord.

Achil. The dragon Wing of Night o'erspreads the Earth,
And, Stickler-like, the Armies separates;
My half sapt 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!* *Hector's* slain, *Achilles!*

Dio. The Bruit is, *Hector's* slain, and by *Achilles.*

Ajax. If it so, yet bragless let it be:

Great *Hector* was as good a Man as he.

Aga. March patiently along; let one be sent
To pray *Achilles* see us at our Tent.

If in his Death the Gods have us befriended,
Great *Troy* is ours, and our sharp Wars are ended.

[Exeunt.]

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. *Hector* is slain.

All. *Hector!* — the Gods forbid!

Troi.

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 Gods upon your Thrones, and smile at *Troy*.
I say at once, let your brief Plagues be Mercy,
And linger not our sure Destructions on.

Anc. 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 in to *Troy*, and say there, *Hector's* dead:
There is a word will *Priam* turn to Stone;
Make Wells, and *Niobes* of the Maids and Wives;
Cool 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 Frensie 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?

Troi. Hence, Brothel, Lacky, Ignominy and Shame,

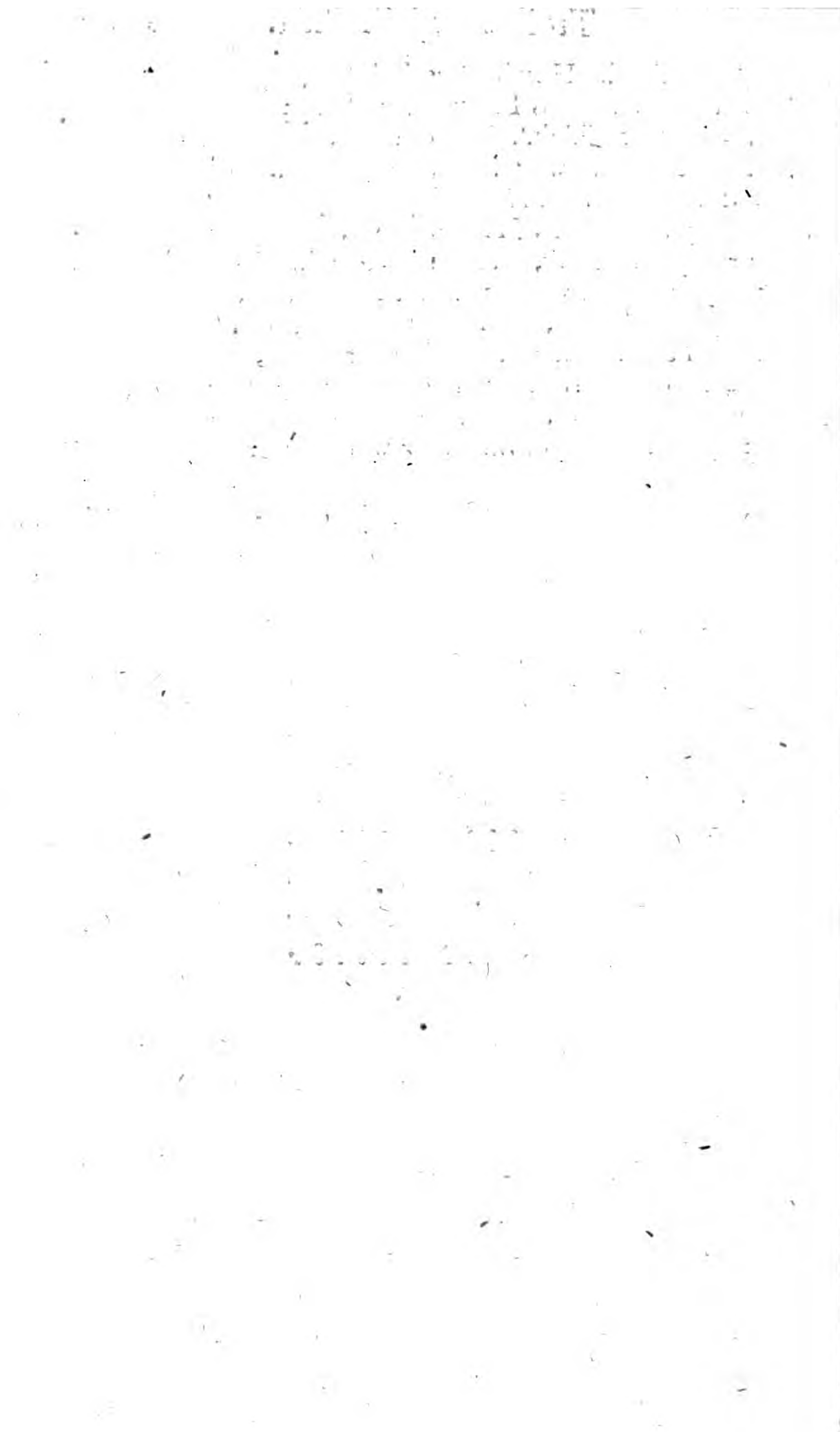
Pursue thy Life, and live aye with thy Name. [Strikes him.]

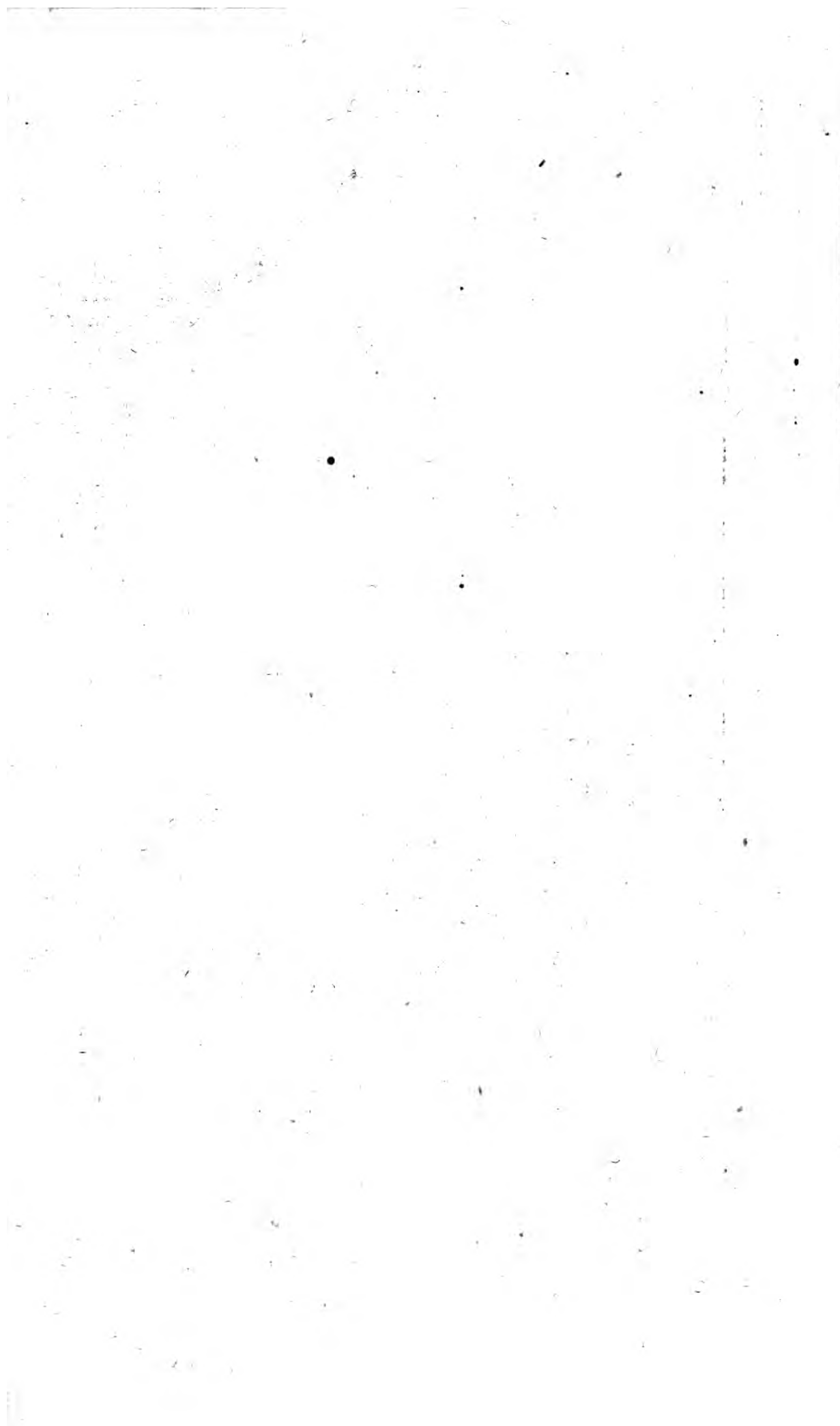
Pan. A goodly med'cine for mine aking Bones: Oh
World! World! World! thus is the poor Agent despis'd:
Oh, Traitors and Bawds; how earnestly are you set at Work,
and how ill requir'd? why should our Endeavour be so de-
sir'd, and the Performance so loath'd? What Verse for it?
what instance for it?—Let me see——

Full

Full merrily the Humble Bee doth sing,
'Till he hath lost his Hony and his Sting;
But being once subdu'd in armed Tail,
Sweet Hony and sweet Notes together fail.
Good Traders in the Flesh, set this in your painted Cloaths;
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 swear, and seeke about for Eases,
And at that time bequeath you my Diseases.

[*Exeunt.*]







CORIOLANUS.

A

TRAGEDY.



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

CAius Martius Coriolanus, *a Noble Roman, hated by the Common People.*

Titus Lartius, } *Generals against the Volscians, and*
Cominius, } *Friends to Coriolanus.*

Menenius Agrippa, *Friend to Coriolanus.*

Sicinius Velutus, } *Tribunes of the People, and E-*
Junius Brutus, } *nemies to Coriolanus.*

Tullus Aufidius, *General of the Volscians.*

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Young Martius, Son to Coriolanus.

W O M E N.

Volumnia, *Mother to Coriolanus.*

Virgilia, *Wife to Coriolanus.*

Valeria, *Friend to Virgilia.*

Roman and Volscian Senators, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Common People, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

The SCENE is partly in Rome and partly in the Territory of the Volscians.

CORIO-



CORIOLANUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter a Company of Mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.

I CITIZEN.



BEFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

I *Cit.* You are all resolv'd rather to die than to famish?

All. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

I *Cit.* First, you know, *Caius Martius* is chief Enemy to the People.

All. We know't.

I *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have Corn at our own Price. Is't a Verdict?

All. No more talking on't, let be done, away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good Citizens.

I *Cit.* We are accounted poor Citizens; the Patricians good: What Authority surfeits on, would relieve us: If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanly: But they think we are too dear; the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our Misery, is as an Inventory to particularize their Abundance;

Our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our Pikes, e'er we become Rakes : For the Gods know, I speak this in hunger for Bread, not in thirst for Revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against *Caius Martius*?

All. Against him first : He's a very Dog to the Commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what Services he has done for his Country?

1 *Cit.* Very well : and could be content to give him good Report for't; but that he pays himself with being proud.

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end ; though soft conscienc'd Men can be content to say it was for his Country, he did it to please his Mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his Virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his Nature, you account a Vice in him : You must in no way say, he is Covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of Accusations; he hath Faults, with surplus, to tire in Repetition.

[*Shouts within.*
What Shouts are those ? The other side o'th' City is risen, why stay we prating here ? To th' Capitol——

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft——who comes here ?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 *Cit.* Worthy *Menenius Agrippa* ; one that hath always lov'd the People.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough, would all the rest were so.

Men. What work's, my Countrymen, in hand?

Where go you with your Bats and Clubs ? The Matter——; Speak, I pray you.

2 *Cit.* Our Business is not unknown to the Senate, they have had inkling, this Fortnight, what we intended to do; which now we'll shew 'em in Deeds : They say, poor Suiters have strong Breaths, they shall know we have strong Arms too.

Men. Why Masters, my good Friends, mine honest Neighbours, will you undo your selves ?

2 *Cit's*

2 Cit. We cannot, Sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, Friends, most charitable care
Have the Patricians of you : for your Wants,
Your sufferings in this Dearth, you may as well
Strike at the Heav'n with your Staves, as lift them
Against the *Roman* State ; whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand Curbs
Of more strong link'd asunder, than can ever
Appear in your Impediment. For the Dearth ;
The Gods, not the Patricians, make it ; and
Your Knees to them, not Arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by Calamity
Thither, where more attends you ; and you slander
The Helms o'th' State, who care for you, like Fathers,
When you curse them as Enemies.

2 Cit. Care for us !--- True indeed, they ne'er car'd for us
yet. Suffer us to famish, and their Store-houses cramm'd
with Grain : Make Edicts for Usury, to support Usurers ;
repeal daily any wholsom Act established against the Rich,
and provide more piercing Statutes daily, to chain up and
restrain the Poor. If the Wars eat us not up, they will, and
there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess your selves wond'rous malicious,
Or be accus'd of Folly. I shall tell you
A pretty Tale, it may be you have heard it,
But since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To scale't a little more.

2 Cit. Well,
I'll hear it, Sir---yet you must not think
To fob off our Disgrace with a Tale:
But, and't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time when all the Bodies Members
Rebell'd against the Belly ; thus accus'd it---
That only like a Gulf it did remain
I'th' midst o'th' Body, idle and unactive,
Still cubbording the Viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest : where th' other Instruments
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate, did minister
Unto the Appetite, and Affection common

Of the whole Body: The Belly answer'd————

2 *Cit.* Well, Sir, what answer made the Belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you with a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the Lungs, but even thus——
(For look you, I may make the Belly smile
As well as speak) it tauntingly reply'd
To the discontented Members, the mutinous Parts
That envied his Receipt; even so most fitly,
As you malign our Senators, for that
They are not such as you——

2 *Cit.* Your Belly's answer——What
The Kingly crown'd Head, the vigilant Eye,
The Counsellor Heart, the Arm our Soldier,
Our Steed the Leg, the Tongue our Trumpeter;
With other Muniments and petty Helps
In this our Fabrick, if that they——

Men. What then?——For me this Fellow speaks.
What then? what then?

2 *Cit.* Should by the Cormorant Belly be restrain'd;
Who is the sink o'th' Body——

Men. Well,——what then?

2 *Cit.* The former Agents, if they did complain,
What could the Belly answer?

Men. I will tell you,
If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience, a while; you'll hear the Belly's answer.

2 *Cit.* Y'are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good Friend;
Your most grave Belly was deliberate,
Not rash, like his Accusers, and thus answer'd;
True is it, my incorporate Friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general Food at first
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the Store-house, and the Shop
Of the whole Body. But if you do remember,
I send it through the Rivers of your Blood
Even to the Court, th'Heart, to th' seat o'th' Brain,
And through the Cranks and Offices of Man,
The strongest Nerves, and small inferior Veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live. And though that all at once,
You,

You, my good Friends, (this says the Belly) mark me——

2 *Cit.* Ay, Sir, well, well.

Men. Though all at once, cannot
See, what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my Audit up, that all
From me do back receive the Flow'r of all,
And leave me but the Bran. What say you to't?

2 *Cit.* It was an answer——how apply you this?

Men. The Senators of *Rome* are this good Belly,
And you the mutinous Members; for examine
Their Counsels, and their Care; digest things rightly,
Touching the Weal o'th'Common, you shall find
No publick Benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
And no way from your selves. What do you think?
You, the great Toe of this Assambly?

2 *Cit.* The great Toe! Why the great Toe?

Men. For that being one o'th'lowest, basest, poorest
Of this most wise Rebellion, thou goest foremost:
Thou Rascal, that art worst in Blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.
But make you ready your stiff Bats and Clubs,
Rome and her Rats are at the point of Battel:
The one side must have Bail.

Enter Caius Martius.

Hail, Noble *Martius*.

Mar. Thanks. What's the Matter, you dissentious Rogues?
That rubbing the poor itch of your Opinion,
Make your selves Scabs.

2 *Cit.* We have ever your good Word.

Mar. He that will give good Words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, ye Curs,
That like not Peace, nor War? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you Lions, finds you Hares:
Where Foxes, Geese you are: No surer, no,
Than is the coal of Fire upon the Ice,
Or Hailstone in the Sun. Your Virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose Offence subdues him,
And curse that Justice, did it. Who deserves Greatness,
Deserves your Hate; and your Affections are

A sick Man's Appetite, who desires most that,
Which would encrease his Evil. He that depends
Upon your Favours, swims with fins of Lead,
And hews down Oaks with Rushes. Hang ye --- trust ye!
With every Minute you do change a Mind,
And call him Noble, that was now your Hate,
Him Vile, that was your Garland. What's the Matter,
That in the several places of the City
You cry against the Noble Senate, who
(Under the Gods) keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another? What's their seeking?

Men. For Corn at their own Rates, whereof they say,
The City is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em: They say! —
They'll sit by th' Fire, and presume to know
What's done i'th' Capitol; who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines: Side Factions, and give out
Conjectural Marriages; making Parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobled Shoes. They say, there's Grain enough!
Would the Nobility lay aside their Ruth,
And let me use a Sword, I'd make a Quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd Slaves, as high
As I could pitch my Lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded:
For though abundantly they lack Discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other Troop?

Mar. They are dissolv'd; hang 'em,
They said they were an hungry, sigh'd forth Proverbs;
That Hunger broke Stone Walls — that Dogs must eat, —
That Meat was made for Months — that the Gods sent not
Corn for the Rich Men only — With these shreds
They vented their Complaining; which being answer'd,
And a Petition granted them, a strange one,
To break the Heart of Generosity,
And make bold Power look pale; they threw their Caps
As they would hang them on the Horns o'th' Moon,
Shooting their Emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar.

Mar. Five Tribunes to defend their vulgar Wifdoms,
Of their own choice. One's *Junius Brutus*,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not. S'death,
The Rabble should have first unroost the City
E'er so prevail'd with me; it will in time
Win upon Power, and throw forth greater Themes
For Insurrections arguing,

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go get you home, you Fragments.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's *Caius Martius*?

Mar. Here——what's the Matter?

Mes. The News is, Sir, the *Volscies* are in Arms.

Mar. I am glad on't, then we shall have means to vent
Our musty superfluity. See, our best Elders——

*Enter Sicinius Velutus, Junius Brutus, Cominius, Titus
Lartius, with other Senators.*

1 Sen. Martius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us,
The *Volscies* are in Arms.

Mar. They have a Leader,
Tullius Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his Nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I could wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together?

Mar. Were half to half the World by th' Ears, and he
Upon my Party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my Wars with him. He is a Lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1 Sen. Then worthy *Martius*,
Attend upon *Cominius* to these Wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;

And I am constant: *Titus Lartius*, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at *Tullus's* Face.
What, art thou stiff? Stand'st out?

Tit. No, *Caius Martius*,
I'll lean upon one Crutch, and fight with t'other;
E'er stay behind this Business.

Men. Oh true bred.

1 Sen. Your Company to th' Capitol; where I know
Our greatest Friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on; follow *Cominius*, we must follow you,
right worthy your Priority.

Com. Noble *Martius*.

1 Sen. Hence to your Homes——be gone. [*To the Citizens.*

Mar. Let them follow,

The *Volsces* have much Corn: take these Rats thither
To gnaw their Garners. Worshipful Mutineers,

Your Valour puts well forth; pray follow. [*Exeunt.*

[*Citizens steal away. Manent Sicinius and Brutus.*

Sic. Was ever Man so proud as is this *Martius*?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen Tribunes for the People——

Bru. Mark'd you his Lip and Eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his Taunts,

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the Gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modest Moon.

Bru. The present Wars devour him, he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a Nature, tickled with good Success, disdains
the Shadow which he treads on at Noon, but I do wonder,
his Insolence can brook to be commanded under *Cominius*?

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd than by
A place below the first; for what miscarries
Shall be the General's fault, tho' he perform
To the utmost of a Man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of *Martius*: Oh, if he
Had born the Business——

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on *Martius*, shall
Of his demerits rob *Cominius*.

Bru. Come; half all *Cominius*'s Honours are to *Martius*,
Though *Martius* earn'd them not; and all his Faults
To *Martius* shall be Honours, though indeed
In ought he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present Action,

Bru.

Bru. Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Coriolus.

Enter Tullus Aufidius with Senators of Coriolus.

1 Sen. So, your Opinion is, *Aufidius*,
That they of *Rome* are entred in our Counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?

What ever hath been thought on in this State
That could be brought to bodily act, e'er *Rome*
Had Circumvention? 'tis not four Days gone
Since I heard thence----these are the Words----I think
I have the Letter here, yes---here it is;
They have prest a Power, but it is not known
Whether for East or West; the Dearth is great,
The People Mutinous; and it is rumour'd
Cominius, *Martius* your old Enemy,
(Who is of *Rome* worse hated than of you)
And *Titus Lartius*, a most valiant *Roman*,
These three lead on this Preparation.
Whither 'tis bent---most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.

1 Sen. Our Army's in the Field:
We never yet made doubt, but *Rome* is ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil'd, 'till when
They needs must shew themselves, which in the hatching
It seem'd appear'd to *Rome*. By the discovery,
We shall be shortned in our Aim, which was
To take in many Towns, e'er (almost) *Rome*
Should know we are a-foot.

2 Sen. Noble *Aufidius*,
Take your Commission, hie you to your Bands,
Let us alone to guard *Coriolus*,
If they set down before's: for the remove
Bring up your Army: But, I think, you'll find
They've not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that,
I speak from Certainties. Nay more,
Some parcels of their Power are forth already,

And

And only hitherward. I leave your Honours,
 If we and *Caius Martius* chance to meet,
 'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike,
 'Till one can do no more.

All. The Gods assist you.

Auf. And keep your Honours safe,

1 *Sen.* Farewel.

2 *Sen.* Farewel.

All. Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III. Rome.

*Enter Volunna and Virgilia, They set them down on two low
 Stools, and Sew.*

Vol. I pray you, Daughter, Sing, or express your self in a more comfortable sort: If my Son were my Husband, I would freelier rejoyce in that absence wherein he won Honour, than in the Embracements of his Bed, where he should shew most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only Son of my Womb; when Youth with Comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when for a Day of Kings Entreaties, a Mother should not sell him an Hour from her beholding, I, considering how Honour would become such a Person, that it was no better than Picture-like to hang by th^e Wall, if Renown made it not stir, was pleas'd to let him seek Danger where he was like to find Fame: To a cruel War I sent him, from whence he return'd, his Brows bound with Oak. I tell thee, Daughter, I sprang no more in Joy at first hearing he was a Man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a Man.

Vir. But had he died in the Business, Madam, how then?

Kol. Then his good Report should have been my Son; I therein would have found Issue. Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen Sons each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine, and my good *Martius*, I had rather eleven dye nobly for their Country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of Action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady *Valeria* is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire my self.

Vol. Indeed thou shalt not:

Me-

Methinks I hear hither your Husband's Drum :
 I see him pluck *Anfidius* down by th' Hair :
 (As Children from a Bear) the *Volsces* shunning him:
 Methinks I see him stamp thus——and call thus——
 Come on, ye Cowards, ye were got in fear
 Though you were born in *Rome*; his bloody Brow,
 With his mail'd Hand, then wiping, forth he goes
 Like to a Harvest-Man, that's task'd to mow,
 Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody Brow! Oh *Jupiter*, no Blood.

Vol. Away, you Fool; it more becomes a Man
 Than gilt his Trophy. The Breast of *Hecuba*,
 When she did suckle *Hector*, look'd not lovelier
 Than *Hector's* Forehead, when it spit forth Blood
 At *Grecian* Swords contending; tell *Valeria*
 We are fit to bid her Welcome

[*Exit Gent.*

Vir. Heav'ns blefs my Lord from fell *Anfidius*.

Vol. He'll beat *Anfidius's* Head below his Knee,
 And tread upon his Neck.

Enter Valeria with an Usher, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My Ladies both, good Day to you.

Vol. Sweet Madam——

Vir. I am glad to see your Ladiship——

Val. How do you both? You are manifest House-keepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot in good faith. How does your little Son?

Vir. I thank your Ladiship: Well, good Madam.

Vol. He had rather see the Swords, and hear a Drum, than look upon his School-master.

Val. A my Word, the Father's Son: I'll swear 'tis a very pretty Boy. A my troth I look'd on him a *Wednesday* half an hour together---h'as such a confin'd Countenance. I saw him run after a gilded Butterfly, and when he caught it; he let it go again, and after it again, and over and over he comes, and up again, and caught it again; or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his Teeth and did tear it. Oh, I warrant you he mammockt it.

Vol. One o's Father's Moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a Noble Child.

Vir. A Crack, Madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery, I must have you play the idle Huswife with me this Afternoon.

Vir.

Vir. No, good Madam,
I will not out of Doors.

Val. Not out of Doors?

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed no, by your patience; I'll not over the Thresh-
hold, 'till my Lord return from the Wars.

Val. Fie, you confine your self unreasonably:
Come, you must go visit the good Lady that lyes in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy Strength, and visit her with
my Prayers, but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save Labour, nor that I want Love.

Val. You would be another *Penelope*; yet thay say, all
the Yarn she spun in *Ulysses's* absence, did but fill *Ithaca* full
of Moths. Come, I would your Cambrick were sensible as
your Finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come,
you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not
forth.

Val. In truth la, go with me, and I'll tell you excellent
News of your Husband.

Vir. Oh, good Madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily I do not jest with you; there came News from
him last Night.

Vir. Indeed Madam——

Val. In earnest it's true, I heard a Senator speak it.
Thus it is---the *Volsces* have an Army forth, against whom
Cominius the General is gone, with one part of our Roman
Power. Your Lord, and *Titus Lartius* are set down before
their City *Coriolus*, they nothing doubt prevailing, and to
make it brief Wars. This is true, on my Honour, and so,
I pray, go with us

Vir. Give me excuse, good Madam, I will obey you in
every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, Lady, as she is now,
She will but diseafe our better Mirth.

Val. In troth, I think she would:
Fare you well then. Come, good sweet Lady.
Prithee, *Virgilia*, turn thy solemnness out a Door,
And go along with us.

Vir.

Virg. No:

At a word, Madam; indeed I must not,
I wish you Mirth,

Val. Well, then Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Walls of Coriolus.*

Enter Martius, Titus Lartius, with Drum and Colours, with Captains and Soldiers: To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes News:

A Wager they have met.

Lart. My Horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our General met the Enemy?

Mes. They lye in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good Horse is mine.

Mart. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll not sell, nor give him: Lend him you, I will,
For half an hundred Years: Summon the Town.

Mar. How far off lye these Armies?

Mes. Within a Mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their Larum, and they Ours.
Now *Mars*, I prithee make us quick in work;
That we with smoaking Swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded Friends. Come, blow the blast.
They sound a Parley. Enter two Senators with others on the Walls.
Tullus Aufidius is he within your Walls?

Senat. No, nor a Man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little: [Drum afar off.]

Hark, our Drums

Are bringing forth our Youth: We'll break our Walls
Rather than they shall pound us up; our Gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with Rushes,
They'll open of themselves. Hark you far off.

[Alarum far off.]

There is *Aufidius*. List, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven Army.

Mar. Oh, they are at it.

Lart. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders, ho.

Enter

Coriolanus.

Enter the Volscies.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their City:
Now put your Shields before your Hearts, and fight
With Hearts more proof than Shields.
Advance, brave *Titus*,
They do disdain us much beyond our Thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with Wrath. Come on, my Fellows;
He that retires, I'll take him for a *Volscie*,
And he shall feel mine Edge.

Alarm; the Romans are beat back to their Trenches.

Enter Martius.

Mar. All the contagion of the South light on you,
You shames of *Rome*; you Herds of Biles and Plagues,
Plaister you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the Wind a Mile: You Souls of Geese,
That bear the shapes of Men, how have you run
From Slaves, that Apes would beat? *Pluto* and Hell!
All hurt behind, Backs red, and Faces pale
With flight and agued fear? mend, and charge home,
Or by the Fires of Heav'n, I'll leave the Foe,
And make my Wars on you: Look to't, come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their Wives,
As they us to our Trenches followed.

*Another Alarm, and Martius follows them to
the Gates, and is shut in.*

So, now the Gates are open: Now prove good Seconds.
'Tis for the Followers, Fortune widens them,
Not for the Fliers: Mark me, and do the like.

[*He Enters the Gates.*]

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardiness, not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

1 *Sol.* See, they have shut him in. [*Alarm continues.*]

All. To th' pot, I warrant him.

Enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of *Martius*?

All. Slain, Sir, doubtless.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very Heels;
With them he enters; who upon the sudden
Clapt to their Gates: he is himself alone,
To answer all the City.

Lart.

Lart. Oh noble Fellow!
 Who sensibly out-dares his senseless Sword,
 And when it bows, stands up: Thou art left, *Martius*—
 A Carbuncle intire, as big as thou art,
 Were not so rich a Jewel. Thou wast a Soldier
 Even to *Calvus* wish, not fierce and terrible
 Only in stroaks, but with thy grim looks, and
 The Thunder-like percussion of the Sounds,
 Thou mad'st thine Enemies shake, as if the World
 Were feaverous, and did tremble.

Enter Martius bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.

1 *Sol.* Look, Sir.

Lart. O, 'tis *Martius*.

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[*They fight, and all enter the City.*

Enter certain Romans with Spoils.

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to *Rome*.

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A Murrain on't, I took this for Silver. [*Exeunt.*

[*Alarum continues still afar off.*

Enter Martius and Titus Lartius, with a Trumpet.

Mar. See here these Movers, that do prize their Hours
 At a crack'd Drachm: Cushions, leaden Spoons,
 Irons of a Doit, Doublets that Hangmen would
 Bury with those that wore them, these base Slaves,
 E'er yet the Fight be done, pack up; down with them.
 And hark, what noise the General makes! To him,
 There is the Man of my Soul's hate, *Aufidius*,
 Piercing our *Romans*: Then Valiant *Titus* take
 Convenient Numbers to make good the City,
 Whilst I, with those that have the Spirit, will haste
 To help *Cominius*.

Lart. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'st;
 Thy Exercise hath been too violent
 For a second Course of Fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not:
 My Work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:
 The Blood I drop, is rather Physical
 Than dangerous to me. To *Aufidius*, thus I will appear

Mart. Now the fair Goddess Fortune (and fight.)
 Fall deep in Love with thee, and her great Charms

Misguide thy Opposers Swords: bold Gentleman!
Prosperity be thy Page.

Mar. Thy Friend no less,
Than those she placeth highest: So farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest *Martius*,
Go sound thy Trumpet in the Market-place,
Call thither all the Officers o'th' Town,
Where they shall know our Mind. Away. [Exeunt.

Enter Cominius Retreating, with Soldiers.

Com. Breath you, my Friends, well fought, we are come
Like *Romans*, neither foolish in our Stands (off
Nor cowardly in Retire: Believe me, Sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims and conveying gusts, we have heard
The Charges of our Friends. The *Roman* Gods
Lead their Successes, as we wish our own,
That both our Powers, with smiling Fronts encountering,
May give you thankful Sacrifice. Thy News?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Citizens of *Coriolus* have issued,
And given to *Lartius* and to *Martius* Battel.
I saw our Party to their Trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Tho' thou speakest Truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

Mes. Above an Hour, my Lord

Com. 'Tis not a Mile: Briefly we heard their Drums.
How could'st thou in a Mile confound an Hour,
And bring the News so late?

Mes. Spies of the *Volsces*
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four Miles about, else had I, Sir,
Half an Hour since brought my Report.

Enter Martius.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were Flea'd? O Gods,
He has the stamp of *Martius*, and I have
Before time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The Shepherd knows not Thunder from a Tabor,
More than I know the Sound of *Martius's* Tongue

[From

From every meaner Man.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the Blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. Oh! let me clip ye
In Arms as found, as when I woo'd in Heart;
As merry, as when our Nuptial Day was done,
And Tapers burnt to Bedward.

Com. Flower of Warriors, how is't with *Titus Lartius*?

Mar. As with a Man busied about Decrees;
Condemning some to Death, and some to Exile,
Ransoming him, or pitying, threatning th' other
Holding *Coriolanus* in the name of *Rome*,
Even like a fawning Grey-hound in the Leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that Slave
Which told me they had beat you to your Trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: But for our Gentlemen,
The common file, (a Plague! Tribunes for them!)
The Mouse ne'er shunn'd the Cat, as they did budge
From Rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think——
Where is the Enemy? Are you Lords o'th' Field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. *Martius*, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their Battel? Know you on what side they
have plac'd their Men of trust?

Com. As I guess, *Martius*,
Their Bands i'th' Vaward are the Ancients
Of their best trust: O'er them *Aufidius*,
Their very heart of Hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
But all the Battels wherein we have fought,
By th' Blood we have shed together,
By th' Vows we have made
To endure Friends, that you directly set me
Against *Aufidius*, and his *Antiats*;
And that you not delay the present, but

Filling the Air with Swords advanc'd, and Darts,
We prove this very hour.—

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle Bath,
And Balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your Action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing; if any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt) that love this Painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Less for his Person, than an ill Report:
If any think, brave Death out-weighs bad Life,
And that his Country's dearer than himself,
Let him alone, (or, so many so minded)
Wave thus to express his disposition,
And follow *Martius*.

*They all Shout and wave their Swords, take him up in their
Arms, and cast up their Caps.*

Oh! me alone, make you a Sword of me:
If these shews be not outward, which of you
But is four *Volsces*? None of you, but is
Able to bear against the great *Anfidius*,
A Shield as hard as his. A certain number,
(Tho' thanks to all) must I select from all:
The rest shall bear the business in some other Fight
As Cause will be obey'd: Please you to March,
And four shall quickly draw out my Command,
Which Men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on my Fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all, with us.

[*Exeunt.*
*Titus Lartius having set a Guard upon Coriolus, going
with Drum and Trumpet toward Cominius, and Caius
Martius, Enters with a Lieutenant, other Soldiers, and a
Scout.*

Lart. So, let the Ports be guarded; keep your Duties
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those Centuries to our aid, the rest will serve
For a short holding; if we lose the Field,
We cannot keep the Town.

Lien. Fear not our Care, Sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your Gates upon's:
Our Guider come, to th' *Roman* Camp conduct us. [*Exit.*
[*Alarum as in Battel.*

Enter Martius and Aufidius, at several Doors.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worse than a Promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike:

Not *Africk* owns a Serpent I abhor
More than thy Fame and Envy; Fix thy Foot.

Mar. Let the first Budger die the other's Slave,
And the Gods doom him after.

Auf. If I fly, *Martius*, hollow me like a Hare.

Mar. Within these three Hours, *Tullus*,
Alone I fought in your *Coriolus* Walls,
And made what work I pleas'd: 'Tis not my Blood,
Wherein thou see'st me mask'd; for thy Revenge
Wrench up thy power to th' highest.

Auf. Wert thou the *Hector*,
That was the Whip of your bragg'd Progeny,
Thou should'st not 'scape me here.

[*Here they fight, and certain Volscies come to the aid of*

Aufid. *Martius* fights 'till they be driven in breathless.
Officious and not Valiant!—you have sham'd me
In your condemned Seconds.

*Flourish. Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Enter at one
Door Cominius, with the Romans: At another Door
Martius, with his Arm in a Scarf.*

Com. If I should tell thee o'er, this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy Deeds: But I'll report it,
Where Senators shall mingle Tears with Smiles;
Were great Patricians shall attend, and shrug;
I'th' end admire; where Ladies shall be frighted,
And gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull Tribunes,
That with the fusty *Plebeians*, hate thine Honours,
Shall say against their Hearts, we thank the Gods
Our *Rome* hath such a Soldier.
Yet cam'st thou to a Morfel of this Feast,
Having fully Din'd before.

Enter Titus Lartius with his Power, from the Pursuit.

Lart. O General,

Here is the Steed, we the Caparison :

Hast thou beheld——

Mar. Pray now, no more :

My Mother, who has a Charter to extol her Blood,

When she does praise me, grieves me :

I have done as you have done, that's what I can,

Induc'd as you have been, that's for my Country ;

He that has but effected his good Will,

Hath overta'en mine Act.

Com. You shall not be the Grave of your deserving,

Rome must know the value of her own :

'Twere a Concealment worse than a Theft,

No less than a Traducement,

To hide your doings, and to silence that,

Which to the spire and top of Praises vouch'd,

Would seem but modest: Therefore, I beseech you,

In sign of what you are, not to reward

What you have done, before our Army hear me.

Mar. I have some Wounds upon me, and they smart

To hear themselves remembred.

Com. Should they not,

Well might they fester 'gainst Ingratitude,

And tent themselves with Death: Of all the Horses,

Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store, Of all

The Treasure in the Field achiev'd, and City,

We render you the tenth, to be ta'en forth,

Before the common distribution,

At your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, General:

But cannot make my Heart consent to take

A Bribe, to pay my Sword: I do refuse it,

And stand upon my common part with those,

That have beheld the doing.

*Along Flourish. They all cry, Martius! Martius! cast up
their Caps and Launces: Cominius and Lartius stand
bare.*

Mar. May these same Instruments, which you prophane,

Never sound more: When Drums and Trumpets shall

I'th' Field prove Flatterers, let Courts and Cities be

Made all of false-fac'd soothing:

When

When Steel grows soft, as the Parasites Silk,
 Let him be made an Overture for th' Wars:
 No more, I say, for that I have not wash'd
 My Nose that bled, or foil'd some debile Wretch.
 Which without note, here's many else have done,
 You shout me forth in Acclamations hyperbolicall,
 As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
 In Praises, sauc'd with Lies.

Com. Too modest are you:

More cruel to your good Report, than grateful
 To us, that give you truly: By your Patience,
 If against your self you be incens'd, we'll put you
 (Like one that means his proper harm) in Manacles,
 Then Reason safely with you: Therefore be it known,
 As to us, to all the World, that *Caius Martius*
 Wears this War's Garland: In token of the which,
 My noble Steed, known to the Camp, I give to him,
 With all his trim belonging, and from this time,
 For what he did before *Coriolus*, call him,
 With all th' applause and clamour of the Host,
Caius Martius Coriolanus. Bear th' addition Nobly ever.

Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.

Omnes. Caius Martius Coriolanus!

Mar. I will go wash:

And when my Face is fair, you shall perceive
 Whether I blush, or no. Howbeit, I thank you.
 I mean to stride your Steed, and at all times
 To under-crest your good Addition,
 To th' fairness of my Power.

Com. So, to our Tent:

Where, e'er we do repose us, we will write
 To *Rome* of our Success: You *Titus Lartius*
 Must to *Coriolus* back; send us to *Rome*
 The best, with whom we may articulate,
 For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my Lord.

Mar. The Gods begin to mock me;
 I that but now refus'd most Princely Gifts,
 Am bound to beg of my Lord General.

Com. Take't, 'tis yours; What is't?

Mar. I sometime lay here in *Coriolus*,
At a poor Man's House: He us'd me kindly.
He cry'd to me: I saw him Prisoner:
But then *Aufidius* was in my view,
And Wrath o'er-whelm'd my Pity: I request you
To give my poor Host freedom.

Com. O well begg'd:

Were he the Butcher of my Son, he should
Be free as is the Wind: Deliver him, *Titus*.

Lart. Martins, his Name.

Mar. By *Jupiter*, forgot:

I am weary; yea, my Memr'y is tir'd:
Have we no Wine here?

Com. Go we to our Tent;

The Blood upon your Visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to: Come.

A Flourish. Cornets. Enter *Tullus Aufidius* bloody, with
two or three Soldiers. [*Exeunt.*

Auf. The Town is ta'en.

Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good Condition.

Auf. Condition!

I would I were a *Roman*, for I cannot,
Being a *Volscie*, be that I am. Condition?
What good Condition can a Treaty find
I'th' part that is at Mercy? Five times, *Martins*,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me:
And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we Eat. By the Elements,
If e'er again I meet him Beard to Beard,
He's mine, or I am his: Mine Emulation
Hath not that Honour in't it had: For where
I thought to crush him in an equal Force,
True Sword to Sword: I'll potch at him some way,
Or Wrath, or Craft may get him.

Sol. He's the Devil.

Auf. Bolder, th' not so subtle: My Valour's poison'd,
With only suffering Stain by him: For him
Shall flie out of it self; not Sleep, nor Sanctuary,
Being Naked, Sick, nor Fane, nor Capitol,
The Prayers of Priests, nor time of Sacrifice:

Embark.

Embarkments all of fury, shall lift up
 Their rotten Privilege, and Custom 'gainst
 My hate to *Martius*. Where I find him, were it
 At home, upon my Brother's Guard, even there
 Against the Hospitable Canon, would I
 Wash my fierce Hand in's Heart. Go you to the City,
 Learn how 'tis held, and what they are that must
 Be Hostages for *Rome*.

Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the Cypress Grove. I pray you
 ('Tis South the City Mill) bring me word thither
 How the World goes, that to the pace of it
 I may spur on my Journey.

Sol. I shall, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

S C E N E *Rome.*

Enter Menenius with Sicinius and Brutus.

Men. **T**HE Augurer tells me, we shall have News to
 Night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the Prayer of the People, for they
 love not *Martius*.

Sic. Nature teaches Beasts to know their Friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the Wolf love?

Sic. The Lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him, as the hungry *Plebeians* would
 the noble *Martius*.

Bru. He's a Lamb indeed, that baes like a Bear.

Men. He's Bear indeed, that lives like a Lamb.

You two are old Men, tell me one thing that I shall ask
 you.

Both. Well, Sir.

Men. In what Enormity is *Martius* poor in, that you two
 have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one Fault, but stor'd with all.

Sic. Especially Pride.

Bru.

Brn. And topping all others in boast.

Men. This is strange now! Do you two know how you are censur'd here in the City, I mean us o' th' right hand File, do you?

Brn. Why---how are we censur'd?

Men. Because you talk of Pride now, will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well, Sir, well,

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little Thief of Occasion will rob you of a great deal of Patience:— Give your dispositions the Reins, and be angry at your pleasures, (at the least) if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so—you blame *Martius* for being proud.

Brn. We do it not alone, Sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone, for your helps are many, or else your Actions would grow wondrous single; your Abilities are too Infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of Pride——Oh, that you could turn your Eyes towards the Napes of your Necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves. Oh that you could!

Brn. What then, Sir?

Men. Why then you should discover a brace of as unmeriting, proud, violent, testy Magistrates, *alias* Fools, as any in *Rome*.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous Patrician, and one that loves a Cup of hot Wine with not a drop of allaying *Tiber* in't: Said to be something imperfect in favouring the first Complaint, hasty and Tinder-like, upon to trivial Motion: One that converses more with the Buttock of the Night, than with the Forehead of the Morning. What I think I utter, and spend my Malice in my Breath. Meeting two such Weals-men as you are (I cannot call you *Lycurgusses*) if the Drink you give me touch my Palate adversely, I make a crooked Face at it. I can say, your Worships have deliver'd the Matter well, when I find the As in compound with the Major part of your Syllables. And tho' I must be content to bear with those that say you are Reverend Grave, yet they lye deadly that tell you have good Faces; if you see this in the Map of my Microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? What harm can
your

your Befom Conſpectuities glean out of this Character, if I be known well enough too?

Brn. Come, Sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, your ſelves, nor any thing; you are ambitious for poor Knaves Caps and Legs: You wear out a good whoſom Forenoon, in hearing a Cauſe between an Orange-wife and a Fauſet-feller, and then re-journ the Controverſie of Three Pence to a ſecond Day of Audience.—When you are hearing a Matter between a Party and Party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the Cholick, you make Faces like Mummings, ſet up the bloody Flag againſt all Patience—and in roaring for a Chamber-pot, diſmiſs the Controverſie Bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: All the Peace you make in their Cauſe, is calling both the Parties Knaves. You are a pair of ſtrange Ones.

Brn. Come, come, you are well underſtood to be a perfecter Gyber for the Table, than a neceſſary Bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very Priests muſt become Mockers, if they ſhall encounter ſuch ridiculous Subjects as you are; when you ſpeak beſt unto the Purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your Beards, and your Beards deſerve not ſo honourable a Grave, as to ſtuff a Botcher's Cuſhion, or to be intom'd in an Aſſes Pack-saddle. Yet you muſt be ſaying, *Martius* is proud; who in a cheap Eſtimation, is worth all your Predeceſſors ſince *Deucalion*, though peradventure ſome of the beſt of 'em were hereditary Hangmen. Good-e'en to your Worſhips; more of your Converſation would infect my Brain, being the Herdſmen of the beaſtly *Plebeians*. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[*Exeunt Brutus and Sicinius.*

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia and Valeria.

How now (my as fair as noble) Ladies, and the Moon were ſhe Earthly, no Nobler; whither do you follow your Eyes ſo faſt?

Vol. Honourable *Menenius*, my Boy *Martius* approaches; for the love of *Juno* let's go.

Men. Ha! *Martius* coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy *Menenius*, and with moſt prosperous Approbation.

Men.

Men. Take my Cap, *Jupiter*, and I thank thee——hoo, *Martius* coming home?

Both. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a Letter from him, the State hath another, his Wife another, and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very House reel to Night:
A Letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a Letter for you, I saw't.

Ment. A Letter for me? it gives me an Estate of seven Years health; in which time I will make a Lip at the Physician: The most Sovereign Prescription in *Galen* is but Emperick, and to this Preservative, of no better report than a Horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded?

Vir. Oh no, no, no.

Vol. Oh, he is wounded, I thank the Gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if he be not too much; brings a Victory in his Pocket? the Wounds become him.

Vol. On's Brows; *Menenius*, he comes the third time home with the Oaken Garland.

Men. Has he disciplin'd *Aufidius* soundly?

Vol. *Titus Lartius* writes, they fought together, but *Aufidius* got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that; and he had staid by him, I would not have been so fiddou- sed for all the Chests in *Coriolanus*, and the Gold that's in them. Is the Senate possess'd of this?

Vol. Good Ladies, let's go. Yes, yes, yes: The Senate has Letters from the General, wherein he gives my Son the whole Name of the War, he hath in this Action out-done his former Deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! Ay, I warrant you, and not without his true Purchasing.

Vir. The Gods grant them true.

Vol. True? pow waw.

Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true, where is he wounded, God save your good Worships? *Martius* is coming home; he has more cause to be proud: Where is he wounded?

Vol. I'th' Shoulder, and i' th' left Arm, there will be large Cicatrices to shew the People, when he shall stand for his place, he receiv'd in the Repulse of *Tarquin* seven hurts i' th' Body.

Men. One i' th' Neck, and two i' th' Thigh; there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before his last Expedition, twenty five Wounds upon him.

Men. Now 'tis twenty seven, every gash was an Enemy's Grave. Hark, the Trumpets. [*A Shout and Flourish.*]

Vol. These are the Ushers of *Martius*;
Before him he carries Noise,
And behind him he leaves Tears:
Death, that dark Spirit, in's nervy Arm doth lye,
Which being advanc'd, declines, and then Men dye.

A Sonnet. Trumpets Sound. Enter Cominius the General and Titus Lartius; between them Coriolanus, crown'd with an Oaken Garland, with Captains and Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, *Rome*, that all alone *Martius* did fight
Within *Coriolus* Gates, where he hath won,
With Fame, a Name to *Caius Martius*.
These in Honour follows, *Caius Martius Coriolanus*.
Welcome to *Rome*, renowned *Coriolanus*.

[*Sound.* *Flourish.*]

All. Welcome to *Rome*, renowned *Coriolanus*.

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my Heart; pray now no more.

Com. Look, Sir, your Mother.

Cor. Oh! you have, I know, petition'd all the Gods for my Prosperity. [*Kneels.*]

Vol. Nay, my good Soldier, up:
My gentle *Martius*, worthy *Caius*,
And by deed-achieving Honour newly nam'd,
What is it, *Coriolanus*, must I call thee?
But oh, thy Wife,

Cor. My gracious silence, hail:
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me Triumph? Ah, my Dear,
Such Eyes the Widows in *Coriolus* wear,
And Mothers that lack Sons.

Men.

Men. Now the Gods crown thee.

Com. And live you yet? Oh my sweet Lady, pardon.

Vol. I know not where to turn.

Oh welcome home; and welcome General,
And y'are welcome all,

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes:
I could weep, and I could laugh,
I am light and heavy; welcome:
A Curse begin at the very root on's Heart
That is not glad to see thee.
You are three that *Rome* should dote on:
Yet by the Faith of Men, we have
Some old Crab-trees here at home,
That will not be grafted to your Relish.
Yet welcome Warriors;
We call a Nettle, but a Nettle,
And the faults of Fools, but Folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. *Menenius*, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your Hand, and yours.

E'er in our own House I do shade my Head,
The good Patricians must be visited,
From whom I have receiv'd not only Greetings,
But with them, change of Honours.

Vol. I have lived,
To see inherited my very Wishes,
And the Buildings of my Fancy;
Only there's one thing wanting,
Which, I doubt not but that our *Rome*
Will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good Mother,
I had rather be their Servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol.

[*Flourish.*

Cornets.

[*Exeunt in State, as before*

Enter Brutus and Sicinius.

Brn. All Tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him. Your prating Nurse
Into a Rapture lets her Baby cry,
While she chats him: The Kitchen Maukin pins

Her

Her richest Lockram 'bout her reechy Neck,
 Clambring the Walls to eye him;
 Stalls, Bulks, Windows, are smother'd up,
 Leads fill'd, and Ridges hors'd
 With variable Complexions; all agreeing
 In earnestness to see him: Seld-shown *Flamins*
 Do press among the popular Throngs, and puff
 To win a vulgar Station; our veil'd Dames
 Commit the War of White and Damask
 In their nicely gawded Cheeks, to th' wanton Spoil
 Of *Phœbus* burning Kisses; such a pother,
 As if that, whatsoever, God, who leads him,
 Were slyly crept into his human Powers,
 And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden, I warrant him Consul.

Bru. Then our office may, during his Power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temp'rately transport his Honours,
 From where he should begin and end, but will
 Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there's Comfort.

Sic. Doubt not,

The Commoners, for whom we stand, but they
 Upon their ancient Malice, will forger,
 With the least Cause, these his new Honours;
 Which that he will give them, make I as little question
 As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
 Were he to stand for Consul, never would he
 Appear i'th' Market-place, nor on him put
 The Naples Vesture of humility,
 Nor shewing, as the manner is, his Wounds
 To th' People, beg their stinking Breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word:

Oh he would miss it, rather than carry it,
 But by the suit of the Gentry to him,
 And the desire of the Nobles.

Sic. I wish no better, than have him hold that purpose,
 and to put it in Execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like he will.

Sic.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills;
A sure Destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our Authorities, for an end.
We must suggest the People, in what hatred
He still hath held them; that to's Power he would
Have made them Mules, silenc'd their Pleaders,
And disproportioned their Freedoms: holding them,
In human Action and Capacity,
Of no more Soul nor fitness for the World,
Than Camels in their War, who have their Provand
Only for bearing Burthens, and fore Blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested,
At some time, when his soaring Insolence
Shall teach the People; which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't, and that's as easie,
As to set Dogs on Sheep; we'll be his Fire
To kindle their dry Stubble; and their Blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mes. You are sent for to the Capitol:
'Tis thought that *Martius* shall be Consul:
I have seen the dumb Men throng to see him,
And the blind to hear him speak; Matrons flung Gloves,
Ladies and Maids their Scarfs and Handkerchiefs,
Upon him, as he pass'd; the Nobles bended
As to *Jove's* Statue, and the Commons made
A Shower and Thunder, with their Caps and Shouts:
I never saw the like,

Bru. Let's to the Capitol,
And carry with us Ears and Eyes for th' time,
But Hearts for the Event.

Sic. Have with you.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter two Officers, to lay Cushions, as in the Capitol.

1 Off. Come, come, they are almost here; how many stand
for Consulships?

2 Off. Three, they say; but 'tis thought of every one,
Coriolanus will carry it.

1 Off.

1 *Of.* That's a brave Fellow, but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the Common People.

2 *Of.* 'Faith, there have been many great Men that have flatter'd the People, who ne'er lov'd them, and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore; so that if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a Ground. Therefore, for *Coriolanus* neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true Knowledge he has in their Disposition, and out of his noble Carelessness lets them plainly see't.

1 *Of.* If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he waded indifferently, 'twixt doing them neither Good, nor Harm: But he seeks their Hate with greater Devotion, than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their Opposite. Now to seem to affect the Malice and Displeasure of the People, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Of.* He hath deserv'd worthily of his Country: And his Ascent is not by such easie Degrees as those, who have been supple and courteous to the People, Bonnetted, without any further Deed, to have them at all into their Estimation and Report: But he hath so planted his Honours in their Eyes, and his Actions in their Hearts, that for their Tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful Injury; to report otherwise, were a Malice that giving it self the Lie, would pluck Reproof and Rebuke from ev'ry Ear that heard it.

1 *Of.* No more of him, he is a worthy Man: Make way, they are coming.

A Sonnet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Licitors before them; Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius the Consul: Sicinius and Brutus take their Places by themselves.

Men. Having determin'd of the *Volsces*,
And to send for *Titus Lartius*; it remains,
As the main Point of this our after-meeting,
To gratifie his noble Service, that hath
Thus stood for his Country. Therefore, please you,
Most Reverend and Grave Elders, to desire
The present Consul, and last General,

In our well-found Successes, to report
 A little of that worthy Work perform'd
 By *Caius Martius Coriolanus*; whom
 We met here, both to thank, and to remember
 With Honours like himself.

I Sen. Speak, good *Cominius* :

Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
 Rather our State's defective for Requital,
 Than we to stretch it out. Masters o'th' People,
 We do request your kindest Ear, and after,
 Your loving Motion toward the common Body,
 To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented upon a pleasing Treaty, and
 have Hearts inclinable to Honour, and advance the Theam
 of our Assembly.

Bru. Which the rather we shall be blest to do, if he re-
 member a kinder Value of the People, than he hath hither-
 to priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off : I wou'd you rather had been
 silent : Please you to hear *Cominius* speak ?

Bru. Most willingly : But yet my Caution was more per-
 tinent than the Rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your People, but tye him not to be their
 Bedfellow : Worthy *Cominius*, speak.

[*Coriolanus rises, and offers to go away.*

Nay, keep your Place.

I Sen. Sir *Coriolanus*, never shame to hear
 What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your Honour's Pardon :
 I had rather have my Wounds to heal again,
 Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope my Words dis-bench'd you not ?

Cor. No, Sir ; yet oft,
 When Blows have made me stay, I fled from Words.
 You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not : But your People,
 I love them as they weigh——

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my Head w'th' Sun,
 When the Alarm were struck, than idly sit
 To hear my Nothings monster'd

[*Exit Coriolanus.*

Men.

Men. Masters of the People,

Your multiplying Spawne how can he flatter,
That's thousand to one good one? when you now see
He had rather venture all his Limbs for Honour,
Than one of's Ears to hear it. Proceed, *Cominius*.

Com. I shall lack Voice: The Deeds of *Coriolanus*
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held
That Valour is the chiefest Virtue, and
Most dignifies the Haver: If it be,
The Man I speak of cannot in the World
Be singly counter-pois'd. At sixteen Years,
When *Tarquin* made a Head for *Rome*, he fought
Beyond the Mark of others: Our then Dictator,
Whom with all Praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his *Amazonian* Chin he drove
The bristled Lips before him: He bestrid
An o'er-prest *Roman*, and i'th' Consul's view
Slew three Opposers: *Tarquin's* self he met,
And struck him on his Knee: In that Day's Feats,
When he might act the Woman in the Scene,
He prov'd best Man i'th' Field, and for his Meed
Was Brow bound with the Oak. His Pupil-age
Man-enter'd thus, he waited like a Sea,
And in the Brunt of seventeen Battels since,
He lurcht all Swords o'th' Garland. For this last,
Before, and in *Coriolus*, let me say
I cannot speak him home: He stopt the Fliers,
And by his rare Example, made the Coward
Turn Terror into Sport. As Waves before
A Vessel under Sail, so Men obey'd,
And fell below his Stem: His Sword (Death's Stamp)
Where it did mark, it took from Face to Foot:
He was a thing of Blood, whose every Motion
Was trimm'd with dying Cries: Alone he entred
The mortal Gate o'th' City, which he painted
With shunless Defamy: Aidless came off,
And with a sudden Re-enforcement struck
Coriolus, like a Planet. Nor all's this;
For by and by the Din of War 'gan pierce
His ready Sense, when streight his doubted Spirit
Requickn'd what in Flesh was fatigate,

D d 2

And

And to the Battel came he ; where he did
Run reeking o'er the Lives of Men, as if
'Twere a perpetual Spoil ; and 'till we call'd
Both Field and City ours, he never stood
To ease his Breast with panting.

Men. Worthy Man!

1 Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the Honours
Which we devise him.

Com. Our Spoils he kick'd at,
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common Muck o'th' World: He covets less
Than Misery it self would give, rewards his Deeds
With doing them, and is content
To spend his Time to end it.

Men. He's right Noble, let him be call'd for.

Sen. Call *Coriolanus*.

Of. He doth appear.

Enter Coriolanus.

Men. The Senate, *Coriolanus*, are well pleas'd to make thee
Consul.

Cor. I do owe them still my Life, and Services.

Men. It then remains that you do speak to the Peo-
ple.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that Custom ; for I cannot
Put on the Gown, stand naked, and entreat them
For my Wounds sake, to give their Suffrages:
Please you that I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the People must have their Voices,
Neither will they Bate one jot of Ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't :
Pray you go fit you to the Custom,
And take to you, as your Predecessors have,
Your Honour with your Form.

Cor. It is a Part that I shall blush in Acting,
And might well be taken from the People.

Bru. Mark you that.

Cor. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus,
Shew them th' unaking Scars, which I would hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the Hire
Of their Breath only.

Men.

Men. Do not stand upon't :
We recommend to you, Tribunes of the People,
Our purpose to them, and to our noble Consul
Wish we all Joy and Honour.

Sic. To *Coriolanus* come all Joy and Honour.

[*Flourish Cornets. Then Exeunt.*

Manent Sicinius and Brutus.

Brus. You see how he intends to use the People.

Sic. May they perceive's Intent : He will require them
As if he did contemn, what he requested,
Should be in them to give.

Brus. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here on th' Market-place,
I know they do attend us.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Once if he do require our Voices, we ought not
to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, Sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in our selves to do it, but it is a
power that we have no power to do : For, if he shew us his
Wounds, and tell us his Deeds, we are to put our Tongues
into those Wounds, and speak for them : So, if he'tells us
his noble Deeds, we must also tell him of our noble Accep-
tance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the Mul-
titude to be ingrateful, were to make a Monster of the Mul-
titude; of the which, we being Members, should bring our
selves to be monstrous Members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help
will serve : For once when we stood up about the Corn,
he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed Multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been call'd so of many, not that our Heads
are some Brown, some Black, some Auburn, some Bald ;
but that our Wits are so diversly Colour'd ; and truly, I
think, if all our Wits were to issue out of one Scull, they
would flye East, West, North, South, and their Consent
of one direct Way, would be at once to all Points o'th'
Compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which Way do you judge my
Wit would flye?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your Wit will not so soon out as another Man's will, 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a Block-head: But if it were at Liberty, 'twould sure Southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose it self in a Fog, where being three parts melted away with rotten Dewes, the fourth would return for Conscience sake, to help to get thee a Wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your Tricks,——you may, you may.——

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your Voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it, I say. If he would incline to the People, there was never a worthier Man.

Enter Coriolanus in a Gown of Humility, with Menenius.
Here he comes, and in the Gown of Humility, mark his behaviour: We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by Particulars, where every one of us has a single Honour, in giving him our own Voices with our own Tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

[*Exeunt.*

Men. Oh, Sir, you are not right; have you not known The worthiest Men have done't?

Cor. What must I say, I pray, Sir?

Plague upon't, I cannot bring
My Tongue to such a pace. Look, Sir——my Wounds——
I got them in my Country's Service, when
Some certain of your Brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own Drums.

Men. Oh me the Gods! you must not speak of that,
You must desire them to think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em.

I wou'd they wou'd forget me, like the Virtues
Which our Divines lose by 'em.

Men. You'll mar all.

I'll leave you: Pray you speak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholesome manner.

[*Exit.*

Enter two of the Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their Faces,
And keep their Teeth clean——So, here comes a brace:
You know the Cause, Sirs, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.*

1 *Cit.* We do, Sir; tell us what hath brought you to't?

Cor. Mine own Desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own Desert?

Cor. Ay, not mine own Desire.

1 *Cit.* How, not your own Desire?

Cor. No, Sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the Poor with Begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then I pray, your Price o'th' Consulship?

1 *Cit.* The Price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly, Sir, I pray let me ha't: I have Wounds to shew you, which shall be yours in private: Your good Voice, Sir; what say you?

2 *Cit.* You shall ha't, worthy Sir.

Cor. A Match, Sir; there's in all two worthy Voices begg'd: I have your Alms, Adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* And 'twere to give again:——But 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your Voices, that I may be Consul, I have here the customary Gown.

1 *Cit.* You have deserved Nobly of your Country, and you have not deserved Nobly.

Cor. Your Ænigma.

1 *Cit.* You have been a Scourge to her Enemies; you have been a Rod to her Friends; you have not indeed loved the Common People.

Cor. You should account me the more Virtuous, that I have not been common in my Love; I will, Sir, flatter my sworn Brother, the People, to earn a dearer estimation of them, 'tis a condition they account gentle: And since the wisdom of their Choice, is rather to have my Hat, than my Heart, I will practice the insinuating Nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, Sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular Man, and give it bountiful to the desirers: Therefore, beseech you I may be Consul.

2 *Cit.* We hope to find you our Friend; and therefore give you our Voices heartily.

1 *Cit.* You have received many Wounds for your Country.

Cor. I will not seal your Knowledge with shewing them, I will make much of your Voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both. The Gods give you Joy, Sir, heartily. [*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Most sweet Voices——

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the Hire, which first we do deserve.
Why in this Woolvish Gown should I stand here,
To beg of *Hob* and *Dick*, that do appear,
Their needless Voucher? Custom calls me to't——
What Custom wills in all things, should we do't?
The Dust on antique Time would lye unswept,
And mountainous Error be too highly heapt,
For Truth to o'er-peer. Rather than fool it so,
Let the high Office and the Honour go,
To one that would do thus. I am half through,
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three Citizens more.

Here come more Voices.

Your Voices——For your Voices I have fought,
Watch'd for your Voices; for your Voices, bear
Of Wounds, two dozen and odd: Battels, thrice six
I have seen, and heard of: For your Voices,
Have done many things, some less, some more:
Your Voices:——For indeed I would be Consul.

1 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest Man's Voice.

1 *Cit.* Therefore let him be Consul: The Gods give him Joy, and make him a good Friend to the People.

All. Amen, Amen. God save thee, Noble Consul, [*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Worthy Voices——

Enter Menenius, with Brutus, and Sicinius.

Men. You have stood your Limitation:
And the Tribunes endue you with the Peoples Voice.
Remains, that in th' Official Marks invested,
You anon do meet the Senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The Custom of Request you have discharg'd:
The People do admit you, and are summon'd

To meet anon upon your Approbation.

Cor. Where? at the Senate-house?

Sic. There, *Coriolanus*.

Cor. May I change these Garments?

Sic. You may, Sir.

Cor. That I'll strait do: And knowing my self again,
Repair to th' Senate-House.

Men. I'll keep you company. Will you along?

Brn. We stay here for the People.

Sic. Farewel, [Exeunt *Coriol.* and *Men.*

He has it now, and by his Looks, methinks
'Tis warm at's Heart.

Brn. With a proud Heart he wore his humble Weeds:
Will you dismiss the People?

Enter the Plebeians.

Sic. How now, my Masters, have you chose this Man?

1 *Cit.* He has our Voices, Sir.

Brn. We pray the Gods he may deserve your Loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, Sir: To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our Voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly he flouted us down-right.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of Speech, he did not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save your self, but says
He us'd us scornfully: He shou'd have shew'd us
His Marks of Merit, Wounds receiv'd for's Country.

Sic. Why so he did, I am sure.

All. No, no; no Man saw 'em.

3 *Cit.* He said he had Wounds,
Which he could shew in private:
And with his Hat, thus waving it in Scorn,
I would be Consul, says he: Aged Custom,
But by your Voices, will not so permit me;
Your Voices therefore: When we granted that,
Here was---I thank you for your Voices---thank you---
Your most sweet Voices---Now you have left your Voices,
I have nothing further with you. Was not this Mockery?

Sic. Why, either were you ignorant to see't?
Or seeing it of such childish Friendliness,
To yield your Voices?

Brn. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd; when he had no Power,

But

But was a petty Servant to the State,
 He was your Enemy, ever spake against
 Your Liberties, and the Charters that you bear
 I'th' Body of the Weal: And now arriving
 At place of Potency, and sway o'th' State,
 If he should still malignantly remain
 Fast Foe to th' *Plebeians*, your Voices might
 Be Curses to your selves. You should have said,
 That as his worthy Deeds did claim no less
 Than what he stood for; so his gracious Nature
 Would think upon you for your Voices, and
 Translate his Malice towards you, into Love,
 Standing your friendly Lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,

As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his Spirit,
 And try'd his Inclination; from him pluckt,
 Either his gracious Promise, which you might,
 As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
 Or else it would have gall'd his surly Nature;
 Which easily endures not Article,
 Tying him to ought; so putting him to Rage,
 You should have ta'en th' advantage of his Choler,
 And pass'd him unelected.

Brn. Did you perceive,
 He did solicit you in free Contempt,
 When he did need your Loves? And do you think
 That his Contempt shall not be bruising to you,
 When he hath power to crush? Why had your Bodies
 No Heart among you? Or had you Tongues, to cry
 Against the Rectorship of Judgment?

Sic. Have you, e'er now, deny'd the Asker:
 And, now again of him that did not ask, but mock,
 Bestow your su'd-for Tongues?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him:

I'll five hundred Voices of that Sound.

1 *Cit.* Ay, twice five hundred, and their Friends to piece 'em.

Brn. Get you hence instantly, and tell those Friends,
 They have chose a Consul that will from them take
 Their Liberties, make them of no more Voice
 Than Dogs, that are as often beat for Barking,
 As therefore kept to do so.

Sic.

Sic. Let them assemble; and on a safer Judgment,
 All revoke your ignorant Election: Enforce his Pride,
 And his old Hate unto you: besides, forget not,
 With what Contempt he wore the humble Weed,
 How in his Suit he scorn'd you: But your Loves,
 Thinking upon his Services, took from you
 Th' Apprehension of his present portance.
 Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
 After the inveterate Hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay a fault on us, your Tribunes,
 That we labour'd (no impediment between)
 But that you must cast your Election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him, more after our Commandment,
 Than as guided by your own true Affections, and that
 Your Minds, pre-occupied with what you rather must do,
 Than what you should, made you against the grain
 To Voice him Consul. Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not: Say, we read Lectures to you,
 How youngly he began to serve his Country,
 How long continued, and what Stock he springs of,
 The Noble House o'th' *Martians*; from whence came
 That *Ancus Martins*, *Numa's* Daughter's Son,
 Who after great *Hosilius* here was King:
 Of the same House *Publius* and *Quintus* were,
 That our best Water brought by Conduits hither,
 And, nobly nam'd *Martius*, so, twice being Censor,
 Was his great Ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
 That hath beside well in his Person wrought,
 To be set high in Place, we did commend
 To your remembrances; but you have found,
 Scaling his present bearing with his past,
 That he's your fixed Enemy, and revoke
 Your sudden Approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had don't,
 (Harp on that still) but by our putting on;
 And presently, when you have drawn your Number,
 Repair to th' Capitol.

All. We will so; almost all repent in their Election.

[*Exeunt Plebeians.*]

Bru.

Brw. Let them go on:
 This Mutiny were better put in hazard,
 Then stay past doubt for greater:
 If, as his Nature is, he fall in rage
 With their refusal, both observe and answer
 The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To th' Capitol, come:
 We will be there before the stream o' th' People:
 And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
 Which we have goaded onward.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

S C E N E Rome.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Titus
 Lartius, and other Senators.

Cor. **T**ullus Aufidius then had made new Head?
Lart. He had, my Lord, and that it was which caus'd
 Our swifter Composition.

Cor. So then the *Volscies* stand but as at first,
 Ready when time shall prompt them, to make Road
 Upon's again.

Com. They are worn, Lord Consul, so,
 That we shall hardly in our Ages see
 Their Banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you *Aufidius*?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me, and did curse
 Against the *Volscies*, for they had so vilely
 Yielded the Town; he is retir'd to *Antium*.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my Lord.

Cor. How!——what!——

Lart. How often he had met you Sword to Sword:
 That of all things upon the Earth he hated
 Your Person most: That he would pawn his Fortunes
 To hopeless Restitution, so he might
 Be call'd your Vanquisher.

Cor. At *Antium* lives he?

Lart. At *Antium*.

Cor.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his Hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Behold, these are the Tribunes of the People,
The Tongues o' th' Common Mouth, I do despise them:
For they do prank them in Authority,
Against all noble Sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Hah!—what is that!—

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on—No further.

Cor. What makes this Change?

Men. The Matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the Nobles, and the Commons?

Bru. *Cominius*, no.

Cor. Have I had Childrens Voices?

Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to th' Market place.

Bru. The People are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop, or all will fall in Broil.

Cor. Are these your Herd?

Must these have Voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their Tongues? What are your Offices?
You being their Mouths, why rule you not their Teeth?
Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by Plot,
To curb the Will of the Nobility:
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot Rule,
Nor ever will be ruled.

Bru. Call't not a Plot;

The People cry you mock'd them; and of late,
When Corn was given them, *gratis*, you repin'd,
Scandal'd the Suppliants for the People, call'd them
Time-pleasers, Flatterers, Foes to Nobleness.

Cor. Why this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them sithence?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Com. You are like to do such Business.

Bru. Not unlike, each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be Consul? By yond Clouds,
Let

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow Tribune.

Sic. You shew too much of that,
For which the People stir; if you will pass
To where you are bound, you must enquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler Spirit,
Or never to be so Noble as a Consul,
Nor yolk with him for Tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The People are abus'd, set on; this paltring
Becomes not *Rome*: Nor has *Coriolanus*
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd Rub, laid falsely
I' th' plain way of his Merit.

Cor. Tell me of *Corn*! this was my Speech,
And I will speak't again——

Men. Not now, not now.

Sen. Not in this Heat, Sir, now.

Cor. Now as I live, I will——

My Nobler Friends, I crave their Pardons:
For the mutable rank-scented Many,
Let them regard me, as I do not flatter,
And therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our Senate
The Cockle of Rebellion, Insolence, Seditious,
Which we our selves have plow'd for, sow'd and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd Number,
Who lack not Virtue, no, nor Power, but that
Which they have given to Beggars.

Men. Well, no more——

Sen. No more Words, we beseech you——

Cor. How!——no more!

As for my Country I have shed my Blood,
Not fearing outward force; so shall my Lungs
Coin Words 'till their decay, against those Measles
Which we disdain should Tetter us, yet seek
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' th' People, as if you were a God
To punish, not a Man of their Infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well, we let the People know't.

Men. What, what! his Choler?

Cor. Choler! were I as patient as the midnight Sleep,
By *Jove*, 'twould be my Mind.

Sic. It is a Mind that shall remain a Poison
Where it is, not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain?

Hear you this *Triton* of the Minnoues? Mark you
His absolute Shall?

Com. 'Twas from the Cannon.

Cor. Shall!----O God!----but most unwise Patricians; why
You Grave, but wreackless Senators, have you thus
Given *Hydra* here to chuse an Officer,
That with his peremptory Shall, being but
The Horn and Noise o' th' Monsters, wants not Spirit
To say, he'll turn your Current in a Ditch,
And make your Channel his? If he have Power,
Then veil your Ignorance: If none, awake
Your dangerous Lenity: If you are Learned,
Be not as common Fools; if you are not,
Let them have Cushions by you. You are *Plebeians*,
If they be Senators; and they are no less,
When both your Voices blended; the greatest Taste
Most palates theirs. They chuse their Magistrate,
And such a one as he, who puts in his Shall,
His popular Shall, against a graver Bench
Than ever frown'd in *Greece*. By *Jove* himself,
It makes the Consuls base; and my Soul akes
To know when two Authorities are up,
Neither Supream, how soon Confusion
May enter twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by th' other.

Com. Well——on to th' Market-place.

Cor. Who ever gave that Counsel, to give forth
The Corn o' th' Storehouse, *gratis*, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in *Greece*——

Men. Well, well, no more of thar.

Cor. Though there the People had more absolute Power:
I say, they nourish'd Disobedience, fed the ruin of the
State.

Brn. Why shall the People give,
One that speaks thus, their Voices?

Cor.

Cor. I'll give my Reasons,
 More worthy than their Voices. They know the Corn
 Was not our recompence, resting well assur'd
 They ne'er did Service for't, being prest to th' War,
 Even when the Navel of the State was touch'd,
 They would not thred the Gates: This kind of Service
 Did not deserve Corn *gratis*. Being i' th' War,
 Their Mutinies and Revolts, wherein they shew'd
 Most Valour, spoke not for them. Th' Accusation
 Which they have often made against the Senate,
 All cause unborn, could never be the Native
 Of our so frank Donation. Well, what then?
 How shall this Bosom-multiplied, digest
 The Senate's courtesie? Let Deeds express
 What's like to be their Words--We did request it--
 We are the greater Poll, and in true fear
 They gave us our Demands.—Thus we debase
 The nature of our Seats, and make the Rabble
 Call our Cares, Fears; which will in time
 Break open the Locks o' th' Senate, and bring in
 The Crows to peck the Eagles—

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more.

What may be sworn by, both Divine and Human,
 Seal what I end withal. This double worship,
 Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
 Insult without all season; where Gentry, Title, Wisdom,
 Cannot conclude, but by the Yea and No
 Of General Ignorance, it must omit
 Real Necessities, and give way the while
 To unstable Slightness; Purpose so barr'd, it follows,
 Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech you,
 You that will be less fearful than discreet,
 That love the Fundamental part of State
 More than you doubt the change of't; that prefer
 A noble Life before a long, and wish
 To jump a Body with a dangerous Physick,
 That's sure of Death without it; at once pluck out
 The Multitudinous Tongue, let them not lick
 The sweet which is their Poison. Your dishonour

Mangles

Mangles true Judgment; and bereaves the State
Of that Integrity which should become it:
Not having the Power to do the good it would
For th' ill which doth controul it.

Bru. H'as said enough.

Sic. H'as spoken like a Traitor, and shall answer
As Traitors do.

Cor. Thou Wretch! despight o'er-whelm thee!--
What should the People do with these bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their Obedience fails,
To th' greater Bench, in a Rebellion:
When what's not meet, but what must be, was Law,
Then were they chosen; in a better Hour,
Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,
And throw their Power i'th' Dust.

Bru. Manifest Treason—

Sic. This a Consul? No.

Enter an Ædile.

Bru. The Ædiles, ho; let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go call the People, in whose Name my self
Attach thee as a Traiterous Innovator:

A Foe to th' Publick Weal. Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer. [*Laying hold on Coriolanus.*]

Cor. Hence, old Goat.

All. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged Sir, Hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy Bones
Out of thy Garments.

Sic. Help me, Citizens.

Enter a Rabble of Plebeians with the Ædiles.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he, that would take from you all your
Power.

Bru. Seize him, Ædiles.

All. Down with him, down with him.

2 Sen. Weapons, Weapons, Weapons;

[*They all bustle about Coriolanus.*]

Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens—what hoe—

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, Citizens.

All. Peace, peace, peace, stay, hold, peace.

VOL. IV. *E e*

Men.

Men. What is about to be? — I am out of Breath —
Confusion's near — I cannot speak. — You — Tribunes
To th' People — *Coriolanus* — — patience — — speak, good *Sicinius*.

Sic. Hear me, People — — peace — —

All. Let's hear our Tribune — — Peace; speak, speak,
speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your Liberties:
Martius would have all from you; *Martius*,
Whom late you have nam'd for Consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie, this is the way to kindle, not to
quench.

Sen. To unbuild the City, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the City, but the People?

All. True, the People are the City.

Brn. By the consent of all, we were established the Peo-
ples Magistrates.

All. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Com. That is the way to lay the City flat,
To bring the Roof to the Foundation,
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of Ruin.

Sic. This deserves Death.

Brn. Or let us stand to our Authority,
Or let us lose it; we do here pronounce,
Upon the part o'th' People, in whose Power
We were elected theirs, *Martius* is worthy
Of present Death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold on him;
Bear him to th' Rock *Tarpeian*, and from thence
Into Destruction cast him.

Brn. *Ediles*, seize him.

All Ple. Yield, *Martius*, yield.

Men. Hear me a word, 'beseech you Tribunes, hear me
but a word — —

Ediles. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your Country's Friends,
And temp'rately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Brn. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poysonous,

Where

Where the disease is violent. Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the Rock. [Cor. draws his Sword.

Cor. No, I'll dye here;
There's some among you have beheld me fighting,
Come try upon your selves, what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that Sword, Tribunes withdraw a
while.

Bru. Lay Hands upon him.

Men. Help *Martius*, help---you that be noble, help him
young and old.

All. Down with him, down with him, [Exeunt.
[In this Mutiny, the Tribunes, the *Ædiles*, and the
People are beat in.

Men. Go, get you to your House; be gone, away.
All will be naught else.

2 Sen. Get you gone.

Com. Stand fast, we have as many Friends as Enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

Sen. The Gods forbid:

I prithee, noble Friend, home to thy House,
Leave us to cure this Cause.

Men. For 'tis a Sore upon us,
You cannot Tent your self; begone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, Sir, along with us.

Men. I would they were *Barbarians*, as they are,
Though in *Rome* litter'd; not *Romans*, as they are not,
Though calved in the Porch o'th' Capitol:
Begone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue,
One time will owe another.

Com. On fair Ground I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could my self take up a Brace o'th' best of them,
yea, the two Tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond Arithmetick,
And Manhood is call'd Fool'ry when it stands
Against a falling Fabrick. Will you hence,
Before the Tag return, whose Rage doth rend
Like interrupted Waters, and o'er-bear
What they are us'd to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone:

I'll try whether my old Wit be in request

With those that have but little ; this must be patcht
With Cloth of any Colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Cominius.*]

1 Sen. This Man has marr'd his Fortune.

Men. His Nature is too noble for the World :
He would not flatter *Neptune* for his Trident,
Or *Jove*, for's power to Thunder : His Heart's his Mouth :
What his Breast forges, that his Tongue must vent ;
And being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of Death. [A noise within.]
Here's goodly work.

2 Sen. I would they were a-bed.

Men. I would they were in *Tyber*.

What the vengeance, could he not speak 'em fair ?

Enter Brutus and Sicinius, with the Rabble again.

Sic. Where is this Viper,
That would depopulate the City, and be every Man himself ?

Men. You worthy Tribunes——

Sic. He shall be thrown down the *Tarpeian Rock*
With rigorous Hands ; he hath resisted Law,
And therefore Law shall scorn him further Trial
Than the severity of the Publick Power,
Which he so sets at nought.

1 Cit. He shall well know the noble Tribunes are
The Peoples Mouths, and we their Hands.

All. He shall sure out.

Men. Sir, Sir.——

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry havock, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it that you have help
To make this rescue ?

Men. Hear me speak ; as I do know
The Consul's worthiness, so can I name his Faults---

Sic. Consul !——what Consul ?

Men. The Consul *Coriolanus*.

Bru. He Consul !——

All. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If by the Tribunes leave,
And yours, good People,

I may be heard, I would crave a word or two,
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then,
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This viperous Traitor; to eject him hence
Were but one Danger, and to keep him here
Our certain Death; therefore it is decreed
He dies to Night.

Men. Now the good Gods forbid,
That our Renowned *Rome*, whose Gratitude
Towards her deserved Children, is enroll'd
In *Jove's* own Book, like an unnatural Dam
Should now eat up her own.

Sic. He's a Disease that must be cut away.

Men. Oh, he's a Limb, that has but a Disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easie.
What has he done to *Rome*, that's worthy Death?
Killing our Enemies, the Blood he hath lost
(Which I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an Ounce) he dropt it for his Country:
And what is left, to lose it by his Country,
Were to us all that do't, and suffer it,
A brand to th'end o'th' World.

Sic. This is clean kam.

Bru. Meerly awry:
When he did love his Country, it honour'd him.

Men. The service of the Foot,
Being once gangreen'd, is not then respected
For what before it was——

Bru. We'll hear no more,
Pursue him to his House, and pluck him thence,
Lest his Infection, being of a catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word:
This Tiger-footed-rage, when it shall find
The harm of unskann'd swiftness, will (too late)
Gye leaden pounds to's Heels. Proceed by Process,
Lest Parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great *Rome* with *Romans*.

Brn. If it were so——

Sic. What do ye talk?

Have we not had a taste of his Obedience?

Our *Ædiles* smote, our selves resisted, come——

Men. Consider this; he hath been bred i'th' Wars
Since he could draw a Sword, and is ill-school'd
In boulded Language, Meal and Bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him in peace,
Where he shall answer by a lawful Form,
In peace, to his utmost-peril.

1 Sen. Noble Tribunes,

It is the human way: The other course
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble *Menenius*, be you then as the Peoples Officer.
Masters, lay down your Weapons.

Brn. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the Market-place; we'll attend you there,
Where, if you bring not *Martius*, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you.

Let me desire your Company; he must come,
Or what is worst will follow.

1 Sen. Pray you let's to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Coriolanus with Nobles.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine Ears, present me
Death on the Wheel, or at wild Horses heels,
Or pile ten Hills on the *Tarpeian* Rock,
That the Precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of fight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

Noble. You do the Nobler.

Cor. I misse, my Mother

Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them Woollen Vassals, things created
To buy and sell with Groats, to shew bare Heads
In Congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my Ordinance stood up
To speak of Peace, or War. I talk of you,

Why

Why did you wish me milder? Wou'd you have me
False to my Nature? Rather say, I play
The Man I am.

Vol. Oh, Sir, Sir, Sir.

I would have had you put your Power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let's go.

Vol. You might have been enough the Man you are,
With striving less to be so. Lesser had been
The things that thwart your Dispositions, if
You had not shew'd them how ye were dispos'd
E'er they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter Menenius with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, something
too rough: You must return, and mend it.

Sen. There's no Remedy,
Unless by not so doing, our good City
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray be counsell'd;
I have a Heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a Brain that leads my use of Anger
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble Woman:
Before he should thus stoop to th'Heart, but that
The violent Fit o'th' Times craves it as Physick
For the whole State, I would put mine Armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to th' Tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them? I cannot do it for the Gods,
Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute,
Tho' therein you can never be too Noble,
But when Extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and Policy, like unsever'd Friends,
I'th' War do grow together: Grant that, and tell me

In Peace, what each of them by th'other lose,
That they combine not there?

Cor. Tush, tush——

Men. A good Demand.

Vol. If it be Honour in your Wars, to seem
The same you are not, which for your best ends
You adopt your Policy: How is it less or worse
That it shall hold Companionship in Peace
With Honour, as in War; since that to both
It stands in like request.

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because, that

Now it lyes you on to speak to the People:
Not by your own Instruction, nor by the Matter
Which your Heart prompts you to, but with such Words
That are but roated in your Tongue:

Tho' but Bastards, and Syllables

Of no Allowance, to your Bosom's Truth,
Now, this no more Dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a Town with gentle Words,
Which else would put you to your Fortune, and
The hazard of much Blood.

I would dissemble with my Nature, where
My Fortunes and my Friends at Stake, requir'd
I should do so in Honour. I am in this
Your Wife, your Son: These Senators, the Nobles,
And you, will rather shew our general Lows,
How you can frown, than spend a Fawn upon 'em,
For the Inheritance of their Loves and Safeguard
Of what that Want might ruin.

Men. Noble Lady!

Come go with us, speak fair: You may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I prithee now, my Son,
Go to them, with this Bonnet in thy Hand,
And thus far having stretch'd it (here be with them)
Thy Knee bussing the Stones; For in such Business
Action is Eloquence, and the Eyes of th' Ignorant
More Learned than the Ears, waving thy Head,
Which often thus correcting, thy stout Heart

Now

Now humble as the ripest Mulberry,
That will not hold the Handling: Or say to them,
Thou art their Soldier, and being bred in Broils
Hast not the soft way, which thou dost confess
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good Loves, but thou wilt frame
Thy self (forsooth) hereafter theirs so far,
As thou hast Power and Person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why their Hearts were yours:
For they have Pardons, being ask'd, as free,
As Words to little Purpose.

Vol. Prithee now,
Go and be rul'd: Altho' I know thou hadst rather
Follow thine Enemy to a fiery Gulf,
Than flatter him in a Bower.

Enter Cominius.

Here is *Cominius*.

Com. I have been i'th' Market-place, and Sir, 'tis fit
You have strong Party, or defend your self
By Calmness, or by Absence: All's in Anger.

Men. Only fair Speech.

Com. I think 'twill serve, if he can thereto frame his
Spirit.

Vol. He must and will:
Prithee now say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go shew them my unbarbed Sconce?
Must I with my base Tongue give to my noble Heart
A Lie, that it must bear well? I will do't:
Yet were there but this single Plot, to lose
This Mould of *Martius*, they to Dust should bring it,
And throw't against the Wind. To the Market-place:
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to th' Life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. Ay, prithee now, sweet Son, as thou hast said
My Praises made thee first a Soldier; so
To have my Praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't:
Away my Disposition, and possess me

Some Harlot's Spirit: My Throat of War be turn'd,
 Which quir'd with my Drum, into a Pipe,
 Small as an Eunuch, or the Virgin Voice
 That Babies lulls asleep; The Smiles of Knaves
 Tent in my Cheeks, and School-boys Tears take up
 The Glasses of my Sight: A Beggar's Tongue
 Make motion through my Lips, and my arm'd Knees
 Who bow'd but in my Stirrup, bend like his
 That have receiv'd an Alms. I will not do't,
 Left I surcease to honour mine own Truth,
 And by my Bodies Action, teach my Mind
 A most inherent Baseness.

Val. At thy Choice then:

To beg of thee, it is my more Dishonour,
 Than thou of them. Come all to ruin, let
 Thy Mother rather feel thy Pride, than fear
 Thy dangerous Stoutness: For I mock at Death
 With as big Heart as thou. Do as thou list
 Thy Valiantness was mine, thou suck'st it from me:
 But own thy Pride thy self.

Cor. Pray be content:

Mother, I am going to the Market-place:
 Chide me no more. I'll Mountebank their Loves,
 Cog their Hearts from them, and come home belov'd
 Of all the Trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
 Commend me to my Wife, I'll return Consul,
 Or never trust to what my Tongue can do
 I' th' way of Flattery further.

Val. Do your Will.

[*Exit Volumnia.*]

Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you: Arm your self
 To answer mildly: For they are prepar'd
 With Accusations, as I hear, more strong
 Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The Word is, mildly. Pray you let us go.
 Let them accuse me by Invention: I
 Will answer in mine Honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then, mildly.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Brus. In this Point charge him home, that he affects
 Tyrannical Power: If he evade us there,

Inforce him with his envy to the People,
And that the Spoil got on the *Antiats*
Was ne'er distributed. What, will he come?

Enter an Aedile.

Aed. He's coming.

Brut. How accompanied?

Aed. With old *Menenius*, and those Senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a Catalogue
Of all the Voices that we have procur'd, set down by th'

Aed. I have; 'tis ready. (Poll?)

Sic. Have you collected them by Tribes?

Aed. I have; 'tis ready.

Sic. Assemble presently the People hither,
And when they hear me say, it shall be so,
I' th' right and strength o' th' Commons; be it either
For Death, for Fine, or Banishment, then let them,
If I say Fine, cry Fine; if Death, cry Death,
Insisting on the old Prerogative
And power i' th' truth o' th' Cause.

Aed. I will inform them.

Brut. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd,
Inforce the present Execution
Of what we chance to Sentence.

Aed. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint
When we shall hap to giv't them.

Brut. Go about it,
Put him to Choler streight, he hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his word
Of Contradiction. Being once chaf't, he cannot
Be rein'd again to Temperance; then he speaks
What's in his Heatt; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with others.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an Hostler, that for the poorest peice
Will bear the Knave by th' Volume:
Th' Honoured Gods

Keep *Rome* in Safety, and the Chairs of Justice
Supplied with worthy Men, plant Love amongst you,
Through our large Temples, with the shews of Peace.

Cor. And not our Streets with War.

1 Sen. Amen, Amen.

Men. A noble Wish.

Enter the Edile with the Plebeians.

Sic. Draw near, ye People.

Ed. List to your Tribunes: Audience;

Peace, I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak,

Both Tri. Well, say: Peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?
Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,

If you submit you to the Peoples Voices,
Allow their Officers, and are content
To suffer lawful Censure for such Faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, Citizens, he says he is content:
The warlike Service he has done, consider; think
Upon the Wounds his Body bears, which shew
Like Graves i' th' holy Church-yard.

Cor. Scratches with Briars, Scars to move
Laughter only.

Men. Consider further:

That when he speaks not like a Citizen,
You find him like a Soldier; do not take
His rougher Actions for malicious Sounds:
But, as I say, such as become a Soldier,
Rather than envy you,

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being past for Consul with full Voice,
I am dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From *Rome* all season'd Office, and to wind

Your

Your self unto a Power Tyrannical,
For which you are a Traitor to the People.

Cor. How? Traitor?

Men. Nay, temperately: your Promise.

Cor. The Fires i' th' lowest Hell, Fold in the People:
Call me their Traitor! thou injurious Tribune!
Within thine Eyes fate twenty Thousand Deaths,
In thy Hands clutch'd as many Millions, in
Thy lying Tongue both Numbers, I would say,
Thou lyest unto thee, with a Voice as free,
As I do pray the Gods.

Sic. Mark you this, People?

All. To th' Rock with him.

Sic. Peace:

We need not put new matter to his Charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your Officers, cursing your selves,
Opposing Laws with Stroaks, and here defying
Those whose great Power must try him,
Even this so Criminal, and in such Capital kind,
Deserves th' extreamest Death.

Brn. But since he hath serv'd well for Rome——

Cor. What do you prate of Service?

Brn. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?——

Men. Is this the promise that you made your Mother?

Com. Know, I pray you.——

Cor. I'll know no farther:

Let them pronounce the steep *Tarpeian* Death,
Vagabond Exile, Fleaing, pent to linger
But with a Grain a Day, I would not buy
Their Mercy, at the price of one fair word,
Nor check my Courage for what they can give,
To hav't with saying, Good morrow.

Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lyes) from time to time
Envy'd against the People: seeking Means
To pluck away their Power; as now at last,
Given hostile stroaks, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded Justice, but on the Ministers
That do distribute it. In the Name o'th' People,

And

And in the Power of us the Tribunes, we
 (Ev'n from this Instant) banish him our City,
 In peril of Precipitation
 From off the Rock *Tarpeian*, never more
 To enter our *Rome's* Gates. I' th' People's Name,
 I say it shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so; Let him away:
 He's Banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my Masters, and my common Friends---

Sic. He's Sentenc'd: No more Hearing.

Com. Let me speak:

I have been Consul, and can shew from *Rome*,
 Her Enemies marks upon me. I do love
 My Country's good, with a respect more tender,
 More holy, and profound, than mine own Life,
 My dear Wife's estimate, her Womb's increase,
 And treasure of my Loyns: Then if I would
 Speak that——

Sic. We know your drift. Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd
 As Enemy to the People, and his Country.
 It shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of Curs, whose Breath I hate,
 As reek o' th' rotten Fens; whose Loves I prize,
 As the dead Carcasses of unburied Men,
 That do corrupt my Air: I banish you,
 And here remain with your uncertainty.
 Let every feeble Rumour shake your Hearts:
 Your Enemies, with nodding of their Plumes,
 Fan you into Despair: Have the Power still
 To banish your Defenders, till at length,
 Your Ignorance (which finds not till it feels,
 Making but reservation of your selves
 Still your own Foes) deliver you
 As most abated Captives, to some Nation
 That won you without Blows, despising
 For you the City. Thus I turn my Back;
 There is a World elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* Coriolanus, Cominius, and others.

[*The People shout, and throw up their Caps.*

Edile.

Ædile. The Peoples Enemy is gone, is gone.

All. Our Enemy is banish'd; he is gone. Hoo, hoo.

Sic. Go see him out at Gates, and follow him
As he hath follow'd you; with all despight,
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a Guard
Attend us through the City.

All. Come, come; let's see him out at the Gates, come.
The Gods preserve our noble Tribunes, come. [*Exeunt.*]

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

SCENE *without the Walls of Rome.*

*Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius,
with the young Nobility of Rome.*

Cor. C O M E, leave your Tears: A brief Farewel: The Beast
With many Heads butts me away. Nay, Mother,
Where is your ancient Courage: You were us'd
To say, Extremity was the Trier of Spirits,
That common Chances common Men could bear;
That when the Sea was calm, all Boats alike
Shew'd Mastenship in floating. Fortune's blows
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble Cunning. You were us'd to load me
With Precepts that would make invincible
The Heart that conn'd them.

Vir. Oh Heav'ns! O Heav'ns!

Cor. Nay, I prithee Woman——

Vol. Now the red Pestilence strike all Trades in Rome,
And Occupations perish.

Cor. What! what! what!

I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, Mother,
Resume that Spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the Wife of *Hercules*,
Six of his Labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your Husband so much Sweat. *Cominius*,
Droop not; Adieu: Farewel my Wife, my Mother,
I'll do well yet. Thou old and true *Menenius*,
Thy Tears are saltier than a younger Man's,
And venomous to thine Eyes. My (sometime) General,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld Heart-

Heart-hardning Spectacles. Tell these sad Women,
 'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
 As 'tisto laugh at 'em. My Mother, you wot not well
 My hazards still have been your solace, and
 Believ't not lightly, tho' I go alone,
 Like to a lonely Dragon, that his Fen
 Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen: Your Son
 Will, or exceed the Common, or be caught
 With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first Son,
 Whither will you go? Take good *Cominius*
 With thee a while; determine on some course
 More than a wild exposure, to each Chance
 That starts i' th' way before thee.

Cor. O the Gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
 Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
 And we of thee. So if the time thrust forth
 A cause for thy Repeal, we shall not send
 O'er the vast World, to seek a single Man,
 And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
 I' th' absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:

Thou hast Years upon thee, and thou art too full
 Of the War's surfeits, to go rove with one
 That's yet unbruis'd; Bring me but out at Gate.
 Come, my sweet Wife, my dearest Mother, and
 My Friends of Noble touch: When I am forth,
 Bid me Farewel, and smile. I pray you, come:
 While I remain above the Ground, you shall
 Hear from me still, and never of me ought
 But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily

As any Ear can bear. Come, let's not weep,
 If I cou'd shake off but one seven Years
 From these old Arms and Legs, by the good Gods
 I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy Hand, come.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sicinius and Brutus, with the Edile.

Sic. Bid them all home, he's gone; and we'll no further.
 The Nobility are vexed, whom we see have sided
 In his behalf.

Brus.

Brn. Now we have shewn our Power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home, say their great Enemy is gone,
And they stand in their ancient strength.

Brn. Dismiss them home. Here comes his Mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Brn. Why?

Sic. They say she's mad.

Brn. They have ta'en note of us : Keep on your way.

Vol. Oh y'are well met :

Th' hoorded Plague o'th' Gods requite your Love.

Men. Peace, peace, be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear——

Nay, and you shall hear some. Will you be gone?

Virg. You shall stay too : I would I had the Power
To say so to my Husband.

Sic. Are you Mankind?

Vol. Ay, Fool, is that a Shame? Note but this Fool,
Was not a Man my Father? Hadst thou Foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for *Rome*,
Than thou hast spoken words——

Sic. Oh blessed Heav'ns!

Vol. More Noble Blows, than ever thou wise Words,
And for *Rome's* good——I'll tell thee what——yet go——
Nay, but thou shalt stay too——I would, my Son
Were in *Arabia*, and thy Tribe before him,
His good Sword in his Hand.

Sic. What then?

Virg. What then? He'd make an end of thy Posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.

Good Man, the Wounds that he does bear for *Rome*.

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continued to his Country
As he began, and not unknit, himself,
The noble Knot he made.

Brn. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had!——'Twas you incens'd the Rabble.
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his Worth,
As I can of those Mysteries which Heav'n

Will not have Earth to know.

Bru. Pray let's go.

Vol. Now, pray Sir, get you gone.

You have done a brave deed: E'er you go, hear this:

As far as doth the Capitol exceed

The meanest House in *Rome*; so far my Son,

This Lady's Husband here, this (do you see)

Whom you have Banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stand you to be Baited

With one that wants her Wits?

[*Ex. Tribunes*

Vol. Take my Prayers with you.

I wish the Gods had nothing else to do,

But to confirm my Curses. Could I meet 'em

But once a Day, it would unclog my Heart

Of what lyes heavy to't.

Men. You have told them home,

And by my troth you have cause: You'll sup with me?

Vol. Anger's my Meat, I sup upon my self,

And so shall starve with feeding: Come, let's go,

Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,

In Anger, *Juno*-like: Come, come, come.

Fie, fie, fie.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II. Antium.

Enter a Roman and a Volscie.

Rom. I know you well, Sir, and you know me: Your Name, I think, is *Adrian*.

Vol. It is so, Sir: truly I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a *Roman*, and my Services are as you are, Against 'em. Know you me yet?

Vol. *Nicanor*? No.

Rom. The same, Sir.

Vol. You had more Beard when I last saw you, but your Favour is well appear'd by your Tongue. What's the News in *Rome*? I have a Note from the *Volscian* State to find you out here. You have well saved me a Day's Journey.

Rom. There hath been in *Rome* strange Insurrections: The People against the Senators, Patricians, and Noble.

Vol. Hath been! is it ended then? Our State thinks not so;

so ; they are in a most Warlike Preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their Division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the Nobles receive so to heart the Banishment of that worthy *Coriolanus*, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take all Power from the People, and to pluck from them their Tribunes for ever. This lies glowing I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. *Coriolanus* Banish'd ?

Rom. Banish'd, Sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this Intelligence, *Nicanor*.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a Man's Wife, is when she's fallen out with her Husband. Your Noble *Tullus Aufidius* will appear well in these Wars, his great Opposer *Coriolanus* being now in no request of his Country.

Vol. He cannot chuse. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my Business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall between this and Supper, tell you most strange things from *Rome* ; all tending to the good of their Adversaries. Have you an Army ready, say you ?

Vol. A most Royal one. The Centurions and their Charges distinctly billeted already in the Entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the Man, I think, that shall set them in present Action. So, Sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your Company.

Vol. You take my part from me, Sir, I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Coriolanus in mean Apparel, disguis'd and muffled.

Cor. A goodly City is this *Antium*. City,
 'Tis I that made thy Widows : Many an Heir
 Of these fair Edifices, for my Wars
 Have I heard groan, and drop : Then know me not,
 Lest that thy Wives with Spits, and Boys with Stones,
 In puny Battey slay me. Save you, Sir.

Enter a Citizen.

Cit. And you.

F f 2

Cor.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will, where great *Aufidius* lies: Is he in *Antium*?

Cit. He is, and Feasts the Nobles of the State, at his Houle this Night.

Cor. Which is his House, I beseech you?

Cit. This here before you.

Cor. Thank you, Sir: Farewel. [Exit Citizen.]

Oh World, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double Bosoms seem to wear one Heart,
Whose Hours, whose Bed, whose Meal and Exercise
Are still together; who twine (as 'twere) in Love
Unseparable, shall within this Hour,
On a dissention of a Doit, break out
To bitterest Enmity. So fellest Foes,
Whose Passions, and whose Plots have broke their Sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some Trick not worth an Egg, shall grow dear Friends,
And inter-join their Issues. So with me,
My Birth-p'ace have I, and my Lovers left; upon
This Enemy's Town I'll enter; if he slay me,
He does fair Justice: If he give me way,
I'll do his Country Service. [Exit.]

SCENE III. A Hall in Aufidius's House.

Musick plays. Enter a Serving-man.

1 *Ser.* Wine, Wine, Wine! What Service is here? I think our Fellows are asleep. [Exit.]

Enter another Serving-man.

2 *Ser.* Where's *Cotus*? My Master calls for him: *Cotus.*

Enter Coriolanus. [Exit.]

Cor. A goodly House;
The Feast smells; but I appear not like a Guest.

Enter the first Serving-man.

1 *Ser.* What would you have, Friend? whence are you? Here's no place for you: Pray go to the Door. [Exit.]

Cor. I have deserv'd no better Entertainment, in being *Coriolanus.*

Enter second Servant.

2 *Ser.* Whence are you, Sir? Has the Porter his Eyes in his Head, that he gives entrance to such Companions? Pray get you out.

Cor. Away!—

2 *Ser.* Away: Get you away. *Cor.*

Cor. Now thou'rt troublesom,

2 Ser. Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 Ser. What Follow's this?

1 Ser. A strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him out o'th' House: Prithee call my Master to him.

3 Ser. What have you to do here, Fellow? Pray you avoid the House.

Cor. Let me but stand, I will not hurt your Hearth.

3 Ser. What are you?

Cor. A Gentleman.

3 Ser. A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True; so I am.

3 Ser. Pray you, poor Gentleman, take up some other Station, here's no place for you; pray you avoid: Come.

Cor. Follow your Function, go and batten on cold bits.

[Pushes him away from him.]

3 Ser. What, you will not? Prithee tell my Master, what a strange Guest he has here.

2 Ser. And I shall.

[Exit second Serving-man.]

3 Ser. Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the Canopy.

3 Ser. Under the Canopy?

Cor. Ay,

3 Ser. Where's that?

Cor. I'th' City of Kites and Crows.

3 Ser. I'th' City of Kites and Crows? What an Ass it is; then thou dwell'st with Daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy Master.

3 Ser. How, Sir! Do you meddle with my Master?

Cor. Ay, 'tis an honest Service, than to meddle with thy Mistress: Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy Trencher: Hence.

[Beats him away.]

Enter Aufidius, with a Serving-man.

Auf. Where is this Fellow?

2 Ser. Here, Sir; I'd have beaten him like a Dog, but for disturbing the Lords within. (Name?)

Auf. Whence com'st thou? What would'st thou? Thy Why speak'st not? Speak Man: What's thy Name?

Cor. If, Tullus, not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not take me for the Man I am, necessity commands me name my Self.

Auf. What is thy Name?

Cor. A Name unmusical to *Volscians* Ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy Name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy Face
Bears a Command in't; though thy Tackle's torn,
Thou shew'st a noble Vessel: What's thy Name?

Cor. Prepare thy Brow to frown; know'st thou me not?

Auf. I know thee not; thy Name?

Cor. My Name is *Caius Martius*, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the *Volscians*,
Great Hurt and Mischief; thereto witness may
My Sirname, *Coriolanus*. The painful Service,
The extream Dangers, and the drops of Blood
Shed for my thankless Country, are requited
But with that Sirname; a good Memory
And witness of the Malice and Displeasure
Which thou could'st bear me; only that Name remains
The Cruelty and Envy of the People,
Permitted by our dastard Nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by th' voice of Slaves to be
Hoop'd out of *Rome*. Now this extremity
Hath brought me to thy Hearth, not out of hope
(Mistake me not) to save my Life; for if
I had fear'd Death, of all the Men i'th' World
I would have avoided thee. But in meer spite
To be full quit of those my Banishers,
Stand I before thee here: Then if thou hast
A Heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular Wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy Country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn: So use it,
That my revengeful Services may prove
As Benefits to thee. For I will fight
Against my Cankred Country, with the spleen
Of all the under Fiends. But if so be,
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more Fortunes
Thou'rt tir'd, then in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My Throat to thee, and to thy ancient Malice:

Which

Which not to cut, would shew thee but a Fool,
 Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
 Drawn Tuns of Blood out of thy Country's Breast,
 And cannot live, but to thy Shame, unless
 It be to do thee Service.

Auf. Oh, *Martius, Martius,*
 Each word thou hast spoke, hath weeded from my Heart
 A root of ancient Envy. If *Jupiter*
 Should from yon Cloud speak Divine things,
 And say, 'tis true; I'd not believe them more
 Than thee, all-noble *Martius*. Let me twine
 Mine Arms about that Body, where against
 My grained Ash an hundred times hath broke,
 And scar'd the Moon with Splinters; here I cleep
 The Anvile of my Sword, and do contest
 As hotly and as nobly with thy Love,
 As ever in ambitious Strength, I did
 Contend against thy Valour. Know thou, first
 I lov'd the Maid I married; never Man
 Sigh'd truer Breath. But that I see thee here,
 Thou Noble thing, more dances my rapt Heart,
 Than when I first my wedded Mistress saw
 Bestride my Threshold. Why, thou *Mars*, I tell thee,
 We have a Power on foot; and I had purpose
 Once more to hew thy Target from thy Brawn,
 Or lose mine Arm for't: Thou hast bear me out
 Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
 Dream't of Encounters 'twixt thy self and me:
 We have been down together in my Sleep,
 Unbuckling Helms, fisting each others Throat,
 And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy *Martius*,
 Had we no Quarrel else to *Rome*, but that
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelve to seventy; and pouring War
 Into the Bowels of ungrateful *Rome*,
 Like a bold Flood o'er-bear. Oh come, go in,
 And take our Friendly Senators by th' Hands,
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
 Who am prepar'd against your Territories,
 Though not for *Rome* it self.

Cor. You blefs me, Gods.

Auf. Therefore, must absolute Sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own Revenges, take
The one half of my Commission, and set down
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy Country's Strength and Weakness, thine own ways;
Whether to knock against the Gates of *Rome*,
Or to slyly visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, e'er d stroy. But come in,
Let me commend thee first to those that shall
Say yea to thy Desires. A thousand welcomes,
And more a Friend, than e'er an Enemy:
Yet, *Martius*, that was much. Your Hand; most welcome.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter two Servants.

1 Ser. Here's a strange Alteration.

2 Ser. By my Hand, I had thought to have stricken him
with a Cudgel, and yet my Mind gave me, his Clothes made
a false report of him.

1 Ser. What an Arm he has, he turn'd me about with his
Finger and his Thumb, as one would set up a Top.

2 Ser. Nay, I knew by his Face that there was something
in him. He had, Sir, a kind of Face, methought—I cannot
tell how to term it.

1 Ser. He has so; looking, as it were --- would I were hang-
ed but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 Ser. So did I, I'll be sworn; He is simply the rarest Man
i'th' World.

1 Ser. I think he is; but a greater Soldier than he,
You wot one.

2 Ser. Who, my Master?

1 Ser. Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 Ser. Worth six on him.

1 Ser. Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the great-
er Soldier.

2 Ser. Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that; for
the defence of a Town, our General is excellent.

1 Ser. Ay, and for an Assault too.

Enter a third Servant.

3 Ser. Oh Slaves, I can tell you News; News, you Rascals.

Both.

Both. What, what, what? Let's partake.

3 Ser. I would not be a *Roman* of all Nations; I had as Lieve be a condemn'd Man.

Both. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 Ser. Why here's he that was wont to thwack our General, *Caius Martius*.

1 Ser. Why do you say, thwack our General?

3 Ser. I do not say thwack our General, but he was always good enough for him.

2 Ser. Come, we are Fellows and Friends; he was ever too hard for him, I have heard him say so himself.

1 Ser. He was too hard for him directly, to say the Troth on't; before *Coriolus*, he scotcht him and notcht him like a Carbonado.

2 Ser. And, had he been Cannibally given, he might have boil'd and eaten him too.

1 Ser. But more of thy News.

3 Ser. Why he is so made on here within, as if he were Son and Heir to *Mars*: Set at upper end o'th' Table; no Question ask'd him by any of the Senators, but they stand bald before him. Our General himself makes a Mistress of him, sanctifies himself with's Hands, and turns up the white o'th' Eye to his Discourse. But the bottom of the News is, our General is cut i'th' middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday. For the other has half, by the intreaty and grant of the whole Table. He'll go, he says, and fowle the Porter of *Rome* Gates by th' Ears. He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage poll'd.

2 Ser. And he's as like to do't as any Man I can imagine.

3 Ser. Do't! he will do't: For look you, Sir, he has as many Friends as Enemies; which Friends, Sir, as it were, durst not (look you, Sir) shew themselves (as we term it) his Friends, whilst he's in Directitude.

1 Ser. Directitude! What's that?

3 Ser. But when they shall see, Sir, his Crest up again, and the Man in Blood, they will out of their Burroughs (like Conies after Rain) and revel all with him.

1 Ser. But when goes this forward?

3 Ser. To Morrow, to Day, presently, you shall have the Drum struck up this Afternoon: 'Tis as it were a parcel of their Feast, and to be executed e'er they wipe their Lips.

2 Ser.

2 *Ser.* Why then we shall have a stirring World again: This Peace is worth nothing, but to rust Iron, encrease Tailors, and breed Ballad-makers.

1 *Ser.* Let me have War, say I, it exceeds Peace, as far as Day does Night, it's sprightly walking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very Apoplexy, Lethargy, mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible, a getter of more Bastard Children, than War's a destroyer of Men.

2 *Ser.* 'Tis so, and as War in some sort may be said to be a Ravisher, so it cannot be denied, but Peace is a great marker of Cuckolds.

1 *Ser.* Ay, and it makes Men hate one another.

3 *Ser.* Reason, because they then less need one another: The Wars for my Mony. I hope to see *Romans* as cheap as *Volsicians*. They are rising, they are rising.

Both. In, in, in, in.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Rome.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him, His Remedies are tame: the present Peace And Quietness of the People, which before Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his Friends Blush, that the World goes well; who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold Dissentious Numbers pestring Streets, than see Our Tradesmen singing in their Shops, and going About their Functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this *Menenius*?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O he is grown most kind of late: Hail, Sir.

Men. Hail to you both.

Sic. Your *Coriolanus* is not much mist, but with his Friends; the Commonwealth doth stand, and so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well, and might have been much better, if he could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing: His Mother and his Wife hear nothing from him.

Enter

Enter three or four Citizens.

All. The Gods preserve you both.

Sic. Good-e'en, Neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1 Cit. Our Selves, our Wives, and Children, on our Knees
Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live and thrive.

Bru. Farewel, kind Neighbours :

We wisht *Coriolanus* had lov'd you, as we did.

All. Now the Gods keep you.

Both Tri. Farewel, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Sic. This is a happier, and more comely time,
Than when these Fellows ran about the Streets,
Crying, Confusion.

Bru. *Caius Martius* was
A worthy Officer i'th'War, but Insolent,
O'ercome with Pride, Ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving.

Sic. And affecting one sole Throne, without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this to all our Lamentation,
If he had gone forth Consul, found it so.

Bru. The Gods have well prevented it, and *Rome*
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Ædile. Worthy Tribunes,
There is a Slave, whom we have put in Prison,
Reports the *Volscies*, with two several Powers,
Are entred in the *Roman Territories*,
And with the deepest Malice of the War,
Destroy what lyes before 'em.

Men. 'Tis *Aufidius*,
Who hearing of our *Martius's* Banishment,
Thrusts forth his Horns again into the World,
Which were In-shell'd, when *Martius* stood for *Rome*,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of *Martius*?

Bru. Go see this Rumourer whipt, it cannot be,
The *Volscies* dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!

We have Record that very well it can,

And

And three Examples of the like have been
 Within my Age. But reason with the Fellow
 Before you punish him, where he heard this,
 Lest you shall chance to whip your Information,
 And beat the Messenger, who bids beware
 Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me: I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Nobles in great earnestness are going
 All to the Senate-house; some News is come
 That turns their Countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this Slave:

Go whip him 'fore the Peoples Eyes: His raising;
 Nothing but his Report.

Mes. Yes, worthy Sir.

The Slave's Report is seconded, and more,
 More fearful is delivered.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mes. It is spoke freely out of many Mouths,
 How probable I do not know, that *Martius*,
 Join'd with *Aufidius*, leads a Power 'gainst *Rome*,
 And vows Revenge as spacious, as between
 The youngest and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely.

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
 Good *Martius* home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely.

He and *Aufidius* can no more atone,
 Than violent 'st Contrariety.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. You are sent for to the Senate:
 A fearful Army, lead by *Caius Martius*,
 Associated with *Aufidius*, rages
 Upon our Territories, and have already
 O'er-born their way, consum'd with Fire, and took
 What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh, you have made good work.

Men.

Men. What News? What News?

Com. You have help to ravish your own Daughters, and
To melt the City Leads upon your Pates,
To see your Wives dishonour'd to your Noses.

Men. What's the news? What's the news?

Com. Your Temples burn'd in their Cement, and
Your Franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an Auger's bore.

Men. Pray now the News?

You have made fair work, I fear me: pray, your news?
If *Martius* should be joyned with the *Volscians*,

Com. If? He is their God, he leads them like a thing
Made by some other Deity than Nature,
That shapes Man better; and they follow him
Against us Brats, with no less Confidence,
Than Boys pursuing Summer Butter-flies,
Or Butchers killing Flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You and your Apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the Voice of Occupation, and
The Breath of Garlick-eaters.

Com. He'll shake your *Rome* about your Ears.

Men. As *Hercules* did shake down mellow Fruit:
You have made fair work.

Bru. But is this true, Sir?

Com. Ay, and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the Regions
Do smilingly revolt, and who resists
Are mock'd for valiant Ignorance,
And perish constant Fools: Who is't can blame him?
Your Enemies and his find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The Noble Man have Mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?

The Tribunes cannot do't for shame; the People
Deserve such pity of him, as the Wolf
Do's of the Shepherds: For his best Friends, if they
Shou'd say, be good to *Rome*, they charg'd him, even,
As those should do that had deserv'd his Hate,
And therein shew'd like Enemies.

Men.

Men. 'Tis true, if he were putting to my House, the Brand
That would consume it, I have not the Face
To say, beseech you cease. You have made fair Hands,
You and your Crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not we brought it.

Men. How? Was't we? We lov'd him;
But, like Beasts and cowardly Nobles,
Gave Way unto your Clusters, who did hoot
Him out o' th' City.

Com. But I fear
They'll roar him in again. *Tullus Aufidius,*
The second Name of Men, obeys his points
As if he were his Officer: Desperation,
Is all the Policy, Strength, and Defence
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the Clusters.—
And is *Aufidius* with him?—You are they
That made the Air unwholsome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasie Caps, in hooting
At *Coriolanus's* Exile. Now he's coming,
And not a Hair upon a Soldiers Head
Which will not prove a Whip: as many Coccoombs
As you threw Caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your Voices. 'Tis no matter,
If he should burn us all into one Coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Omnes. Faith, we hear fearful News.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said banish him, I said 'twas Pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and to say the truth, so did very
many of us; that we did, we did for the best: And tho' we
willingly consented to his Banishment, yet it was against
our Will.

Com. Y'are goodly things; you Voices!—

Men. You have made you good work,
You and your Cry. Shall's to the Capitol?

Com.

Com. Oh, Ay, what else?

[*Exeunt.*]

Sic. Go, Masters, get you Home, be not dismay'd,
These are a Side, that wou'd be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go Home,
And shew no sign of Fear

1 *Cit.* The Gods be good to us: Come, Masters, let's
Home. I ever said we were i' th' wrong, when we banish'd
him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all; but come, let's Home. [*Ex. Cit.*]

Bru. I do not like this News.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol; would half my Wealth
Would buy this for a Lie

Sic. Pray let's go.

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

S C E N E V. A Camp.

Enter Aufidius with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still flie to th' Roman?

Lien. I do not know what Witchcraft's in him; but
Your Soldiers use him as the Grace'fore Meat,
Their talk at Table, and their Thanks at end:
And you are darken'd in this Action, Sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now.

Unless, by using means, I lame the Foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudly
Even to my Person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him. Yet his Nature
In that's no Changeling, and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lien. Yet I wish, Sir

(I mean for your particular) you had not
Join'd in Commission with him; but either have born
The Action of your self, or else to him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well, and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him, although it seems
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To th' vulgar Eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shews good Husbandry for the *Volscian* State,
Fights Dragon-like, and does atchieve as soon
As draw his Sword: Yet he hath left undone

That

That which shall break his Neck, or hazard mine,
When e'er we come to our Account.

Lien. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry *Rome*?

Auf. All places yield to him e'er he sits down,
And the Nobility of *Rome* are his:
The Senators and Patricians love him too:
The Tribunes are no Soldiers; and their People
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to *Rome*
As is the Aspray to the Fish, who takes it
By Sovereignty of Nature. First, he was
A noble Servant to them, but he could not
Carry his Honours even; whether 'twas Pride,
Which out of daily Fortune ever taints
The happy Man; whether defect of Judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those Chances
Which he is Lord of; or whether Nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From th' Cask to th' Cushion, but commanding Peace
Even with the same austerity and garb,
As he controll'd the War. But one of these,
(As he hath spices of them all) not all,
For I dare so far free him, made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd; but he has a Merit
To choak it in the utterance: So our Virtues,
Lye in the interpretation of the time,
And Power, unto it self most commendable,
Hath not a Tomb so evident as a Chair
T'extol what it hath done.

One Fire drives out one Fire; one Nail, one Nail;
Rights by Rights fouler, Strengths by Strengths do fail.
Come let's away; when, *Caius*, *Rome* is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all, then shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE Rome.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, with others.

Men. **N**O, I'll not go : You hear what he hath said
Which was sometime his General ; who lov'd him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me Father :
But what o'that ? Goyou that banish'd him,
A mile before his Tent, fall down and kneel
The way into his Mercy : Nay, if he coy'd
To hear *Cominius* speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear ?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my Name :
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. *Coriolanus*
He would not answer to ; forbad all Names,
He was a kind of nothing, Titleless,
'Till he had forg'd himself a Name o'th' Fire
Of burning *Rome*.

Men. Why, so ; you have made good work :
A pair of Tribunes, that have wrack'd for *Rome*,
To make Coals cheap : A noble Memory.

Com. I minded him, how Royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected. He reply'd,
It was a bare Petition of a State
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well, could he say less ?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For's private Friends. His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them, in a pile
Of noisom musty Chaff. He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt
And still to nose the Offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two ?
I am one of those : his Mother, Wife, his Child,
And this brave Fellow too : we are the Grains,
You are the musty Chaff, and you are smelt
Above the Moon. We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray be patient : If you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our Distress. But fare if you
Would be your Country's Pleader, your good Tongue,
More than the instant Army we can make,
Might stop our Country-man.

Men. No: I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you go to him.

Men. What should I do ?

Bru. Only make trial what your Love can do
For *Rome*, towards *Martius*.

Men. Well, and say that *Martius* return me,
As *Cominius* return'd, unheard : What then ?
But as a discontented Friend, grief shot
With his unkindness. Say't be so ?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from *Rome*, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it :
I think he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good *Cominius*, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well, he had not din'd.
The Veins unfill'd, our Blood is cold, and then
We powt upon the Morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive ; but when we have stuff'd
These Pipes, and these Conveyances of our Blood
With Wine and feeding, we have suppler Souls
Than in our priest-like Fasts : therefore I'll watch him
'Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very Road into his Kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall e'er long have knowledge
Of my success.

[*Exit.*

Com. He'll never hear him. *Sic.* Not ?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in Gold, his Eye
Red as 'twould burn *Rome* ; and his Injury
The Goaler to his Pity. I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he said, Rise : dismiss'd me
Thus with his speechless hand. What he would do

He

He sent in Writing after me ; what he would not,
Bound with an Oath to yield to his Conditions :
So that all hope is vain, unless his noble Mother,
And his Wife (who as I hear) mean to sollicit him
For Mercy to his Country : therefore let's hence,
And with our fair Intreaties haste them on. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II. *A Camp.*

Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard.

1 *Wat.* Stay : whence are you ?

2 *Wat.* Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like Men, 'tis well. But by your leave
I am an Officer of State, and come to speak with *Coriolanus*.

1 *Watch.* From whence ? *Men.* From *Rome*.

1 *Wat.* You may not pass, you must return : our General
will no more hear from thence.

2 *Wat.* You'll see your *Rome* embrac'd with Fire, before
You'll speak with *Coriolanus*.

Men. Good my Friends,
If you have heard your General talk of *Rome*,
And of his Friends there, it is Lots to Blanks,
My Name hath touch'd your Ears ; it is *Menenius*.

1 *Wat.* Be it so, go back : the virtue of your Name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, Fellow,
Thy General is my Lover : I have been
The Book of his good Acts, whence Men have read
His Fame unparallell'd, happily amplified :
For I have ever verified my Friends,
(Of whom he's Chief) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer : Nay, sometimes,
Like to a Bowl upon a subtle ground
I have tumbled past the throw ; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the Leasing. Therefore, Fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1 *Wat.* Faith, Sir, if you had told as many lies in his be-
half, as you have utter'd words in your own, you should
not pass here : no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to
live chafly. Therefore go back.

Men. Prithee, Fellow, remember my Name is *Menenius*,
always Factionary of the party of your General.

2 *Wat.* Howsoever you have been his Liar, as you say you have; I am one that telling true under him, must say you cannot pass. Therefore go back.

Men. Has he din'd, can'st thou tell? For I would not speak with him 'till after Dinner.

1 *Wat.* You are a *Roman*, are you?

Men. I am, as thy General is.

1 *Wat.* Then you should hate *Rome*, as he does. Can you, when you have push'd out of your Gates the very Defender of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, given your Enemy your Shield, think to front his Revenges with the easie Groans of old Women, the Virginal Palms of your Daughters, or with the pallied intercession of such a decay'd Dotard, as you seem to be? can you think to blow out the intended Fire your City is ready to flame in, with such weak Breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd, therefore back to *Rome*, and prepare for your Execution: you are condemn'd, our General has sworn you out of Reprieve and Pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy Captain knew I were here, He would use me with Estimation

1 *Wat.* Come, my Captain knows you not.

Men. I mean thy General,

1 *Wat.* My General cares not for you. Back, I say, go; lest I let forth your half Pint of Blood. Back, that's the utmost of your having, back.

Men. Nay, but Fellow, Fellow.

Enter Coriolanus with Aufidius.

Cor. What's the Matter?

Men. Now you Champion; I'll say an Errant for you; you shall know now that I am in Estimation; you shall perceive, that a Jack-gardant cannot Office me from my Son *Coriolanus*, guess but my Entertainment with him; if thou stand'st not i'th' State of hanging, or of some Death more long in Spectatorship, and crueller in suffering, behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee. The glorious Gods sit in hourly Synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old Father *Menenius* does. O my Son, my Son! thou art preparing Fire for us; look thee, here's Water to quench it. I was hardly mov'd to come to thee; but being assured

none

none but my self could move thee, I have been blown out of our Gates with sighs, and conjure thee to pardon *Rome*, and thy petitionary Countrymen. The good Gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the Dregs of it upon this Varlet here: This, who like a Block hath denied my Accels to thee——

Cor. Away.

Men. How, away?

Cor. Wife, Mother, Child, I know not. My Affairs Are servanted to others: Though I owe My Revenge properly, my Remission lyes In *Volscian* Breasts. That we have been familiar, Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather Than pity: Note how much,——therefore be gone. Mine Ears against your Suits are stronger than Your Gates against my Force. Yet for I loved thee, Take this along, I writ it for thy sake, And would have sent it. Another word, *Menenius*, I will not hear thee speak. This Man, *Aufidius*, Was my belov'd in *Rome*; yet thou behold'st——

Auf. You keep a constant temper. [Exit.]

Manent the Guard and Menenius.

1 *Wat.* Now, Sir, is your name *Menenius*?

2 *Wat.* 'Tis a Spell you see of much Power: You know the way home again.

1 *Wat.* Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your Greatness back?

2 *Wat.* What Cause do you think I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for th' World, nor your General: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, y'are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another: Let your General do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your Misery encrease with your Age. I say to you, as I was said to, Away. [Exit.]

1 *Wat.* A noble Fellow, I warrant him.

2 *Wat.* The worthy Fellow is our General. He's th' Rock, the Oak not to be wind-shaken. [Exit Watch.]

Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

Cor. We will before the Walls of *Rome* to morrow Set down our Host. My Partner in this Action, You must report to th' *Volscian* Lords how plainly I have born this Business

Ans. Only their Ends you have respected; stopt
Your Ears against the general Suit of *Rome*:
Never admitted a private Whisper, no not with such Friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last, old Man,
Whom with a crack'd Heart I have sent to *Rome*,
Lov'd me above the measure of a Father:
Nay, Godded me indeed. Their latest Refuge,
Was to send him, for whose old Love, I have
(Tho' I shew'd sow'ry to him) once more offer'd
The first Conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more: A verry little
I have yielded to. Fresh Embassie, and Suits,
Nor for the State, nor private Friends heereafter
Will I lend Ear to. Ha! what shout is this? [*Shout within.*]
Shall I be tempted to infringe my Vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.

*Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, young Martius, with
Attendants.*

My Wife comes foremost, then the honour'd Mould
Wherein this Trunk was fram'd, and in her Hand
The Grand-child to her Blood. But our Affection,
All Bond and Privilege of Nature break;
Let it be Virtuous, to be Obstinate,
What is that Court'sie worth? Or those Dove's Eyes,
Which can make Gods forsworn? I melt, and am not
Of stronger Earth than others: My Mother bows,
As if *Olympus* to a Mole-hill should
In Supplication nod; and my young Boy
Hath an aspect of Intercession, which
Great Nature cries, Deny not. Let the *Volsces*
Plough *Rome*, and harrow *Italy*; I'll never
Be such a Gosling to obey Instinct: But stand
As if a Man were Author of himself, and knew no other Kin,

Virg. My Lord and Husband.

Cor. These Eyes are not the same I wore in *Rome*.

Virg. The Sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull Actor now, I have forgot my Part,
And I am out, even to a full Disgrace. Best of my Flesh,
Forgive

Forgive my Tyranny, but do not say,
 For that forgive our *Romans*. O a Kiss
 Long as my Exile, sweet as my Revenge!
 Now by the jealous Queen of Heav'n, that Kiss
 I carried from thee, Dear; and my true Lip
 Hath Virgin'd it e'er since. You Gods, I pray to you,
 And the most noble Mother of the World
 Leave unsaluted: Sink my Knee i'th' Earth; [Kneels.
 Of the deep Duty, more Impression shew
 Than that of common Sons.

Vol. O stand up blest!

Whilst with no softer Cushion than the Flint
 I kneel before thee, and improperly
 Shew Duty as mistaken all the while, [Kneels.
 Between the Child and Parent.

Cor. What's this? Your Knees to me?
 To your Corrected Son?
 Then let the Pebbles on the hungry Beach
 Fillop the Stars: Then, let the mutinous Winds
 Strike the proud Cedars 'gainst the fiery Sun:
 Murd'ring impossibility to make
 What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my Warrior, I hope to frame thee,
 Do you know this Lady?

Cor. The noble Sister of *Poplicola*:
 The Moon of *Rome*, Chast as the Icicle,
 That's curdied by the Frost from purest Snow,
 And hangs on *Dian's* Temple: Dear *Valeria*—

Vol. This is a poor Epitome of yours,
 Which by th' interpretation of full time,
 May shew like all your self.

Cor. The God of Soldiers,
 With the consent of supream *Jove*, inform
 Thy Thoughts with Nobleness, that thou may'st prove
 To Shame invulnerable, and strike i'th' Wars,
 Like a great Sea-mark, standing every flaw,
 And saving those that Eye thee.

Vol. Your Knee, Sicrah.

Cor. That's my brave Boy.

Vol. Even he, your Wife, this Lady, and my self,
 Are Suiters to you.

Cor. I beseech you, Peace:
 Or if you'd ask, remember this before;
 The thing I have forsworn to grant, may never
 Be held by you denial. Do not bid me
 Dismiss my Soldiers, or Capitulate
 Again with *Rome's* Mechanicks. Tell me not
 Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not t'allay
 My Rages and Revenges, with your colder Reasons.

Vol. Oh, no more: No more:
 You have said you will not grant us any thing:
 For we have nothing else to ask, but that
 Which you deny already: Yet we will ask,
 That if we fail in our request, the blame
 May hang upon your hardness; therefore hear us.

Cor. *Aufidius*, and you *Volsces*, mark; for we'll
 Hear nought from *Rome* in private. Your Request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our Raiment
 And state of Bodies would bewray what Life
 We have lead since thy Exile. Think with thy self,
 How more unfortunate than living Women
 Are we come hither; since that thy sight, which should
 Make our Hearts flow with Joy, Hearts dance with Comforts,
 Constrains them weep, and shake with Fear and Sorrow,
 Making the Mother, Wife, and Child to see,
 The Son, the Husband, and the Father tearing
 His Country's Bowels out: And to poor we,
 Thine Enmity's most Capital: Thou barr'st us
 Our Prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort
 That all but we enjoy. For how can we?
 Alas! how can we, for our Country pray,
 Whereto we are bound? Together with thy Victory,
 Whereto we are bound? Alack, or we must lose
 The Country, our dear Nurse, or else thy Person
 Our comfort in the Country. We must find
 An eminent Calamity, tho' we had
 Our wish, which side shou'd win. For either thou
 Must, as a Foreign Recreant be led
 With Manacles through our Streets, or else
 Triumphantly tread on thy Country's Ruin,
 And bear the Palm, for having bravely shed
 Thy Wife and Childrens Blood: For my self, Son,

I purpose not to wait on Fortune, 'till
 These Wars determine: If I cannot perswade thee
 Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,
 Than seek the end of one; thou shalt no sooner
 March to assault thy Country, then to tread
 (Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy Mother's Womb
 That brought thee to this World.

Virg. Ay, and mine too, that brought you forth this Boy,
 To keep your Name living to Time.

Boy. A shall not tread on me: I'll run away
 Till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a Woman's tenderness to be,
 Requires no Child, nor Woman's Face to see:
 I have fate too long.

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus:
 If it were so, that our Request did tend
 To save the *Romans*, thereby to destroy
 The *Volsces*, whom you serve, you might condemn us,
 As poysonous of your Honour. No, our suit
 Is that you reconcile them: While the *Volsces*
 May say, this Mercy we have shew'd; the *Romans*
 This we receiv'd, and each in either side
 Give the All-hail to thee, and cry, be blest
 For making up this Peace. Thou know'st, Great Son,
 The end of War's uncertain; but this certain,
 That if thou conquer *Rome*, the benefit
 Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a Name,
 Whose repetition will be dogg'd with Curses:
 Whose Chronicle thus writ, The Man was Noble——
 But with his last Attempt, he wip'd it out,
 Destroy'd his Country, and his Name remains
 To th' ensuing Age, abhorr'd. Speak to me Son:
 Thou hast affected the five strains of Honour,
 To imitate the Graces of the Gods,
 To tear with Thunder the wide Cheeks o'th' Air,
 And yet to change thy Sulphur with a Bolt,
 That should but rive an Oak. Why dost not speak?
 Think'st thou it Honourable for a Noble Man
 Still to remember Wrongs? Daughter, speak you:
 He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, Boy,
 Perhaps thy Childishness will move him more

Than

Than can our Reasons. There is no Man in the World
 More bound to's Mother, yet here he lets me prate
 Like one i'th' Stocks. Thou hast never in thy Life,
 Shew'd thy dear Mother any Curtesie,
 When she (poor Hen) fond of no second Brood,
 Has cluck'd thee to the Wars, and safely home
 Loaden with Honour. Say my Request's unjust,
 And spurn me back: But if it be not so,
 Thou art not Honest, and the Gods will plague thee
 That thou restrain'st from me the Duty, which
 To a Mother's part belongs. He turns away;
 Down Ladies; let us shame him with our Knees.
 To his Sir-name, *Coriolanus*, 'longs more Pride,
 Than Pity to our Prayers. Down; and end,
 This is the last. So, we will home to *Rome*,
 And die among our Neighbours: Nay, behold's.
 This Boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
 But kneels, and holds up Hands for Fellowship,
 Does reason our Petition with more Strength,
 Than thou hast to deny't. Come, let us go:
 This Fellow had a *Volscian* to his Mother;
 His Wife is in *Coriolus*, and his Child
 Like him by chance; yet give us our Dispatch:
 I am husht until our City be afire, and then I'll speak a little.
 [Holds her by the Hand, silent.

Cor. O Mother, Mother!
 What have you done? Behold, the Heav'ns do ope,
 The Gods look down, and this unnatural Scene
 They laugh at. Oh, my Mother, Mother: Oh!
 You have won a happy Victory to *Rome*.
 But for your Son, believe it, Oh believe it,
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
 If not most Mortal to him. But let it come:—
Anfidius, though I cannot make true Wars,
 I'll frame convenient Peace. Now, good *Anfidius*,
 Were you in my stead, would you have heard
 A Mother less? Or granted less, *Anfidius*?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn you were;
 And, Sir, it is no little thing to make
 Mines Eyes to sweat Compassion. But, good Sir,

What

What Peace you'll make, advise me: For my part,
I'll not to *Rome*, I'll back with you, and pray you
Stand to me in this Cause. O Mother! Wife!

Auf. I am glad thou hast set thy Mercy, and thy Honour
At difference in thee; out of that I'll work [Aside.
My self a former Fortune.

Cor. Ay, by and by; but we will drink together;
And you shall bear [To Vol. Virg, &c.
A better witness back than words, which we
On like Conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us: Ladies, you deserve
To have a Temple built you: All the Swords
In *Italy*, and her Confederate Arms
Could not have made this Peace. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Rome.

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Men. See you yond Coin o'th' Capitol, yond Corner Stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your
little Finger, there is some hope the Ladies of *Rome*, espe-
cially his Mother, may prevail with him. But I say, there
is no hope in't, our Throats are sentenc'd, and stay upon
Execution.

Sic. Is't possible that so short a time can alter the condi-
tion of a Man.

Men. There is difference between a Grub and a Butterfly,
yet your Butterfly was a Grub; this *Martins* is grown from
Man to Dragon: He has Wings, he's more than a creeping
thing.

Sic. He lov'd his Mother dearly.

Men. So did he me; and he no more remembers his
Mother now, than an eight years old Horse. The tartness
of his Face sours ripe Grapes. When he walks, he moves
like an Engine, and the Ground shrinks before his Treading.
He is able to pierce a Coslet with his Eye: Talks like a
Knell, and his hum is a Battery. He sits in his State as a
thing made for *Alexander*. What he bids be done is finish'd
with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God, but Eter-
nity, and a Heaven to Throne in.

Sic. Yes, Mercy, if you report him truly.

Men.

Men. I paint him in the Character. Mark what Mercy his Mother shall bring from him; there is no more Mercy in him, than there is Milk in a Male-Tyger; that shall our poor City find; and all this is long of you.

Sic. The Gods be good unto us.

Men. No, in such a case the Gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not them: And he returning to break our Necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger,

Mes. Sir, if you'd save your Life-flye to your House, The *Plebeians* have got your Fellow-Tribune, And hale him up and down, all swearing, if The *Roman Ladies* bring not Comfort home, They'll give him Death by Inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the News?

Mes. Good News, good News, the Ladies have prevail'd, The *Volsces* are dislodg'd, and *Martius* gone: A merrier Day did never yet greet *Rome*, No, not th' Expulsion of the *Tarquins*.

Sic. Friend, art thou certain this is true? Is't most certain?

Mes. As certain as I know the Sun is Fire: Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it? Ne'er through an Arch so hurried the blown Tide, As the recomforted through th' Gates. Why, hark you.

[*Trumpets, Hautboys, Drums beat, all together.*

The Trumpets, Sackbuts, Plalteries and Fifes, Tabors and Cymbals, and the shouting *Romans* Make the Sun dance. Hark you. [A shout within.

Men. This is good News: I will go meet the Ladies. This *Volumnia* Is worth of Consuls, Senators, Patricians, A City full: Of Tribunes, such as you, A Sea and Land full; you have pray'd well to Day: This Morning, for ten thousand of your Throats, I'd not have given a doit. Hark how they joy.

[*Sound still with the Shouts.*

Sic. First, the Gods bless you for your Tidings: Next, accept my Thankfulness.

Mes. Sir, we have all great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the City?

Mes.

Mef. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We'll meet them, and help the Joy.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter two Senators, with Ladies passing over the Stage with other Lords.

Sen. Behold our Patroness, the life of Rome:
Call all your Tribes together, praise the Gods,
And make triumphant Fires, strew Flowers before them:
Unshout the Noise that banish'd *Martius*;
Repeal him with the welcome of his Mother:
Cry, welcome, Ladies, welcome.

All. Welcome Ladies, welcome.

[*Exeunt.*

[*A Flourish with Drums and Trumpets.*

SCENE IV. Antium.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the Lords o' th' City, I am here:
Deliver them this Paper: Having read it,
Bid them repair to th' Market-place, where I
Even in theirs, and in the Commons Ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse
The City Ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends t' appear before the People, hoping
To purge himself with words. Dispatch.

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius's Faction.

Most welcome.

1 *Con.* How is it with our General?

Auf. Even so, as with a Man by his own Alms impoyson'd, and with his Charity slain.

2 *Con.* Most noble Sir, if you do hold the same intent,
Wherein you wish'd us Parties; we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell,
We must proceed as we do find the People.

3 *Con.* The People will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the Survivor Heir of all.

Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good Construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine Honour for his Truth; who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new Plants with dews of Flattery,
Seducing so my Friends; and to this end,

He bow'd his Nature, never known before,
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 *Con.* Sir, his Stoutness
When he did stand for Consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping——

Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my Hearth,
Presented to my Knife his Throat; I took him,
Made him joint Servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him chuse
Out of my Files, his Projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest Men; sav'd his Designments
In mine own Person; hop'd to reap the Fame
Which he did make all this; and took some Pride
To do my self this wrong; 'till at the last,
I seem'd his Follower, not Partner; and
He wag'd me with his Countenance, as if
I had been Mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my Lord:
The Army marvell'd at it, and in the last,
When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd
For no less Spoil, than Glory——

Auf. There was it;
For which my Sinews shall be stretch'd upon him:
At a few drops of Womens Rheum, which are
As cheap as Lies, he sold the Blood and Labour
Of our great Action; therefore shall he dye,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But hark.

[*Drums and Trumpets sound, with great shouts of the People.*]

1 *Con.* Your Native Town you enter'd like a Post,
And had no welcomes home, but he returns
Splitting the Air with Noise.

2 *Con.* And patient Fools,
Whose Children he hath slain, their base Throats tear
With giving him Glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore at your vantage,
E'er he express himself, or move the People
With what he would say, let him feel your Sword,
Which we will second, when he lies along,
After your way, his Tale pronounc'd, shall bury
His Reasons with his Body.

Auf.

Auf. Say no more, here come the Lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it.

But, worthy Lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

All. We have.

1 Lord. And grieve to hear it.

What Faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easie Fines: But there to end,
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our Levies, answering us
With our own Charge, making a Treaty where
There was a yielding; this admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

*Enter Coriolanus marching with Drums and Colours, the
Commons being with him.*

Cor. Hail, Lords, I am return'd, your Soldier;
No more infected with my Country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great Command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your Wars, even to
The Gates of Rome: Our Spoils we have brought home
Doth more than Counterpoise a full third part
The charges of the Action. We have made Peace
With no less Honour to the *Antiates*
Than Shame to th' *Romans*: And we here deliver,
Subscrib'd by th' Consuls and Patricians,
Together with the Seal o' th' Senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, Noble Lords,
But tell the Traitor in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your Powers.

Cor. Traitor! — How now! —

Auf. Ay, Traitor, *Martius*.

Cor. *Martius*! —

Auf. Ay, *Martius*, *Caius Martius*; dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that Robbery, thy stoln name
Coriolanus, in *Coriolus*?
You Lords and Head o' th' State, perfidiously

He has betray'd your Business, and given up,
 For certain drops of Salt, your City *Rome*,
 I say your City, to his Wife and Mother,
 Breaking his Oath and Resolution like
 A twist of rotten Silk, never admitting
 Counsel o' th' War; but at his Nurse's Tears
 He whin'd and roar'd away your Victory,
 That Pages blush'd at him, and Men of Heart
 Look'd wondring each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, *Mars*?

Auf. Name not the God, thou Boy of Tears.

Cor. Ha!——

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless Liar, thou hast made my Heart
 Too great for what contains it. Boy! O Slave!—
 Pardon me, Lords, 'tis the first time that ever
 I was forc'd to scold. Your Judgments, my grave Lords,
 Must give this Cur the Lie; and his own Notion,
 Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him, that
 Must bear my beating to his Grave, shall join
 To thrust the Lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, *Volscies*, Men and Lads,
 Stain all your edges in me. Boy! false Hound!——
 If you have writ your Annals true, 'tis there,
 That like an Eagle in a Dove-coat, I
 Flutter'd your *Volscies* in *Coriolus*.
 Alone I did it. Boy!——

Auf. Why, Noble Lords,
 Will you be put in mind of his blind Fortune,
 Which was your shame, by this unholy Braggart,
 'Fore your own Eyes and Ears?

All Con. Let him dye for't.

All People. Tear him to pieces, do it presently:
 He kill'd my Son, my Daughter, he kill'd my Cousin
Marcus, he kill'd my Father.

2 *Lord.* Peace, ho——no outrage——peace——
 The Man is noble, and his Fame folds in
 This Orb o' th' Earth; his last Offences to us
 Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, *Aufidius*,
 And trouble not the Peace.

Cor.

Cor. O that I had him, with six *Aufidiuses*, or more;
His Tribe; to use my lawful Sword——

Auf. Insolent Villain.

All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[*The Conspirators all draw, and kill Martius, who falls, and Aufidius stands on him.*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My Noble Lords, hear me speak.

1 Lord. O, *Tullus*——

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed, whereat
Valour will weep.

3 Lord. Tread not upon him---Masters all, be quiet,
Put up your Swords.

Auf. My Lords,

When you shall know (as in this Rage
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this Man's Life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your Honours
To call me to your Senate, I'll deliver
My self your Loyal Servant, or endure
Your heaviest Censure.

1 Lord. Bear from hence his Body,
And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded
As the most Noble Coarse, that ever Herald
Did follow to his Urn.

2 Lord. His own impatience
Takes from *Aufidius* a great part of blame:
Let's make the best use of it.

Auf. My Rage is gone,
And I am struck with Sorrow: Take him up:
Help three o'th' chiefest Soldiers; I'll be one.
Beat thou the Drum that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel Pikes. Though in this City he
Hath widowed and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the Injury,
Yet he shall have a Noble Memory. *Assist.*

[*Exeunt, bearing the Body of Martius. A dead March sounded.*



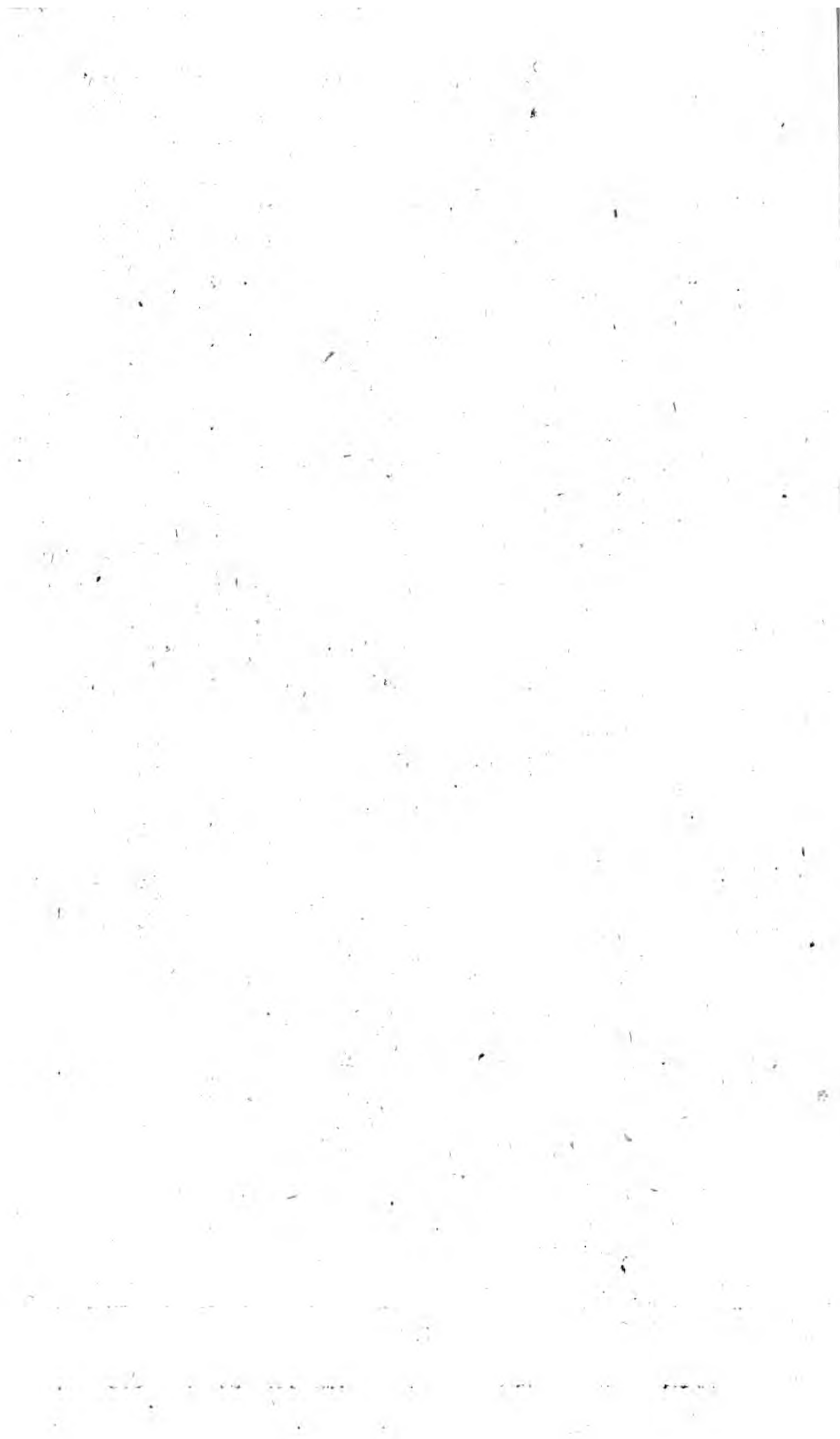
REPORT TO THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS
 OF THE
 COMPANY
 FOR THE YEAR ENDING
 DECEMBER 31, 1911

The Board of Directors has the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your report on the operations of the Company for the year ending December 31, 1911, and to express its appreciation for the excellent results achieved during the year.

The Company's operations during the year have been characterized by a steady and consistent growth, and the Board is pleased to note the progress made in all departments. The financial statement shows a net profit of \$100,000, which is a significant increase over the previous year.

The Board is confident that the Company's future prospects are bright, and it expects to continue to achieve similar success in the coming year. It is pleased to have you as a member of the Board and to believe that your continued efforts will contribute to the Company's success.

Very truly yours,
 The Board of Directors





TITUS
ANDRONICUS.

A
TRAGEDY.



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Saturninus, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declar'd Emperor himself.*

Bassianus, *Brother to Saturninus, in Love with Lavinia.*

Titus Andronicus, *a Noble Roman, General against the Goths.*

Marcus Andronicus, *Tribune of the People, and Brother to Titus.*

Marcus,
Quintus, } *Sons to Titus Andronicus.*
Lucius,
Mutius,

Young Lucius, a Boy, Son to Lucius.

Alarbus,
Chiron, } *Sons to Tamora.*
Demetrius,

Aaron, *a Moor, Belov'd by Tamora.*

W O M E N.

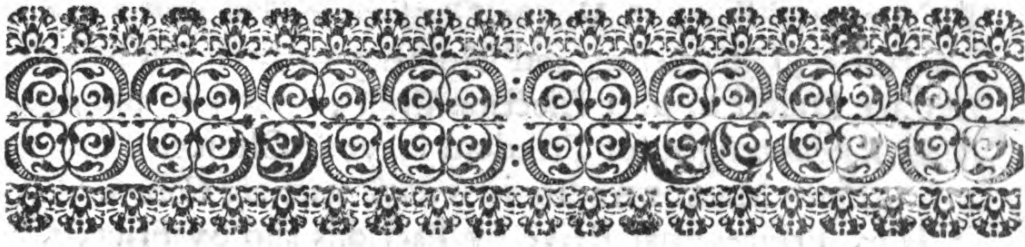
Tamora, *Queen of the Goths, and afterwards Married to Saturninus.*

Lavinia, *Daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

Senators, Judges, Officers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

SCENE *Rome, and the Country near it.*

Titus



Titus Andronicus.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE Rome.

*Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate.
Enter Saturninus and his Followers at one Door,
and Bassianus and his Followers at the other, with
Drum and Colours.*

SATURNINUS.



Oble Patricians, Patrons of my Right,
Defend the Justice of my Cause with Arms.
And Country-men and loving Followers,
Plead my successive Title with your Swords.
I was the first-born Son of him that last
Wore the Imperial Diadem of Rome:

Then let my Father's Honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine Age with this Indignity.

Bas. Roman. Friends, Followers,
Favourers of my Right;
If ever *Bassianus, Caesar's Son,*
Were gracious in the Eyes of Royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not Dishonour to approach

Th' Imperial Seat, to Virtue Consecrate,
 To Justice, Continence, and Nobility :
 But let Desert in pure Election shine ;
 And, *Romans*, fight for Freedom in your Choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the Crown.

Mar. Princes that strive by Factions and by Friends,
 Ambitiously for Rule and Empery ;
 Know, that the People of *Rome*, for whom we stand
 A special Party, have by Common Voice,
 In Election for the *Roman Empery*,
 Chosen *Andronicus*, Sur-named *Pius*,
 For many good and great deserts to *Rome*.
 A Nobler Man, a braver Warrior,
 Lives not this day within our City Walls.
 He by the Senate is accited home,
 From weary Wars against the barbarous *Goths*,
 That with his Sons (a terror to our Foes)
 Hath yok'd a Nation strong, train'd up in Arms.
 Ten Years are spent since first he undertook
 This Cause of *Rome*, and chastised with Arms
 Our Enemies Pride. Five times he hath return'd
 Bleeding to *Rome*, bearing his valiant Sons
 In Coffins from the Field.
 And now at last, laden with Honour's Spoils,
 Returns the good *Andronicus* to *Rome*,
 Renowned *Titus*, flourishing in Arms.
 Let us intreat, by Honour of his Name,
 Whom (worthily) you would have now succeed,
 And in the Capitol and Senate's Right,
 Whom you pretend to Honour and Adore,
 That you withdraw you, and abate your Strength ;
 Dismiss your Followers, and as Suiters should,
 Plead your Deserts in Peace and Humbleness.

Sat. How fair the Tribune speaks,
 To calm my Thoughts.

Bas. *Marcus Andronicus*, so I do affie
 In thy Uprightness and Integrity :
 And so I Love and Honour thee and thine ;
 Thy Noble Brother *Titus*, and his Sons,
 And her (to whom our Thoughts are humbled all)
 Gracious *Lavinia*, *Rome's* rich Ornament,

That

That I will here dismiss my loving Friends;
And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Favour,
Commit my Cause in ballance to be weigh'd.

[*Ex. Soldiers.*]

Sat. Friends that have been
Thus forward in my Right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the Love and Favour of my Country,
Commit my Self, my Person, and the Cause:
Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.
Open the Gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes, and me, a poor Competitor.
[*They go up into the Senate-House.*]

Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans, make way: The good *Andronicus*,
Patron of Virtue, *Rome's* best Champion,
Successful in the Battels that he fights,
With Honour and with Fortune is return'd,
From whence he circumscribed with his Sword,
And brought to yoke the Enemies of *Rome*.

Sound Drums and Trumpets, and then enter Mutius and Marcus: After them, two Men bearing a Coffin cover'd with black; then Quintus and Lucius. After them Titus Andronicus; and then Tamora, the Queen of Goths, Alarbus, Chiron and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, Prisoners, Soldiers, and other Attendants. They set down the Coffin, and Titus speaks.

Tit. Hail, *Rome*,
Victorious in thy mourning Weeds!
Loe, as the Bark that hath discharg'd her Freight,
Returns with precious lading to the Bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her Anchorage,
Cometh *Andronicus* with Laurel Boughs,
To re-salute his Country with his Tears;
Tears of true Joy, for his return to *Rome*.
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend.
Romans, of five and twenty Valiant Sons,
Half of the number that King *Priam* had,

Behold the poor remains alive and dead!
 These that survive, let *Rome* reward with Love;
 These that I bring unto their latest Home,
 With burial among their Ancestors.

Here *Goths* have given me leave to sheath my Sword:
Titus unkind, and careless of thine own,
 Why suffer'st thou thy Sons unburied yet,
 To hover on the dreadful Shoar of *Styx*?
 Make way to lay them by their Brethren.

[*They open the Tomb.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
 And sleep in Peace, slain in your Country's Wars:
 O sacred Receptacle of my Joys,
 Sweet Cell of Virtue and Nobility,
 How many Sons of mine hast thou in store,
 That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest Prisoner of the *Goths*,
 That we may hew his Limbs, and on a Pile,
Ad manes Fratrum, Sacrifice his Flesh,
 Before this Earthly Prison of their Bones,
 That so the Shadows be not unappeas'd,
 Nor we disturb'd with Prodigies on Earth.

Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives,
 The Eldest Son of this distressed Queen.

Tam. Stay, *Roman* Brethren, gracious Conqueror,
 Victorious *Titus*, rue the Tears I shed,
 A Mother's Tears in Passion for her Son:
 And if thy Sons were ever dear to thee,
 O think my Sons to be as dear to me.
 Sufficeth not, that we are brought to *Rome*,
 To beautifie thy Triumphs, and return
 Captive to thee, and to thy *Roman* Yoak;
 But must my Sons be slaughter'd in the Streets,
 For valiant doings in their Country's Cause?
 O! if to fight for King and Common-weal,
 Were Piety in thine, it is in these:

Andronicus, slain not thy Tomb with Blood.
 Wilt thou draw near the nature of the Gods?
 Draw near them then in being merciful;
 Sweet Mercy is Nobility's true badge,
 Thrice Noble *Titus*, spare my first-born Son.

Tit.

Tit. Patient your self, Madam, and pardon me. }
 These are the Brethren, whom you *Goths* behold
 Alive and dead, and for their Brethren slain,
 Religiously they ask a Sacrifice ;
 To this your Son is markt, and die he must,
 To appease their groaning Shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him, and make a Fire straight.
 And with our Swords upon a Pile of Wood,
 Let's hew his Limbs 'till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt* Mutius, Marcus, Quintus and Lucius with *Alarbus*.

Tam. O cruel irreligious Piety!

Chi. Was ever *Scythia* half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose me, *Scythia*, to ambitious *Rome*.

Alarbus go to rest, and we survive,
 To tremble under *Titus's* threatening Looks,
 Then, Madam, stand resolv'd, but hope withal,
 The self-same Gods that arm'd the Queen of *Troy*,
 With opportunity of sharp Revenge
 Upon the *Thracian* Tyrant in his Tent,
 May favour *Tamora*, the Queen of *Goths*,
 (When *Goths* were *Goths*, and *Tamora* was Queen)
 To quit her bloody Wrongs upon her Foes.

Enter Mutius, Marcus, Quintus and Lucius.

Luc. See, Lord and Father, how we have perform'd
 Our *Roman* Rites, *Alarbus's* Limbs are lopt,
 And Intrails feed the sacrificing Fire,
 Whose Smoke, like Incense, doth perfume the Sky.
 Remaineth nought but to inter our Brethren,
 And with loud Larums welcome them to *Rome*.

Tit. Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*
 Make this his latest farewell to their Souls.

[*Then sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffins in the Tomb.*

In Peace and Honour rest you here, my Sons,
Rome's readiest Champions, repose you here in rest,
 Secure from worldly Chances and Mishaps:
 Here lurks no Treason, here no Envy swells,
 Here grow no damned Grudges, here no Storms,
 No Noise, but Silence and eternal Sleep:
 In Peace and Honour rest you here, my Sons.

Enter

Enter Lavinia.

Lav. In Peace and Honour live Lord *Titus* long,
My Noble Lord and Father, live in Fame:
Lo at this Tomb my tributary Tears
I render, for my Brethrens Obsequies:
And at thy Feet I kneel, with Tears of Joy,
Shed on the Earth, for thy return to *Rome*.
O bless me here with thy victorious Hand,
Whose Fortune *Rome's* best Citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind *Rome*,
That hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The Cordial of mine Age, to glad mine Heart,
Lavinia, live, out-live thy Father's Days;
And Fame's eternal date for Virtue's praise.

Mar. Long live Lord *Titus*, my beloved Brother,
Gracious Triumpher in the Eyes of *Rome*.

Tit. Thanks, gentle Tribune,
Noble Brother *Marcus*.

Mar. And welcome Nephews from successful Wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in Fame:
Fair Lords, your Fortunes are alike in all,
That in your Country's Service drew your Swords.
But safer Triumph is this Funeral Pomp
That hath aspir'd to *Solon's* Happiness,
And triumphs over Chance in Honour's Bed.

Titus Andronicus, the People of *Rome*,
Whose Friend in Justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me their Tribune, and their trust,
This Palliament of white and spotless Hue,
And name thee in Election for the Empire,
With these our late deceased Emperor's Sons:
Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a Head on headless *Rome*.

Tit. A better Head her Glorious Body fits,
Than his that shakes for Age and Feebleness:
What should I don this Robe, and trouble you?
Be chose with Proclamations to Day,
To Morrow yield up Rule, resign my Life,
And set abroad new Business for you all.
Rome, I have been thy Soldier forty Years,
And led my Country's Strength successfully,

And

And buried one and twenty valiant Sons,
 Knighted in Field, slain manfully in Arms,
 In Right and Service of their Noble Country:
 Give me a Staff of Honour for mine Age,
 But not a Scepter to controul the World,
 Upright he held it, Lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the Empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune, canst thou tell?

Tit. Patience, Prince *Saturninus*.

Sat. Romans, do me right.

Patricians draw your Swords, and sheath them not
 'Till *Saturninus* be *Rome's* Emperor:

Andronicus, would thou wert shipt to Hell,
 Rather than rob me of the People Hearts.

Luc. Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good
 That Noble-minded *Titus* means to thee.

Tit. Content thee Prince, I will restore to thee
 The Peoples Hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. *Andronicus*, I do not flatter thee,
 But honour thee, and will do 'till I die:
 My Faction, if thou strengthen with thy Friends,
 I will most thankful be; and thanks to Men
 Of noble Minds is honourable Meed.

Tit. People of *Rome*, and noble Tribunes here,
 I ask your Voices, and your Suffrages,
 Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus*?

Mar. To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,
 And gratulate his safe Return to *Rome*,
 The People will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you, and this suit I make,
 That you create your Emperor's eldest Son,
 Lord *Saturnine*; whose Virtues will, I hope,
 Reflect on *Rome*, as *Titan's* Rays on Earth,
 And ripen Justice in this Common-weal:
 Then if you will Elect by my Advice,
 Crown him, and say, Long live our Emperor.

Mar. With Voices and Applause of every sort,
 Patricians and *Plebeians*, we create
 Lord *Saturninus*, *Rome's* great Emperor;
 And say, Long live our Emperor *Saturnine*.

[A long Flourish 'till they come down.]

Sat.

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy Favours done,
To us in our Election this Day,
I give thee Thanks in part of thy Deserts,
And will with Deeds requite thy gentleness :
And for an Onset, *Titus,* to advance
Thy Name, and honourable Family,
Lavinia will I make my Emperess,
Rome's Royal Mistrefs, Mistrefs of my Heart,
And in the sacred *Pantheon* her Espouse :
Tell me, *Andronicus,* doth this Motion please thee ?

Tit. It doth, my worthy Lord ; and in this Match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your Grace :
And here in sight of *Rome,* to *Saturninus,*
King and Commander of our Common-weal,
The wide World's Emperor, do I Consecrate
My Sword, my Chariot and my Prisoners,
Presents well worthy *Rome's* Imperial Lord.
Receive them then, the Tribute that I owe,
Mine Honours Ensigns humbled at thy Feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble *Titus,* Father of my Life,
How proud I am of thee, and of thy Gifts,
Rome shall record, and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable Deserts,
Romans forget your Fealty to me.

Tit. Now, Madam, are you Prisoner to an Emperor,
To him that for your Honour and your State
Will use you nobly, and your Followers.

Sat. A goodly Lady, trust me, of the Hue,
That I would chuse, were I to chuse a-new :
Clear up, fair Queen, that cloudy Countenance,
Tho' chance of War hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in *Rome* :
Princely shall be thy Usage every way.

Rest on my Word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your Hopes : Madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the Queen of *Goths.*

Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this ?

Lav. Not I, my Lord, sith true Nobility
Warrant these Words in Princely Courtesie.

Sat. Thanks, sweet *Lavinia.* *Romans,* let us go.
Ranf mless here we set our Prisoners free,

Proclaim

Proclaim our Honours, Lords, with Trumpet and Drum.

Bas. Lord *Titus*, by your leave this Maid is mine.

[*Seizing Lavinia.*

Tit. How, Sir? Are you in earnest then, my Lord?

Bas. Ay, noble *Titus*; and resolv'd withal,
To do my self this Reason and this Right.

[*The Emperor Courts Tamora in dumb shew.*

Mar. *Suum cuique*, is our Roman Justice:
This Prince in Justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if *Lucius* live.

Tit. Traitors, avant! where is the Emperor's Guard?
Treason, my Lord; *Lavinia* is surpriz'd.

Sat. Surpriz'd! by whom?

Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his Betroth'd from all the World away.

[*Exit Bassianus with Lavinia.*

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away.
And with my Sword I'll keep the Door close.

Tit. Follow, my Lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My Lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What Villain, Boy, barr'st me my way in *Rome*?

Mut. Help, *Lucius*, help. [*He kills him.*

Luc. My Lord, you are unjust, and more than so,
In wrongful Quarrel you have slain your Son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any Sons of mine.
My Sons would never so Dishonour me.

Traitor, restore *Lavinia* to the Emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will, but not to be his Wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd Love.

Emp. No, *Titus*, no, the Emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy Stock;
I'll trust by Leisure him that mocks me once,
Thee never, nor thy Traiterous haughty Sons,
Confederates all, thus to Dishonour me.

Was there none else in *Rome* to make a Stale of
But *Saturnine*? Full well, *Andronicus*,

Agree these Deeds, with that proud Brag of thine,
That said'st, I beg'd the Empire at thy Hands.

Tit. O Monstrous! what reproachful Words are these?

Sat. But go thy ways, go give that changing Piece,
To him that flourish'd for her with his Sword;
A Valiant Son-in-Law thou shalt enjoy:

One

One fit to bandy with thy lawless Sons,
To ruffle in the Common-wealth of *Rome*.

Tit. These Words are Razors to my wounded Heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely *Tamora*, Queen of *Goths*,
That like the stately *Phæbe* 'mongst her Nymphs,
Dost over-shine the Gallant'st Dames of *Rome*,
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden Choice,
Behold I chuse thee, *Tamora*, for my Bride,
And will create thee Emperess of *Rome*.
Speak, Queen of *Goths*, dost thou applaud my Choice?
And here I swear by all the *Roman* Gods,
Sith Priest and Holy-water are so near,
And Tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readines for *Hymeneus* stand,
I will not re-salute the Streets of *Rome*,
Or climb my Palace, 'till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my Bride along with me.

Tam. And here in sight of Heav'n to *Rome* I swear,
If *Saturnine* advance the Queen of *Goths*,
She will a Hand-maid be to his Desires,
A loving Nuffe, a Mother to his Youth.

Sat. Ascend, Fair Queen,
Pantheon Lords, accompany
Your noble Emperor, and his lovely Bride,
Sent by the Heavens for Prince *Saturnine*;
Whose Wisdom hath her Fortune Conquered,
There shall we consummate our Sponsal Rites.

[*Exeunt.*]

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this Bride.

Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonoured thus, and challenged of Wrongs?

Enter Marcus Andronicus, Lucius, Quintus, and Marcus.

Mar. O *Titus* see, O see what thou hast done!
In a bad Quarrel slain a Virtuous Son.

Tit. No, foolish Tribune, no; No Son of mine,
Nor thou, nor these Confederates in the Deed,
That hath Dishonoured all our Family,
Unworthy Brother, and unworthy Sons.

Luc. But let us give him Burial as becomes,
Give *Mutius* Burial with our Brethren.

Tit.

Tit. Traitors away, he rests not in this Tomb;
This Monument five hundred Years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but Soldiers, and *Rome's* Servitors,
Repose in Fame: None basely slain in Brawls.
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My Lord, this is Impiety in you,
My Nephew *Mutius's* Deeds do plead for him,
He must be buried with his Brethren.

[*Titus's Sons speak.*

Sons. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall? What Villain was it spake that Word?

[*Titus's Son speaks.*

Quin. He that would vouch in any place but here.

Tit. What would you bury him in my Despight?

Mar. No, noble *Titus*, but intreat of thee,
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.

Tit. *Marcus*, even thou hast struck upon my Crest,
And with these Boys mine Honour thou hast wounded,
My Foes, I do repute you every one.

So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Luc. He is not himself, let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till *Mutius* Bones be buried.

[*The Brother and the Sons kneel.*

Mar. Brother, for in that Name doth Nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that Name doth Nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned *Titus*, more than half my Soul.

Luc. Dear Father, Soul and Substance of us all.

Mar. Suffer thy Brother *Marcus* to inter
His noble Nephew here in Virtues Nest,
That died in Honour, and *Lavinia's* Cause.
Thou art a *Roman*, be not barbarous:
The *Greeks* upon Advice did bury *Ajax*
That slew himself; And ev'n *Laertes* Son
Did graciously plead for his Funerals:
Let not young *Mutius* then, that was thy Joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, *Marcus*, rise——

The dismall'st Day is this that e'er I saw,
To be Dishonoured by my Sons in *Rome*:

Well,

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*They put him in the Tomb.*]

Luc. There lye thy Bones, sweet *Mutius*, with thy Friends,
'Till we with Trophies do adorn thy Tomb.

[*They all kneel, and say*

No Man shed Tears for noble *Mutius*;
He lives in Fame, that died in Virtue's Cause.

Mar. My Lord, to step out of these sudden Dumps,
How comes it that the subtle Queen of *Goths*
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in *Rome*?

Tit. I know not, *Marcus*; but I know it is,
Whether by device or no, the Heav'ns can tell:
Is she not then beholden to the Man,
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes, and will Nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Enter the Emperor, Tamora, Chiron and Deme-
trius with the Moor at one Door. At the other Door Bassia-
nus and Lavinia with others.

Sat. So, *Bassianus*, you have plaid your Prize,
God give you Joy, Sir, of your Gallant Bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my Lord; I say no more,
Nor wish no less, and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if *Rome* have Law, or we have Power,
Thou and thy Faction shall repent this Rape.

Bas. Rape call you it, my Lord, to seize my own,
My true betrothed Love, and now my Wife?
But let the Laws of *Rome* determine all,
Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, Sir; you are very short with us,
But if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My Lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my Life,
Only thus much I give your Grace to know,
By all the Duties which I owe to *Rome*,
This noble Gentleman, Lord *Titus* here,
Is in Opinion and in Honour wrong'd,
That in the Rescue of *Lavinia*,
With his own Hand did slay his youngest Son,
In Zeal to you, and highly mov'd to Wrath,
To be control'd in that he frankly gave;
Receive him then to favour, *Saturnine*,

That

That hath exprest himself in all his Deeds,
A Father and a Friend to thee, and *Rome*.

Tit. Prince *Bassianus*, leave to plead my Decds,
'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me:
Rome and the Righteous Heav'ns be my Judge,
How have I lov'd and honour'd *Saturnine*.

Tam. My worthy Lord, if ever *Tamora*
Were gracious in those Princely Eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak, indifferently, for all;
And at my Suit (Sweet) pardon what is past.

Sat. What, Madam, be dishonoured openly,
And basely put it up without Revenge?

Tam. Not so, my Lord,
The Gods of *Rome* fore-fend,
I should be Author to dishonour you,
But, on mine Honour dare, I undertake,
For good Lord *Titus's* innocence in all;
Whose Fury not dissembled speaks his Griefs:
Then at my Suit look graciously on him,
Lose not so noble a Friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sowre looks afflict his gentle Heart.——
My Lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,
Dissemble all your Griefs and Discontents, [*Aside.*
You are but newly planted in your Throne;
Lest then the People and Patricians too,
Upon a just Survey take *Titus* part,
And so supplant us for Ingratitude,
Which *Rome* reputes to be a hainous Sin,
Yield at Intreats, and then let me alone;
I'll find a Day to Massacre them all,
And raze their Faction, and their Family,
The Cruel Father, and his Traiterous Sons,
To whom I sued for my dear Son's Life:
And make them know what 'tis to let a Queen
Kneel in the Streets, and beg for Grace in vain.——
Come, come, sweet Emperor,—— come *Andronicus*,
Take up this good old Man, and cheer the Heart,
That dies in Tempest of thy angry Frown.

Sat. Rise, *Titus*, rise,
My Empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your Majesty,

And her, my Lord.

These Words, these Looks, infuse new Life in me.

Tam. *Titus*, I am incorporate in *Rome*,
A *Roman* now adopted happily:
And must advise the Emperor for his good.
This Day all Quarrels die, *Andronicus*,
And let it be my Honour, good my Lord,
That I have reconcil'd your Friends and you.
For you, Prince *Bassianus*, I have past
My Word and Promise to the Emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.
And fear not, Lords;
And you, *Lavinia*,
By my Advice all humbled on your Knees,
You shall ask Pardon of his Majesty.

Luc. We do,
And vow to Heaven, and to his Highness,
That what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tending our Sister's Honour and our own.

Mar. That on mine Honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not, trouble us no more.

Tam. Nay, nay,
Sweet Emperor we must all be Friends.
The Tribune and his Nephews kneel for Grace,
I will not be denied, Sweet-heart, look back.

Sat. *Marcus*,
For thy sake and thy Brother's here,
And at my lovely *Tamora's* Intreats,
I do remit these young Mens hainous Faults.
Stand up. *Lavinia*, though you left me like a churl,
I found a Friend, and sure as Death I swore,
I would not part a Batchelor from the Priest.
Come, if the Emperor's Court can feast two Brides,
You are my Guest, *Lavinia*, and your Friends;
This Day shall be a Love-day, *Tamora*.

Tit. To Morrow, and it please your Majesty,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With Horn and Hound, we'll give your Grace *Bon-jour*.

Sat. Be it so, *Titus*, and Gramercy too. [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE Rome.

Enter Aaron alone.

Aaron. **N**OW climbeth *Tamora Olympus* top,
 Safe out of Fortune's shot, and sits aloft,
 Secure of Thunders crack, or Lightning flash,
 Advanc'd above pale Envy's threatning reach;
 As when the golden Sun salutes the morn,
 And having gilt the Ocean with his Beams,
 Gallops the Zodiack in his gliftring Coach,
 And over-looks the highett piercing Hills:

So Tamora.

Upon her Wit doth early Honour wait,
 And Virtue stoops and trembles at her Frown.
 Then *Aaron* arm thy Heart, and fit thy Thoughts,
 To mount aloft with thy Imperial Mistrefs,
 And mount her Pitch, whom thou in triumph long
 Hast Prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous Chains,
 And faster bound to *Aaron's* charming Eyes,
 Than is *Promethus* ty'd to *Caucasus*.
 Away with slavish Weeds, and idle Thoughts,
 I will be bright, and shine in Pearl and Gold,
 To wait upon this new made Emperess.
 To wait, said I? To wanton with this Queen,
 This Goddeffs, this *Semiramis*, this Queen,
 This *Syren*, that will charm *Rome's Saturnine*,
 And see his Shipwrack, and his Common-weals.
 Holla, what Storm is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. Chiron, thy Years want Wit, thy Wit wants Edge
 And Manners, to intrude where I am Grac'd,
 And may, for ought thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all,
 And so in this, to bear me down with Braves:
 'Tis not the Difference of a Year or two
 Makes me less Gracious, or thee more Fortunate;
 I am as able, and as fit as thou,
 To se ve, and to deserve my Mistrefs Grace,
 And that my Sword upon thee shall approve,

And plead my Passion for *Lavinia's* Love.

Aar. Clubs, Clubs, these Lovers will not keep the Peace.

Dem. Why Boy, although our Mother (unadvis'd)
Gave you a dancing Rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown to threat your Friends?
Go to; have your Lath glued within your Sheath,
'Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Mean while Sir, with the little Skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay Boy, grow ye so brave? [They draw.

Aar. Why now, Lords?

So near the Emperor's Palace dare you draw?
And maintain such a Quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this Grudge.
I would not for a Million of Gold,
The Cause were known to them it most concerns.
Nor would your noble Mother, for much more,
Be so Dishonoured in the Court of *Rome*.
For shame put up.

Dem. Not I, 'till I have sheath'd
My Rapier in his Bosom, and withal
Thrust these reproachful Speeches down his Throat,
That he hath breath'd in my Dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,
Foul spoken Coward!
Thou thundrest with thy Tongue,
And with thy Weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say.

Now by the Gods that warlike *Goths* adore,
This petty Brabble will undo us all;
Why Lords——— and think you not how dangerous
It is to set upon a Prince's Right?
What is *Lavinia* then become so loose,
Or *Bassianus* so degenerate,
That for her Love such Quarrels may be broacht,
Without Controulment, Justice, or Revenge?
Young Lords, beware——— and should the Empress know
This Discord's ground, the Musick would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the World,
I love *Lavinia* more than all the World.

Dem.

Dem. Youngling,
Learn thou to make some better choice,
Lavinia is thine elder Brother's hope.

Aar. Why are ye mad! Or know ye not in *Rome*
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook Competitors in Love?
I tell you Lords, you do but plot your Deaths
By this devise.

Chi. *Aaron*, a thousand Deaths would I propose,
To atchieve her whom I do love?

Aar. To atchieve her——how!

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a Woman, therefore may be woo'd,
She is a Woman, therefore may be won,
She is *Lavinia*, therefore must be lov'd.
What Man, more Water glideth by the Mill
Than wots the Miller of, and easie it is
Of a cut Loaf to steal a Shive we know:
Tho' *Bassianus* be the Emperor's Brother,
Better than he have yet worn *Vulcan's* Badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as *Saturninus* may.

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to court it
With Words, fair Looks, and Liberality?
What hast thou not full often struck a Doe,
And born her cleanly by the Keeper's Nose?

Aar. Why then it seems some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were served.

Dem. *Aaron*, thou hast hit it.

Aar. Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado:
Why, hark ye, hark ye——and are you such Fools
To square for this? Would it offend you then?

Chi. Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame be Friends, and join for that you jar.
'Tis Policy and Stratagem must do
That you affect, and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot as you would atchieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may:
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more Chaste

Than this *Lavinia*, *Bassianus's* Love;
 A speedier course than lingring Languishment
 Must we pursue, and I have found the Path.
 My Lords, a solemn Hunting is in hand,
 There will the lovely *Roman Ladies* troop:
 The Forest walks are wide and spacious,
 And many unfrequented Plots there are,
 Fitted by kind for Rape and Villany:
 Single you thither then this dainty Doe,
 And strike her home by force, if not by words:
 This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
 Come, come, our Empress with her sacred Wit
 To Villany and Vengeance consecrate,
 We will acquaint with all that we intend,
 And she shall file our Engines with advice,
 That will not suffer you to square your selves,
 But to your wishes heighth advance you both.
 The Emperor's Court is like the House of Fame,
 The Palace full of Tongues, of Eyes, of Ears:
 The Woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf and dull:
 There speak, and strike, brave Boys, and take your turns.
 There serve your Lusts, shadow'd from Heaven's Eye,
 And revel in *Lavinia's* Treasury.

Chi. Thy Counsel, Lad, smells of no Cowardise.

Dem. *Si fas aut nefas*, 'till I find the streams
 To cool this Heat; a Charm to calm their Fits,
Per Styga, per Manes vehor.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II. *A Forest.*

*Enter Titus Andronicus and his three Sons, making a noise
 with Hounds and Horns, and Marcus.*

Tit. The hunt is up, the Morn is bright and gray,
 The Fields are fragrant, and the Woods are green,
 Uncouple here, and let us make a Bay,
 And wake the Emperor and his lovely Bride,
 And rouze the Prince, and ring a Hunter's Peal,
 That all the Court may Eccho with the Noise.
 Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
 To attend the Emperor's Person carefully:
 I have been troubled in my Sleep this Night,
 But dawning Day new Comfort hath inspir'd.

Wind

Wind Horns. Here a cry of Hounds, and wind Horns in a Peal; then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and their Attendants.

Tit. Many good morrows to your Majesty, Madam, to you as many and as good. I promised your Grace a Hunter's Peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my Lords, Somewhat too early for new married Ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, How say you?

Lav. I say, No: I have been awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, Horse and Chariots let us have, And to our Sport: Madam, now shall ye see Our Roman Hunting.

Mar. I have Dogs, my Lord, Will rouse the proudest Panther in the Chase, And climb the highest Promontory top.

Tit. And I have Horse will follow, where the Game Makes way, and run like Swallows o'er the Plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with Horse nor Hound, But hope to pluck a dainty Doe to Ground. [Exeunt.

Enter Aaron alone.

Aar. He that had Wit, would think that I had none, To bury so much Gold under a Tree, And never after to inherit it. Let him that thinks of me so abjectly, Know that this Gold must coin a Stratagem, Which cunningly effected, will beget A very excellent piece of Villany; And so repose sweet Gold for their unrest, That have their Alms out of the Empress Chest.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, Wherefore look'st thou so sad, When every thing doth make a Gleeful boast? The Birds chaunt melody on every Bush, The Snake lies rolled in the cheerful Sun, The green Leaves quiver with the cooling Wind, And make a chequer'd shadow on the Ground: Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit, And whilst the babbling Eccho mocks the Hounds,

Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd Horns,
 As if a double hunt were heard at once,
 Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise:
 And after conflict such as was suppos'd
 The wandering Prince and *Dido* once enjoy'd,
 When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,
 And curtain'd with a Counsel-keeping Cave,
 We may each wreathed in the others Arms,
 (Our Pastimes done) possess a Golden slumber,
 Whilst Hounds and Horns, and sweet melodious Birds
 Be unto us, as is a Nurse's Song
 Of Lullaby, to bring her Babe asleep.

Aar. Madam,

Though *Venus* govern your Desires,
Saturn is Dominator over mine:
 What signifies my deadly standing Eye,
 My Silence, and my cloudy Melancholy,
 My Fleece of woolly Hair, that now uncurls,
 Even as an Adder when she doth unrowl
 To do some fatal Execution?
 No, Madam, these are no Venereal signs,
 Vengeance is in my Heart, Death in my Hand,
 Blood and Revenge are hammering in my Head.
 Hark, *Tamora*, the Empress of my Soul,
 Which never hopes more Heaven than rests in thee,
 This is the Day of Doom for *Bassianus*;
 His *Philomel* must lose her Tongue to Day,
 Thy Sons make Pillage of her Chastity,
 And wash their Hands in *Bassianus's* Blood.
 Seest thou this Letter, take it up I pray thee,
 And give the King this fatal plotted Scrowl;
 Now question me no more, we are espied,
 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful Booty,
 Which dreads not yet their Lives destruction.

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor,
 Sweeter to me than Life.

Aar. No more, great Empress, *Bassianus* comes;
 Be cross with him, and I'll go fetch thy Sons
 To back thy Quarrels, whatfoe'er they be.

[*Exit.*

Bas.

Bas. Whom have we here?

Rome's Royal Empress!

Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming Troop?

Or is it *Dian* habited like her,

Who hath abandoned her holy Groves,

To see the general Hunting in this Forest?

Tam. Sawcy Controller of our private Steps:

Had I the Power that some say *Dian* had,

Thy Temples should be planted presently

With Horns, as was *Acteon's*, and the Hounds

Should drive upon thy new transformed Limb,

Unmannerly Intruder as thou art.

Lav. Under your Patience, gentle Empress,

'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in Horning,

And to be doubted, that your *Moor* and you

And singled forth to try Experiments:

Jove shield your Husband from his Hounds to Day,

'Tis pity they should take him for a Stag.

Bas. Believe me, Queen, your swarth Cymmerian

Doth make your Honour of his Body's hue,

Spotted, detested and abominable.

Why are you sequestred from all your Train?

Dismounted from your Snow-white goodly Steed,

And wandred hither to an obscure plot,

Accompanied with a barbarous *Moor*,

If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And being interrupted in your sport,

Great reason that my Noble Lord be rated

For Sauciness; I pray you let us hence,

And let her joy her Raven-coloured Love,

This Valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The King my Brother shall have notice of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long.

Good King, to be so mightily abused.

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now, dear Sovereign

And our gracious Mother,

Why does your Highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?

These two have tic'd me hither to this place,

A barren and detested Vale you see it is.
 The Trees, tho' Summer, yet forlorn and lean,
 O'ercome with Moss, and baleful Mistleto.
 Here never shines the Sun, here nothing breeds,
 Unless the nightly Owl, or fatal Raven.
 And when they shew'd me this abhorred Pit,
 They told me, here at dead time of the Night,
 A thousand Fiends, a thousand hissing Snakes,
 Ten thousand swelling Toads, as many Urchins,
 Would make such fearful and confused Cries,
 As any mortal Body hearing it,
 Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
 No sooner had they told this hellish Tale,
 But streight they told me they would bind me here,
 Unto the Body of a dismal Yew,
 And leave me to this miserable Death.
 And then they call'd me foul Adulterers,
 Lascivious *Goth*, and all the bitterest terms
 That ever Ears did hear to such effect.
 And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
 This Vengeance on me had they executed:
 Revenge it, as you love your Mother's Life,
 Or be ye not henceforth call'd my Children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy Son. [Stabs *Baf.*

Chi. And this for me,

Struck home to shew my Strength.

Lav. I come, *Semiramis*, nay barbarous *Tamora*,
 For no Name fits thy Nature but thy own.

Tam. Give me thy Poniard; you shall know, my Boys,
 Your Mother's Hand shall right your Mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, Madam, here is more belongs to her,
 First, thrash the Corn, then after burn the Straw:
 This Minion stood upon her Chastity,
 Upon her Nuptial Vow, her Loyalty,
 And with that painted hope she braves your Mightiness;
 And shall she carry this unto her Grave?

Chi. And if she do,
 I would I were an Eunuch.

Drag hence her Husband to some secret Hole,
 And make his dead Trunk Pillow to our Lust.

Tam.

Tam. But when you have the Honey you desire,
Let not this Wasp out-live us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, Madam, we will make that sure;
Come Mistress, now *per* force we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O *Tamora*, thou bear'st a Woman's Face——

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her.

Lav. Sweet Lords, intreat her hear me but a Word——

Dem. Listen, fair Madam, let it be your glory
To see her Tears; but be your Heart to them,
As unrelenting Flints to drops of Rain.

Lav. When did the Tyger's young ones teach the Dam?
O do not learn her Wrath, she taught it thee,
The Milk thou suck'st from her did turn to Marble;
Even at thy Teat thou hadst thy Tyranny:
Yet every Mother breeds not Sons alike;
Do thou intreat her, shew a Woman Pity.

Chi. What!

Wouldst thou have me prove my self a Bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true,

The Raven doth not hatch a Lark:
Yet have I heard, O could I find it now,
The Lion, mov'd with Pity, did endure
To have his Princely Paws par'd all away.
Some say, that Ravens foster forlorn Children,
The whilst their own Birds famish in their Nests:
Oh be to me, tho' thy hard Heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.

Tam. I know not what it means; away with her.

Lav. Oh let me teach thee for my Father's sake,
That gave thee Life, when well he might have slain thee:
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf Ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in Person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I now pitiless:
Remember, Boys, I pour'd forth Tears in vain,
To save your Brother from the Sacrifice;
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent:
Therefore away with her, and use her as you will,
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O *Tamora*,
Be call'd a gentle Queen,

And

And with thine own Hands kill me in this Place ;
For 'tis not Life that I have begg'd so long ;
Poor I was slain when *Bassianus* dy'd.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? Fond Woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present Death I beg, and one thing more,
That Womanhood denies my Tongue to tell:
O keep me from their worfe than killing Lust,
And tumble me into some loathsom Pit,
Where never Man's Eye may behold my Body:
Do this, and be a charitable Murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet Sons of their Fee,
No, let them satisfie their Lust on thee.

Dem. Away.

For thou hast staid us here too long.

Lav. No Grace?

No Woman-hood? Ah beastly Creature,
The blot and Enemy of our general Name ;
Confusion all——

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your Mouth——

Bring thou her Husband: [*Dragging off Lavinia.*
This is the hole where *Aaron* bid us hide him. [*Exeunt.*

Tam. Farewel, my Sons, see that ye make her sure ;
Ne'er let my Heart know merry Cheer indeed,
Till all the *Andronici* be made away :

Now will I hence to seek my lovely *Moor*,
And let my spleenful Sons this Trull deflour. [*Exit.*

Enter Aaron, with Quintus and Marcus.

Aaron. Come on, my Lords, the better Foot before,
Strait will I bring you to the loathsom Pit,
Where I espied the Panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, what e'er it bodes.

Mar. And mine, I promise you; were it not for shame,
Well could I leave our Sport to sleep a while.

[*Marcus falls into the Pit.*

Quin. What, art thou fallen?

What subtle Hole is this,
Whose Mouth is covered with rude growing Briars?
Upon whose Leaves are drops of new-shed Blood,
As fresh as Morning Dew distill'd on Flowers?
A very fatal Place it seems to me:
Speak, Brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mar. O Brother,

With

With the dismal'st Object

That ever Eye, with sight, made Heart lament.

Aar. Now will I fetch the King to find them here,
That he thereby may have a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his Brother.

[*Exit Aaron.*]

Mar. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out,
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained Hole?

Quin. I am surprized with an uncouth fear;
A killing Sweat o'er-runs my trembling Joints;
My Heart suspects more than mine Eye can see.

Mar. To prove thou hast a true divining Heart,
Aaron and thou, look down into the Den,
And see a fearful sight of Bood and Death.

Quin. *Aaron* is gone,
And my compassionate Heart
Will not permit mine Eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:
O tell me how it is; for ne'er till now,
Was I a Child, to fear I know not what.

Mar. Lord *Bassianus* lyes embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to the slaughter'd Lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking Pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how do'st thou know 'tis he?

Mar. Upon his bloody Finger he doth wear
A precious Ring, that lightens all the Hole:
Which like a Taper in some Monument,
Doth shine upon the dead Man's earthly Cheeks,
And shews the ragged intrails of the Pit:
So pale did shine the Moon on *Pyramus*,
When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden-blood.
O Brother help me, with thy fainting Hand;
If Fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,
Out of this fell devouring Receptacle,
As hateful as *Cocytus* misty Mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy Hand, that I may help thee out,
Or wanting strength, to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing Womb
Of this deep Pit, poor *Bassianus* Grave:
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mar. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help:

Quin.

Quin. Thy hand once more, I will not lose again,
 'Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
 Thou can'st not come to me, I come to thee. [*Both fall in.*

Enter the Emperor and Aaron.

Sat. Along with me, I'll see what Hole is here,
 And what he is that now is leap'd into it.
 Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
 Into this gaping Hollow of the Earth?

Mar. The unhappy Son of old *Andronicus*,
 Brought hither in a most unlucky Hour,
 To find thy Brother *Bassianus* dead.

Sat. My Brother dead? I know thou dost but jest,
 He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
 Upon the North-side of this pleasant Chase,
 'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mar. We know not where you left him all alive,
 But out, alas, here have we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my Lord, the King?

Sat. Here *Tamora*, though griev'd with killing Grief.

Tam. Where is thy Brother *Bassianus*?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my Wound,
 Poor *Bassianus* here lyes murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal Writ,
 The complot of this timeless Tragedy,
 And wonder greatly that Man's Face can fold
 In pleasing smiles such murderous Tyranny.

[*She giveth Saturninus a Letter.*

Saturninus reads the Letter.

*And if we miss to meet him handsomly,
 Sweet Huntsman, Bassianus, 'tis we mean,
 Do thou so much as dig the Grave for him,
 Thou know'st our meaning, look for thy reward
 Among the Nettles at the Elder-tree:
 Which over-shades the mouth of that same Pit,
 Where we decreed to bury Bassianus;
 Do this, and purchase us thy lasting Friends.*

Sat. Oh *Tamora*, was ever heard the like?
 This is the Pit, and this the Elder-tree:
 Look, Sirs, if you can find the Huntsman out,
 That should have murdered *Bassianus* here.

Aar.

Aar. My gracious Lord, here is the Bag of Gold.

Sat. Two of thy Whelps, fell Curs, of bloody kind
Have here bereft my Brother of his Life: [To Titus.
Sirs, drag them from the Pit unto the Prison,
There let them bide until we have devis'd
Some never heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What are they in this Pit?
Oh wondrous thing!
How easily Murder is discovered?

Tit. High Emperor, upon my feeble Knee,
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed Sons,
Accursed, if the faults be prov'd in them——

Sat. If it be prov'd? you see it is apparent.
Who found this Letter, *Tamora*, was it you?

Tam. *Andronicus* himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my Lord,
Yet let me be their Bail.
For by my Father's reverend Tomb I vow
They shall be ready at your Highness Will,
To answer their Suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them, see thou follow me:
Some bring the murther'd Body, some the Murtherers.
Let them not speak a word, the Guilt is plain,
For by my Soul, were there worse end than Death,
That end upon them should be executed,

Tam. *Andronicus*, I will entreat the King,
Fear not thy Sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, *Lucius*, come,
Stay not to talk with them. [Exeunt.

*Enter Demetrius and Chiron, with Lavinia, her Hands
cut off, and her Tongue cut out, and ravish'd.*

Dem. So now go tell, and if thy Tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy Tongue and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
And, if thy Stumps will let thee, play the Scribe.

Dem. See how with signs and tokens she can fowl.

Chi. Go home,
Call for sweet Water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let's leave her to her silent Walks.

Chi.

Chi. And 'twere my Cause, I should go hang my self.

Dem. If thou had'st Hands to help thee knit the Cord.

[*Exeunt.*]

Wind Horns. Enter Marcus from Hunting, to Lavinia.

Mar. Who is this, my Niece, that flies away so fast?
 Cousin, a Word, where is your Husband?
 If I do dream, would all my Wealth would wake me;
 If I do wake, some Planet strike me down,
 That I may slumber in eternal Sleep.
 Speak, gentle Niece, what stern ungentle Hands
 Hath lop'd and hew'd, and made thy Body bare
 Of her two Branches, those sweet Ornaments,
 Whose circling Shadows Kings have sought to sleep in,
 And might not gain so great a Happiness,
 As half thy Love! Why do'st not speak to me?
 Alas, a crimson River of warm Blood,
 Like to a bubling Fountain stirr'd with Wind,
 Doth rise and fall between thy rosy Lips,
 Coming and going with thy Honey Breath.
 But sure some *Tereus* hath deflour'd thee,
 And lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy Tongue,
 Ah, now thou turn'st away thy Face for Shame!
 And notwithstanding all this loss of Blood,
 As from a Conduit with their issuing Spouts,
 Yet do thy Cheeks look red as *Titan's* Face,
 Blushing to be encountred with a Cloud,——
 Shall I speak for thee? Shall I say, 'tis so?
 Oh that I knew thy Heart, and knew the Beast,
 That I might rail at him to ease my mind.
 Sorrow concealed, like an Oven stopt,
 Doth burn the Heart to Cinders where it is.
 Fair *Philomela*, she but lost her Tongue,
 And in a tedious Sampler sewed her mind.
 But lovely Niece, that mean is cut from thee,
 A craftier *Tereus* hast thou met withall,
 And he hath cut those pretty Fingers off
 That could have better sewed that *Philomel*.
 Oh had the Monster seen those Lilly Hands
 Tremble like Aspen Leaves upon a Lute,
 And make the silken Strings delight to kiss them,
 He would not then have touch'd them for his Life.

Or

Or had he heard the heav'nly Harmony,
 Which that sweet Tongue hath made;
 He would have dropt his Knife and fell asleep,
 As *Cerberus* at the *Thracian* Poet's feet.
 Come, let us go, and make thy Father blind,
 For such a sight will blind a Father's Eye.
 One hou's Storm will drown the fragrant Meads,
 What will whole Months of Tears thy Father's Eyes?
 Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
 Oh could our Mourning ease thy Misery. [Exeunt.

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

Enter the Judges and Senators, with Marcus and Quintus bound, passing on the Stage to the place of Execution, and Titus going before, pleading.

Tit. **H**ear me, grave Fathers, noble Tribunes stay,
 For pity of mine Age, whose Youth was spent
 In dangerous Wars, whilst you securely slept:
 For all my Blood in *Rome's* great Quarrel shed,
 For all the frosty Nights that I have watcht,
 And for these bitter Tears, which you now see
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my Cheeks,
 Be pitiful to my condemned Sons,
 Whose Souls are not corrupted, as 'tis thought:
 For two and twenty Sons I never wept,
 Because they died in Honour's lofty Bed.

[*Andronicus lieth down, and the Judges pass by him.*

For these, these, Tribunes, in the Dust I write
 My Heart's deep Languor, and my Soul's sad Tears:
 Let my Tears stanch the Earth's dry Appetite,
 My Sons sweet Blood will make it shame and blush:
 O Earth! I will befriend thee more with Rain, [Exeunt.
 That shall distil from these two ancient Ruins,
 Than youthful *April* shall with all her Showers
 In Summer's drought: I'll drop upon thee still,
 In Winter with warm Tears I'll melt the Snow,
 And keep eternal Spring-time on thy Face,
 So thou refuse to drink my dear Son's Blood.

Enter Lucius with his Sword drawn.

Oh Reverend Tribunes! gentle aged Men!
Unbind my Sons, reverse the doom of Death,
And let me say (that never wept before)
My Tears are now prevailing Orators.

Luc. Oh, Noble Father, you lament in vain,
The Tribunes hear you not, no Man is by,
And you recount your Sorrows to a Stone.

Tit. Ah *Lucius*, for thy Brothers let me plead—
Grave Tribunes, once more I intreat of you—

Luc. My gracious Lord, no Tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, Man; if they did hear,
They would not mark me: Or if they did hear,
They would not pity me.

Therefore I tell my Sorrows bootless to the Stones,
Who, tho' they cannot answer my Distress,
Yet in some sort they are better than the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my Tale;
When I do weep, they humbly at my Feet
Receive my Tears, and seem to weep with me;
And were they but attired in grave Weeds,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.

A Stone is as soft Wax,

Tribunes more hard than Stones:

A Stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And Tribunes with their Tongues doom Men to death.
But wherefore standest thou with thy Weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two Brothers from their Death,
For which attempt, the Judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of Banishment.

Tit. O happy Man, they have befriended thee:
Why, foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceive,
That *Rome* is but a Wilderness of Tygers?
Tygers must prey, and *Rome* affords no prey
But me and mine; how happy art thou then,
From these Devourers to be banished?
But who comes with our Brother *Marcus* here?

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Mar. *Titus*, prepare thy Noble Eyes to weep,
Or if not so, thy Noble Heart to break:
I bring consuming Sorrow to thine Age.

Tit.

Tit. Will it consume me? Let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy Daughter.

Tit. Why, *Marcus*, so she is.

Luc. Ah me, this Object kills me.

Tit. Faint-hearted Boy, arise and look upon her;
 Speak my *Lavinia*, what accursed Hand
 Hath made thee handleless in thy Father's sight?
 What Fool hath added Water to the Sea?
 Or brought a Faggot to bright-burning *Troy*?
 My Grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
 And now like *Nilus* it disdaineth bounds:
 Give me a Sword, I'll chop off my Hands too,
 For they have fought for *Rome*, and all in vain:
 And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding Life:
 In bootless Prayer have they been held up,
 And they have serv'd me to effectless use.
 Now all the Service I require of them,
 Is, that the one will help to cut the other:
 'Tis well, *Lavinia*, that thou hast no Hands,
 For Hands to do *Rome* Service are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle Sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O that delightful Engine of her Thoughts,
 That blab'd them with such pleasing Eloquence,
 Is torn from forth that pretty hollow Cage,
 Where like a sweet melodious Bird it sung,
 Sweet various Notes inchanting every Ear.

Luc. Oh say thou for her,
 Who hath done this Deed?

Mar. O thus I found her straying in the Park,
 Seeking to hide her self, as doth the Deer
 That hath receiv'd some unrecuring Wound.

Tit. It was my Deer,
 And he that wounded her
 Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:
 For now I stand, as one upon a Rock,
 Environ'd with a Wilderness of Sea,
 Who marks the waxing Tide grow Wave by Wave,
 Expecting ever when some envious Surge
 Will in his brinish Bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched Sons are gone:
 Here stands my other Son, a banish'd Man,
 And here my Brother weeping at my Woes.
 But that which gives my Soul the greatest spurn,
 Is dear *Lavinia*, dearer than my Soul——
 Had I but seen thy Picture in this plight,
 It would have madded me. What shall I do,
 Now I behold thy lively Body so?
 Thou hast no Hands to wipe away thy Tears,
 Nor Tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee;
 Thy Husband he is dead, and for his Death
 Thy Brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
 Look *Marcus*, ah Son *Lucius* look on her:
 When I did name her Brothers, then fresh Tears
 Stood on her Cheeks, as doth the Honey dew,
 Upon a gather'd Lilly almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance she weeps because they kill'd her Husband.
 Perchance because she knows him Innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy Husband, then be joyful,
 Because the Law hath ta'en revenge on them.
 No, no, they would not do so foul a Deed,
 Witness the Sorrow that their Sister makes.
 Gentle *Lavinia*, let me kiss thy Lips,
 Or make some signs how I may do thee ease:
 Shall thy good Uncle, and thy Brother *Lucius*,
 And thou and I sit round about some Fountain,
 Looking all downwards to behold our Cheeks,
 How they are stain'd like Meadows yet not dry
 With miery slime left on them by a Flood:
 And in the Fountain shall we gaze so long,
 'Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
 And made a Brine-pit with our bitter Tears?
 Or shall we cut away our Hands like thine?
 Or shall we bite our Tongues, and in dumb Shows
 Pass the remainder of our hateful Days?
 What shall we do? Let us that have our Tongues
 Plot some devise of further miseries
 To make us wondred at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet Father, cease your Tears, for at your Grief
 See how my wretched Sister sobs and weeps.

Mar.

Mar. Patience, dear Neice, good *Titus* dry thine Eyes.

Tit. Ah *Marcus, Marcus*, Brother, well I wot,
Thy Napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor Man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my *Lavinia*, I will wipe thy Cheeks.

Tit. Mark, *Marcus*, mark, I understand her Signs,
Had she a Tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her Brother which I said to thee.
His Napkin with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful Cheeks.
Oh what a sympathy of Woe is this!
As far from help as Limbo is from Blis.

Enter Aaron alone.

Aar. *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperor
Sends thee this Word, that if thou love thy Sons,
Let *Marcus, Lucius*, or thy self, old *Titus*,
Or any one of you chop off your Hand,
And send it to the King; he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy Sons alive,
And that shall be the Ransom for their Fault.

Tit. Oh gracious Emperor! oh gentle *Aaron*!
Did ever Raven sing so like a Lark,
That gives sweet Tydings of the Sun's uprise?
With all my Heart, I'll send the Emperor my Hand,
Good *Aaron* wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, Father, for that noble Hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many Enemies,
Shall not be sent; my Hand will serve the turn.
My Youth can better spare my Blood than you,
And therefore mine shall save my Brothers lives.

Mar. Which of your Hands hath not defended *Rome*,
And rear'd aloft the bloody Battel-ax,
Writing Destruction on the Enemies Castle?
Oh none of both but are of high desert:
My Hand hath been but idle, let it serve
To ransom my two Nephews from their Death,
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come agree, whose Hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My Hand shall go.

Luc. By Heav'n it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more, such wither'd Herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet Father, if I shall be thought thy Son,
Let me redeem my Brothers both from Death.

Mar. And for our Father's sake, and Mother's care,
Now let me shew a Brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you, I will spare my Hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an Ax.

Mar. But I will use the Ax. [*Exeunt.*

Tit. Come hither, *Aaron*, I'll deceive them both;
Lend me thy Hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never whilst I live deceive Men so;

But I'll deceive you in another sort,

And that you'll say e'er half an hour pass. [*Aside.*

[*He cuts off Titus's Hand.*

Enter Lucius and Marcus again.

Tit. Now stay your Strife; what shall be, is dispatch:

Good *Aaron*, give his Majesty my Hand:

Tell him, it was a Hand that warded him

From thousand Dangers, bid him bury it,

More hath it merited: That let it have.

As for my Sons, say, I account of them,

As Jewels purchas'd at an easie Price,

And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, *Andronicus*, and for thy Hand

Look by and by to have thy Sons with thee:

Their Heads I mean.—Oh, how this Villany [*Aside.*

Doth fat me with the very thought of it.

Let Fools do good, and fair Men call for Grace,

Aaron will have his Soul black like his Face. [*Exit.*

Tit. O hear!——I lift this one Hand up to Heav'n,

And bow this feeble ruin to the Earth,

If any Power pities wretched Tears,

To that I call: What wilt thou kneel with me?

Do then, dear Heart, for Heav'n shall hear our Prayers,

Or with our sighs we'll breath the Welkin dim,

And stain the Sun with Fog, as sometime Clouds,

When they do hug him in their melting Bosoms.

Mar. Oh, Brother, speak with Possibilities,

And

And do not break into these two Extreame.

Tit. Is not my Sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my Passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let Reason govern thy Lament.

Tit. If there were Reason for these Miseries
Then into limits could I bind my Woes;
When Heav'n doth weep, doth not the Earth o'er-flow?
If the Winds rage, doth not the Sea wax mad,
Threatning the Welkin with his big-swoln Face?
And wilt thou have a Reason for this Coil?
I am the Sea, hark how her Sighs do blow;
She is the weeping Welkin, I the Earth:
Then must my Sea be moved with her Sighs,
Then must my Earth with her continual Tears
Become a Deluge, over-flow'd and drown'd:
For why, my Bowels cannot hide her Woes,
But like a Drunkard must I vomit them;
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave,
To ease their Stomachs with their bitter Tongues.

Enter a Messenger with two Heads and a Hand.

Mes. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repay'd,
For that good Hand thou sent'st the Emperor;
Here are the Heads of thy two noble Sons,
And here's thy Hand in scorn to thee sent back;
Thy Griefs, their Sports, thy Resolution mockt:
That woe is me to think upon thy Woes,
More than Remembrance of my Father's Death.

[*Exit.*

Mar. Now let hot *Ætna* cool in *Sicily*,
And be my Heart an ever-burning Hell;
These Miseries are more than may be born.
To weep with them that weep, doth ease some deal,
But Sorrow flouted at is double Death.

Luc. Ah that this sight should make so deep a Wound,
And yet detested Life not shrink thereat;
That ever Death should let Life bear his Name,
Where Life hath no more Interest but to breathe.

Mar. Alas, poor Heart, that Kifs is comfortless,
As frozen Water to a starved Snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Mar. Now farewell Flattery, die *Andronicus*,
Thou dost not slumber, see thy two Sons Heads,

Thy warlike Hand, thy mangled Daughter here;
 Thy other banish'd Son with this dear Sight
 Struck pale and bloodless, and thy Brother I,
 Even like a stony Image, cold and numb.
 Ah now no more will I controul my Grievs,
 Rend off thy Silver Hair, thy other Hand
 Gnawing with thy Teeth, and be this dismal sight
 The closing up of our most wretched Eyes;
 Now is a time to storm, why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this Hour.

Tit. Why I have not another Tear to shed;
 Besides, this Sorrow is an Enemy,
 And would usurp upon my watry Eyes,
 And make them blind with tributary Tears,
 Then which way shall I find Revenges Cave?
 For these two Heads do seem to speak to me,
 And threat me, I shall never come to Bliss,
 'Till all these Mischiefs be return'd again,
 Even in their Throats that have committed them.
 Come let me see what Task I have to do——
 You heavy People circle me about,
 That I may turn me to each one of you,
 And swear unto my Soul to right your Wrongs.
 The Vow is made, come Brother take a Head,
 And in this Hand the other will I bear,
Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things;
 Bear thou my Hand, sweet Wench, between thy Teeth;
 As for thee, Boy, go get thee from my sight,
 Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay.
 Hie to the *Goths*, and raise an Army there,
 And if you love me, as I think you do,
 Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt.*

Manet Lucius.

Luc. Farewel *Andronicus*, my noble Father,
 The woful'st Man that ever liv'd in *Rome*;
 Farewel, proud *Rome*, 'till *Lucius* come again,
 He leaves his Pledges dearer than his Life;
 Farewel *Lavinia*, my noble Sister,
 O would thou wert as thou to fore hast been,
 But now, nor *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* lives

But

But in Oblivion and hateful Griefs;
 If *Lucius* live, he will requite your Wrongs,
 And make proud *Saturninus* and his Empress
 Beg at the Gates like *Tarquin* and his Queen.
 Now will I to the *Goths* and raise a Power,
 To be reveng'd on *Rome* and *Saturnine*. [Exit *Lucius*.

A Banquet. Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and the Boy.

Tit. So, so, now sit, and look you eat no more
 Than will preserve just so much Strength in us,
 As will revenge these bitter Woes of ours.

Marcus, unknit that Sorrow-wreathen knot;
 Thy Niece and I, poor Creatures, want our Hands
 And cannot passionate our ten-fold Grief,
 With folded Arms. This poor Right Hand of mine
 Is left to Tyrannize upon my Breast,
 And when my Heart, all mad with Misery,
 Beats in this hollow Prison of my Flesh,
 Then thus I thump it down.

Thou Map of Wo, that thus dost talk in Signs,
 When thy poor Heart beats with outrageous beating,
 Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still;
 Wound it with Singing, Girl, kill it with Groans;
 Or get some little Knife between thy Teeth,
 And just against thy Heart make thou a hole,
 That all the Tears that thy poor Eyes let fall
 May run into that Sink, and soaking in,
 Drown the lamenting Fool in Sea-salt Tears.

Mar. Fie, Brother, fie, teach her not thus to lay
 Such violent Hands upon her tender Life.

Tit. How now! Has Sorrow made thee doat already?
 Why, *Marcus*, no Man should be mad but I;
 What violent Hands can she lay on her Life?
 Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of Hands,
 To bid *Aeneas* tell the Tale twice o'er,
 How *Troy* was burnt, and he made miserable?
 O handle not the Theam, no talk of Hands,
 Lest we remember still that we have none.
 Fie, fie, how Frantickly I square my Talk,
 As if we should forget we had no Hands,
 If *Marcus* did not name the word of Hands?

Come,

Come, let's fall too, and gentle Girl eat this,
 Here is no Drink: Hark, *Marcus*, what she says,
 I can interpret all her martyr'd Signs,
 She says, she drinks no other Drink but Tears,
 Brew'd with her Sorrows, mesh'd upon her Cheeks.
 Speechless complaint—*☉* I will learn thy Thought.
 In thy dumb Action will I be as perfect
 As begging Hermits in their holy Prayers.
 Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy Stumps to Heav'n,
 Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a Sign,
 But I, of these, will wrest an Alphabet,
 And by still Practice, learn to know thy Meaning.

Boy. Good Grandfire leave these bitter deep Laments,
 Make my Aunt merry, with some pleasing Tale.

Mar. Alas the tender Boy, in Passion mov'd,
 Doth weep to see his Grandfire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace tender Sapling, thou are made of Tears,
 And Tears will quickly melt thy Life away.

Marcus strikes the Dish with a Knife.

What dost thou strike at, *Marcus*, with thy Knife?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my Lord, a Fly.

Tit. Out on thee, Murderer; thou kill'st my Heart,
 Mine Eyes are cloy'd with view of Tyranny:
 A deed of Death done on the Innocent
 Becomes not *Titus* Brother; get thee gone,
 I see thou art not for my Company.

Mar. Alas, my Lord, I have but kill'd a Fly.

Tit. But——how if that Fly had a Father and Mother?
 How would he hang his slender gilded Wings,
 And buz lamenting doings in the Air?
 Poor harmless Fly,
 That with his pretty buzzing Melody,
 Came here to make us merry,
 And thou hast kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me, Sir,
 It was a black ill-favour'd Fly,
 Like to the Empress *Moor*, therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,
 Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
 For thou hast done a Charitable Deed;
 Give me thy Knife, I will insult on him,

Flattering my self, as if it were the *Moor*,
 Come hither purposely to poison me.
 There's for thy self, and that's for *Tamora*: Ah Sirra?
 Yet I think we are not brought so low,
 But that between us, we can kill a Fly,
 That comes in likeness of a Cole-black *Moor*.

Mar. Alas poor Man, Grief has so wrought on him,
 He takes false Shadows for true Substances.
 Come, take away; *Lavinia*, go with me,
 I'll to thy Closet, and go read with thee
 Sad Stories, chanced in the times of old.
 Come, Boy, and go with me, thy Sight is young,
 And thou shalt read, when mine begin to dazle. [*Exeunt.*]

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

*Enter young Lucius and Lavinia running after him, and the
 Boy flies from her, with his Books under his Arm. Enter
 Titus and Marcus.*

Boy. **H**elp, Grand-fire, help, my Aunt *Lavinia*
 Follows me every where, I know not why.

Good Uncle *Marcus*, see how swift she comes:

Alas, sweet Aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, *Lucius*, do not fear thy Aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, Boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my Father was in *Rome* she did.

Mar. What means my Neece *Lavinia* by these Signs?

Tit. Fear thou not, *Lucius*, somewhat doth she mean:

See *Lucius*, see, how much she makes of thee:

Some whither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, Boy, *Cornelia* never with more care

Read to her Sons, than she hath read to thee,

Sweet Poetry, and *Tully's* Oratory:

Can'st thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My Lord, I know not I, nor can I guess,

Unless some Fit or Frenzie do possess her:

For I have heard my Grand-fire say full oft,

Extremity of Grief would make Men mad.

And I have read, that *Hecuba* of *Troy*

Ran mad through sorrow, that made me to fear;
 Although, my Lord, I know my noble Aunt
 Loves me as dear as e'er my Mother did,
 And would not, but in fury, fright my Youth,
 Which made me down to throw my Books, and flie
 Causeless perhaps; but pardon me, sweet Aunt,
 And, Madam, if my Uncle *Marcus* go,
 I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

Tit. How now, *Lavinia*? *Marcus*, what means this?
 Some Book there is that she desires to see,
 Which is it, Girl, of these? Open them, Boy,
 But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd,
 Come and make choice of all my Library,
 And so beguile thy Sorrow, 'till the Heav'ns
 Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed:
 What Book?

Why lifts she up her Arms in sequence thus?

Mar. I think she means that there was more than one
 Confederate in the Fact. Ay, more there was:
 Or else to Heav'n she heaves them, to revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what Book is that she tosses so?

Boy. Grand-sire, 'tis *Ovid's Metamorphosis*,
 My Mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
 Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest:

Tit. Soft! see how busily she turns the Leaves!
 Help her: What would she find? *Lavinia*, shall I read?
 This is the tragick Tale of *Philomel*,
 And treats of *Tereus* Treason and his Rape;
 And Rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, Brother, see, note how she quotes the Leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpriz'd, sweet Girl,
 Ravish'd and wrong'd, as *Philomela* was,
 Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy Woods?
 See, see; Ay, such a Place there is, where we did hunt,
 (O had we never never hunted there)
 Pattern'd by that the Poet here describes,
 By Nature made for Murders and for Rapes.

Mar. O why should Nature build so foul a Den,
 Unless the Gods delight in Tragedies?

Tit.

Tit. Give Signs, sweet Girl, for here are none but Friends,
What *Roman* Lord it was durst do the deed;
Or sunk not *Saturnine*, as *Tarquin* erst,
That left the Camp to sin in *Lucrece* Bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet Neice; Brother, sit down by me,
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this Treason find.
My Lord, look here; look here *Lavinia*.
*He writes his Name with his Staff, and guides it with his Feet
and Mouth.*

This sandy Plot is plain, guide, if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my Name,
Without the help of any Hand at all.
Curst be that Heart that forc'd us to this shift!
Write thou, good Neice, and here display at least,
What God will have discover'd for Revenge;
Heav'n guide thy Pen, to print thy Sorrows plain,
That we may know the Traitors, and the Truth.
*She takes the Staff in her Mouth, and guides it with her Stumps,
and Writes.*

Tit. Oh do you read, my Lord, what she hath writ?
Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.

Mar. What, what!—— the lustful Sons of *Tamora*,
Performers of this hateful bloody deed?

Tit. *Magni Dominator Poli,*
Tam lentus audis scelera! tam lentus vides!

Mar. Oh calm thee, gentle Lord; although I know
There is enough written upon this Earth,
To stir a Mutiny in the mildest Thoughts,
And arm the minds of Infants to Exclaims.
My Lord, kneel down with me: *Lavinia* kneel,
And kneel, sweet Boy, the *Roman Hector's* hope,
And swear with me, as with the woful Peer,
And Father of that chaste dishonoured Dame,
Lord *Junius Brutus* sware for *Lucrece* Rape,
That we will prosecute (by good Advice)
Mortal revenge upon these Traiterous *Goths*,
And see their Blood, or die with this Reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, and you knew how.
But if you hurt these Bear-whelps, then beware,
The Dam will wake, and if she wind you once,

She's

She's with the Lion deeply still in League,
 And lulls him whilst she playeth on her Back,
 And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
 You are a young Huntsman, *Marcus*, let it alone;
 And come, I will go get a leaf of Brass,
 And with a Gad of Steel will write these Words,
 And lay it by; the angry Northern Wind
 Will blow these Sands like *Sybils* leaves abroad,
 And where's your Lesson then? Boy, what say you!

Boy. I say, my Lord, that if I were a Man,
 Their Mother's Bed-chamber should not be safe,
 For these bad Bond-men to the Yoak of *Rome*.

Mar. Ay, that's my Boy, thy Father hath full oft
 For his ungrateful Country done the like.

Boy. And, Uncle, so will I, and if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine Armory,
Lucius I'll fit thee, and withal, my Boy
 Shall carry from me to the Empress Sons,
 Presents that I intend to send them both,
 Come, come, thou'lt do my Message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my Dagger in their Bosom, Grandfire.

Tit. No, Boy, not so, I'll teach thee another Course.
Lavinia, come; *Marcus*, look to my House,
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the Court,

Ay, marry will we, Sir, and we'll be waited on. [Exit.

Mar. O Heav'ns, can you hear a good Man groan,
 And not relent, or not compassion him?

Marcus attend him in his Extasie,
 That hath more Scars of Sorrow in his Heart,
 Than Foe-mens Marks upon his batter'd Shield,
 But yet so just, that he will not revenge,
 Revenge the Heav'ns for old *Andronicus*,

[Exit.
 Enter Aaron, Chiron, and Demetrius at one Door: And at
 another Door young *Lucius* and another, with a bundle of
 Weapons, and Verses writ upon them.

Chi. *Demetrius*, here's the Son of *Lucius*,
 He hath some Message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad Message from his mad Grandfather;

Boy. My Lords, with all the humbleness I may,
 I greet your Honours from *Andronicus*,
 And pray the Roman Gods confound you both.

Dem.

Dem. Gramercy lovely *Lucius*, what's the News?

Boy. For Villains mark'd with Rape. May it please you,
My Grandfire well advis'd hath sent by me,
The goodliest Weapons of his Armory,
To gratifie your honourable Youth,
The hope of *Rome*, for so he bad me say:
And so I do, and with his Gifts present
Your Lordships, when ever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well.
And so I leave you both, like bloody Villains. [Exit.

Dem. What's here, a Scrole, and written round about?
Let's see.

Integer vita scelerisque purus, non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu.

Chi. O'tis a Verse in *Horace*, I know it well:
I read it in the *Grammar* long ago.

Aar. Ay just, a Verse in *Horace*——right, you have it——
Now what a thing it is to be an *Afs*?
Here's no sound Jest, th' old Man hath found their Guilt,
And sends the Weapons wrap'd about with Lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick:
But were our witty Empresses well a-foot,
She would applaud *Andronicus* conceit:
But let her rest, in her unrest a while.
And now, young Lords, was't not a happy Star
Led us to *Rome*, Strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the Palace Gate
To brave the Tribune in his Brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a Lord
Basely insinuate, and send us Gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, Lord *Demetrius*?
Did you not use his Daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would we had a thousand *Roman* Dames
At such a Bay, by turn to serve our Lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of Love.

Aar. Here lacks but your Mother for to say, Amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the Gods
For our beloved Mother in her Pains.

Aar. Pray to the Devils, the Gods have given us over.

[Flourish.
Dem.

Dem. Why do the Emperor's Trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike for joy the Emperor hath a Son.

Dem. Soft, who comes here?

Enter Nurse with a Black-a-moor Child.

Nur. Good morrow, Lords:

O tell me, did you see *Aaron* the Moor?

Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here *Aaron* is, and what with *Aaron* now?

Nur. O gentle *Aaron*, we are all undone.
Now help, or wo'betide thee evermore.

Aar. Why, what a Caterwalling dost thou keep?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine Arms?

Nur. O that which I would hide from Heav'n's Eye,
Our Empress's shame, and stately *Rome's* disgrace,
She is delivered, Lords, she is delivered.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she is brought to Bed.

Aar. Well, God give her good rest.
What hath he sent her?

Nur. A Devil.

Aar. Why then she is the Devil's Dame: a joyful Issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black and sorrowful Issue,
Here is the Babe, as loathsome as a Toad,
Amongst the fairest Breeders of our Clime,
The Empress sends it thee, thy Stamp, thy Seal,
And bids thee Christen it with thy Dagger's point.

Aar. Out, you Whore, is Black so base a hue?
Sweet Blowse, you are a beauteous Boffom sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our Mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish Dog, thou hast undone——
Wo to her Chance, and damn'd her loathed Choice,
Accurs'd the Off-spring of so foul a Fiend.

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. *Aaron* it must, the Mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, Nurse? Then let no Man but I
Do Execution on my Flesh and Blood.

Dem. I'll broach the Tadpole on my Rapier's point:
Nurse, give it me, my Sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aar.

Aar. Sooner this Sword shall plough thy Bowels up.
 Stay, murderous Villains, will you kill your Brother?
 Now by the burning Tapers of the Sky,
 That shone so brightly when this Boy was got,
 He dies upon my Cymitar's sharp point,
 That touches this my first-born Son and Heir.
 I tell you, Younglings, not *Enceladus*
 With all his threatening Band of *Typhon's* Brood,
 Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of War,
 Shall seize this Prey out of his Father's Hands:
 What, what, ye sanguine shallow-hearted Boys,
 Ye white-limb'd Walls, ye Alehouse painted Signs,
 Coal-black is better than another hue,
 In that it scorns to bear another hue:
 For all the Water in the Ocean
 Can never turn the Swan's black Legs to white,
 Although she lave them hourly in the Flood.
 Tell the Empress from me, I am of Age
 To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble Mistress thus?

Aar. My Mistress is my Mistress; this, my self;
 The Vigour, and the Picture of my Youth:
 This, before all the World do I prefer;
 This, maugre all the World, will I keep safe,
 Or some of you shall smoke for it in *Rome*.

Dem. By this our Mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. *Rome* will despise her for this foul Escape.

Nur. The Emperor in his rage will doom her Death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this Ignominy.

Aar. Why there's the privilege your Beauty bears:
 Fie treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
 The close Enacts and Counsels of the Heart:
 Here's a young Lad fram'd of another leer,
 Look how the black Slave smiles upon the Father;
 As who should say, old Lad I am thine own.
 He is your Brother, Lords; sensibly fed
 Of that self-blood that first gave life to you,
 And from that Womb where you imprisoned were,
 He is enfranchis'd and come to light:
 Nay, he is your Brother by the surer side,
 Although my Seal be stamped on his Face.

Nur. *Aaron*, what shall I say unto the Empress?

Dem. Advise thee, *Aaron*, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice:
Save thou the Child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult:
My Son and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there, now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit on the Ground.*]

Dem. How many Women saw this Child of his?

Aar. Why so, brave Lords, when we all join in league,
I am a Lamb; but if you brave the *Moor*,
The chafed Boar, the Mountain Lions,
The Ocean swells not so as *Aaron* storms:
But say again, how many saw the Child?

Nur. *Cornelia* the Midwife, and my self.
And none else but the delivered Empress.

Aar. The Empress, the Midwife, and your self—
Two may keep Counsel, when the third's away:
Go to the Empress, tell her, this I said— [He kills her.
Week, week, so cries a Pig prepar'd to th' Spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, *Aaron*?
Wherefore didst thou this?

Aar. O Lord, Sir, 'tis a deed of Policy:
Shall she live to betray this Guilt of ours?
A long-tongu'd babling Gossip? No, Lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent:
Not far, one *Mulitens* lives, my Country-man,
His Wife but yesternight was brought to Bed,
His Child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him, and give the Mother Gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their Child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the Emperor's Heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this Tempest whirling in the Court;
And let the Emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, Lords, ye see I have given her Physick,
And you must needs bestow her Funeral,
The Fields are near, and you are gallant Grooms:
This done, see that you take no longer Days,
But send the Midwife presently to me.

The Midwife and the Nurse well made away,
Then let the Ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the Air with Secrets.

Dem. For this care of *Tamora*,
Her self and hers are highly bound to thee. [Exeunt.]

Aar. Now to the *Goths*, as swift as Swallow flies,
There to dispose this Treasure in mine Arms,
And secretly to greet the Empress Friends.
Come on, you thick-lip'd Slave, I'll bear you hence,
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
I'll make you feed on Berries, and on Roots,
And feed on Curds, and Whey, and suck the Goat,
And Cabin in a Cave, and bring you up
To be a Warrior, and command a Camp. [Exit.]

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other Gentlemen with Bows; and Titus bears the Arrows with Letters on the end of them.

Tit. Come, *Marcus*, come Kinsmen, this is the way.
Sir Boy, now let me see your Archery,
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight;
Terras Astra reliquit—be you remembred, *Marcus*—
She's gone, she's fled—Sirs, take you to your Tools,
You, Cousins, shall go found the Ocean,
And cast your Nets, haply you may find her in the Sea,
Yet there's as little Justice as at Land—
No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you must do it,
'Tis you must dig with Mattock and with Spade,
And pierce the inmost Center of the Earth:
Then when you come to *Pluto's* Region,
I pray you to deliver him this Petition,
Tell him it is for Justice, and for Aid,
And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,
Shaken with Sorrows in ungrateful *Rome*.
Ah *Rome*!—Well, well, I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the Peoples Suffrages
On him, that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.
Go get you gone, and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a Man of War unsearch'd,
This wicked Emperor may have ship'd her hence,
And Kinsmen then we may go pipe for Justice.

Mar. O, *Publius*, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble Unkle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my Lord, it highly us concerns,
By Day and Night t'attend him carefully:
And feed his Humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful Remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his Sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the *Goths*, and with revengeful War,
Take wreak on *Rome* for this Ingratitude,
And Vengeance on the Traitor *Saturnine*.

Tit. *Publius*, how now? how now, my Masters,
What have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good Lord, but *Pluto* sends you word,
If you will have Revenge from Hell, you shall:
Marry for Justice she is so imploy'd,
He thinks with *Jove* in Heav'n, or some where else;
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays,
I'll dive into the burning Lake below,
And pull her out of *Acheron* by the Heels.

Marcus, we are but Shrubs, no Cedars we,
No big-bon'd Men, fram'd of the Cyclops size,
But Metal, *Marcus*, Steel to the very Back,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our Backs can bear:
And sith there's no Justice in Earth nor Hell,
We will sollicit Heav'n, and move the Gods,
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs:
Come to this gear, you are a good Archer, *Marcus*.

[*He gives them the Arrows.*]

Ad Jovem, that's for you—here *ad Apollonem*—

Ad Martem, that's for my self;

Here Boy, to *Pallas*—here to *Mercury*—

To *Cælus* and to *Saturn*—not to *Saturnine*—

You were as good to shoot against the Wind.

To it, Boy, *Marcus*—loose when I bid:

Of my word, I have written to effect,

There's not a God left unfollicated.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your Shafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperor in his Pride. [*They shoot.*]

Tit. Now, Masters, draw; Oh well said, *Lucius*:
Good Boy in *Virgo's* Lap, give it *Pallas*.

Mar.

Mar. My Lord, I am a mile beyond the Moon;
Your Letter is with *Jupiter* by this.

Tit. Ha, ha, *Publius, Publius*, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of *Taurus's* Horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my Lord, when *Publius* shot,
The Bull being gall'd, gave *Aries* such a knock,
That down fell both the Rams Horns in the Court,
And who should find them but the Empress Villain:
She laugh'd, and told the *Moor* he should not chuse
But give them to his Master for a present.

Tit. Why there it goes, God give your Lordship joy.

Enter a Clown with a Basket and two Pigeons.

News, News from Heav'n;

Marcus, the Post is come.

Sirrah, what Tydings? have you any Letters?

Shall I have Justice, what says *Jupiter*?

Clow. Who? the Gibbet-maker? he says that he hath taken
them down again, for the Man must not be hang'd till the
next Week.

Tit. Tut, what says *Jupiter*, I ask thee?

Clow. Alas, Sir, I know not *Jupiter*,
I never drank with him in all my Life.

Tit. Why Villain, art not thou the Carrier?

Clow. Ay, of my Pigeons, Sir, nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from Heav'n?

Clow. From Heav'n? Alas, Sir, I never came there.
God forbid I should be so bold to pres into Heav'n in my
young Days. Why I am going with my Pigeons to the
Tribunal Plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my
Uncle and one of the Emperials Men.

Mar. Why, Sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your
Oration, and let him deliver the Pigeons to the Emperor
from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an Oration to the Emperor
with a Grace?

Clow. Nay, truly, Sir, I could never say Grace in all my
Life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither, make no more ado,
But give your Pigeons to the Emperor.

By me thou shalt have Justice at his Hands.

Hold, hold——mean while here's Mony for thy Charges.

Give me a Pen and Ink.

Sirrah, can you with a Grace deliver a Supplication?

Clow. Ay, Sir.

Tit. Then here is a Supplication for you: and when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel, then kiss his Foot, then deliver up your Pigeons, and then look for your Reward. I'll be at hand, Sir, see you do it bravely.

Clow. I warrant you, Sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a Knife? Come, let me see it. Here, *Marcus*, fold it in the Oration, For thou hast made it like an humble Suppliant, And when thou hast given it the Emperor, Knock at my Door, and tell me what he says.

Clow. God be with you, Sir, I will.

Tit. Come, *Marcus*, let us go, *Publius* follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Emperor and Empress, and her two Sons; the Emperor brings the Arrows in his Hand that Titus shot.

Sat. Why Lords.

What Wrongs are these? was ever seen
An Emperor of *Rome* thus over-born,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for the extent
Of equal Justice, us'd in such Contempt?
My Lords, you know, as do the mighty Gods,
(However the disturbers of our Peace
Buz in the Peoples Ears) there nought hath past,
But even with Law against the wilful Sons
Of old *Andronicus*. And what and if
His Sorrows have so over-whelm'd his Wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
His fits, his frensie, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to Heav'n for his redress.
See, here's to *Jove*, and this to *Mercury*,
This to *Apollo*, this to the God of War:
Sweet Scrowls to fly about the Streets of *Rome*.
What's this but Libelling against the Senate,
And blazoning our Injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my Lords?
As who would say, in *Rome* no Justice were.
But if I live, his feigned Extasies
Shall be no shelter to these Outrages:

But

But he and his shall know, that Justice lives
In *Saturninus* health, whom, if she sleep,
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proudest Conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious Lord, my lovely *Saturnine*,
Lord of my Life, Commander of my Thoughts;
Calm thee, and bear the faults of *Titus* Age,
Th' effects of Sorrow for his valiant Sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his Heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanest or the best,
For these Contempts. Why thus it shall become
High witted *Tamora* to glose with all:
But *Titus*, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy Life-blood on't: If *Aaron* now be wise,
Then is all safe, the Anchor's in the Port.

Enter Clown.

How now, good Fellow, wouldst thou speak with us?

Clow. Yea forsooth, and your Mistership be Emperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the Emperor.

Clow. 'Tis he: God and St. *Stephen* give you good-e'en,
I have brought you a Letter and a couple Pigeons here.

[*He reads the Letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clow. How much Money must I have?

Tam. Come, Sirrah, thou must be hang'd.

Clow. Hang'd! by'r Lady, then I have brought up a Neck
to a fair end. [Exit.]

Sat. Despightful and intolerable Wrongs,
Shall I endure this monstrous Villany?
I know from whence this same Device proceeds:
May this be born? As if his Traiterous Sons,
That dy'd by Law for Murther of our Brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?
Go, drag the Villain hither by the Hair,
Nor Age nor Honour shall shape Privilege.
For this proud mock I'll be thy Slaughter-man;
Sly frantick Wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thy self should govern *Rome* and me.

Enter Nuntius Æmilius.

Sat. What News with thee, *Æmilius*?

Æmil. Arm, my Lords, *Rome* never had more cause;
The *Goths* have gather'd head, and with a Power
Of high resolved Men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under the Conduct
Of *Lucius*, Son to old *Andronicus*:
Who threats in course of his revenge to do
As much as ever *Coriolanus* did.

Sat. Is warlike *Lucius* General of the *Goths*?
These Tydings nip me, and I hang the Head
As Flowers with Frost, or Grass beat down with Storms.
Ay, now begin our Sorrows to approach,
'Tis he the Common People love so much,
My self hath often heard them say,
(When I have walked like a private Man)
That *Lucius* Banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that *Lucius* were their Emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? Is not our City strong?

Sat. Ay, but the Citizens favour *Lucius*,
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy Thoughts imperious like thy Name:
Is the Sun dim'd, that Gnats do fly in it?
The Eagle suffers little Birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the Shadow of his Wings,
He can at pleasure stint their melody;
Even so mayst thou the giddy Men of *Rome*.
Then cheer thy Spirit, for know, thou Emperor,
I will enchant the old *Andronicus*,
With Words more sweet, and yet more dangerous
Than baits to Fish, or Honey-stalks to Sheep,
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious Food.

Sat. But he will not intreat his Son for us.

Tam. If *Tamora* intreat him, then he will,
For I can smooth, and fill his aged Ear
With golden Promises, that were his Heart
Almost impregnable, his old Ears deaf,
Yet should both Ear and Heart obey my Tongue.

Go thou before as our Ambassador, [To Æmilius.
Say, that the Emperor requests a Parley
Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.

Sat. Æmilins, do this Message honourably,
And if he stand on Hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what Pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [Exit.

Tam. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him with all the Art I have,
To pluck proud *Lucius* from the warlike *Goths*.
And now, sweet Emperor, be blith again,
And bury all thy Fear in my Devices.

Sat. Then go successfully and plead for me. [Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE A Camp.

Enter Lucius with Goths, with Drum and Soldiers.

Luc. **A**pproved Warriors, and my faithful Friends,
I have received Letters from great *Rome*,
Which signifie what hate they bear their Emperor,
And how desirous of our fight they are,
Therefore, great Lords, be as your Titles witness,
Imperious and impatient of your Wrongs,
And wherein *Rome* hath done you any scathe,
Let him make treble Satisfaction.

Goth. Brave Slip, sprung from the great *Andronicus*,
Whose Name was once our Terror, now our Comfort,
Whose high Exploits, and Honourable Deeds,
Ingrateful *Rome* requites with foul Contempt,
Be bold in us, we'll follow where thou lead'st:
Like stinging Bees in hottest Summer's Day,
Led by their Master to the flower'd Fields,
And be aveng'd on cursed *Tamora*.

Omn. And as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here led by a lusty *Goth*?

Enter

Enter a Goth leading Aaron with his Child in his Arms.

Goth. Renowned *Lucius*, from our Troops I straid
To gaze upon a ruinous Monastery,
And as I earnestly did fix mine Eye
Upon the wasted Building, suddenly
I heard a Child cry underneath a Wall;
I made unto the Noise, when soon I heard,
The crying Babe control'd with this Discourse:
Peace, Tawny Slave, half me, and half thy Dam,
Did not thy Hue bewray whose Brat thou art,
Had Nature lent thee but thy Mother's look,
Villain, thou might'st have been an Emperor:
But where the Bull and Cow are both Milk-white,
They never do beget a Cole-black Calf;
Peace, Villain, Peace, (even thus he rates the Babe)
For I must bear thee to a trusty *Goth*,
Who when he knows thou art the Empress Babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy Mother's sake.
With this, my Weapon drawn I rush'd upon him,
Surpriz'd him suddenly, and brought him hither,
To use, as you think needful of the Man.

Luc. Oh worthy *Goth*, this is the incarnate Devil,
That robb'd *Andronicus* of his good Hand;
This is the Pearl that pleas'd your Empress's Eye,
And here's the base Fruit of his burning Lust.
Say, wall-ey'd Slave, whither would'st thou convey
This growing Image of thy Fiend-like Face?
Why dost not speak? what deaf? no! Not a word?
A Halter, Soldiers hang him on this Tree,
And by his side his Fruit of Bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the Boy, he is of Royal Blood,

Luc. Too like the Syre for ever being good.
First hang the Child, that he may see it sprall,
A sight to vex the Father's Soul withal.

Aar. Get me a Ladder, *Lucius*, save the Child,
And bear it from me to the Empress;
If thou do this, I'll shew thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more; but Vengeance rot you all.

Luc. Say on, and if it please me, which thou speak'st

Thy

Thy Child shall live, and I will see it Nourish'd.

Aar. And if it please thee? why assure thee, *Lucius*,
'Twill vex thy Soul to hear what I shall speak:
For I must talk of Murthers, Rapes, and Massacres,
A&ts of black Night, abominable Deeds,
Complots of Mischief, Treason, Villanies,
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd,
And this shall all be buried by my Death,
Unless thou swear to me my Child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind,
I say thy Child shall live.

Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by?
Thou believest no God,
That granted, how can'st thou believe an Oath?

Aar. What if I do not, as indeed I do not,
Yet for I know thou art Religious,
And hast a thing within thee called Conscience,
With twenty Popish Tricks and Ceremonies
Which I have seen thee careful to observe:
Therefore I urge thy Oath, for that I know
An Idiot holds his Bauble for a God,
And keeps the Oath, which by that God he swears,
To that I'll urge him;—therefore thou shalt vow
By that same God, what God so e'er it be
That thou adorest and hast in reverence,
To save my Boy, nourish and bring him up,
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my God I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First know thou,
I begot him on thy Emperess.

Luc. O most insatiate luxurious Woman!

Aar. Tut, *Lucius*, this was but a Deed of Charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two Sons that murdered *Bassianus*,
They cut thy Sister's Tongue, and Ravish'd her,
And cut her Hands off, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. Oh detestable Villain!
Call'st thou that trimming?

Aar. Why she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd;
And 'twas trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc.

Luc. Oh barbarous beastly Villains, like thy self!

Aar. Indeed, I was their Tutor to instruct them;
That coddling Spirit had they from their Mother,
As sure a Card, as ever won the Set;
That bloody Mind I think they learn'd of me,
As true a Dog as ever fought at Head;
Well, let my Deeds be Witnesses of my Worth.
I train'd thy Brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead Corps of *Bassianus* lay:
I wrote the Letter that thy Father found,
And hid the Gold within the Letter mention'd,
Confederate with the Queen and her two Sons.
And what not done that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of Mischief in it?
I plaid the Cheater for thy Father's Hand,
And when I had it, drew my self apart,
And almost broke my Heart with extream Laughter.
I pried me through the Crevice of a Wall,
When for his Hand, he had his two Sons Heads,
Beheld his Tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine Eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the Empress of this Sport,
She swooned almost at my pleasing Tale,
And for my Tidings, gave me twenty Kisses.

Goth. What can't thou say all this, and never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black Dog, as the saying is:

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these hainous Deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the Day, and yet I think
Few come within the Compass of my Curse,
Wherein I did not some notorious Ill,
As kill a Man, or else devise his Death,
Ravish a Maid, or plot the way to do it,
Accuse some Innocent, and forswear my self,
Set deadly Enmity between two Friends,
Make poor Mens Cattle break their Necks,
Set Fire on Barns and Hay-stacks in the Night,
And bid the Owners quench them with their Tears;
Ofc have I digg'd up dead Men from their Graves,
And set them upright at their dear Friends Doors,
Even when their Sorrow almost was forgot,

And

And on their Skins, as on the Bark of Trees,
Have with my Knife carved in Roman Letters,
Let not your Sorrow die, though I am Dead.
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a Fly,
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the Devil, for he must not die
So sweet a Death, as Hanging presently.

Aar. If there be Devils, would I were a Devil,
To live and burn in everlasting Fire,
So I might have your Company in Hell,
But to torment you with my bitter Tongue.

Luc. Sirs, stop his Mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter Æmilius.

Goth. My Lord, there is a Messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your Presence.

Luc. Let him come near.—

Welcome, *Æmilius*, what's the News from Rome?

Æmi. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the *Goths*,
The Roman Emperor greets you all by me,
And, for he understands you are in Arms,
He craves a Parley at your Father's House,
Willing you to demand your Hostages,
And they shall be immediately delivered.

Goth. What says our General?

Luc. *Æmilius*, let the Emperor give his Pledges
Unto my Father, and my Uncle *Marcus*,
And we will come: March away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Titus's Palace in Rome.

Enter Tamora, Chiron and Demetrius, Disguis'd.

Tam. Thus in these strange and sad Habiliments,
I will encounter with *Andronicus*,
And say, I am Revenge sent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous Wrongs:
Knock at the Study, where they say he keeps,
To ruminat strange Plots of dire Revenge;
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
And work Confusion on his Enemies.

[*They knock, and Titus appears above.*]

Tit.

Tit. Who doth molest my Contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the Door,
That to my sad Decrees may fly away,
And all my Study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd, for what I mean to do,
See here in bloody Lines I have set down;
And what is written, shall be executed.

Tam. *Titus*, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No not a word: How can I grace my Talk,
Wanting a Hand to give it Action?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me,
Thou would'st talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
Witness this wretched Stump,
Witness the Crimson Lines,
Witness these Trenches, made by Grief and Care,
Witness the tiring Day and heavy Night;
Witness all Sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud Empress, mighty *Tamora*:
Is not thy coming for my other Hand?

Tam. Know thou, sad Man, I am not *Tamora*,
She is thy Enemy, and I thy Friend;
I am Revenge, sent from the infernal Kingdom,
To ease the gnawing Vulture of thy Mind,
By working wreakful Vengeance on thy Foes.
Come down and welcome me to this World's light;
Confer with me of Murder and of Death,
There's not a hollow Cave, or lurking place,
No vast Obscurity or misty Vale,
Where bloody Murther or detested Rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out,
And in their Ears tell them my dreadful Name,
Revenge, which makes the foul Offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? And art thou sent to me,
To be a Torment to mine Enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some Service, e'er I come to thee:
Lo by thy side, where Rape and Murder stands,
Now give some surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy Chariot Wheels,

And then I'll come and be thy Waggoner,
 And whirl along with thee about the Globes:
 Provide two proper Palfries black as Jet,
 To hale thy vengeful Waggon swift away,
 And find out Murders in their guilty Caves.
 And when thy Car is loaden with their Heads,
 I will dismount, and by thy Waggon Wheel
 Trot like a servile Foot-man all day long;
 Even from *Hyperion's* rising in the East,
 Until his very downfal in the Sea.
 And day by day I'll do this heavy Task,
 So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my Ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy Ministers; what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine and Murder, therefore called so,
 Cause they take Vengeance on such kind of Men.

Tit. Good Lord, how like the Empress Sons they are,
 And you the Empress: But we Worldly Men,
 Have miserable mad mistaking Eyes:

O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,
 And if one Arm's embracement will content thee,
 I will embrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit Titus from above.*]

Tam. This closing with him fits his Lunacy,
 What e'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
 Do you uphold, and maintain in your Speech
 For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
 And being credulous in this mad Thought,
 I'll make him send for *Lucius* his Son:
 And whilst I at a Banquet hold him sure,
 I'll find some cunning Practice out of Hand,
 To scatter and disperse the giddy *Goths*,
 Or at the least make them his Enemies:
 See here he comes, and I must play my Theam.

Enter Titus.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
 Welcome, dread Fury, to my woful House;
 Rapine and Murther, you are welcome too:
 How like the Empress, and her Sons you are!
 Well are you fitted, had you but a *Moor*;
 Could not all Hell afford you such a Devil?
 For well I wot, the Empress never wags,
 But in her Company there is *Moor*;

And

And would you represent our Queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a Devil:
But welcome, as you are, what shall we do?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, *Andronicus*?

Dem. Shew me a Murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Shew me a Villain that hath done a Rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a Thousand that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked Streets of *Rome*,
And when thou find'st a Man that's like thy self,
Good Murder stab him, he's a Murderer.
Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine stab him, he is a Ravisher.
Go thou with them, and in the Emperor's Court
There is a Queen attended by a *Moor*;
Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee;
I pray thee do on them some violent Death;
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou Lesson'd us; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good *Andronicus*,
To send for *Lucius* thy thrice valiant Son,
Who leads towards *Rome* a Band of Warlike *Goths*,
And bid him come and Banquet at thy House.
When he is here, even at thy solemn Feast,
I will bring in the Empress and her Sons;
The Emperor himself, and all thy Foes,
And at thy Mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry Heart:
What says *Andronicus* to this Devise?

Enter Marcus.

Tit. *Marcus* my Brother, 'tis sad *Titus* calls;
Go gentle *Marcus* to thy Brother *Lucius*;
Thou shalt enquire him out among the *Goths*:
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest Princes of the *Goths*;
Bid him Encamp his Soldiers where they are;
Tell him the Emperor and the Empress too,

Feast at my House, and he shall Feast with them;
This do thou for my love, and so let him,
As he regards his aged Father's Life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again. [Exit]

Tam. Now will I hence about thy Business,
And take my Ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,
Or else I'll call my Brother back again,
And cleave to no Revenge but *Lucius*.

Tam. What say you, Boys, you will abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my Lord, the Emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd Jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him 'till I return again.

Tit. I know them all, tho' they suppose me mad,
And will o'er-reach them in their own Devices,
A pair of cursed Hell-hounds and their Dam. [Aside]

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewel, *Andronicus*, Revenge now goes
To lay a Complot to betray thy Foes. [Exit Tamora.]

Tit. I know thou dost, and sweet Revenge farewell.

Chi. Tell us, Old Man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.

Publius, come hither, *Caius* and *Valentine*.

Enter Publius and Servants.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know ye these two?

Pub. The Empress Sons

I take them, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.

Tit. Fie, *Publius*, fie, thou art too much deceiv'd,
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's Name;
And therefore bind them, gentle *Publius*,
Caius and *Valentine*, lay hands on them,
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it, therefore bind them sure. [Exit Titus.]

Chi. Villains, forbear, we are the Empress' Sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop close their Mouths; let them not speak a Word.
Is he sure bound? look that ye bind them fast.

Enter Titus Andronicus with a Knife, and Lavinia with a Basin.

Tit. Come, come, *Lavinia*, look, thy Foes are bound;

Sirs, stop their Mouths, let them not speak to me,
But let them hear what fearful Words I utter.

Oh Villains, *Chiron* and *Demetrius*!

Here stands the Spring whom you have stain'd with Mud,

This goodly Summer with your Winter mixt:

You kill'd her Husband, and for that vile Fault,

Two of her Brothers were condemn'd to Death,

My Hand cut off, and made a merry jest,

Both her sweet Hands, her Tongue, and that more dear

Than Hands or Tongue, her spotless Chastity,

Inhuman Traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.

What would you say if I should let you speak?

Villains!—for shame you could not beg for Grace.

Hark, Wretches, how I mean to Martyr you.

This one Hand yet is left to cut your Throats,

Whilst that *Lavinia* 'twixt her Stumps doth hold

The Bason that receives your guilty Blood.

You know your Mother means to feast with me,

And calls her self Revenge, and thinks me mad——

Hark, Villains, I will grind your Bones to Dust,

And with your Blood and it, I'll make a Paste,

And of the Paste a Coffin will I rear,

And make two Pasties of your shameful Heads,

And bid that Strumpet, your unhallowed Dam,

Like to the Earth, swallow her own Increase.

This is the Feast that I have bid her to,

And this the Banquet she shall surfeit on;

For worse than *Philomel* you us'd my Daughter,

And worse than *Progne*, I will be reveng'd,

And now prepare your Throats: *Lavinia*, come,

[*He cuts their Throats, and Lavinia receives the
Blood in a Bason.*]

Receive the Blood, and when that they are dead

Let me go grind their Bones to Powder small,

And with this hateful Liquor temper it;

And in that Paste let their wild Heads be bak'd.

Come, come, be every one officious

To make this Banquet, which I wish might prove

More stern and bloody than the *Centaur's* Feast.

So, now bring them in, for I'll play the Cook,

And see them ready 'gainst the Mother comes.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths with Aaron Prisoner.

Luc. Uncle *Marcus*, since 'tis my Father's mind
That I repair to *Rome*, I am content.

Goth. And ours with thine, befall what Fortune will.

Luc. Good Uncle, take you in this barbarous *Moor*,
This ravenous Tiger, this accursed Devil,
Let him receive no Sustenance, fetter him,
'Till he be brought unto the Emperor's Face,
For Testimony of these foul proceedings;
And see the Ambush of our Friends be strong,
I fear the Emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some Devil whisper Curses in my Ear,
And prompt me, that my Tongue may utter forth
The venomous Malice of my swelling Heart.

Luc. Away, inhuman Dog, unhallow'd Slave,

[*Exeunt Goths with Aaron.*

Sirs, help our Uncle, to convey him in. [Flourish.]

The Trumpets shew the Emperor is at hand.

Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperor and Empress, with Tribunes and others.

Sat. What, hath the Firmament more Suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thy self a Sun?

Mar. *Rome's* Emperor and Nephew break the Parley,
These Quarrels must be quietly Debated:
The Feast is ready, which the careful *Titus*
Hath ordained to an honourable end,

For Peace, for Love, for League, and good to *Rome*:
Please you therefore draw nigh and take your places.

Sat. *Marcus*, we will. [Hautboys.]

*A Table brought in. Enter Titus like a Cook, placing the Meat
on the Table, and Lavinia with a Veil over her Face.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious Lord,
Welcome, Dread Queen,

Welcome, ye Warlike *Goths*, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all; although the Cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your Stomachs, please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, *Andronicus*?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your Highness, and your Empress.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good *Andronicus*.

Tit. And if your Highness knew my Heart, you were;
My Lord, the Emperor, resolve me this?

Was it well done of rash *Virginus*,
To slay his Daughter with his own Right-Hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd?

Sat. It was, *Andronicus*.

Tit. Your Reason, mighty Lord?

Sat. Because the Girl should not survive her Shame,
And by her Presence still renew his Sorrows.

Tit. A Reason mighty, strong, and effectual,
A Pattern, President and lively Warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like:
Die, die, *Lavinia*, and thy Shame with thee,
And with thy Shame thy Father's Sorrow die. [*He kills her.*]

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her for whom my Tears have made me blind.
I am as woful as *Virginus* was,
And have a thousand times more Cause than he.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did the Deed?

Tit. Will't please you eat,
Will't please your Highness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only Daughter thus?

Tit. Not I, 'twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius*.
They ravish'd her, and cut away her Tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this Wrong.

Sat. Go fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why there they are both, baked in that Pye,
Whereof their Mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the Flesh that she her self hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true, witness my Knife's sharp Point.

[*He stabs the Empress.*]

Sat. Die, frantick Wretch, for this accursed Deed.

[*He stabs Titus.*]

Luc. Can the Son's Eyes behold his Father bleed?
There's meed for meed, Death for a deadly Deed.

[*Lucius stabs the Emperor.*]

Mar. You sad-fac'd Men, People and Sons of Rome,
By uprore sever'd, like a flight of Fowl,
Scatter'd by Winds and high tempestuous Gusts,
Oh let me teach you, how to knit again
This scatter'd Corn into one mutual Sheaf,
These broken Limbs again into one Body.

Goth. Let Rome her self be bane unto her self,
And she whom mighty Kingdoms curtsie to,

Like

Like a forlorn and desperate Cast-away,
Do shameful Execution on her self.

Mar. But if my frosty signs and chaps of Age,
Grave Witnesses of true Experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my Words,
Speak, *Rome's* dear Friend; as erst our Ancestor, [*To Lucius.*
When with his solemn Tongue he did discourse
To Love-sick *Dido's* sad attending Ear,
The Story of that baleful burning Night,
When subtle *Greeks* surpriz'd King *Priam's* Troy:
Tell us what *Sinon* hath bewitch'd our Ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal Engine in,
That gives our *Troy*, our *Rome* the civil wound.
My Heart is not compact of Flint nor Steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter Grief,
But floods of Tears will drown my Oratory,
And break my very utterance; even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind Hand, Commiseration.
Here is a Captain, let him tell the Tale,
Your Hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. This Noble Auditory, be it known to you,
That curst *Chiron* and *Demetrius*,
Were they that Murdered our Emperor's Brother;
And they it were that ravished our Sister:
For their fell faults our Brothers were Beheaded,
Our Father's Tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
Of that true Hand, that fought *Rome's* Quarrel out,
And sent her Enemies into the Grave.
Lastly, my self unkindly Banished,
The Gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among *Rome's* Enemies,
Who drown'd their enmity in my true Tears,
And op'd their Arms to embrace me as a Friend:
And I am turn'd forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my Blood,
And from her Bosom took the Enemy's point,
Sheathing the Steel in my adventrous Body.
Alas, you know I am no Vaunter, I,
My Scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my Report is just, and full of Truth:

But

But soft, methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless Praise: Oh pardon me,
For when no Friends are by, Men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my Tongue to speak: Behold this Child,
Of this was *Tamora* delivered.

The Issue of an irreligious *Moor*,
Chief Architect and Plotter of these woes;
The Villain is alive in *Titus* House,
And as he is, to witness this is true.

Now judge what cause had *Titus* to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past Patience,
Or more than any living Man could bear.

Now you have heard the truth, what say you *Romans*?

Have we done ought amiss? shew us wherein,
And from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of *Andronicus*,

Will Hand in Hand all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged Stones beat out our Brains,
And make a mutual closure of our House:

Speak, *Romans*, speak, and if you say we shall,
Lo Hand in Hand, *Lucius* and I will fall.

Em. Come, come, thou Reverend Man of *Rome*,
And bring our Emperor gently in thy Hand,
Lucius our Emperor: For well I know,
The common Voice do cry it shall be so.

Mar. *Lucius*, all hail, *Rome's* Royal Emperor;
Go, go into old *Titus's* sorrowful House,
And hither hale that misbelieving *Moor*,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering Death,
As punishment for his most wicked Life.

Lucius all hail! *Rome's* gracious Governor.

Luc. Thanks, gentle *Romans*, may I Govern so,
To heal *Rome's* harm, and drive away her woe.
But, gentle People, give me aim a while,
For Nature puts me to a heavy Task:
Stand all aloof; but Uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious Tears upon this Trunk;
Oh take this warm Kiss on thy pale cold Lips,
These sorrowful drops upon thy Blood-stain'd Face;
The last true Duties of thy Noble Son.

Mar. Ay, Tear for Tear, and loving Kifs for Kifs,
Thy Brother *Marcus* tenders on thy Lips:
O were the sum of these that I should pay,
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Comè hither Boy, come, come, and learn of us
To melt in Showers, thy Grand-fire lov'd thee well;
Many a time he danc'd thee on his Knee;
Sung thee asleep, his loving Breast thy Pillow:
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thy Infancy.
In that respect then, like a loving Child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender Spring,
Because kind Nature doth require it so;
Friends should associate Friends, in Grief and Woe:
Bid him farewell, commit him to the Grave,
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O Grand-fire, Grand-fire! even with all my Heart,
Would I were dead, so you did live again——
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping——
My tears will choak me, if I ope my Mouth.

Enter Romans with Aaron.

Rom. You sad *Andronici*, have done with Woes,
Give Sentence on this execrable Wretch,
That hath been Breeder of these dire Events.

Luc. Set him Breast-deep in Earth, and famish him:
There let him stand, and rave and cry for Food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the Offence he dies: This is our Doom
Some stay to see him fastned in the Earth.

Aar. O why should Wrath be mute, and Fury dumb?
I am no Baby, I, that with base Prayers
I should repent the evil I have done:
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my Will:
If one good Deed in all my Life I did,
I do repent it from very Soul.

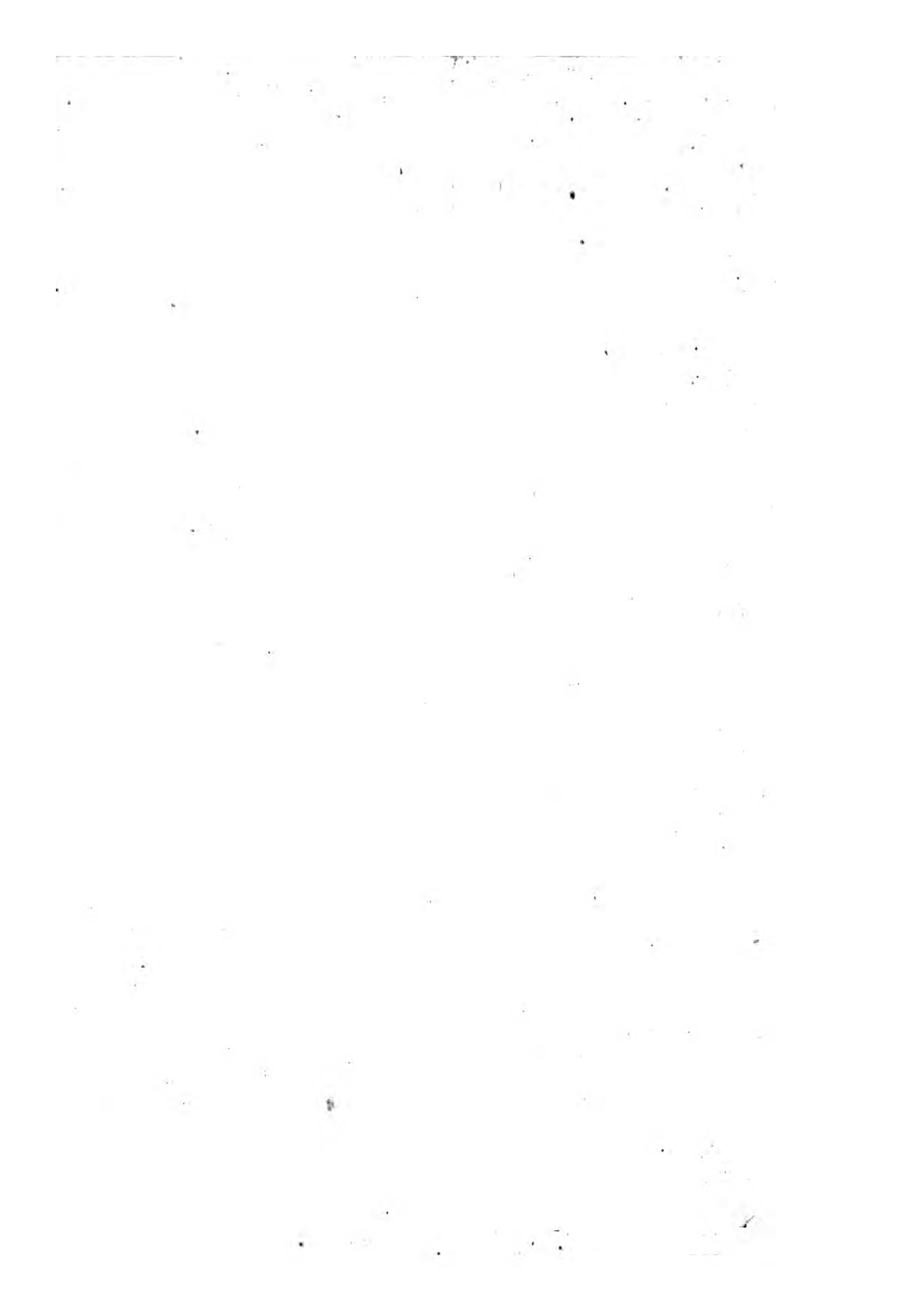
Luc. Some loving Friends convey the Emperor hence,
And give him burial in his Father's Grave.
My Father, and *Lavinia*, shall forthwith
Be closed in our Household's Monument:
As for that hainous Tygress *Tamora*,

No funeral Rites, nor Man in mournful Weeds,
No mournful Bell shall ring her Burial;
But throw her forth to Beasts and Birds of Prey:
Her Life was Beast-like, and devoid of Pity,
And being so, shall have like want of Pity.
See Justice done on *Aaron* that damn'd *Moor*,
From whom our heavy haps had their beginning;
Then afterwards, to order well the State,
That like Events may ne'er it ruinate.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The End of the Fourth Volume.







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