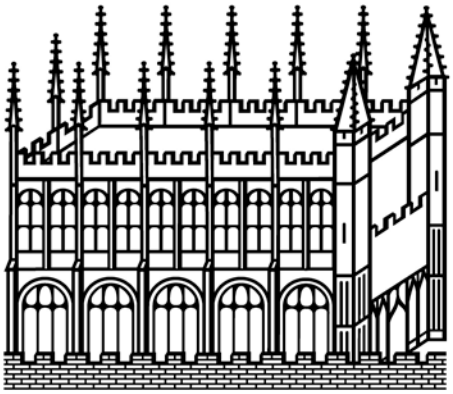


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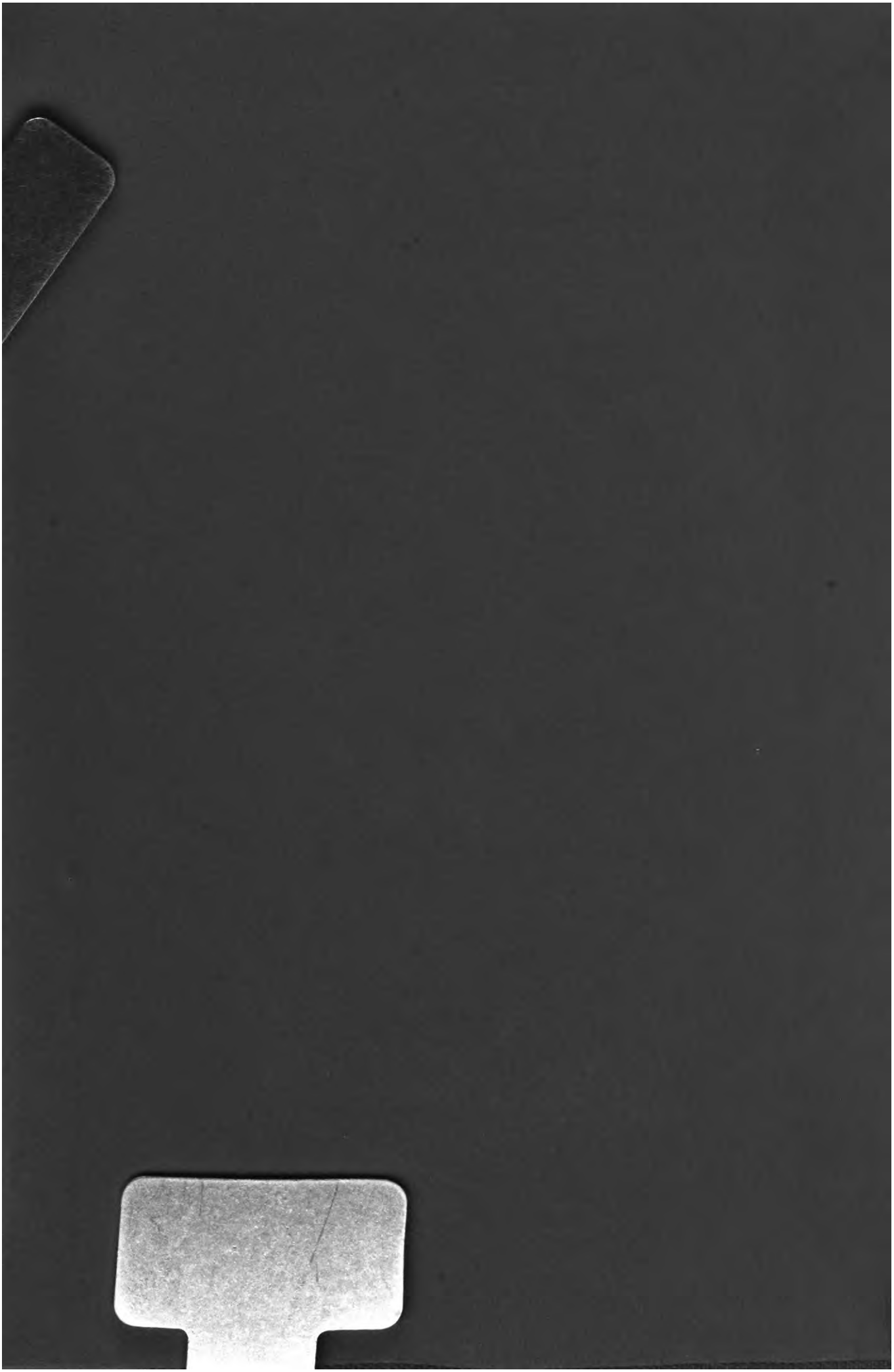
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Malone J. 70.

CHARLES KEMBLE'S

SHAKSPERE READINGS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

CHARLES KEMBLE'S

SHAKSPERE READINGS:

BEING A SELECTION OF

THE PLAYS OF SHAKSPERE

AS READ BY HIM IN

PUBLIC.

EDITED BY R. J. LANE, A.E.R.A.

VOLUME I.





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TO

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,

UNDER WHOSE GENEROUS

PATRONAGE

MR. CHARLES KEMBLE ENTERED ON HIS COURSE

OF READINGS OF SHAKSPERE,

THIS BOOK IS,

WITH HER MAJESTY'S GRACIOUS PERMISSION,

INSCRIBED BY

HER GRATEFUL SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

PREFACE.

WHEN Mr. Charles Kemble, after his retirement from the stage, entered on a course of Public Readings of Shakspere, it was my privilege to join in his discussions, to attend his rehearsals, to assist in the curtailment of the plays, and in all matters relating to his readings, to be in free consultation with him. I had lent him a copy of Hanmer's quarto, in order that he might mark the scenes and passages that were to be omitted; and, happily, his marks were extended to the *accentuation* of words, and an occasional *syllabic* stress; to which my experience of his reading has enabled me to add emphatic marks, which Mr. Kemble had not thought it necessary to insert in a book prepared for his own use, or

"*As things acquainted, and familiar to us.*"

In the curtailment of the plays Mr. Kemble

carefully prepared all that he would desire to read; but as, in every case, a play was to be compressed into the compass of a single reading, he found it necessary to omit much more than his judgment or his feeling approved. In printing this edition these passages, as well as many others of importance—whether chorus or induction, prologue, epilogue, or song—have been retained; and therefore, in addition to its use as a Handbook for Public Reading, it will be found suitable for Shakspere clubs and reading societies, and for private families.

The idea of carrying out a project entertained by Mr. Kemble, may date from the receipt of a letter from him, that was written after many years' use of the books, which he had returned to me.

"*Will you lend me again your Hanmer's Shakspere? I have some idea of printing the Plays, as I read them, at the request of numerous friends, who think that they would be acceptable to families, so curtailed.*"

A glance at the plan of this version will at once commend it to the reader, by the absence of foot-notes and the critical value of Mr. Kemble's emphatic marks, which cannot fail to suggest those refinements of diction and of feeling that marked his delivery of the

Poet's words: and it will be seen that where compression was necessary, the occasional adoption of an equivalent word has helped to avoid disturbance of the rhythm.

The voice of Mr. Kemble was of a singularly *youthful* quality, by which he was distinguished at the age of sixty. By careful training it served him well in the expression of tragick emotion, and the assumption of age; and when the *reality* of years came upon him, he could, at will, call back the tones of youth and the buoyant accents of Benedick or of Mercutio; could command the compass of his voice to range from Hamlet to Polonius, from Faulconbridge to the Lady Constance, from Shylock to Portia, from Orlando to Rosalind and Jaques; could turn them to shape, and reproduce to the mind's eye the varieties of form and manner that distinguish Marc Antony, Falstaff, and Dogberry, Juliet, Imogen, and Dame Quickly.

For Mr. Kemble's first reading, by the gracious command of Her Majesty, at Buckingham Palace, on the evening of April 24, 1844, the play of "*Cymbeline*," which was selected by His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, presented unusual difficulties, not alone in the necessity to comprise the reading within a given time; and this play, which commences the present series, will be received as an ex-

treme case of judicious abridgment, without the omission of any detail, necessary to the development of the fable.

After another private reading of "Cymbeline," before the Queen Adelaide, Mr. Kemble's Public Readings began at Willis's Rooms, under the management of Mr. Mitchell, on May 13 of the same year; where his renderings of "Hamlet," "King John," "As You Like It," "King Henry IV. part 1," "Julius Cæsar," "The Merchant of Venice," "Macbeth," "Romeo and Juliet," and "King Richard III.," followed upon that of "Cymbeline;" and were, on many occasions, attended by the Queen Adelaide, accompanied by a large party of her own visitors.

From these good beginnings the readings of Shakspere made their way, in due course, to the various public rooms and literary institutions of London, and of the chief provincial towns; and Mr. Kemble may be said to have so set an example that has been generally followed, and to have created a demand which this publication is designed to supply.

R. J. L.

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CYMBELINE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CYMBELINE, King *of* Britain.
CLOTEN, *Son to the* Queen *by a former Husband.*
LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, *a Gentleman, Husband to* Imogen.
BELARIUS, *a banished Lord, disguised under the name of* Morgan.
GUIDERIUS, } *Sons to* Cymbeline, *disguised under the names of*
ARVIRAGUS, } Polydore *and* Cadwal, *supposed Sons to* Belarius.
PHILARIO, *Friend to* Posthumus, } Italians.
IACHIMO, *Friend to* Philario, }
A French Gentleman, *Friend to* Philario.
CAIUS LUCIUS, *General of the* Roman *Forces.*
A Roman Captain. *Two* British Captains.
PISANIO, *Servant to* Posthumus.
Two Gaolers.

Queen, *Wife to* Cymbeline.
IMOGEN, *Daughter to* Cymbeline *by a former Queen.*
HELEN, *Woman to* Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Messengers, *and other* Attendants.

SCENE, *sometimes in* Britain ; *sometimes in* Rome.

CYMBELINE.

ACT I.

Britain. Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 *Gentleman.*

YOU do not meet a man but frǒwns: our looks
No more obey the heart ev'n than our courtiers';
But seèm as do the king's.

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom, whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son (a widow
That late he married), hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman:—
She's wed; her husband banish'd; she imprison'd:
All's outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart; and not a courtier,
(Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks) but hath a heart that is
Glàd at the thing they scòwl at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath mìss'd the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad repòrt: and he that hàth her,
(I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—
And thèrefore banish'd) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within
Endows a man bùt him. As to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price
Proclaims how shè esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him even out of your report.
Is she sòle child to th' king?

1 *Gent.* His only child.
He hàd two sons, the eldest at three years,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stol'n: and to this hour, some twenty years,
No guess which way they went.

2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so convey'd!
So slackly guarded!

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis stràngе,
Yet is it trùe, sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear: Here come the gentleman,
The queen, and princess. [*Exeunt.*

The same.

Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, *and* IMOGEN.

Queen.

NO, be assur'd, you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-eyed unto you.—For you, Posthùmus,
So soon as I can win th' offended king,
I will be known your advocate: but yet
The fire of ràge is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his sentence.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the pèril.
[*Exit Queen.*

Imo. Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
You mùst be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again. [*Weeps.*

Post. My queen! my mistress!
O lady, weep no more! lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth becòme a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome at one Philario's,
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Know but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Imo. Adieu !—Nay, stay a little: look here, love ;
This diamond was my mother's : take it, heart ;
But keèp it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.
Post. How ! how ! anòther ?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And seal up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death !—Remain, remain thou here
[*Putting on the Ring.*
While sense can keep it on ! And, sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss ; so, in our trifles
I still win of you : For my sake, wear this ;
It is a manacle of love ; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.
[*Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.*
Ah, the king !

Enter CYMBELINE *and* Lords.

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid ! hence, from my sight !
If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou dièst : Away !
Thou'rt poison to my blood.
Post. The gods protect you !
And bless the good remainders of the court !
I am gone. [*Exit.*
Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.
Cym. O disloyal thing,
That might'st have had the sole son of my queen !
Imo. O blest, that I might not. I chose an eàgle !
Cym. Thou took'st a bèggar ; would'st have made my throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added
A lùstre to the throne.
Cym. What!—art thou mad?
Imo. Almost, sir: Heaven restore me!

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!—
They were again together: you have done
Not after our command. [*To the Queen.*
Queen. 'Beseech your patience:—
Leave us t' ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.
Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Dìe of this folly! [*Exit.*

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fie!—Here is your servant;
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.
Pis. I humbly thank your highness.
[*Exit Queen.*
Imo. What was the last that he spake to thee?
Pis. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen!*
Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?
Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.
Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?
Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could mark me with his eye, or I
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of 's mind
Could best express how slow his soùl sail'd on,
How swift his shìp.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him ev'n
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.
Pis. Madam, so I did.
Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd them, but
To look upon him; till the diminution
From space had pointed him sharp as my needle:
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to àir; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hèar from him?
Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.
Imo. I did not take my lèave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
T' encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him: or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.—
Those things I bid you do, get them despatch'd.
I must attend the queen.
Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

Rome.

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, *and a* Frenchman.

Iachimo.

BELIEVE it, sir: I have seen him in Britain: I could thèn have look'd on him without the help of admiration.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less fùrnish'd, than nòw.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter (wherein he must be weighed rather by hèr value, than his own), words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; but how comes it, he is to sojourn with you?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton: I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have been known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for

courtesies, which I will be ever tò pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did attone my countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, upon difference of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a yoùng traveller: rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mènded judgement (if I offend not to say it ìs mended), my quarrel was nòt altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swòrds; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what wàs the difference?

French. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, and less attemptible, than any, the rarest, of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. As fair, and às good (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison), had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Brittany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diàmond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the mòst precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her, as I ràted her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's outpriz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given yòu?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in tìtle yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stòlen too; so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual: a cunning thief, or a that-way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier, to convince the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me: we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress; and make her go back, even to the yielding.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something: But I make my wager rather against

your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offénce herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you'd sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repùlse: Though your attèmpt, as you call it, deserve more; a pùnishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yoùrs; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you feàr.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swèar.

Post. Will you? I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one: If I bring you no sufficient testimony, my ten thousand ducats are

yours—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevàiled, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain ùnseduced (you not making it appear otherwise), for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. A covenant: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt.*

Imogen's *Apartment.*

Enter IMOGEN.

Imogen.

A FATHER cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd:—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! Had I been stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! Bless'd be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be? Fye!

Enter PISANIO *and* IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome
Comes from my lord with letters. [*Exit Pisanio.*

Iach. Chànge you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,

And greets your highness dearly.
[*Presents a Letter.*
Imo. Thanks, good sir:
You're kindly welcome. [*She reads.*
Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!
[*Aside.*
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Imo. [*Reads.*]—"He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your truest
"LEONATUS."
So far I read aloud:
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.
Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and can they not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?
Imo. What makes your admiration?
Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you?
Iach. Well, madam.
Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.
Iach. Exceeding pleasant: not a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.—Whilst I am bound to wonder,
I am bound to pity too.
Imo. What do you pity, sir?
Iach. Two creatures, heartily.
Imo. Am I one, sir?
Deliver with more openness your answers.

Why do you pity mè?

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose very touch, would force the feeler's soul
To th' oath of loyalty; should I (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol? O, it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himsélf. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charm this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
Would make the great'st king double! Be reveng'd;
Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Revèng'd! alas!
If this be true—hòw should I be reveng'd?

Iach. I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure:
Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert hònourable,
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st.—What ho, Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault.—What ho, Pisanio!—

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Desèrves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit!—Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his; and you his mistress, only
For the most worthy fit! Give me your pardon,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try you with a false report. The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus. Your pardon, pray.

Imo. All's well, sir. Take mỳ power i' the court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks.—I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request.
Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord
Have join'd to buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'Tis plate, of rare device; and jewels,
Of rich and exquisite form. May it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety. Since
My lord hath int'rest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night:
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. It mùst be, madam: therefore, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have outstood my time; which is material
To th' tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Sènd your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You're very welcome.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

A Bedchamber; in one part of it a Trunk.

IMOGEN *reading in her Bed; a* Lady *attending.*

Imogen.

WHO'S there? my woman Helen?
Lady. Please you, madam.
Imo. What hour is it?
Lady. Almost midnight, madam.
Imo. Fold down the leaf where I have left. To bed:
Take not the taper. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.
[*Exit Lady.*
To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye!
[*Sleeps. Iachimo rises from the Trunk.*
Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss!—It is her breathing that
Perfùmes the chamber thus: The flame o' the taper
Bows toward her; and would underpeep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights.—But my design?

To note the chamber :—I will write all down :—
Such, and such, pictures :—There the window ;—
such
The adornment of her bed ;—The arras, figures,
Why, such, and such : Ah ! but some nàtural notes
Above ten thousand meaner mòveables
Would testify, t' enrich mine inventory.—
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her !
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying !—Off, come off ;—
[*Taking off her Bracelet.*
'Tis mine ; and this will witness outwardly,
To th'madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I'the bottom of a cowslip : Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make.—No more.
Now to the trunk again : I lodge in fear ;
Though this a heavenly angel, hèll is here.
[*Clock strikes.*
One, two, three,—Time, time !
[*Goes into the Trunk. The Scene closes.*

An Ante-Chamber adjoining Imogen's *Apartment.*

Enter CLOTEN *and* Lord.

Lord.

YOUR lordship is the most pàtient man in loss.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lòse.

Lord. But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordship ; You are most hot, and furious, when you wìn.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning, is't not?

Lord. Dáy, my lord.

Clo. I would this musick would come: I am advised to give her musick o' mornings: they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; aftèr, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it:—and thèn let her consider.

SONG.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise.

So, get you gone: If this penetrate, I will consider your musick the better. [*Exeunt Musicians.*

Enter CYMBELINE *and* Queen.

Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early: Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?
Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assail'd her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too nèw;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You're most bound to the king;
Who let's go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter.—Seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismìssion tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless? not so.

[*Exeunt Cym. Queen and Lords.*

If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho!—

[*Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person: Is she ready?

Lady. The princess—

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good morrow fairest.

Imo. Good morrow, sir: You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not. Learn now, for all,

That I, who know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the bare truth of it, I care not for you.

Clo. You sin against obedience t'your father. For
The cóntract you pretend with that base wretch
(One, bred of alms), it is no contract, none.

Imo. Wert thòu the son of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou àrt, besides, thou wert indeed
Too base to be his gròom.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance than come
To be but nàm'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, 's dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—How now! Pisanio!

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently:—

Clo. His garment!

Imo. Bid my woman
Search for a jewel; 'twas thy master's: 'shrew me!
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:
I hope it be not gone.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go, and search. [*Exit Pis.*

Clo. You have abus'd me:—
His meanest garment?

Imo. Ay; I said so, sir.

Clo. I will inform your father. I'll be reveng'd:—
His meanest garment!—Well. [*Exit.*

Rome.

Enter POSTHUMUS *and* PHILARIO.

Posthumus.

FEAR it not, sir: I would, I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time.

Enter IACHIMO.

Post. Sure, the swift harts have posted you by land:
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is of the fairest I e'er look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best.

Iach. These letters for you.

[*Post. reads.*

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont?
Is't not too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so èasy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your spórt: I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we mùst,
If you keep covenant: for I do here

Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.
Post. If you can make't appárent,
My ring is yours: if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine. Proceed.
Iach. First, her bed-chamber,
'Twas hanged with tapestry of silk; the story
Proud Cleopatra, where she met her Roman:
A work so bravely done, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value.
Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.
Iach. And the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian bathing: never saw I figures
So to report themselves.
Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as 't is, well known.
Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted.
Post. This her honour?—
Let it be granted, you have seen all this,
(Praise be to your remembrance), the description
Of what is in her chàmber, nothing saves
The wàger you have laid.
Iach. Then, if you can,
Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel.
[*Pulling out the Bracelet.*
Post. Jove!—
Once more let me behold it: Is it that

Which I left with her?
Iach. Sir, I thank her, thàt.
She stript it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too. She gave it me,
And said, she priz'd it once.
Post. She pluck'd it off,
To sènd it me.
Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?
Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too; [*Gives the Ring.*
It is a basilisk unto mine eye.
O, above measure false!
Phi. Have patience, sir,
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows, one of her women, being corrupted,
Might not have stol'n it from her.
Post. Very true;
Render to me some còrporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.
Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm!
Post. Hark you, he swèars; by Jupiter he swears!
There, take thy hire: and all the fiends of hell
[*Throws down the Bracelet.*
Divide themselves between you!
Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, on her breast
(Worthy her pressing), lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging. You remèmber
This stain upon her?— I'll be sworn,—
Post. No swearing.
O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there, and do't; i' the court, before
Her father.—I'll do something—— [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Britain. *A Room in* Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter PISANIO, *Reading a Letter.*

HOW! of adultery? Disloyal! No:
She's punish'd for her trùth; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue.—O my master!
If it be so to do good service, never
Let mè be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? *Do't: The letter*
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity:—damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee. Lo, she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. That is mỳ lord, Leonatus? Good news, gods! [*Reads.*

"*Justice, and your father's wrath, could not be so cruel to me; but you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford Haven. What your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,*

"LEONATUS POSTHUMUS."

O, for a horse with wings !—Hear'st thou, Pisanio ?
He is at Milford Haven. How far is't
To this same blèssed Milford ? Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour ?

Pis. One score, 'twixt sùn and sùn,
Madam, 's enough for you ; and too much too.

Imo. Go, bid my woman presently provide
A riding suit ; no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, pray consider.

Imo. Do as I bid thee : There's no more to sày ;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*

Wales.

A mountainous Country with a Cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Belarius.

A GOODLY day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours ! Stoop, boys : This gate
Instructs you how t' adore the heavens ; and bòws you
To morning's holy office. Hail, fair heaven !
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven !

Arv. Hail, heaven !

Bel. Now, for our mountain sport : Up to yond' hill,
Your legs are young ; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is plàce which lessens, and sets off :

And often to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. No life to ours.
Gui. Out of your proof you speak. This life ìs best,
If qùiet life is best ; to ùs, it is
A cell of ignorance ; travelling abéd ;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.
Arv. What should we speak of,
When we are old as you? We have seen nòthing ;
Yet sing our bondage freely.
Bel. How you speak !
Did you but know the city's usuries,
A toil that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame, and honour. Boys, this story
The world may read in mè : My body's mark'd
With Roman swords ; and my report was once
First with the best of note : Cymbeline lov'd me ;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off. Then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit : but in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.
Gui. Uncertain favour !
Bel. My fault being nothing (as I told you oft),
But that two villains swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans : so,
Follow'd my banishment ; and, twenty years,
This rock has been my world.—But, to the mountains !
This is not hunters' language :—He, that strikes
The ven'son first, shall be the lord o' th' feast.
I'll meet you in the válleys. [*Exeunt Gui. and Arv.*
How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature !

These boys know little they are sons to th' king;
They think that they are mine: but nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it. Hark!
The game is rous'd! [*Exit.*

Near Milford Haven.

Enter PISANIO *and* IMOGEN.

Imogen.

THOU told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand:—Pisanio! what's the matter?
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind?
Why tender'st thou that paper? Speak; thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read:
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [*Reads.*] *Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford Haven; she hath my letter for the purpose; Where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.* [*She faints.*

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper

Hath cut her throat already. What cheer, madam?
Imo. False to his bed! What! is it to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To wèep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that false to 's bed!
Is it?
Pis. Alas, good lady! Madam, hear me.
Imo. Come, do thy master's bidding: when thou seest him,
A little witness my obèdience: Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart.
Fear not: 'tis empty of all things, but grief:
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it: do his bidding, strike!
But now thou seem'st a coward.
Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.
Imo. Why, I must die;
Soft, soft! we'll no defence; come. What is here?
[*Opening her breast.*
The scriptures of the Loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith!
[*Pulling letters from her bosom.*
Prithee, despatch:
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.
Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd commànd to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.
Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eyeballs blind first.
Imo. Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast gone so far,
To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand;
The elected deer before thee?
Pis. To win time:
Hear me with patience.
Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard, I am a strumpet: and mine ear,
Can take no greater wound nor tent,
To bottom that.
Pis. Then Madam, it cannot be,
But that my master is abus'd: some villain
Hath done you both this cursed injury.
I'll give but notice you are dèad, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so.
Imo. What shall I do the while?
Dead to my husband?
Pis. If you'll back to the court,—
Imo. No court, no father.
Pis. Well then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience.
Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A màn already.
Pis. Make yourself but lìke one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit
('Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them.
Imo. Haste away, I pr'ythee.
Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell:
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of

Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen;
What's in't is precious; if you 're sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood :—May the gods
Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen: I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*

A Room in Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, *and* Lords.

Cym.

THUS far; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.—So, sir, I desire
A conduct over land, to Milford Haven.

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit:—
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Sir, the evènt
Is yet to name the winner; Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Lucius and Lords.*

Queen. He goes hence frówning: but it honours us,
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better.

Cym. Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman. Where is she, and how
Can her contempt be answer'd?
Clo. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lòck'd; and there's no answer
That will be giv'n to th' loudest noise we make.
Cym. Her doors lock'd, and not seen of late? Grant heavens,
That which I fear prove false! [*Exit.*
Clo. 'Tis true, she's flèd.
I love, and hate her; for she's fair and royal;
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than any lady; she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all: I love her thérefore; But,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthùmus, slanders so her judgement,
I will conclude to háte her, nay, indeed,
To be revèng'd upon her.

Enter PISANIO.

Who is here?
Come hither: Ah, you precious pander! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends!
Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!
Clo. All-worthy villain!
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.
Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a Letter.*
Clo. Let's see't:—It is Posthumus' hand; I know it.—Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do

me true service; that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee do, thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. Fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford Haven:—Even there, thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill thee.—She said that she held the very gàrment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person. With that suit upon my back, will I kill him, and in her eyes. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, to the court I 'll kick her back. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge. [*Exit.*

Before the Cave of Belarius.

Enter IMOGEN *in Boy's Clothes.*

Imogen.

I SEE, a man's life is a tedious one:
I 've 'tir'd myself, and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sìck,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,

When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a kèn: O Jove! I think
Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd.—But what is this?
Here is a path to't: 'Tis some savage hold:
'Twere best not call; I dàre not call; yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Ho! who's here?—Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fèar the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Grant such a foe, good heavens!
[*She goes into the Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman, and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,
Will play the cook and servant. Peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself! ay; come not in:
[*Looking in.*
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd: Good troth,
I have stol'n nought; nor would not, though I had found
Gòld strew'd i' the floor. Here's money for my meat:

I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted
With prayers for the provider.
Gui. Money, youth?
Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
For 'tis no better here.
Imo. I see, you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died, had I not made it.
Bel. Whither bound?
Imo. To Milford Haven.
Bel. Say—what is your name?
Imo. Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embarks at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fall'n in this offence.
Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome: love him as a brother.
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.
Imo. 'Mongst friends!
If brothers?—Would, it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! [*Aside.*
Bel. Fair youth, come in.
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt:
Discourse is heavy, fasting.
Gui. Pray draw near.
Arv. The night to the owl, and morning to the lark, less welcome. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

The Forest, near the Cave.

Enter CLOTEN.

Cloten.

I AM near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments serve me! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, *and* IMOGEN.

Belarius.

YOU are not well: remain here in the cave:
We'll come t' you after hunting.
Arv. Brother, stay here:
Are we nòt brothers? [*To Imogen.*
Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.
Gui. Go you to hunting. I'll abide with him.
Imo. So please you leave me: I'm not vèry sick,
Since I can reason of't. Pray, trust me here:
[*They retire.*

These are kind creatures. [*Aside.*] I'm heart-sick.
Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drùg. [*Drinks from the Vial.*
Bel. To the field, to the field:—
We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.
Arv. We'll not be long away.
Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.
Imo. Well, or ill,
I am much bound to you.
Bel. And shalt be ever.
[*Exit Imogen.*
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears hath had
Good ancestors.
Arv. How angel-like he sìngs!
Bel. It is great morning. Come; away!—Who's
there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me: I am faint.
Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not ùs? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
Gui. He is but one: You and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.
[*Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.*
Clo. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker and a villain: Yield thee, thief!
Gui. To whom? to thee? What art thou? have
not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy wòrds, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my moùth. Say, what art thou;
That I should yield to thee?
Clo. Injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
Gui. What's thy name?
Clo. Cloten, thou villain.
Gui. Cloten, thou dòuble villain, bè thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were't toad, adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.
Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.
Gui. I'm sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.
Clo. Art not afeàrd;
Gui. Those that I reverence, I fear; the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.
Clo. Die the death!
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads.
Yield, rustick mountaineer! [*Exeunt fighting.*

Enter BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Long is it since I saw him; but the voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute,
'Twas very Cloten.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none.

Bel. What hast thou done?
Gui. Cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!) they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.
Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.
Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: now let it to the sea,
To tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reck. [*Exit.*
Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:
'Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.
Arv. Would I had done it.
Bel. We'll hunt no more to-day. Now, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where is my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return. [*Solemn Musick.*
Bel. My ingenious instrument!

Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion! Hark!

Gui. What does he mean? since death of my dear mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents.

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, *bearing* IMOGEN, *as dead, in his Arms.*

Bel. Look here!—He comes.

Arv. Cadwal, the bird is dead,
That we have made so much on.

Gui. Fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself. Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what màn thou might'st have made: but ah,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—
Tell me, how found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Why, he but sleèps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bèd;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come near.

Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, which not to slander it,

Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,
With charitable bill, bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Pr'ythee, have done; and let us bury him
By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be it so:
And let us, Polydore, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note, and words,
Save that *Euriphile* must be *Fidele.*

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing; I'll weep, and word it with thee:
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are false.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, med'cine the less; Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys:
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[*Exit Belarius.*

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to th' east;
My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So,—begin.

SONG.

Gui. *Fear no more the heat o' the sun,*
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.

Arv. *Fear no more the frown o' the great,*
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak.

Gui. *Fear no more the lightning-flash,*
Arv. *Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;*
Gui. *Fear not slander, censure rash;*
Arv. *Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.*

Gui. *No exorciser harm thee!*
Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*
Gui. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee!*
Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee!*

Both. *Quiet consummation have;*
Unremovēd be thy grave.

Re-enter BELARIUS, *with the Body of* CLOTEN.

Gui. We've done our obsequies: Come lay him down.
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
The ground, that gave them first, has them again;
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.
[*Exeunt.*

Imo. [*Awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford Haven; Which is the way?—
I thank you.—By yond' bush?—Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pittikins!—can it be six mile yet?
I have gone all night:—'faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddesses!
[*Seeing the body.*

A headless man !—The garments of Posthùmus !
How should this be ? Pisanio ! He, and Cloten.
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's : O !—
My lord ! my lord ! [*She falls on the body.*

Enter LUCIUS *and a* Captain.

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
Have cross'd the sea.
Luc. But when expect you them ?
Cap. With the next benefit of wind.
Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair.—Soft, ho ! what trunk is here
Without his top ? Let's see the face : a page !—
Or dead, or sleeping ?
Cap. He's alive, my lord.
Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes : Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow ? Who was he ?
What art thòu ?
Imo. I am nothing : or if not,
Nothing to bè were better. This was my master,
That here by mountaineers lies slain.
Luc. Thy name ?
Imo. Fidele, sir.
Luc. Thy faith well fits thy name ;
Thou dost approve thyself the very same.
Wilt take thy chance with me ? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd ; but, be sure,
No less belov'd.
Imo. But first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pick-axes can dig : and when

With wild wood-leaves and weeds I've strew'd his grave,
I'll follow, sir, so please you entertain me.
Luc. I will, good youth: Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

A Field between the British *and* Roman *Camps.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, *with a bloody Handkerchief, disguised as a* British Peasant.

Posthumus.

YEA, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
Gods! had you taken vengeance on my faults,
I had not lived for this; and to be brought
Among the Italian gentry, now to fight
Against my lady's kingdom! 'Tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
I'll give no wound to thee: but so I'll fight
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll die

For thee, O Imogen! for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death. [*Exit.*

Enter Romans *and* Britons *fighting.* POSTHUMUS *engages* IACHIMO, *and conquers him; then, joining* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS, *rescues* CYMBELINE, *who had been taken prisoner by the* Romans; *and the Scene changes to*

Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, *and* Lords.

Cymbeline.

STAND by my side, you whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Wo is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Cannot be found: so, to my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brains of Britain,
[*To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arv.*
By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are:—report it.
Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born,—and gentle.
Cym. Bow your knees:
Arise, my Knights o' the battle: I create you
Compànions of our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *and other* Roman *Prisoners;* POSTHUMUS *behind, and* IMOGEN.

Thou com'st not, Lucius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a man; whose kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with ùs,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. This one thing only
I will entreat; My boy, a Briton born,
Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him, sir,
Let him be ransom'd.

Cym. I have surely seen him:
His favour is familiar to me.—
Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own.—Ne'er thank thy master: live;
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,
Wilt have hìm live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. Walk with me.
[*Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.*
Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?
Arv. One sand
Another doth not more resemble, than
He the sweet rosy lad who died, and was
Fidele named.
[*Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.*
Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, step you forth;
[*To Iachimo.*
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely.
Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had that ring.
Post. [*Aside.*] What's that to him?
Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?
Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd
To utter what torments me to conceal.
By villainy I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus',
Whom thou didst banish: nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground.—That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.
Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength.
Iach. Upon a time (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome (accurs'd
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O 'would
Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,
Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Posthùmus:

Cym. Come to the matter.
Iach. All too soon I shall.
Your daughter's chastity.—I wag'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of 's bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident,
Than I did trùly find her, stakes this ring.
But, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
And think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
Methinks, I see him now,——
Post. [*Coming forward.*] Ay, so thou dost,
Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all th' abhorred things o' the earth amend,
By being wòrse than they. I am Posthùmus,
That kill'd thy daughter:—Villain like, I lie!
That caus'd a lèsser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief; to do't.—The temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself!
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd Posthùmus Leonàtus; and
Be villainy less than 'twas! O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—
Post. Thou scornful page, away!
There lie thy part. [*Striking her.*
Pis. O, gentlemen, help, help!
Mine, and your mistress:—O, my lord Posthùmus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now: help, help!
Mine honour'd lady!
Cym. Does the world go round?
Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*
Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!
Cym. How now! my flesh, my child!
Wilt thou not speak to me?
Imo. Your blessing, sir.
[*Kneeling.*
Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame you not;
You had a motive for't.
Cym. My tears that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.—O, she was naught: her Son
Is gone; we know not how, nor where.
Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discover'd not which way she went,
It was my instant death: By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him

To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose.
Gui. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.
Cym. Marry, the gods forefend!
Deny 't again.
Gui. I've spoke it, and I did't.
Cym. He was a prince.
Gui. A most uncivil one:
The wrongs he did would make me spurn the sea,
Could it so roar to me: I cut off's head;
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.
Cym. I 'm sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: Thou 'rt dead. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.
Bel. Stay, sir king:
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thysèlf; and hath
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone;
They were not born for bondage. [*To the Guard.*
Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tempting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as wè?
Bel. I am too blunt and saucy: Here's my knee;
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are nòne of mine;
They are the issue of yòur loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue?
Bel. So sure as you your father's:—and these princes
(For such and so they are) these twenty years
Have I train'd up. Such arts they have, as I
Could put into them. But, my gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.
Cym. Bless'd may you be,
That after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
Thou 'st lost by this a kingdom.
Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by it.—My gentle brothers!
Have we thus met? O never say hereafter,
But I did trùly speak: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.
Cym. Let's quit this ground.
The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought;—
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.
Post. That I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
Have made your finish.
Iach. I am down again: [*Kneeling.*
But now my heavy cònscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but, your ring first;

And here the bràcelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me;
The power that I have on you, is to spàre you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you.—Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
Pardon's the word to all. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars! Never war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

HAMLET,

PRINCE OF DENMARK.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CLAUDIUS, King *of* Denmark.
HAMLET, *Nephew to the* King.
POLONIUS, *Lord Chamberlain.*
HORATIO, *Friend to* Hamlet.
LAERTES, *Son to* Polonius.
ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, } *Courtiers.*
MARCELLUS, BERNARDO, } *Officers.*
FRANCISCO, *a Soldier.*
Ghost *of* Hamlet's Father.

GERTRUDE, Queen *of* Denmark, *and Mother to* Hamlet.
OPHELIA, *Daughter to* Polonius.

Players, Grave-diggers, Messengers, *and other* Attendants.

SCENE—Elsinore.



HAMLET,

PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT I.

Elsinore.

A Room of State in the Castle.

Enter the King, Queen, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, Lords, *and* Attendants.

King.

THOUGH yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green:
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along:—For all, our thanks.
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,——

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
Ham. Not so, my lord, I am too much i' the sun.
Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friènd on Denmark.
Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st, 'tis common; all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?
Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it ìs; I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: These, indeed, seèm,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within which passeth show;
These, but the trappings and the suits of wo.
King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But you must know your father lost a father;
That father his; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious sorrow. But to perséver
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness; unmanly grief;
A fault to heav'n. We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing wo; and think of us
As of a fàther: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;

Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.
Queen. Let not thy mòther lose her prayers, Hamlet;
I pray thee, stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.
Ham. I shall in all my best obey yòu, madam.
King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply:
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
Respeaking earthly thunder.—Madam, come.
[*Flourish. Exeunt King, Queen, Lords, &c.*
Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fye on't! O fye! 'tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: Yet, within a month!—
Let me not think on't;—Frailty, thy nàme is woman!—
A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,

Like Niobe, all tears;—married mine uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my fàther,
Than I to Hercules: Within a month!
It is not, nor it cannot còme tò, good;
But break, my heart: for I must hold my tongue!

Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, *and* MARCELLUS.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!
Ham. I'm glad to see you well;
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.
Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.
Ham. Sir, my good frièend; I'll change thàt name with you.
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.
Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so:
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know you are no truant.
But what ìs your affair in Elsinore?
Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.
Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow student;
I think, it was to see my mother's wèdding.
Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
'Would, I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Ere ever I had seen that day, Horatio!
My father,—Methinks, I see my father.
Hor. O, where,

My lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a màn, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father!

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attentive ear; till I deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love let me hear!

Hor. Two nights together, had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Armed at all points, exactly, cap-à-pé,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them: thrìce he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them, the third night kept the watch;
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes.

Ham. But where was this?

Hor. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did yòu not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did:
But answer made it none: yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak;
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.
Ham. 'Tis very strange.
Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true.
Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?
All. We do, my lord.
Ham. Arm'd, say you?
All. Arm'd, my lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
All. My lord, from head to foot.
Ham. Then saw you not his face?
Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.
Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?
Hor. A count'nance more
In sorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?
Hor. Most constantly.
Ham. I would I had been there.
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Stay'd it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.
Mar. Ber. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I saw it.
Ham. His beard was grizzl'd? no?
Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,

A sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night;
Perchance, 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant you.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue.
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your lòves, as mine to you: Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

My father's spirit in àrms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: 'would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul: Foul deeds will rìse,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

[*Exit.*

A Room in Polonius' *House.*

Enter POLONIUS *to* LAERTES.

Polonius.

SET here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for: There, my blessing with you;
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou charácter. Give thy thoughts no tongue,

Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,
Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thèe.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgement.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not exprèss'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous; chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—To thine ownself be trùe;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be fálse to any man.
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you; go, your servants tend.

The Platform.

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, *and* MARCELLUS.

Hamlet.

THE air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. I heard it not; it then draws near the season,
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.
[*A flourish of trumpets within.*
What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettledrum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't:
But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner bòrn,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the brèach, than the observance.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a quèstionable shape,
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O! answer me:
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
Why thy bones, hears'd in canonized earth,
Have burst their cerements! why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in cómplete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,

Making night hideous? What should we dò?

[*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alòne.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my lìfe at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.

Hor. What, if it tempt you tow'rd the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
And there assume some other hòrrible form,
And draw you into madness? think of it.

Ham. It waves me still:—Go on, I'll follow thee.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall nòt gò.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Némean lion's nerve.—

[*Ghost beckons.*

Still am I call'd;—unhand me, gentlemen;—

[*Breaking from them.*

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lèts me:—
I say, away!—Go on, I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*

A more remote Part of the Platform.

Re-enter Ghost *and* HAMLET.

Hamlet.

WHERE wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O list!—

If thou didst ever thy dear father love,——
Ham. O heaven!
Ghost. Revènge his foul and most unnatural murder.
Ham. Murder!
Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this mòst foul, strange, and unnatural.
Ham. Haste me to know't; that I, with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.
Ghost. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out, that sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forgëd process of my death
Rankly abus'd: for know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his cròwn.
Ham. O, my prophetick soul,
Mine uncle!
Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With traitorous gifts won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seèming-virtùous queen:
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand e'en with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose nàtural gifts were poor
To mine! But soft! I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be:—Sleeping within mine orchard,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment:—Thus was I,

Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd;
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, unanointed, unanel'd;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mòther aught; leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glowworm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me. [*Exit.*

Ham. O all you host of heav'n! O hold, my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all forms, all pressures past,
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven.

Hor. [*Within.*] My lord! my lord!

Mar. [*Within.*] Lord Hamlet!

Hor. [*Within.*] Heaven secure him!

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord!

Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. O wonderful!

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No;
You will revèal it.
Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.
Mar. Nor I.
Ham. How say you then; would heart of man once think it?
But you'll be secret,——
Hor. Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.
Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Denmark,
But he's an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave,
To tell us this.
Ham. Why, right; you're in the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part:
You, as your business, and desire shall point you;—
For every man hàth business, and desire,
Such as it is,—and, for my own poor part,
I will go pray.
Hor. These are but wild and hurling words, my lord.
Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily.
Hor. There's nò offènce, my lord.
Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,—
It is an hònest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you àre friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.
Hor. What is't, my lord?
Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Hor. Mar. My lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay, but swèar it.
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.
But, as before, never, so help you mercy!
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
That you, at such times seeing me, ne'er shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, "Well, we know;"—or, "We could, an if we would;" or, "If we list to speak;"—or, "There be, an if they might;"—
Or such ambiguous giving out, denote
That you know aught of me:—This not to do;
So grace and mercy at your most need help you!
Swear.
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! Gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, t'express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in:
The time is out of joint;—O cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set it right!
Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and* Attendants.

King.

WELCOME, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern!
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; I entreat you,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures.

Guil. We obey.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.
Go, bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

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

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Now I do think (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

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

Pol. I will be brief: Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it: for, to define true madness,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad:
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true: and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect;

Or, rather say, the cause of this dèfect;
I have a daughter; hàve, while she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience,—mark,
Hath given me this: Now gather and surmise.
—"*To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia.*"——
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; *beautified* is a vile phrase;

"*In her excellent white bosom, these.*"

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

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

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

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; but that I love thee best; O most best, believe it. Adieu.
Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, HAMLET."

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me:
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak;
"Lord Hamlet is a prìnce,—out of thy sphere;
This must not be:" and then I precepts gave her,
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he, repulsèd (a short tale to make),
Fell into sadness; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we wail for.

King. Do yòu think, 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time (I fain would know),

That I have positively said, "'Tis so,"
When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise.
[*Pointing to his Head and Shoulder.*

King. How may we try it further?

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

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereòn,
Let me be no assistant for a state.

Enter HAMLET, *reading.*

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

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

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

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

Pol. Honest, my lord?

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

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

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

Pol. I have, my lord.

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

Pol. [*Aside.*] Still harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he said, I was a fishmonger.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words!

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between whom?

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

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

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method in't. [*Aside.*] Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

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

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek Lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. God save you, sir! [*Exit Polonius.*

Guil. My honour'd lord!—

Ros. My most dear lord!—

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

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

Ham. Then is doomsday near: But your news is not true. In the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

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

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you.—Were you not sènt for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Any thing, but to the purpose. You wère sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks. I knòw, the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That yòu must teach mè. But let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love; be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Guil. My lord, we wère sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises: and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a

steril promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire; why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a gòd! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what ìs this quintessence of dust? man delights not me, no, nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

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

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

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

Ham. What players are they?

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

Ham. How chances it, they tràvel? Do they hold the same estimation they did? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

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

[*Flourish of Trumpets within.*] Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. You are welcome: but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north west; when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hernshaw.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

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

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy or comedy. —Seneca cannot be two heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty,—these are the only men.

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

Pol. What treasure had he, my lord?

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

Pol. Still on my daughter. [*Aside.*

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

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

Enter the Players.

Ham. You are welcome, masters; welcome, all. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: We'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

1 *Play.* What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but

it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once: for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was an excellent play: well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line;

"The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,"

—'tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

"The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble,
Old grandsire Priam seeks."

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

1 *Play.* "Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command.
But who, O woe! had seen the mō-bled queen?

Ham. The mŏb-led queen.

Pol. That's good; mŏbled is good.

1 *Play.* Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames!
With blinding rheum; a clout upon that head,
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
A blanket, in th' alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst fortune's state would treàson have pronounc'd.

Pol. Look, if he has not turn'd his colour, and has teàrs in's eyes.—'Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used for they are the abstract, and brief chronicles, of the time: After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

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

Ham. Much bètter, sir. Use every man after his desèrt, and who should 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

[*Exit Polonius, with some of the Players.*

Ham. Old friend; can you play "The murder of Gonzago?"

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

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

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord; and, look you, mòck him not. [*Exeunt.*

Ham. Now I am alone.

O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not mònstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a drèam of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her working, all his visage warm'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspéct,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With fòrms to his conceit? And all for Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a cowàrd?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Yet, I should take it: for it cannot be
But I am pigèon-lìver'd, and lack gàll
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
Why, what an ass am I? This is most brâve;
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must fall a cursing like a very drab,
A scullion! Fye upon't—About my brain—
I've heard that guilty creatures, at a play,
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclàim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will spèak
With most miraculous organ.—I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle; I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blènch,
I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,

May be a dèvil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy
(As he is very potent with such spirits),
Abuses me to dàmn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this: The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King.

AND can you, by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confusion?

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

Queen. Did you assay him unto any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain plàyers
We o'ertook on the way: of these we told him;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true.
I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.
[*Exeunt all but Ophelia.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—To die,—to sleep,—
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to drèam;—ay there's the rub:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's còntumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quiètus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,—
That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bèar those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!
The fair Ophelia!—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

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

Ham. I humbly thank you; well.

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

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

Oph. My honour'd lord, I know right well, you did:
And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich: Take these again;
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

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

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

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness.—I did love you once.

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

Ham. You should nòt have believed me. I lov'd you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery; Why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do, crawling between earth and heaven! We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us: Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

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

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.—Get thee to a nunnery: Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fòol; for wise men know well enough, what mònsters you make of them.

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and make your wantonness your ignorance; Go to; I'll no more of it: it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all bùt òne, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit Hamlet.*

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers! quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his musick vows,
Now see that noble and most sov'reign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy. O, woe is me!
To have seen what I hàve seen, see what I see!

A Hall in the same.

Enter HAMLET, *and certain* Players.

Hamlet.

SPEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mòuth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much; your hand thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tàtters, to very ràgs, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod! 'Pray you, avoid it. Be not too tàme neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is fròm the purpose of playing; whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laùgh, cannot but make the judicious griève; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O! there be players, that

I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christian, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 *Play.* I hope, we have reform'd that indifferently with us, Sir.

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

Ham. Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord,——

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter.
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish; her election
Hath seal'd thèe for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those,
Whose blood and judgement are so well co-mingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger

To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
Which I have told thee of my father's death.
I pr'ythee, when thou seest that act afoot,
Even with the very comment of thy soùl
Observe mine uncle. Give him heedful note:
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, aftèr, we will both our judgements join
In censure of his seeming.
They are coming. Get you a place.

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

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish: I eat the air, promise-cramm'd; You cannot feed capons so.—My lord, you play'd once i' the university, you say? [*To Polonius.*

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was kill'd i' the Capitol; Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord.

Trumpets sound. The Dumb Show follows.

Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly. He lays

him down upon a bank of flowers: She, seeing him asleep, leaves him.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this means—mischief.

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

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

King. What do you càll the play?

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

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

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

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago: You shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

King. Give me some light:—away!

Pol. Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.*

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play:

For some must watch, while some must sleep;
Thus runs the world away.—O good Horatio,
I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound:
Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,——

Hor. I did very well note him.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,——

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distemper'd.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with chòler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more rich, to signify this to the dòctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into far mòre choler.

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

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good, my lord, this coùrtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer: my wit's diseased: therefore no more, but to the matter; My mother, you say,——

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

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother.

Enter the Players, *with Recorders.*

O! the recorders. Will you play upon this pipe?

Ros. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Ros. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech yòu.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventiges with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent musick. Look, these are the stops.

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

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

Enter POLONIUS.

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

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

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

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.
Pol. It is bàck'd like a weasel.
Ham. Or, like a whale?
Pol. Vèry—very like a whàle.
Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by.—I will come by and by.
Pol. I will say so. [*Exit Polonius.*
Ham. By and by is eàsily said.—Leave me, friends. [*Exeunt Ros. Guil. Hor., &c.*
Soft! now to my mother,—
O, heart! lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will spèak daggers to her, but use none. [*Exit.*

A Room in the same.

Enter King *and* POLONIUS.

Polonius.

MY lord, he's going to his mother's closet.
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process: wisely was it said,
'Tis meet, that some more audience, than a mother,
Should have a 'vantage. Fare you well, my liege;
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.
King. Thanks, dear my lord.
[*Exit Polonius.*
O! my offence is ràank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder!—Pray, alas! I cannot,

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

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it, pàt, now he is praying;
And now I'll do it; am I then revèng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent!
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't:
Then trip him, in his sin.—My mother stays:
This physick but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*

The King *rises and advances.*

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

Another Room.

Enter Queen *and* POLONIUS.

Polonius.

HE will come straight. I'll sconce me even here.
'Pray you, be round with him.

Queen. I'll warrant you;
Fear me not: you withdraw, I hear him coming.
[*Polonius hides himself.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother; what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, yòu have mỳ fàther much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. By the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And,—'would it were not so!—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;
You go not, till I set you up a glass,
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
Help, help, ho!

Pol. [*Behind.*] What, ho! help! help! help!

Ham. How now! a rat? [*Draws.*] Dead, for a ducat, dead.

[*Hamlet makes a pass through the Arras.*

Pol. O! I am slain. [*He dies.*

Queen. O me! what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not:—Is it the king?

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed; almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king!

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

[*To Polonius.*

I took thee for thy betters; take thy fortune.

Leave wringing of your hands: Peace; sit you down,
And let me wring your heàrt: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff.
Queen. What have I done, that thou dàr'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?
Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O! such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words.
Queen. Ah me! what act,
Ham. Look here upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station, like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every gòd did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man:
This wàs your husband.—Look you now, what follows:
Here ìs your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! hàve you eyes?
You cannot call it, love: for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,

And waits upon the judgement; And what judgement
Would step from this to this? Rebellious heat,
If thou canst mutiny in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire.
Queen. O, speak no more:
These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears:
No more, sweet Hamlet.
Ham. A murderer, and a villain;
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precèdent lord:—a vice of kings:
That from a shelf the precious diadem stòle,
And put it in his pocket!
Queen. O—no more.
Ham. A king of shreds and patches:—

Enter Ghost.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?
Ghost. Do not forget: This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul;
Speak to her, Hamlet.
Ham. How is it with you, lady?
Queen. Alas, how is't with yòu?
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
O gentle Hamlet, whereon do you look?
Ham. On him! on him!—Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stònes,
Would make them capable.

Queen. To whom d' you speak?
Ham. Do you see nothing—thère?
Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is, I see.
Ham. Nor did you nothing hèar?
Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.
Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it stalks away!
My father, in his habit as he liv'd!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!
[*Exit Ghost.*
Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is cunning in.
Ham. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That 'tis my madness speaks. Confess to heav'n;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come.
Queen. O, Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.
Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to mine uncle's bed:
Assùme a virtue, if you hàve it not:
And when you are desirous to bè bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,
[*Pointing to Polonius.*
I do repent me.
So, again, good night!—
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—
[*Exeunt severally; Hamlet dragging in Polonius.*

ACT IV.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter King, *attended.*

King.

HOW dang'rous is it, that this man goes loose!
This sudden sending him away must sèem
Deliberate pause.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

How now? what hath befall'n?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is hè?
Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politick wòrms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else, to fat ùs; and we fat ourselves for màggots.

King. Where is Polonius?

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

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

Ham. He will stay till ye come.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—

Must send thee hence: therefore prepare thyself:
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
For England.

Ham. England? good. Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving fàther, Hamlet.

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

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with spèed aboard;

Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night;
Away; for every thing is seal'd and done
That leans on the affair: 'Pray you, make haste.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

Another Room.

Enter Queen *and* HORATIO.

Queen.

I WILL not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate; indeed, distràct;

Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. Let her come in.

Enter OPHELIA.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

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

'Pray you, mark.

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

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,——

Enter King.

Oph. *White his shroud as the mountain snow.*
Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God'ield you! Lord! we know what we are, but know not what we may be. 'Pray, let us have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

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

King. How long hath she been thus?

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

[*Exit.*

King. Follow her close! give her good watch,
I pray you. [*Exit Horatio.*
This is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death: O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions! First, her father slain;
The good Polonius dead; and poor Ophelia
Divided from herself, and her fair judgement!
O my dear Gertrude; this, in many places,
Gives me superfluous death! [*A noise within.*
Queen. What noise is this?

Enter a Messenger.

King. Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door:
What is the matter?
Mes. Save yourself, my lord;
The young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your guards! The rabble call him king;
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!

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

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.
O thou vile king, where is my father?
King. Dead.
Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Most throughly for my father.
King. Good Laertes,
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,

It shall as level to your judgement pierce
As day does to your eye.

Enter another Messenger.

How now? what news?

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

King. From Hamlet!
Laertes, you shall hear them: leave us all.

[*Exit Messenger.*

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

What should this mean! Are all the rest come back?

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

King. If it be so, Laertes,
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, so you'll not o'errule me to a pèace.

King. To thine òwn peace. If he be now return'd,—
As liking not his voyage, and he means
No more to undertake it.—Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
Who gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your ràpier most especially,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could màtch you: Hamlet now come back,

We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you so together,
And wàger o'er your heads: He, being remiss,
Most generous and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't:
I bought a poison of a mountebank,
So mortal, nought can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
With this contagion; that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this:
And if he call for drink, I'll have prepar'd
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold good?

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet queen?

Queen. One wo doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they come:—Your sister's dròwn'd, Laertes.
There is a willow grows aslant the brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream:
There with fantastick garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
And on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:

Which time, she chaunted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her distress,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas! then, is she drown'd?
Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia!
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [*Exit.*

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

ACT V.

A Church Yard.

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

1 *Clown.*

IS she to be buried in christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clo.* I tell thee, she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it christian burial.

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

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

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

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

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

2 *Clo.* But is this law?

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

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

1 *Clo.* And the more pity, that great folks should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves more than their even-christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers. I'll put another question to thee. What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

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

1 *Clo.* I like thy wit well; the gallows dòes well: But hòw does it well? it does well to those that do ìll: now thòu dost ill, to say, the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thèe. To't again: come.

2 *Clo.* Mass, I cannot tell.

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

1 *Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating: and when you are ask'd this question next, say, a grave-maker; the houses that he makes, last till doomsday. Go, fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[*Exit Clown.*

1 Clown *digs, and sings.*

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought, it was very sweet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business? a' sings in grave-making.

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

Ham. 'Tis e'en so.

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

[*Throws up a skull.*

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once. This might be the pate of a politician, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so, chapless, and knock'd about the mazzard with a sexton's spade.

1 *Clo.* *A pickaxe and a spade, a spade,* [*Sings.*
Eke and a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up a skull.*

Ham. There's another: Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? I will speak to this fellow.—Whose grave's this, sirrah?

1 *Clo.* Mine, sir.

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

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

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

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

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

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1 *Clo.* For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman then?

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

Ham. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 *Clo.* Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that very day that young Hamlet was born: he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, whỳ was he sent into England?

1 *Clo.* Why, becàuse he was mad. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are all as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

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

Ham. Upon what ground?

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

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

1 *Clo.* 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

1 *Clo.* Why, sir, his hide is so tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while. Here's a skull now hath lain you i' the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

1 *Clo.* A mad fellow's it was; Whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1 *Clo.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue: a' pour'd a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

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

Enter Priests *in Procession;* LAERTES *and Mourners following;* King, Queen, *&c.*

But soft! but soft! aside;—Here comes the king,
The queen, the courtiers: Who is this they follow?
[*Retiring with Horatio.*
Laer. What ceremony else?
Ham. That is Laertes,
A very noble youth.
Laer. What ceremony else?
1 *Priest.* Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty: Her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground ùnsanctified have lodg'd
Till the last trumpet.
Laer. Must no more be done?
1 *Priest.* We should profane the service of the dead
To sing a *requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.
Laer. Lay her i' the earth;—
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest,
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest hòwling.
Ham. What! the fair Ophelia?
Queen. Sweets to the sweet: Farewell!
[*Scattering Flowers.*
Laer. O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of! Hold!
Ham. [*Advancing*]. What is he, whose grief

Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaps into the Grave.*
Laer. The devil take thy soul!
[*Grappling with him.*
Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenetive and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear: Hold off thy hand.
King. Pluck them asunder.
Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.
[*The Attendants part them.*
Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.
I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?
Wou't weep? wou't fight? wou't fast? wou't tear thyself?
I'll do't.—Dost thou come hither but to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
I'll rant as well as thou.
Queen. This is mere madness:
Anon he will be patient.
Ham. Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever: But it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.
[*Exeunt.*

A Hall in the Castle.

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO.

Hamlet.

THERE'S a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will: but I am sorry,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his.

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; but good Horatio, thou wouldst not think, how ill all's here about my heart: it is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as might, perhaps, trouble a wòman.

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

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury. There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now. Let be.

Enter King, Queen, LAERTES, Lords, *and* Attendants, *with Foils, &c.*

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

[*The King puts Laertes' hand into that of Hamlet.*

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you wrong;
But pardon it, as you 're a gentleman.
Let my disclaiming from a pùrpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.
Ham. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
Give us the foils; come on.
Laer. Come; one for me.
Ham. I'll bè your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.
King. Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin;—
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.
Ham. Come on, sir.
Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*
Ham. One.
Laer. No.
Ham. Judgement.
Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.
Laer. Well,—again.
King. Stay, give me drink: Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.
[*Trumpets sound; and Cannon shot off within.*
Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by awhile.
Come.—Another hit; What say you? [*They play.*
Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.
King. Our son shall win.
Queen. The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.
Ham. Good madam,——
King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I hàve, my lord ;—I pray you, pardon me.
King. It is the poison'd cup ! it is too late.
[*Aside.*
Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: You but dally;
I am afeard, you make a wanton of me.
Laer. Say you so? come on. [*They play.*
Have at you now.
[*Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change Rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*
King. Part them, they are incens'd.
Ham. Nay, come again. [*The Queen falls.*
Osr. Look to the queen there, ho !
Hor. They bleed on both sides.
Osr. How is it, Laertes ?
Laer. Why, as a woodcock caught in my own springe,
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Ham. How does the queen ?
King. She swoons to see them bleed.
Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet !
The drink, the drink ;—I am poison'd ! [*Dies.*
Ham. O villainy !—Ho ! let the door be locked :
Treachery ! seek it out. [*Laertes falls.*
Laer. It is here, Hamlet : Hamlet, thou art slain ;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated, and envenom'd : the foul practice,
Hath turn'd itself on me : lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again. Thy mother's poison'd ;
I can no more ; the king, the king's to blame.
Ham. The point envenom'd too !—
Then, venom to thy work. [*Stabs the King.*
Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion. [*King dies.*

Laer. He is justly serv'd;
It is a poison temper'd by himself.—
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it!
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes, or audience to this act,
Had I but time:—Horatio, I am dead:
Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it;
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,
Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man,
Give mè the cup; let go; by heaven, I'll have't.—
O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.—O! I die, Horatio:
[*March afar off and shout within.*
The potent poison quite o'ercrows my spirit.—
The rest is silence. [*Dies.*

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart;—Good night, sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
[*Exeunt omnes.*

AS YOU LIKE IT.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke.
FREDERICK, *his Brother, and Usurper of his* Dukedom.
AMIENS, } *Lords attending upon* the Duke *in his banishment.*
JAQUES, }
LE BEAU, *a Courtier attending upon* Frederick.
CHARLES, *his Wrestler.*
OLIVER, }
JAQUES, } *Sons of* Sir Rowland de Bois.
ORLANDO, }
ADAM, *Servant to* Oliver.
TOUCHSTONE, *a Clown.*
CORIN, *a Shepherd.*
WILLIAM, *in love with* Audrey.

ROSALIND, *Daughter to the banished* Duke.
CELIA, *Daughter to Frederick.*
AUDREY, *a country Wench.*

Lords belonging to the two Dukes; Pages, Foresters, *and other* Attendants.

The SCENE *lies, first, near* Oliver's *House; afterwards, partly in the* Usurper's *Court, and partly in the Forest of* Arden.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I.

An Orchard, near Oliver's *House.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Orlando.

AS I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion my father bequeathed me by will but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stìes me here at home ùnkept: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the plàce of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and I will no longer endùre it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Now, sir! whàt make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to màke any thing.

Oli. What màr you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal's portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you befòre whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than he I am before knows me. I know, you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, you, coming before me, are nearer to his revenue.

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, yòu are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain.

Orl. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois; Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till the other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shàll hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentle-

man, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament: with that I will go bùy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? bèg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: you shall have some pàrt of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me, for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? God be with my old master! hè would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physick your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Hola, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good monsieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court!

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news; that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke.

Oli. What, you wrèstle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I am given to under-

stand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my crèdit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well: therefore I came hither to acquaint you withal; that you might stay him from his intendment.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles,—he is a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion: I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger: for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came to you: If hè come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: And so, God keep your worship! [*Exit.*

Oli. Farewell, good Charles. This wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

A Lawn before the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Celia.

I PRAY thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were

mèrrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oàth, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes, or that mustard.

Flourish. *Enter* Duke FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, *and* Attendants.

Duke F. Come on; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness. How

now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege: so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men: In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies; see if yòu can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

Orl. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the genèral challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputàtion shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it oùr suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein, if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is wìlling to be so; I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nòthing; only ìn the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him fròm a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked before: but come your ways.

[*They wrestle, and Charles is thrown.*

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well brèathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. [*Charles is borne out.*
What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. I would, thou hadst been son to some man else.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:—
I would, thou 'dst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke Fred. with his Train.*

Orl. I am most proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son;—and would not change that calling,
To be adopted hèir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul.
Had I before known this young man his sòn,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him.
Sir,—if you keep your promises in love
But justly, as you've here excèeded promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,
[*Giving him a Chain from her neck.*
Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune;
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.—
Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up,
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes:
I'll ask him what he would:—Did you call, sir?—
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will yòu go, coz?

Ros. Have with you:—Fare you well.
[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother:—
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*

A Terrace in front of the Palace.

Enter CELIA *and* ROSALIND.

Celia.

WHY, cousin; why, Rosalind;—Cupid have mercy!—Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast

away upon curs, throw some of them at mè. Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father lov'd hìs father dearly.

Cel. By this kind of chase, I should hàte him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, *with* Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You;
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fàult bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence,
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
(As I do trust I am not,) then, dear uncle,
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in wòrds,
They are as innocent as grace itself:—
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrùst cannot make me a tràitor.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Ros. So was I, when your highness tòok his dùkedom;

So was I, when your highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,
To think my povèrty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we but stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her; if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool; then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on mè, my liege:
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool:—you, niece, provide yourself;
If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.*

Cel. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I:

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, dearest cousin;

For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.
Ros. Why, whither shall we go?
Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.
Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
The like do you; so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.
Ros. Were't not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a màn?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will),
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside;
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.
Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man?
Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will yòu be call'd?
Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.
Ros. But, cousin, what if we essay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me to woo him. Go we in content;
To liberty, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

The Forest of Arden.

Enter Duke *Senior*, AMIENS, *and other* Lords, *in the dress of Foresters.*

Duke Senior.

NOW, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
And when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,—
This is no flàttery; these are counsellors
That fèelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from publick haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it: Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me,—the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,—
Should in their own confínes, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 *Lord.* Indeed, my lord,

The melancholy *Jaques* grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens, and myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 *Lord.* O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream;
Poor deer, quoth he, *thou mak'st a testament*
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much: Then, being alone
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he; *thus misery doth part*
The flux of company: Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him: *Ay*, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most invectively he pierceth through

The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing, that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 *Lord.* We did, my lord; weeping, and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place;
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,

2 *Lord.* I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*

Before Oliver's *House.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM, *meeting.*

Adam.

WHAT! my young master?—O, my gentle master,
O, my sweet master, O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:

Your brother—(no, nò brother: yet the son—
Of him I was about to call his father),—
Hath heard your praises; and this night he means
To bùrn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it. This house is a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, would'st thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not hère.

Orl. What, would'st thou have me go and bèg my food?

Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce
A thièvish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will nòt do, do how I can;
I rather will subjéct me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do nòt so: I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that:—and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you: Let me be your servant;
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man

In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man; thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry:
But come thy ways, we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore, it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*

The Forest of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND *for* Ganymede, CELIA *for* Aliena, *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Rosalind.

O JUPITER! how weary are my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my lègs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I can go no further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you; yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I: when I was at home I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla; you, clown!

Ros. Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters.

Cor. Else they're very wretched.

Ros. Peace, fool, I say:—Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed.
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:
But I am shepherd to another man;
Besides, his cot, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
(By reason of his absence,) there is nothing
That you will feed on: but what is come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,

Buy thòu the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. We'll mend thy wages too. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold.
Go with me: if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*

The same.

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, *and others.*

SONG.

Amiens.

UNDER the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. 'Tis good to be sad. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulatìon; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor

the lover's, which is àll these: But it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often remuneration wraps me, in a most hùmorous sadness. I do love it better than laughing. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel sucks eggs.

Ami. My voice is rugged; I know, I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing: Come, more; another stanza: Call you them stanzas?

Ami. What you will, monsieur Jaques.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll go to sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt. [*Exeunt.*

The same.

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Adam.

DEAR master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave! Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater hèart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little: If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thèe. Thy concèit is nearer death than thy pòwers. For my sake, be comfortable.—Well said! thou look'st cheerly: and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou lìest in the bleak air. Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*

The same. A Table set out.

Duke, AMIENS, Lords, *and others.*

Duke senior.

I THINK he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can no where find him like a man.
Go, seek him; tell him I would speak with him.

1 *Lord.* He saves my labour by his own approach.

Enter JAQUES.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must wòo your company!
What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool! a fool!
I met a fool i' th' forest, a motley fool:
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,

In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.
Good-morrow, fool, quoth I: *No, sir,* quoth he,
Call me not fòol, till heaven hath sent me fòrtune:
And then he drew a dial from his poke;
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, *It is ten o'clock:*
Thus we may see, quoth he, *how the world wags:*
'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;
And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot:
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the tìme,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.
[*They sit, and begin to eat.*

Enter ORLANDO, *with his sword drawn.*

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.
Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distrèss;
Or else a rude despiser of good mànners,
That in civìlity thou seem'st so empty?
Orl. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point
Of bare distress hàth ta'en from me the shòw
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred,
And know some nurture: But forbear, I say:
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answered.
Duke S. What would you have? Your gèntleness shall force,

More than your fòrce move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought, that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the coùntenance
Of stern commandment: But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and bè pitied;
Lèt gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And sat at good men's feasts; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon commànd what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give ìt food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first sufficed,—
Oppress'd with twò weak evils, age and hunger,—
I will not touch a bìt.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and bè bless'd for your good comfort! [*Exit.*

Duke S. Thou see'st, we are not all alòne unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein wè play.

Jaq. All the world ìs a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. First, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
Then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: And then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow: Then, a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And sò he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shanks; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Re-enter ORLANDO, *with* ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome: Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Duke S. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes:—
Give us some musick; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

I.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

II.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp,
As friend rememb'ring not.

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,—
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were;
Be truly welcome hither. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is:
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

The Forest.

Enter CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Corin.

AND how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends:—that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that one great cause of the night, is lack of the sun.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope,——

Touch. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never sàw'st

good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you: to bring the ewes and the rams together.—I cannot see how thou shouldst escape.

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA *with a Paper.*

Ros. Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Cel. *Why should this a desert be?*
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show.
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence' end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read, to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Heav'n would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious

homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cry'd, *Have patience, good people!*

Cel. How now!—Shepherd, go off a little:—Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat.

[*Exeunt* CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carv'd upon these trees? Trow you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck.

Ros. I pr'ythee, who? Dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace: What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. It is young Orlando; that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking.

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word?

Cel. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops such fruit.

Cel. There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous: he comes to kill my heart.

Enter ORLANDO.

Cel. Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he; slink by, and note him. [*Aside to Cel.*] I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under this habit play the knave with him.—[*To him.*] Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well; what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me, what time o'day; there's no clòck in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lòver in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swìft foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I pr'ythee, whom doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnized: If the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven yèars.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich

man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak; one that knew courtship too well. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physick, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving *Rosalind* on their barks; hangs odes upon haw-

thorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of *Rosalind:* if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shak'd: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue eye, and sunken; which you have not: an unquestionable spirit; which you have not: a beard neglected; which you have not.—Then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished, and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cot, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind:—Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Touchstone.

COME apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: And now, Audrey, am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what *poetical* is: Is it honest in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning.

Aud. Do you wish then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly: for thou swear'st to me thou art honest.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No truly, unless thou wert hard favour'd; for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen.

ACT IV.

The Forest.

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* ORLANDO.

Orlando.

GOOD day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Ros. Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover?—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute

in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapp'd him o' the shòulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be woo'd of a snàil.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head: a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman.—Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent: What would you say to me now, an I were your very vèry Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss, before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter? Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to sày you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my rìght Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But

come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not gòod?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you say, sister? You must begin,—— *Will you, Orlando,—*

Cel. Go to:——Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—*I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.*

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo: December when they wed: Maids are May when they arè maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more

giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain; and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry: I will laùgh like a hyena, and thàt when thou art inclined to slèep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: Make the doors fast upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the keyhole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—*Wit, whither wilt?* For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. Beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion, than if thou wert indèed my Rosalind: So, adieu.

Ros. Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth:—
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:
[*Giving a letter.*
I know not the contents; but as I guèss:
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:

Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents;
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: Mark how the tyrant writes.

Art thou god to shepherd turn'd, [*Reads.*
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. *Why, thy godhead laid apart,*
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?—

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.

Meaning me a beast.—

If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He, that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make,
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.—Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured!—Well, go your way, and say this to her;—That if she love me, I charge her to love thèe: if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word. [*Exit Silvius.*

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know
Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands
A sheep-cot, fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,
But at this hour the house doth keep itself,
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
I know you by description; Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin; Are you he?

Ros. I am: What must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again

Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself!
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lionèss, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnàtural
That liv'd 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he wàs unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando;—Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so:
But nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are yòu his brother?
Ros. Was it you he rescu'd?
Oli. 'Twàs I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I àm.
Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?—
Oli. By and by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd;
He led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fàinted,
And cry'd, ìn fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.
Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Ganymede! [*Rosalind faints.*
Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.
Cel. There is no more in't;—Cousin!—Ganymede!
Oli. Look, he recovers.
Ros. Would I were at home.
Cel. We'll lead you thither:—
Oli. Be of good cheer, good youth:—You a man?—
You lack a man's heart.
Ros. I do so, I confess it. I pray you, tell your brother how well I coùnterfeited.—Heigh ho!—

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i'faith, I should have been a woman by right. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

The same.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Touchstone.

WE shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown:

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to yòu, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five-and-twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age: Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name: Wast born i' the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. Thank God;—a good answer: Art rich?

Will. 'Faith, sir, so, so.

Touch. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying; *The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.* The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me: To have, is to have: for all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he; now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman: Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is—woman, which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart!

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ROSALIND.

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orl. It is my àrm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he showed me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are:—Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry hèr.

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; Therefore put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

SCENE THE LAST.

Another part of the Forest.

Enter Duke *Senior*, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, *and* CELIA.

Duke senior.

DOST thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not:
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good, my lord, bid him welcome: This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a coùrtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politick with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have foùght one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God'ild you, sir; I desire of you the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to fòrswear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:—A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl, in your foul oyster.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed:—Bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir, I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; He sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it wàs: this is called the *Retort courteous.* If I sent him word again, it was not well

cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: This is called the *Quip modest.* If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: This is call'd the *Reply churlish.* If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: This is call'd the *Reproof valiant.* If agàin, it was not well cut, he would say, I lied: This is called the *Countercheck quarrelsome:* and so to the *Lie circumstantial,* and the *Lie direct.*

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the *Lie circumstantial,* nor he durst not give me the *Lie direct;* and so we measured swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O, sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous; the second, the Quip modest; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with circumstance! the seventh, the Lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the lie dirèct; and you may avoid that too, with an *If.* I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If,* as *If you said so, then I said so;* and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If.*

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter ROSALIND *in women's clothes; and* CELIA.

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours:
[*To Duke S.*
To yòu I give myself, for I am yours.
[*To Orlando.*

Duke S. If there be truth in sight,—you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:—
[*To Duke S.*
I'll have no husband, if yòu be not he:—
[*To Orlando.*

Duke S. O my dear child, welcome thou art to me;
Dear niece, even welcome in no less degree.

Enter Second Brother.

2 *Bro.* Let me have audience for a word or two;
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly:—
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power! which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both fròm his enterprize, and from the wòrld:
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That wère with him exil'd: This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustick revelry:—
Play, musick;—and you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience; If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court.
To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You to your former honour I bequeath: [*To Duke S.*
Your patience and your virtue well deserve it:—
You [*To Orlando*] to a love, that your true faith doth merit:—
And you [*To Touchstone*] to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victual'd:—So to your pleasures;
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I:—what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin our rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

[*A dance.*

EPILOGUE.

Rosalind.

IT is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue: but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no bush*, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am not fûrnished like a bèggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases them: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women (as I perceive, by your simpering, none of you hate them), that between you and the women the play may please: and I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curt'sy, bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt.*



MERCHANT OF VENICE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE of Venice.
ANTONIO, *the Merchant.*
BASSANIO, *his Friend.*
SALANIO,
SALARINO,
GRATIANO, } *Friends to* Antonio *and* Bassanio.
LORENZO, *in love with* Jessica.
SHYLOCK, *a Jew.*
TUBAL, *his Friend.*
LAUNCELOT, *Servant to* Shylock.
SALERIO, *a Messenger from* Venice.
LEONARDO, *Servant to* Bassanio.
BALTHAZAR, *Servant to* Portia.

PORTIA, *a rich Heiress.*
NERISSA, *her Waiting-Maid.*
JESSICA, *Daughter to* Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Servants, *and other* Attendants.

SCENE, *partly at* Venice, *and partly at* Belmont, *the Seat of* Portia.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT I.

Venice. *A Street.*

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

Antonio.

IN sooth, I know not why I am so sad;
It wearies me; you say, it wearies yòu;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
I am to learn.

Salar. Your mind is on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
'Tis not my merchandise that makes me sad.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, *and* GRATIANO.

Salan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman.

Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you've found Antonio,
We two will leave you: but, at dinner time,

I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

[*Exeunt Salar. and Salan.*

Gra. You look not well, signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the wòrld:
They lòse it, that do buy it with much càre.

Ant. I hold the world but às the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine's a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond;
And they a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, *I am Sir Oracle,*
And, when I ope my lìps, let no dog bark!
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing. Fare ye well, a while;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, 'faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt Gra. and Lor.*

Ant. Well; tell me now, what lady is this same

To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
Of wondrous virtues: sometime from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brùtus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors: had I but the means
To hold a rivàl place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortune is at sèa;
Nor have I money, nor commodity
To raise a prèsent sùm: therefore go forth,
Try what my crèdit can in Venice do;
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.

[*Exeunt.*

Belmont.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Portia.

BY my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: It is no mean happiness therefore, to be seated in the mean.

Por. If to dò were as easy as to know what were gòod to do, chapels had been churches, and poor

men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband:—O me, the word chòose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse nòne?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations. So the lottery that he devised in these three chests of *gold*, *silver*, and *lead*, will be chosen rightly by one whom you shall truly love.—But what warmth is there in your affection towards àny of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee over-name them; and as thou nam'st them, I will describe them; and, according to my description level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a dòlt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse.

Ner. Then is there the count Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, *An if you will not have me, choose:* he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear, he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. But, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of fròwn-

ing than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I should never requite him.

Ner. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilèly in the morning, when he is sòber; and mòst vilely in the aftèrnoon, when he is drùnk: when he is bèst, he is a little wòrse than a man; and when he is wòrst, he is little better than a beàst.

Ner. If he should choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket: for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do àny thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a spùnge.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, he was so called.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave.

Por. Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

Venice. *A public Place.*

Enter BASSANIO *and* SHYLOCK.

Shylock.

THREE thousand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—wèll.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no;—my meaning, in saying he is a goòd man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,—and other ventures he hath, squàndered abroad: But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves, and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, notwithstanding sufficient;—three thousand ducats;—I think, I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assùred you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and that I may be assured, I will bethink me: Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian:
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gràtis! and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation: and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls intèrest: Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats: What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me: But soft; Hòw many months
Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior;
[*To Antonio.*
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom:—Is he yet possess'd,
How much you would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.
Shy. Three months, you told me so.
Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?
Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time, and òft
In the Riàlto, you have rated me
About my monies, and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe:
You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mìne òwn.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to then; you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have monies; You say so;
Yòu, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; monies is your suit.
What shall I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money; is it possible,
A cùr can lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondsman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—*Fair sir, you spit on me last Wednesday;*
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me—dog; and for these coùrtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies?
Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friend; but rather to thine enèmy;
Who, if he break,—thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.
Shy. Why, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,

Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of ùsance for my monies, and you'll not hear me:
This sure is kìnd I offer.
Ant. This wère kindness.
Shy. This kindness will I show:—
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums, as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.
Ant. Content, in faith; I'll seal to such a bond,
And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.
Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight,
And soon be with you.
Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.
Bass. I like not fair tèrms, and a villain's mìnd.
Ant. Come on: in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Venice. *A Street.*

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.

Launcelot.

CERTAINLY my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master: The fiend is at mine elbow; and tempts me,

saying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, gòod Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelǫt Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away:* My conscience says,—*No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo; or,* as aforesaid, *Honest Launcelot Gobbo; do nòt run; scorn running with thy heels:* Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; *Via!* says the fiend; *away!* says the fiend, *for the heavens; rouse up a brave mind,* says the fiend, *and run.* Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—*My honest friend Launcelot, budge not; Budge,* says the fiend; *Budge not,* says my conscience: Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, yòu counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience, I should stày with the Jew my master, who, (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himsèlf: Certainly, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run. [*Exit.*

Enter GRATIANO, *meeting* BASSANIO.

Gra. Signior Bassanio,——

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtàin'd it.

Gra. I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you mùst;—But hear thee, Gratiano;

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—
Parts, that become thee happily enough;

But where thou art not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal;—pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy behaviour
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage me
By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity;
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment: But fare you well.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest;
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

A Room in Shylock's *House.*

Enter JESSICA *and* LAUNCELOT.

Jessica.

I AM sorry, thou wilt leave my father so;
Our house is hell, and thou (a merry devil)
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness:
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.

Laun. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—Most

beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew! Adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit; adieu!

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.—
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be asham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife;
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

Enter SHYLOCK.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—
Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thèe call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me, I could do nothing withòut bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys:—But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house:—I am right loath to go;
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go; my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together.—I will not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday last, at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there màsques? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casement then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements;
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night;
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah;
Sày, I will come.

Laun. I will go on before, sir.—
Mistress, look out at window for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit Laun.*

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jes. His words were, *Farewell, mistress;* nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough; but a huge fèeder.
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by dày:
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to wàste
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;
Perhaps, I will return immediately;

Shut the doors after you: *Fast bind, fast find:*
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*
Jes. Farewell: and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

Before Shylock's *House.*

Enter GRATIANO *and* SALARINO, *masqued.*

Gratiano.

THIS is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo
Desir'd us to make stand.

Enter LORENZO.

Salar. Here còmes Lorenzo.
Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for yòu then;—come approach;
Here dwells my father Jew:—Ho! who's within?

JESSICA *at the window, in boy's clothes.*

Jes. Who are you? tell me, for more certainty.
Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.
Jes. Lorenzo, certain:
Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, for I am much asham'd;
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a bòy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.
Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.
Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.
Lor. And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true.

Enter JESSICA, *below.*

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[*Exit with Jessica.*

Enter SALARINO *and* SALANIO.

Salarino.

WHY, man, I saw Bassanio under sail;
With him is Gratiano gone along;
But in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.
Salan. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke;
I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian! O my christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealèd bag! twò sealed bags, stol'n from me!
And jewels! two stones, rich and precious stones!
Stol'n by my daughter: Justice!—Find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!
Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

A Street.

Enter SALANIO *and* SALARINO.

Salanio.

NOW, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow seas; if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapp'd ginger. But it is true,—that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,——O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—hàth lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the ènd of his losses!

Salan. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.—

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was flèdg'd; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salar. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that used to come so smùg upon the mart:—let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond!

Salar. Why, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh; What's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hinder'd me half a million; laugh'd at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyès? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, heal'd by the same means, warm'd and cool'd by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revènge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge; If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy yòu teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will bètter the instruction.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe; a third

cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew. [*Exeunt Salan. and Salar.*

Enter TUBAL.

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hèar of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never fèlt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would, my dàughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats ìn her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—and I know not what's spènt in the search: Why, then loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. —hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spènt in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me:——I shall never see my gold again: Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but brèak.

Shy. I am very glad of it; I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heàrt of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

Belmont. Portia's *House.*

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, *and* Attendants. *The Caskets are set out.*

Portia.

I PRAY you, tarry; pause a day or two,
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while:
There's something tells me, (but it is not love,)

I would not lose you: and you know yourself,
Hàte counsels not in such a quality;
To stay you from election.
Bass. Let me choose;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.
So let me to my fortune and the caskets.
Por. Away then: I am lock'd in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.—
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—
Let musick sound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he make a swan-like end,
Fading in musick:—With much more dismay
I vièw the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.
[*Music within.*

A Song, *whilst* BASSANIO *comments on the caskets to himself.*

1. *Tell me, where is fancy bred,*
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.

2. *It is engender'd in the eyes,*
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies;
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,——Ding, dong, bell.

All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Bass. (*takes up the golden casket*).—
So may the outward shows be least themselves;
The world is still decèiv'd with ornament.
In làw, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow

Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament,
To entrap the wisest? Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:—
Nor none of thèe, thou stale and common drudge
'Tween man and man:—but thou, thou meagre leàd,
Which rather thrèat'nest, than dost pròmise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I; Joy be the consequence!

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair!
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstacy:
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Bass. What do I find here?
[*Opening the leaden casket.*
Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath; Yet look, how far
The sùbstance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

You that choose not by the view,
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll: Fair lady, by your leave
[*Kissing her.*
I come by note, to give, and to receive.

But doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though, for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Excèed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing; an unlesson'd girl,
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may leàrn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she càn learn;
Happiest of all, in that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you, and yours
Is now converted: I but now was lady
Of this fair mansion, mistress of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this sàme myself,
Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins,
Express'd, and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SALANIO.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Salanio, by your leave,

I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.
Por. So do I, my lord;
They are right welcome.
Lor. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you.
[*Gives Bassanio a letter. He reads.*
Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely hàve the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.
Bass. O, sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true; but when I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was wòrse than nothing: for, indeed,
I had engag'd myself to a dear friend,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
And every word in it a gaping wound
Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salanio?
Have àll his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?
Sal. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. The magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;

But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture,—of justice,—and his bond.

Por. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dèarest friend to me, and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?
Pay him sìx thousand, and deface the bond;
Dòuble six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through my Bassanio's fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me wife:
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over;
When it is paid, bring your true friend: Away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding day:
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [Reads.] *Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and me, if I might but see you at my death: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*

Por. O love! despatch all business, and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste: but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Venice. *A Court of Justice.*

Enter the Duke, *the Magnificoes;* ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALANIO, *and others.*

Duke.

WHAT, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdùrate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Salan. He's ready at the door. He comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.—
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and thèn, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt show thy mercy, and remorse, more strange

Than is thy strange apparent cruelty:
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But yield a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats? I'll not answer that:
But say, it is my humour; Is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat.
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What! wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart:—Therefore I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, but with all conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them: I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fye upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Salar. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man? courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Enter NERISSA, *dressed like a Lawyer's Clerk.*

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?
Ner. From both, my lord: Bellario greets your grace. [*Presents a Letter.*
Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
Shy. To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.
Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy sòul, harsh Jew
Thou mak'st thy knife keen: Can no prayers pierce thee?
Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
Gra. Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, sterv'd, and ravenous.
Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.
Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court:—
Where is he?
Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.
Duke. With all my heart:—some three or four of you

Go, give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Mean time, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[Clerk reads.] *Your grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: He is furnish'd with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning, comes with him, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimàtion! for I never knew so young a body with so old a head.*

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PORTIA, *dressed like a Doctor of Laws.*

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed throughly of the cause.

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger, do you not?
[*To Antonio.*

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what compulsion mùst I? tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mìghtiest ìn the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mèrcy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthronēd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation; we do prày for mèrcy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The dèeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.
Shy. My deeds upon my head. I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?
Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it tèn times o'er:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And, I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong;

And curb this cruel devil of his will.
Por. It must not be ; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established ;
'Twill be recorded for a precedent ;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.
Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee !
Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.
Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?
No, not for Venice.
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit ;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart :—Be merciful ;
Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge ;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound : I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment : by my soul, I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me : I stay here on my bond.
Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why, then, thus it is.
You must prepare your bosom for his knife :
For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.
Shy. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so exprèss'd; But what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say?
Ant. But little; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly, with all my heart.
Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil to deliver you.
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;
I would she were in heaven, so she could

Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.
Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.
Shy. We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.
Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Most rightful judge!
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shy. Most learned judge!—A sentence:—Come, prepare.
Por. Tarry a little:—there is something else.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blòod;
The words expressly are, a pound of flèsh:
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, còn fiscate
Unto the State of Venice.
Shy. Is that the làw?
Por. Thyself shall see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.
Shy. I take this offer then;—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
Bass. Here is the money.
Por. The Jew shall have all justice:—soft!—no haste;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,

Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much
As one poor scruple ; if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hàir,—
Thou diest, and thy goods are còn fiscate.
Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !
Now, infidel, I have thèe on the hip.
Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bass. I have it ready for thee ; here it is.
Por. He hath refùs'd it in the open court ;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, still say I ; a second Daniel !—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal ?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it !
I'll stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry, Jew ;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it be prov'd against an alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempt,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party, against which he doth contrive,
Shall seize one half his goods ; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state ;
And the offender's lìfe lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.
Gra. Beg, that thou mayst have leave to hàng thyself :
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord ;

Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake!

Ant. So please my lord the duke and all the court
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content; so he record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this; or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thòu contented, Jew?

Shy. I am content.
I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

[*Exit Shylock.*

Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your grace's pardon;
I must away this night toward Padua.

Duke. I 'm sorry that your leisure serves you not.

[*Exeunt Duke, Magnificoes, and Train.*

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,

Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.
Por. He is well paid that is well satìsfied;
And I, delivering you, àm satisfied;
I pray you, know me, when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.
Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further;
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute.
Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your glòves, I'll wear them for your sake;
And, for your love, I'll take this rìng from you:—
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more.
Bass. This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle
I will not shame myself to give you this.
Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.
Bass. There's more depends on this, than on the
vàlue.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation:
Only for thìs, I pray you, pardon me.
Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be ànswer'd.
Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And, when she put it on, she made me vow,
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.
Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their
gifts.
An if your wife be not a màd woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
[*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.*

Ant. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring.
Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house :—away, make haste.
[*Exit Gratiano.*
Come, you and I will thither presently
And in the morning early we will both
Fly toward Belmont: Come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Belmont. *Avenue to* Portia's *House.*

Enter LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

Lorenzo.

THE moon shines bright:—In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise; In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew:
And, with an unthrift love, did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.
Jes. And in such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.
Lor. And in such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgàve it her.
Sit, Jessica: Look! how the floor of heaven

Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubim:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hèar it.—
[*Musick.*

Jes. I'm never merry when I hear sweet musick.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, neighing loud.
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of musick touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of musick: Thus, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, floods:
The man that hath no musick in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treàson, stratagems, and spoils:
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the musick.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA *at a distance.*

Por. That light we see, is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
[*Musick ceases.*

Lor. That is the voice, or I am much deceiv'd,
Of Portia.—Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming. [*A tucket sounds.*

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, *and their* Followers.

Por. Welcome home.

Bass. I thank you, and give welcome to my friend.—
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.
Sir, you are very welcome to our house.
[*Gratiano and Nerissa talk apart.*

Gra. By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were dead that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already? what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give to me; whose posy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talk you of the posy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death;
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Gave it a judge's clerk!—But well I know
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,

No higher than thyself; the judge's clerk;
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so lightly with your wife's first gift.
I gave mỳ lòve a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him, hè would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too great a cause of grief;
An 'twere to me, I should be màd at it.
Bass. Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it. [*Aside.*
Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the jùdge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy begg'd mine:
And neither man, nor master, would take aught
But the two rings.
Por. Whàt ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.
Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.
Por. Even so void is your false heart.
Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I gave the ring,
When nought would be accepted bùt the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.
Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to retain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.

Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but some wòman had the ring.
Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. I think, yòu would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.
Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
I'll not deny him any thing I have.
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.
Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.
Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforcèd wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
I never more will break an oath with thee.
Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth;
[*to Portia.*
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: and I dare be bound,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.
Por. Then you shall be his surety: Give him this;
And bid him keep it better than the other.
Ant. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.
Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!
Por. I had it of him.—You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;

Nerissa there, her clerk.—Lorenzo here
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,
And am but now returned. Antonio, welcome:
And I have better news in store for you:
Three of your argosies are come to harbour.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you indeed the clerk?

Por. 'Tis almost morning,
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at full: Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully. [*Exeunt.*

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DON PEDRO, *Prince of* Arragon.
DON JOHN, *his bastard Brother.*
CLAUDIO, *a young Lord of* Florence.
BENEDICK, *a young Lord of* Padua.
LEONATO, *Governor of* Messina.
ANTONIO, *his Brother.*
BALTHAZAR, *Servant to* Don Pedro.
BORACHIO, CONRADE, } *Followers of* Don John.
DOGBERRY, VERGES, } *Two foolish Officers.*

HERO, *Daughter to* Leonato.
BEATRICE, *Niece to* Leonato.
MARGARET, URSULA, } *Gentlewomen attending on* Hero.

Messengers, Watch, and Attendants.

SCENE, Messina.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT I.

Before Leonato's *House.*

Enter LEONATO, HERO, *and* BEATRICE, *with a* Messenger.

Leonato.

I LEARN in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very nèar by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of àny sort, and none of nàme.

Leon. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters.

Beat. I pray you, is signior Montanto returned from the wars, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he is returned; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars?—But how many hàth he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eàt all of his killing.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in the wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man: he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady;—But what is he to a lord?

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece: there is a kind of mèrry wàr betwixt signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there is a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with òne: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse: for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is it possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but

as the fashion of his hàt, it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No: an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, whò is his companion?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord! he will hàng upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

Leon. Yòu will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, *and* BALTHAZAR.

D. Pedro. Good signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace.

D. Pedro. I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. Truly, the lady fàthers herself:—Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders, for all Messina, like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder, that you will still be talking, signior Benedick; nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible disdain should dìe, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turn-coat:—But it is certain, I am lov'd of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hàrd heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. Heaven keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would, my horse had the spèed of your tongue: But keep your way o' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

Leon. Let mè bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty. [*To D. John.*

D. John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together. [*Exeunt all but Benedick and Claudio.*

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

Bene. I nòted her not; but I lòoked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her; that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkest, I am in sport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likest her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack? Come, in what key shall a man take you?

Claud. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope, you have no intent to turn husband; have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is it come to this, i'faith ?
Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again?
Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would, your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allègiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance: —He is in love. With whom?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark, how short his answer is:—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, heaven forbid it should be so.

Claud. If my pàssion change not shortly, heaven forbid it should be òtherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretick in the despite of beauty.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks. But because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust ànу, I will do myself the right to trust nòne; and the fine is (for the which I may go the finer), I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pàle with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, —not with love: prove, that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:
In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The savage bull màу; but if ever the sensible Benèdick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, *Here is good horse to hire*, let them signify under my sign —*Here you may see Benedick the married man.*

D. Pedro. Well, signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage: and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my house, if I had it,—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience: and so I leave you. [*Exit Benedick.*

ACT II.

A Hall in Leonato's *House.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and others.*

Leonato.

WAS not count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tàrtly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other, too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tòngue.

Beat. For the which blessing, I am at heav'n upon my knees every morning and evening. I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face.

Leon. You may light upon a husband, that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard, is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard, is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him.

Ant. Well, niece, [*To Hero.*] I trust, yòu will be ruled by your fàther.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my coùsin's dùty to make courtesy, and say, *Fàther, as it please you:*—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, *Father, as it please mè.*

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit yòu in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the musick, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time: if the prince be too importunate, tell him, there is measure in every thing, and so dànce out the answer. For, hear me, Hero; Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is a Scotch

jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entering.

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR; *and others, masked. A dance. Beatrice pursues Benedick.*

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who yòu are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful,—and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred merry Tales*;—Well, this was signior Benèdick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester; a very dùll fool; none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy; for he both pleàses men, and angèrs them, and then they laugh at him,—and beàt him: I am sure, he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge's wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Musick within.*] We must follow the leaders. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter BENEDICK, *meeting* CLAUDIO.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of it? About your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under you arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You mùst wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover; so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the bòy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the pòst.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges.——But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and nòt know me! *The prince's fool!*—Ha! it may be, I go under that title, because I am merry. I am nòt so reputed: it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count; Did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren: I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a schoolboy; who, being overjoyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and hè stèals it.

D. Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman that danced with her, told her, she is much wrònged by you.

Bene. O, she misused mè past the endurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her: She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester: that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me: She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed; she would have made Hercules have turn'd spit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. I would to God, some scholar would còn jure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a

sanctuary; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Re-enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, *and* LEONATO.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand, now, to the Antipodes; I will fetch you a toothpicker from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this hàrpy.—You have no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O, sir, here's a dish I love not; I cannot endure my lady Tòngue. [*Exit.*

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.—Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? Sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well: but civil, count; civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained.

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy. I were but little happy, if I could say hòw much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord: I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care:—My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good lord, for alliance!—Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burned; I may sit in a corner, and cry, Heigh ho! for a husband.

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting: Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you?

D. Pedro. Will you have mè, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your grace is too còstly to wear every day.—But, I beseech you, pardon me! I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pedro. Out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother crièd; but then there was a star dànced, and under that was I born.

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [*Exit Beatrice.*

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son: and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dùlly by us; I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not to fashion it. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. [*Exeunt.*

Leonato's *Garden.*

Enter BENEDICK.

Benedick.

I DO much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by fàllìng in love: And such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no musick with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walked ten mile afoot, to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man, and a soldier; and nòw his words are a very fantastical

banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair—shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

[*Withdraws behind the trees.*

Enter DON PEDRO, LEONATO, *and* CLAUDIO, *with* BALTHAZAR.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this musick?

Claud. Yea, my good lord:—How still the evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony.

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?
Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander musick any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection:—
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balthazar sings.

I.

Balth. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

II.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy:
Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha? no; no, faith.

Bene. [*Aside.*] An he had been a dòg, that should have howled thus they would have hanged him.

D. Pedro. Come hither, Leonato: What was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay: I did never think that lady would have loved àny man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhòr.

Bene. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner? [*Aside.*

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it.

D. Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. 'Faith, like enough.

Leon. Counterfeit! There never was counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Leon. What effects, my lord! You heard my daughter tell you how.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. [*Aside.*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Bene. [*Aside.*] So—so.

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says the ecstasy hath so much overborne her that she is sometime afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself.

Bene. [*Aside.*] Poor thing.

D. Pedro. It were good, that Benedick knew of it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. I pray you tell him, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

D. Pedro. 'Tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Bene. [*Aside.*] Very well, sir! very well.

Claud. Nèver tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

D. Pedro. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. [*Aside.*] If he do not dòte on her upon this, I will never trust my expectations.

D. Pedro. [*Aside.*] Let there be the same net spread for hèr. The sport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.*
Benedick advancing from the Arbour.

Bene. This can be no trick: The conference was sàdly borne.—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requìted. I hear how I am censured: they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry:—I must nòt seem pròud:—Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous;—'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for lòving mè:—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit;—nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be

horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage:—But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age: Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour; No: The world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice: By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pàins for those thanks than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleàsure then in the message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point and choke a daw withal:—You have no stomach, signior? fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bene. Ha! *Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner*—there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me*—that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks:—If I do not take pity on her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew: I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

Leonato's *Garden.*

Enter HERO *and* URSULA.

Hero.

NOW, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
Our talk must only be of Benedick:
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit:

Enter BEATRICE, *behind.*

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.
Urs. Fear you not my part of the dialogue.
[*They advance to the Bower.*
Hero. No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.
Urs. But are you sure,
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?
Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothēd lord.
They did entreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.
Urs. Why did you so?
Hero. I know, he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice.
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,

Misprising what they see; she cànnot love,
She is so self-endeared.
Urs. Sure, I think so;
Hero. But who dare tèll her so? If I should speak,
She'd mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
No; rather will I go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion.
Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
(Having so swift a wit,) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as Benedick.
She's lim'd, I warrant you; we've caught her, madam.
Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.
[*Exeunt Hero and Ursula.*

BEATRICE *advances.*

Beat. What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band:
For others say, thou dost deserve; and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

A Room in Leonato's *House.*

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, *and* LEONATO.

Don Pedro.

DO but stay till your marriage, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, I will only be bold with Benedick for his company: for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I; methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope, he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love: if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

D. Pedro. What! sigh for the tooth-ach?

Leon. Which is but a humour, or a worm?

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach.—Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so: Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

A Street.

Enter DOGBERRY *and* VERGES, *with the* Watch.

Dogberry.

ARE you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1 *Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, master constable,——

Dogb. You hàve ; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it ; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch ; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: You shall comprehend all vagrom men : you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 *Watch.* How if a' will not stand ?

Dogb. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go ; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none bùt the prince's subjects.—You shall also make no noise in the streets ; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2 *Watch.* We will rather sleèp than talk ; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman ; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend ; only, have a care that your bills be not stolen :—Well, you are to call at all the alehouses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2 *Watch.* How if they will not ?

Dogb. Why then, let them alone till they are sober ; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2 *Watch.* Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man : and, for

such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 *Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office, you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is,—and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man, who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 *Watch.* How, if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person: If you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by'r lady, that, I think, a' cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By'r lady, I think, it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night:

an there be any matter of weight chances, call me up. Good night.—Come, neighbour.

2 *Watch.* Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to-bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours: I pray you, watch about signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night: Adieu, be viligant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*

Enter BORACHIO *and* CONRADE.

Bora. What! Conrade!—

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aside.*] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, and bids me a thousand times *good night.* —I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee, how the Prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the Prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret. Away went Claudio enràged; swore he would meet

her as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw over-night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 *Watch.* We charge you in the prince's name, stand!

2 *Watch.* Call up the master constable: We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

Con. Masters,—masters!

1 *Watch.* Never speak: let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity.

Con. Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

A Room in Leonato's *House.*

Enter Leonato, *with* Dogberry *and* Verges.

Leonato.

WHAT would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; 'tis a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little oft the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous: *palabras*, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a kìng, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship. For I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glàd to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out.—Well said, i'faith, neighbour Verges:—well, an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.—All men are not alike; alas! good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of yòu.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir. Our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two auspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go. Fare you well. [*Exit Leonatus.*

ACT IV.

The Inside of a Church.

Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, LEONATO, Friar, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, *and* BEATRICE, *&c.*

Leonato.

COME, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know yòu any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do!
what men daily do!
Stand thee by, friar.—Father, by your leave!
Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her mè.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.—
There, Leonato, tàke her back again;
She's but the sìgn and sèmblance of her honour.—
Behold, how like a maid she blushes here:
O, what authority, and show of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.
Leon. What do you mean, my lord?
Claud. Not to be married,
Nor knit my soul to an approvèd wanton.
Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own approof
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,—
Claud. I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.
Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?
Claud. Out on thy seeming! I will write against it:
You seem'd to me as Dian in her orb;
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?
Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?
D. Pedro. What should I speak?
I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a wanton here.
Leon. Are these things spoken? or do I but dream?
D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.
Claud. Stand I here?
Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?
Leon. All this is so; But what of this, my lord?
Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter;
What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?
Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. Pedro. [*To Leonato.*
I am sorry you must hear. Upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grievèd count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.
D. John. Fie! they are
Not to be nam'd, my lord: Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.
Claud. O Hero! what an angel hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm.
Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?
[*Hero swoons.*
Beat. Why, how now, cousin? wherefore sink you down? [*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.*
Bene. How doth the lady?
Beat. Dead, I think;—help, uncle;—
Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—
Leon. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the fairest cover for her shame,
That may be wish'd for.
Beat. How now, cousin Hero?
Friar. Have comfort, lady. Wherefore should she not?
Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing

Cry shame upon her? Griev'd I I'd but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
O, one too much by thee!
Bene. Sir, sir, be patient:
For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder
I know not what to say.
Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!
Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?
Beat. No, truly, not: although, until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.
Friar. Hear me a little;
For I have only silent been so long,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes;
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.
Leon. It cannot be:
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?
Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?
Hero. They know, that do accuse me; I know none.
If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy!
Friar. Pause a while,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead;
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,

Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pitied and excus'd,
Of every hearer :—then shall Claudio mourn,
And he shall wish he had not so accus'd her;
No, though he thought his accusation trùe.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
Come, lady, die to live : this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd ; have patience, and
endure. [*Exeunt Friar, Hero, and Leonato.*

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wròng'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me, that would rìght her!

Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yòurs.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you ; Is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not: It were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you : but believe me not ; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing :—I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it, that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that says, I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it: I protest, I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have staid me in a happy hour; I was about to protest, I loved yòu.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill mè to deny it: Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here:—There is no love in you:—Nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height, a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman?—O, that I were a man!—What! bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice;—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window?—a proper saying!

Bene. Nay but, Beatrice;—

Beat. Sweet Hero !—she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes, and Counties ! a sweet gallant, surely ! O that I were a man for his sake ! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake !

Bene. Think you in your soul the count Claudio hath wronged Hero ?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engaged, I will challenge him ; I will kiss your hand, and so leave you : By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account : As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin ; I must say she is dead ; and so, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

A Prison.

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and* Sexton, *in gowns ; and the* Watch, *with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

Dogberry.

IS our whole dissembly appeared ?

Sexton. Which be the malefactors ?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain ; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined ? let them come before master constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend ?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray write down—Borachio.——Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down—master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God?

Con. Bora. Yea, sir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down—that they hope they serve God:—and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains!—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale: Have you writ down—that they are none?

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the eftest way:—Let the watch come forth.—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

1 *Watch.* This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down—prince John a villain:—Why this is flat pèrjury, to call a prince's brother—villain.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 *Watch.* Marry, that he had received a thousand

ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat bùrglary, as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 *Watch.* And that count Claudio did mean to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 *Watch.* This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's; I will go before, and show him their examination. [*Exit.*

Dogb. Come, let them be opinioned. Come, bind them.——Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an ass.

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O that he were here to write me down—an ass!—but, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him.—Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down—an ass.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Before Leonato's *House.*

Enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

Antonio.

IF you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom, thus to second grief
Against yourself.

Leon. I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philòsopher,
That could endure the toòth-ache patiently;
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

Enter DON PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO.

Ant. Here come the prince, and Claudio, hastily.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,—

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord! Are you so hasty now?

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongeth him?

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me; dessembler, thou;—
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man, never fleer and jest at me:
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child.
D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.
Leon. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare.
Claud. Away! I will not have to do with you.
Leon. Canst thou so daff me?
Ant. Let him answer mè,—
Come, boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.
Leon. But, brother Antony,—
Ant. Come, 'tis no matter;
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.
D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not rack your patience.
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

[*Exeunt Leonato and Antonio.*

Enter BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man we went to seek.
Claud. Now, signior! what news?
Bene. Good day, my lord.
D. Pedro. Welcome signior: You are come to part almost a fray.
Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men.
D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother: What think'st thou?
Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.
Claud. We have been up and down to seek thèe;

for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away: Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard; Shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale: —Art thou sick, or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me:—I pray you, choose another subject.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more; I think, he be angry indeed.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain;—I jest not:—I will make it good hòw you dare, with whàt you dare, and whèn you dare:—Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you: Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?

Claud. I'faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's head; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say, my knife's naught.

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, *Here dwells Benedick the married man?*

Bene. Fare you well, boy! you know my mind; I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which hurt

not.—My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you. I must discontinue your company: you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my lord Lack-beard, there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him. [*Exit Benedick.*

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; And, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and the* Watch, *with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

D. Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound! Borachio, one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord!

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders: sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things: and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge? Whom have you offended, masters?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; the lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time our Sexton hath reformed signior Leonato of the matter: And, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes signior Leonato, and the Sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO, *with the* Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes;
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him: Which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave, that with thy breath hast kill'd
Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself;
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it.—

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience.
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not,
But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,
That were impossible; but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she died: come to my house;

And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: My brother hath a daughter,
And she alone is heir to both of us;
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. Oh, noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming.

Dogb. Moreover, sir, (which, indeed, is not under white and black), this plantiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment. Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. Heav'n save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an errant knave with your worship; which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself for the example of others. Heav'n keep your worship; I wish your worship well; Heav'n restore you to health: I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, Heav'n prohibit it.—Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt Dogberry, Verges, and Watch.*

Leon. Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt.*

Leonato's *Garden.*

Enter BENEDICK *and* MARGARET, *meeting.*

Benedick.

PRAY thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. [*Exit Margaret.*

Bene. And therefore will come.

The god of love, [*Singing.*
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve.—

I mean, in singing; but in loving,—Leander the good swimmer, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self, in love: Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried; I can find out no rhyme to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent rhyme; for *scorn*, *horn*, a hard rhyme; for *school*, *fool*, a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings.

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, would'st thou come when I call'd thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

And yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bàd parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintained so politick a state of evil, that they will not admit any gòod part to intermingle with them. But for which of mỳ good parts did you first sùffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love; a good epithet! I do sùffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in that confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours: if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: Therefore is it most expedient for the wise (if his conscience find no impediment to the contrary), to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself; and now tell me, How doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend. Here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle. It is proved, my lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the Prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone.

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE THE LAST.

A Room in Leonato's *House.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, URSULA, Friar, *and* HERO.

Friar.

DID I not tell you she was innocent?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves;
And, when I send for you, come hither, mask'd.

The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
To visit me.—You know your office, brother ;
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio. [*Exeunt Ladies.*

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.
To bind me, or undo me, one of them.—
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her ; 'Tis most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From Claudio, and the prince : But what's your will ?

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical :
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the estate of honourable marriage ;—
In which, good friar, I desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.

Enter DON PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO, *with* Attendants.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, prince ; good morrow, Claudio.
We here attend you. Are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter ?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.

Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the friar ready.
[*Exit Antonio.*

Re-enter ANTONIO, *with the* Ladies *masked.*

Claud. Which is the lady I must seize upon ?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why, then she's mine: Sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar;
I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I lived, I was your other wife:
[*Unmasking.*
And when you loved, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero!

Hero. Nothing certainer:
One Hero dìed defiled; but I do live,
And, surely às I live, I'm innocent.

D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slànder lived.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Mean time, let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?

Beat. I answer to that name; [*Unmasking.*] What is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. No; no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio,
Have been deceived;—for they did swear you did.

Beat. Do not you love mè?

Bene. No; no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin Margaret, and Ursula,
Are mùch deceiv'd; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore that you were almost sìck for me.

Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for mè.

Bene. 'Tis no such matter:—Then you do not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves hèr;
For here's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle! our hands against our hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and, partly, to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

Bene. Peace, I will stop your mouth.

[*Kissing her.*

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: Dost thou think, I care for a satire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, a' shall wear nothing handsome about him: In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclu-

sion.—Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin. Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

[*Exeunt omnes.*





JULIUS CÆSAR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR.
MARCUS ANTONIUS.
MARCUS BRUTUS,
CASSIUS,
CASCA,
TREBONIUS,
DECIUS BRUTUS,
METELLUS CIMBER,
CINNA,
} *Conspirators against* Julius Cæsar.
ARTEMIDORUS, *a Sophist.*
A Soothsayer.
VOLUMNIUS.
PINDARUS, *Servant to* Cassius.

PORTIA, *Wife to* Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, *during a great part of the Play, at* Rome; *afterwards at* Sardis; *and near* Phillippi.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.

ROME. *A Publick Place.*

Enter, in Procession, with Musick, CÆSAR, ANTONY, *for the course;* CALPHURNIA, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, DECIUS, *and* CASCA, *a great Crowd following, among them a* Soothsayer.

Cæsar.

ANTONIUS.

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,
The barren, touchèd in this holy chase,
Shake off their steril curse.

Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

[*Musick.*

Sooth. Cæsar!

Cæs. Who calls?
Who is it in the press, that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the musick,
Cry, Cæsar! Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. What man is that?
Bru. A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of March.
Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.
Cas. Fellow, come from the throng: look upon Cæsar.
Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him;—pass.
[*Exeunt all but Bru. and Cas.*
Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?
Bru. Not I.
Cas. I pray you, do.
Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.
Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexèd I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviour:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one);
Nor construe any further my neglect,

Than that poor Brutus, with himself at wàr,
Forgets the shòws of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion,
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, wòrthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other thing.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour mòre than I fear death.

Cas. Well, honour ìs the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief nòt bè, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were yòu:
We both have fed as well: and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, *Dars't thou, Cassius, now*
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point? Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plungèd in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.

But ere we could arrìve the point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is nòw become a gòd; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nòd on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis trùe, this gòd did shàke:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tòngue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feèble tèmper should
So get the start of the majestick world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*
Bru. Another gèneral shout!
I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.
Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colòssus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at sòme time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stàrs,
But in oursèlves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should thàt nàme be sounded more than yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mòuth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; cònjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. [*Shout.*
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When could they sày, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brùtus once, that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

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

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

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Re-enter CÆSAR, *and his Train.*

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.
Bru. I will do so:—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train.
Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.
Cæs. Antonius!
Ant. Cæsar.
Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fàt;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thìnks too much: such men are dangerous.
Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous:
He is a noble Roman, and well given.
Cæs. 'Would he were fatter:—But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He rèads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite thròugh the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Anthony; he hears no musick:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
While they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is tò bè fear'd,
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,

And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and his Train. Casca stays behind.*

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; Would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day, That Cæsar looks so sad.

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

Bru. I should not then àsk Casca what had chanc'd.

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

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: What was the làst cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

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

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

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

Casca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery. I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these còronets; —and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as

he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapp'd their chopp'd hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath, because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swoòned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: What? dìd Cæsar swoon?

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

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

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

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and displeased them, as they do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

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

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glàd he refused the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at his word, I would I might be hang'd: and sò he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, *Alas, good soul!* —and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But those, that understood him, smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it wàs Greek to me. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

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

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

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

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: Farewell both. [*Exit Casca.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!

Cas. This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

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

Cas. I will do so:—till then, think of the world.
[*Exit Brutus.*
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.
[*Exit.*

The same. A Street.

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter CASSIUS *and* CASCA, *meeting.*

Cassius.

WHO'S there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!

Cas. A very pleàsing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full of faùlts.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submìtting me unto the perilous night:
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But whèrefore did you so much tèmpt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fèar and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us:
For never till to-night, never till nòw,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire!

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you ùse not: You look pale, and gaze,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man;—

A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean: Is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thewes and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' mìnds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a kìng:
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dàgger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunders still.*

Casca. So can I:
So every bòndman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wòlf,
But that he sees the Romans are but shèep:
He were no liòn, were not Romans hìnds.
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a wìlling bòndman: then I know
My answer must be made: But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

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

Cas. There's a bargain made.

Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an enterprize
Of honourable-dang'rous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
Is feverous, like the work we have in hand.
Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

The same. Brutus's *Orchard.*

Enter BRUTUS.

Brutus.

WHAT, Lucius! ho!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say! What, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

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

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

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no pèrsonal cause to spurn at him,
But for the gèneral. He would be cròwn'd:—
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him? that;
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: And to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affèctions sway'd
More than his reàson. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the topmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: So Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prèvent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these, and these extrémities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

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

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.

Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?
Look in the calendar, and bring me word.
Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*
Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.
[*Opens the Letter, and reads.*
Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them. Thus, I piece it out;
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
Speak, strike, redress!—Am I entreated
To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.
[*Knock within.*
Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks. [*Exit Lucius.*
Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantàsma, or a hideous dream.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir; there are more with him,
Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.
Bru. Let them enter.
[*Exit Lucius.*
They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Shàm'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by dày,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage?

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, *and* TREBONIUS.

Cas. Good morrow, Brutus; Do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.
Know I these men, that come along with you?
Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Cas. This Decius Brutus.
Bru. He is welcome too.
Cas. This, Casca; Cinna; this, Metellus Cimber.
Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Cas. And let us swear our resolution.
Bru. No, not an oath: unto bàd causes swèar
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprize,

Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did nèed an oath; when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath passed from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero?

Bru. O name him not;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd:—I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wràth in deàth, and ènvy aftèrwards:
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no bloòd:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;

For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.
Cas. Yet I do fear him,
For the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar.
Treb. There is nò fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.
[*Clock strikes.*
Bru. Peace! count the clock.
Cas. The clock hath stricken three.
Treb. 'Tis time to part.
Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
If Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no:
For he is superstitious grown of late;
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him fròm the Capitol to-day.
Dec. Never fear that, if he bè so resolv'd;
For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
The morning comes upon us: We will leave you.
Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our loòks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy:
And so, good-morrow to you every one.
[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*
Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep?—It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber.
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.
Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: And yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks;
And, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.
Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.
Por. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.
Bru. Why, so I do:—Good Portia, go to bed.
Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbracēd? What! is Brutus sick;
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurgēd air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of.
Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.
Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you? O, if it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.
Por. Then should I know this secret.
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
A woman well reputed;—Cato's daughter.
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them.
[*Knocking within.*
Bru. Hark! hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart. Leave me with haste.
[*Exit Portia.*

Enter LUCIUS.

Lucius, who's there that knocks?
Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.
Bru. I come. [*Exit Brutus.*

The same. A Street near the Capitol.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a Paper.*

Artemidorus.

CÆSAR, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. If thou beest not immortal, look about you. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover, "ARTEMIDORUS."

Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

The same. Another Part of the same Street, before the House of Brutus.

Enter PORTIA *and* LUCIUS.

Portia.

PR'YTHEE, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

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

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well.
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Enter Soothsayer.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

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

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

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

The same. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.

A Crowd of People in the Street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS, *and the* Soothsayer. *Flourish. Enter* CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, POPILIUS, *and Others.*

Cæsar.

THE ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar, but not gòne.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

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

Art. O, Cæsar, read mine first: for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar near: Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be làst serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What! is the fellow mad?

Pop. Sirrah, give place.

CÆSAR *enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the* Senators *rise.*

Pop. I wish, your enterprize to-day may thrive.
[*Aside to Cas.*

Cas. What enterprize, Popilius?
Pop. Fare you well.
[*Advances to Cæsar.*
Bru. What said Popilius Lena?
Cas. He wish'd, to-day our enterprize might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discover'd.
Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him now.
Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.
Bru. Be constant, Cassius:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purpose;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.
Cas. Trebonius knows his time: for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius. Cæsar and the* Senators *take their seats.*
Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.
Bru. He is address'd: press near, and second him.
Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.
Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss,
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?
Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart:— [*Kneeling.*
Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These crouchings, and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men;
And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,

Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools: I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

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

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

Cæs. What, Brutus!

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

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star.
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant, Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,——

Cæs. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,——

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[*Casca stabs Cæsar in the neck. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and last by Marcus Brutus.*

Cæs. Et tu, Brute?—Then fall, Cæsar.

[*Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.*

Bru. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—
Cas. Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.
Liberty, Freedom, and Enfranchisement!
Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where's Antony?
Tre. Fled to his house, amaz'd:
Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.
Bru. Fates! we'll know your pleasures:—
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.
Casca. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.
Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit.
Stoop, let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood,
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!
Cas. Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.
Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, valiant, wise, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, royal, bold, and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May sàfely come to him, and be resolv'd

How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently.
[*Exit Servant.*

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

Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank?
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death hour! nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech you, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No plàce will please me so, no mèans of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
Our heàrts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome,
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leàden points, Mark Antony,
Our hearts, of brothers' temper, do receive you
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Proceeded thus.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you:
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O! 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,

Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart:
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy death.
Cas. Mark Antony!——
Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enèmies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a frièend, it is cold modesty.
Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compáct mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?
Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.
Bru. Or else were this a sàvage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the sòn of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.
Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.
Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.
Cas. Brutus, a word with you.
You know not what you do; Do not consent
[*Aside.*
That Antony speak in his funeral:

Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?
Bru. By your pardon;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leàve and by permission;
It shall advàntage more, than do us wrong.
Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.
Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.
Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.
Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.
[*Exeunt all but Antony.*
Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever livèd in the tide of times.
Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry *Havock*, and let slip the dogs of war;

That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

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

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming:
And bid me say to you—
O Cæsar!—— [*Seeing the Body.*

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

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd:
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while;
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
[*Exeunt, with Cæsar's Body.*

The same. The Forum.

Enter BRUTUS, *and a Throng of* Citizens, *shouting Silence! Brutus goes into the Rostrum.*

3 *Citizen.*

THE noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my caùse; and be silènt, that you mày hear: believe me for mine honòur; and have respect to mine honour, that you mày believe: censure me in your wìsdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better jŭdge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome mòre. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There are tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his coùntry? If any, speak; for hìm have I offended.—I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none. [*Several speaking at once.*

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

Enter ANTONY *and Others, with Cæsar's Body.*

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony. With this I depart; that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

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

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

Bru. My countrymen,——

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

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

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

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the publick chair.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.
[*He mounts the Rostrum.*

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

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholden to us all.

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

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:
We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.

Ant. You gentle Romans,——

Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bùry Cæsar, not to praìse him.
The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answèr'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest
(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men;)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitìous;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poòr have crìed, Cæsar hath wèpt:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus sàys he wàs ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refùse. Was this ambition?
Yèt Brutus says he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spòke,
But here I am to speak what I do knòw.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mòurn for him?
O judgement, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason !— Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

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

4 *Cit.* He would not take the crown;
Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambìtious.

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

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the deàd, to wrong mỳself, and yòu.—
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his Will.
Let but the commons hear his testament
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,

Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We will hèar the will.

Cit. The will, the will; read it, Mark Antony.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know hòw Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflàme you, it will make you màd:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heìrs.

4 *Cit.* Read the will; read it, Marc Antony.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while!
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it:
I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors: Honourable men!

Cit. The will! the testament!

Ant. You will còmpel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that màde the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend. [*He comes down from the Pulpit.*

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave. Stand round.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ràn bloòd, great Cæsar fell.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vestùre wounded? Look you here,
Here is himsèlf, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Cit.* O woeful day!

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged: revenge!—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace, there!—Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are honourable:
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me publick leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid thèm speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Cit. Wè'll mutiny!

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus!

Cit. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
You have forgòt the wìll I told you of.

Cit. Most true;—the will;—let's stay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.—
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!

Ant. Moreover he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new planted orchards,
On this side Tyber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! When comes such another?

1 *Cit.* Never, never!—Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire all the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

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

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the Body.*

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

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

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

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

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

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

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

Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, *and* Soldiers, *meeting* CASSIUS *and* Soldiers.

Brutus.

STAND!

Luc. Give the word, ho! [*March within.*

Bru. Cassius is arrived:
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS *and* Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

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

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enèmies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a bròther?

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

Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs sòftly,—I do know you well:—
Before the eyes of both our armies here
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience. [*Exeunt.*

Within the Tent of Brutus.

Enter Brutus *and* Cassius.

Cassius.

THAT you hàve wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yoùrself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

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

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

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

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers, shall we now

Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty meed of our large honours,
For so much trash, as may be grasped thùs?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it: I'm a soldier, I
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to, you are not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.
Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a màdman stàres?
Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?
Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret, till your proud heart break;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you! for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laùghter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,

And it shall please me well: For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an èlder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?

Bru. If you dìd, I care not.

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

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

Cas. I dùrst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

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

Bru. You hàve done that you should be sorry for.
There is nò tèrror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hand of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection.—I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!
Cas. I denied you not.
Bru. You did.
Cas. I did not; he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart:
A friend should bèar his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cas. You lòve me not.
Bru. I do not like your faùlts.
Cas. A friendly eye could never sèe such faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cas. Come, Antony, and, young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and con'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my hèart:
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.
Bru. Sheath your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;

O Cassius, you are yokēd with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforcēd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill temper'd too.
Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Cas. O Brutus!—
Bru. What's the matter?
Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes, Cassius: and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.—
Lucius, a bowl of wine. [*Exit Lucius.*
Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.
Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.
Cas. Ha! Portia?
Bru. She is dead.
Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?
O insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?
Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony

Have made themselves so strong, she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter LUCIUS, *with Wine.*

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

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge:—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night;
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.
[*Exit Cassius.*

Bru. Lucius, where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatch'd.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my Lord, an it please you.

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

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. If I do live, I will be good to thee.
[*Musick. Lucius falls asleep.*
This is a sleepy tune:—My boy, good night!
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;

I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
Now let me see;—Is not the leaf turn'd down,
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.
[*He sits down.*

Enter the Ghost *of* CÆSAR.

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

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

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

Bru. Well;
Then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.
[*Ghost vanishes.*

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—
Lucius, awake.

Luc. My lord!

Bru. Didst thou drèam, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?
Didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my Lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah Claudius!

Clau. My lord.
Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?
Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?
Bru. Ay; saw you any thing?
Var. Not I, my lord.
Clau. Nor I.
Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.
Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

The Plains of Philippi.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their Army.*

Octavius.

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

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and their Army.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.
Words before blows: Is it so, countrymen?
Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, *Long live! hail Cæsar!*

Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows is yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too:

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damnèd Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause.
I draw a sword against conspirators:
When think you that the sword goes up again?—
Never, till Cæsar's three-and-thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,

Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.
Oct. Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.
[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their Army.*
Cas. Why now, blow wind; swell billow; and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together.
What are you then determinēd to do?
Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself.
Cas. Then, if we lose,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?
Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—
For ever, and for ever, farewell Cassius!
If we do meet again, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.
Cas. For ever and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed:
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.
[*Exeunt.*

The same. Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS *and* TITINIUS.

Cassius.

 LOOK, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly, noble Cassius, fly!

Cas. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

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

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.
[*Exit.*

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

Pin. Titinius is enclosēd round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur:
He's ta'en, and hark! [*shout*] they shout for joy.

Cas. Come down.—

O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en.—Come hither, sirrah.

Enter PINDARUS.

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath!
Now be a freeman. Here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd,—as 'tis nòw,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*

Alarum. Enter MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, STRATO, *and* VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. Noble Cassius,
Thou last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.
[*Low Alarums.*
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;
And, this last night, hère, in Philippi fields.
I know, my hour is come. Nay, I am sure.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st, that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run upon it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum still.*

Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Volumnius.—
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was trùe to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
By their vile conquest, shall attain unto.
Strato, hold thou my sword, and turn thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.
[*He runs on his Sword, and dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, *and others.*

Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bòndage yòu are in, Messala;
The conqu'rors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all.
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in ènvy of great Cæsar;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*
[*Exeunt omnes.*

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