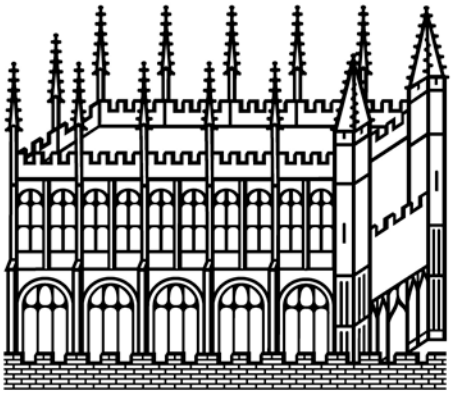

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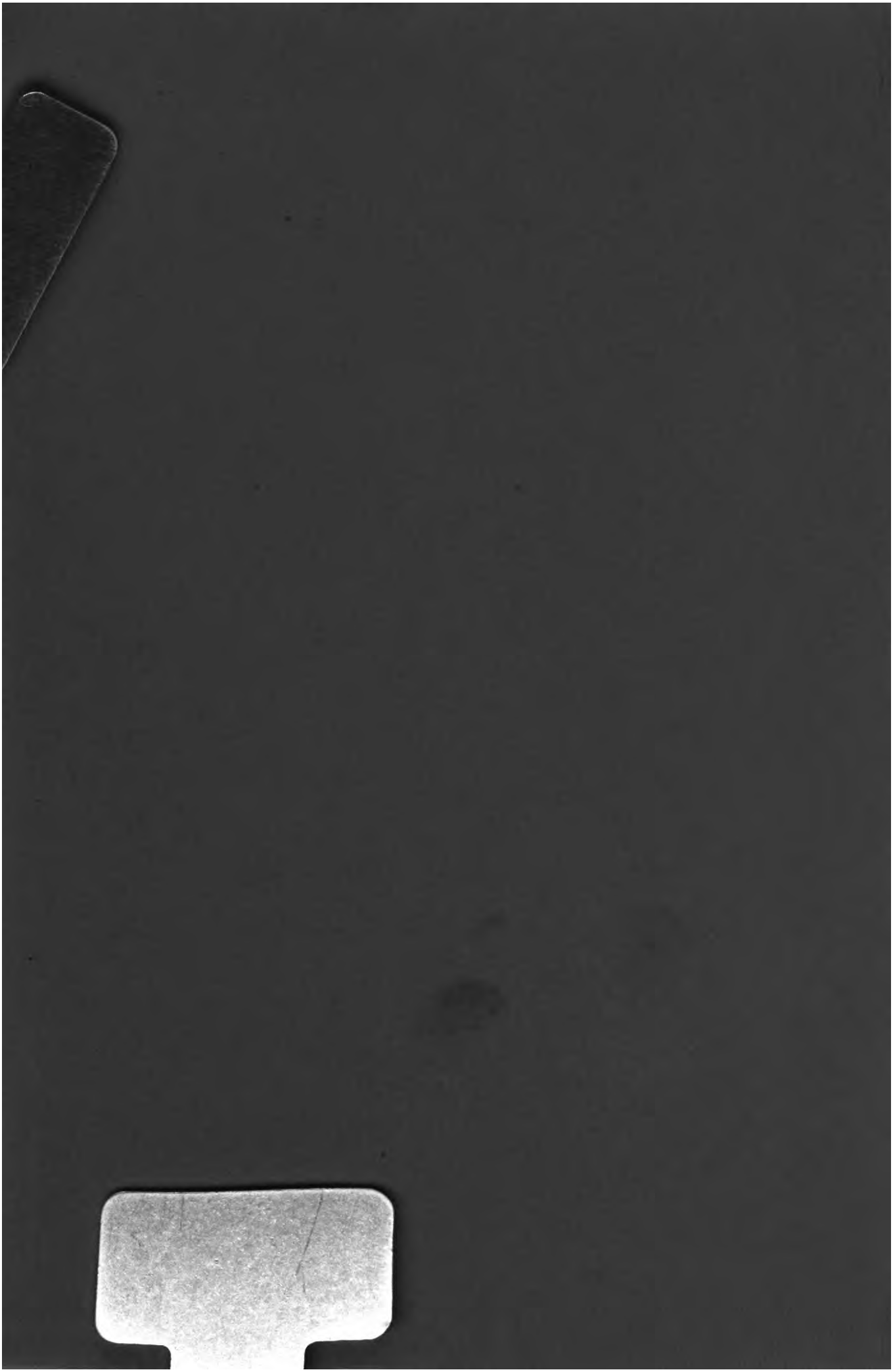

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CHARLES KEMBLE'S

SHAKSPERE READINGS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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 III.

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KING HENRY V.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King HENRY THE FIFTH.
Duke of Gloster, } *Brothers to the King.*
Duke of Bedford, }
Duke of Exeter, *Uncle to the King.*
Duke of York, *Cousin to the King.*
Earls of Salisbury, Westmoreland, *and* Warwick.
Earl of Cambridge, }
Lord SCROOP, } *Conspirators against the King.*
Sir THOMAS GREY, }
Sir THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, *Officers in King Henry's Army.*
BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, *Soldiers in the same.*
NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, *formerly Servants to Falstaff.*

CHARLES, *King of* France.
LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*
Dukes of Burgundy, Orleans, *and* Bourbon.
The Constable of France.
Governor of Harfleur. MONTJOY, *a French Herald.*

ISABEL, *Queen of* France.
KATHARINE, *Daughter of* Charles *and* Isabel.
QUICKLY, Pistol's *Wife, an Hostess.*

Lords, Ladies, Officers, French *and* English Soldiers, Messengers, *and* Attendants.

The SCENE, *at the beginning of the Play, lies in* England; *but afterwards wholly in* France.

Enter CHORUS.

O FOR a muse of fìre, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
A kìngdom for a stage, prìnces to act,
And mònarchs to behòld the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire
Crouch for employment.—Pardon, gentles all,
The flat ùnraised spirit, that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
So great an object: Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O, the very càsques,
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest, in little place, a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppòse, within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,

And make imaginary puissance:
Think, when we tàlk of horses, that you sèe them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth:
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times;
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: For the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

KING HENRY V.

ACT I.

The Presence Chamber.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and Attendants.*

King Henry.

CALL in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.

[*Exit an Attendant. The King ascends his throne.*

Now are we well resolv'd: and by God's help;
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,—
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces: Or there we'll sit,
Ruling, in large and ample empery,
O'er France, and all her almost kingly dukedoms.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

We now are well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for, we hear,
Your greeting is from hìm, not from the kìng.

Amb. May't please your majesty, to give us leave

Frèely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we spàringly show you, far òff,
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy?
K. Hen. We are no tỳrant, but a Christian king;
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness,
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.
Amb. Thus then, in few.
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dùkedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, Edward the Third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says,—that you savour too much of your youth;
And bids you be advis'd, there's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble galliard won;
You cannot rèvel into dukedoms there:
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treàsure: and, in lieu of this,
Desires you, let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.
K. Hen. Whàt treasure, uncle?
Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.
K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleàsant with us;
Hìs prèsent, and your pàins, we thank you for:
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set,
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
We never valu'd this poor seat of England;
But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my state;
Be lìke a king, and show my sail of greàtness,
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
And I wìll rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blìnd to look on us.

And tell the pleasant prince,—this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his soul
Shall stand sore chargēd for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them: many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
And some are yet ungotten, and unborn,
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appèal; And in whose name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on:
So, get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin,
His jest will savour but of shàllow wit,
When thousands wèep, more than did laùgh at it.—
Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sènder blush at it.

[*Descends from his Throne.*

Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collècted; and all thought upon,
That may, with seasonable swiftness, add
More feàthers to our wìngs; for, God before!
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's dòor.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter CHORUS.

NOW all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now thrive the armourers, and hònour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse;
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With wingēd heels, as English Mercuries.
For nòw sits Expectation in the air;
And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear; and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England!—model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,—
What might'st thou do, that honour wòuld thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treàcherous crowns: and three corrupted men,—
One, Richard earl of Cambridge; and the second,
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham; and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland,—
Have, for the gilt of France, (O gùilt, indèed!)
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
(If hell and treason hold their promises),

Ere he take ship for France. Then in Southampton,
—Linger your patience on; and well digest
The abuse of distance, while we force a play.—
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton:
Thère is the playhouse now, there must you sit:
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But, till the king come forth, and not tìll then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [*Exit.*

Eastcheap.

Enter NYM *and* BARDOLPH.

Bardolph.

WELL met, Corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are ancient Pistol and you friends yet? I will bestow a breàkfast, to make you friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France; let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

Nym. 'Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell; things must be as they may;

men mày sleèp, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and, some say knives have èdges. It must be as it may.

Enter PISTOL *and* Mrs. QUICKLY.

Bard. Here còmes ancient Pistol, and his wife: —good corporal, be patient.—How now, mine host Pistol?

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou mè—host?
Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Quick. [*Nym draws his sword.*] O well-i-day, Lady, if he be not drawn now! we shall see wilful mùrder committed. Good Lieutenant,—good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-eared cur of Iceland!

Quick. Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you *solus*.
[*Sheathing his sword.*

Pist. *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw,
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!

Nym. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight!
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly
For th' only she; and—*Pauca*, there's enough.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,—and you, hostess;—he is very sick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy nose between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days: the king has kill'd his heart.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Quickly and Boy.*

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together; Why, the devil, should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound; Push home.

[*They draw.*

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

A nòble shalt thou have, and present pay;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
For I shall sutler be unto the camp.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. And I shall have my noble?

Pist. In càsh most justly paid.

Nym. Well, that's the humour of it.

Re-enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quick. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John: Ah, poor heart! he is so shaked of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The kìng hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fràcted and corròborate. [*Exeunt.*

Southampton. *A Council Chamber.*

Trumpets sound. *Enter* King HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, WESTMORELAND, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, *and* GREY, *Lords, and Attendants.*

King Henry.

NOW sits the wind fair, and we will abòard
My lord of Cambridge,—and my lord of Masham,—
And you, my gentle knight,——give me your thòughts;
Think you not that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

K. Hen. I doubt not thàt: since we are well persuaded,
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair consent with ours;
Nor leave we one behìnd, that doth not wish
Succèss and cònquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd, and lov'd,
Than is your majesty; there's not a subject,
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True: those that were your fàther's enemies.

Have steep'd their galls in honey; and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.
K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness;
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.
Uncle of Exeter, enlarge the man
That rail'd against our pèrson: we consider,
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And, on our more advice, we pardon him.
Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be pùnish'd, sovereign; lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, mòre of such a kind.
K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.
Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.
Grey. You show grèat mèrcy, if you give him lìfe,
After the taste of much correction.
K. Hen. We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey,—in their dear care,
And tender preservation of our person,—
Would have him punish'd. Now to our French causes;
Who are the state commissioners?
Cam. I one, my lord;
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.
Scroop. So did you me, my liege.
Grey. And me, my royal sovereign.
K. Hen. Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge, there is yours;—
There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham;—and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:—

Read them; and know, I know your wòrthiness.—
My lord of Westmoreland,—and uncle Exeter,—
We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen?
What see you in those pàpers, that you lose
So much complexion?—lòok ye, how they chànge!
Their cheeks are pàper.—Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chased your blood
Out of appearance?

Cam. I confess my fault;
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey. Scroop. To whìch we all appeal.

K. Hen. The mercy, that was quìck in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare, for shàme, to talk of mèrcy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My lord Cambridge here,—
You knòw, how apt our love was, to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his hònour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which,
This knight, nò lèss for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is,—hath likewise sworn.—But O!
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop; thou crùel,
Ingràteful, sàvage, and inhùman creature!
Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,
May it be possible, that foreign hìre
Could out of thee extract one spàrk of evil
That might annoy my finger? 'tis so stràngе,
That, though the trùth of it stands off as gross

As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.
If that same demon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his lion gait walk the whole wòrld,
He might return to vasty Tartar bàck,
And tell the legions—I can never win
A soul so eàsy as that Englishman's.
Arrest them to the answer of the law;—
And God acquit them of their practises!

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God jùstly hath discover'd;
And I repent my faùlt more than my death;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my bòdy pay the price of it.

Grey. My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Hen. You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an ènemy, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden eàrnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His prìnces and his pèers to servitude,
His sùbjects to opprèssion and contèmpt,
And his whole kingdom into desolàtion.
Touching our person, seek we nò revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
(Whose ruin you have sought,) that to hèr làws
We do deliver you. So therefore hence,

(Poor miserable wretches,) to your dèath:
The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you
The patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence.
[*Exeunt Conspirators, guarded.*
Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No king of England, if not king of France.
[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

London. *Mrs.* Quickly's *House in* Eastcheap.

Enter PISTOL, Mrs. QUICKLY, NYM, BARDOLPH, *and* Boy.

Quickly.

PR'YTHEE, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yèarn.—
Bardolph, be blythe;—Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins.
Boy, bristle thy courage up: for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. 'Would, I were with him, wheresome'er he is!

Quick. Nay, sure, he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom child; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at the turning o' the tide; for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers,

and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. How now, Sir John? quoth I: what, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God! three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him, 'a should not think of God; I hoped, there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and all was as cold as any stone.

Pist. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.
Look to my chattels, and my moveables:
Let senses rule; the word is, *Pitch and Pay;*
Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.
Go, clear thy crystals.—Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France! like horse-leeches, my boys;
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck! [*Exeunt.*

France. *A Room in the* French King's *Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the French King, *the* Dauphin, *the* Duke of BURGUNDY, *and the* Constable.

French King.

THUS come the English with full power upon us;
And more than carefully it us concerns,
To answer royally in our defences.

Dau. Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:

And let us do it with no show of fèar:
No, with no more, than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance:
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.
Con. O peace, Prince Dauphin!
You are too much mistaken in this king:
And you shall find, his vanities fore-spent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brùtus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly.
Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable,
But though we thìnk it so, it is no matter.
In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he sèems,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd.
Fr. King. 'Tis wisely said: Think we King Harry strong;
And, princes, look, you strongly arm to meet him.
For he is bred out of that bloody strain,
That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witness our too much memorable shame,
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand
Of that black name, Edward the Prince of Wales;
Whiles that his mountain sire,—òn mountain standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,—
Saw his heroic seed, and smil'd to see him
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stèm
Of that victorious stòck; and let us fear
The native mightiness and force of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry, king of England,
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience. Go and bring them.

[*Exeunt Mess. and certain Lords.*

You sèe, this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; and good my sovereign,
Take up the English short; and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, *with* EXETER *and Train.*

Fr. King. From our brother England?

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.
He wills that you resign, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that by gift of heaven,
By law of nature, and of nations, 'long
To him, and to his heirs; namely, the crown.
And sends you this most memorable line,

[*Gives a paper.*

Willing you overlook this pedigree;
And, when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From hìm, the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. If you hide the crown
Even in your heàrts, there will he rake for it.
This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message;
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further:
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother of England.
Dau. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from England?
Exe. Scorn, and defiance; slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize yòu at.
Thus says my king: and, if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demànds at large,
Sweeten the bitter mòck yòu sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer for it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass, and retùrn your mòck
In second accent to his ordinance.
Dau. Say, if my father render fair reply,
It is against mỳ will: for I desire
Nothing but odds with England: To that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with those Paris balls.
Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shàke for it,
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference
(As we, his subjects, have in wònder found),
Between the promise of his greener days,
And these he masters nòw.
Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.
Exe. Despatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay.
Fr. King. You shall be soon despatch'd, with fair conditions:
A night is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter CHORUS.

THUS with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thòught. Suppòse, that you have seen
The well appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.
Play with your fancies; and in them behòld,
Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing:
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge: O! do but think,
You stand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on th' inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy;
And leave your England, as dead midnight, still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
Or past, or not arriv'd to, pith and puissance:
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege:
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose, the ambassador, from France come back,
Tells Harry—that the king doth offer him

Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
[*Alarum; and Chambers go off*
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind. [*Exit.*

Before Harfleur.

Alarums. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, *and Soldiers, with Scaling Ladders.*

K. Henry.

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger:
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height!—On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fetch'd from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument;
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest,
That those whom you càll'd fathers, did bèget you!
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your brèeding: which I doubt not;

I see you stand like greyhounds on the slip,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George!
[*Exeunt. Alarum, and Chambers go off.*

The same. Before the Gates of Harfleur.

The Governour *and some* Citizens *on the Walls.*
Enter King HENRY *and his Train.*

King Henry.

HOW yet resolves the governour of the town?
This is the latest parle we will admit:
Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves;
Or, (like to men proud of destruction,)
Defy us to our worst; as I'm a soldier,
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroyed?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end.
The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,
Returns us—that his powers are not yet ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, dread King,
We yield our town, and lives, to thy soft mercy:
Enter our gates; dispose of us, and ours;
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates!—Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:

Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers,—we'll retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the màrch are we addrest.

[*Flourish. The King, &c. enter the Town.*

The English *Camp.*

Enter GOWER *and* FLUELLEN.

Gower.

HOW now, Captain Fluellen, come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent service committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my livings, and my uttermost power: he is not (God be praised, and plessed!) any hurt in the world; but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an ensign there at the pridge,—I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the 'orld: but I did see him do gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called—ancient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours
The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise Got; and I have mèrited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart
And of buxom valour, hath,—by cruel fate,
And giddy fortune's wheel, that goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

Flu. By your patience, ancient Pistol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler before her eyes, to signify to you that fortune is plind: And she is painted also with a wheel; to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant and mutability and variations: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls. —Fortune, look you, is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stolen a *pax*, and hang'd must be.
Let gallows gape for dòg, let màn go free,
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I'll requite thee.

Flu. Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my bròther, I would desire the duke to use his goot pleasure, and put him to execùtions:—for disciplines ought to be used.

Pist. Die be thy doom; and *figo* for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain! [*Exit Pistol.*

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now; a cutpurse.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a utter'd as prave 'ords at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day: But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return into London, under the form of a soldier.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower;—I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, *and Soldiers.*

Flu. Got pless your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen? camest thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. And the duke of Exeter is master of the pridge; I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. Marry, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose; and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

Tucket sounds. Enter MONTJOY.

K. Hen. What shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.
Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of Eng-

land, Though we seem'd deàd, we did but slèep. Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur; but that we thought not good to bruise an injury, till it were full ripe:—now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial. England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add—defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his fòllowers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master; so much my office.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy king,—I do not sèek him now;
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth,
My people are with sickness much enfeebled;
My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have,
Almost no better than so many French;
Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought, upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus!—this your air of France
Hath blown thàt vice in me; I must repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy master, here I am;
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk;
My army, but a weak and sickly guard;

Yet, God before! tell him we will come on,
Though France himself, and such another neighbour,
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.
Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle, as we are;
Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it;
So tell your master.

Mont. My thanks to your highness.

[*Exit Montjoy.*

Glo. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.

March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:—
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves;
And on to-morrow bid them march away.

[*Exeunt.*

The French *Camp, near* Agincourt.

Enter the Constable *of* France, *the* Lord RAMBURES, *the* Duke *of* ORLEANS, Dauphin, *and Others.*

To them a Messenger.

Messenger.

MY lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The Lord Grandpré.

Con. 'Would, it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England!—He longs not for the dawning, as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehènsion, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish cùrs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples: You may as well say,—that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sỳmpathize with the mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives; and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils. Now is it time to arm: Come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock: be sure by ten,
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter CHORUS.

NOW entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face:
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gestures sad,
In wasted lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. Now, who beholds
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,

Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and visits all his host,
Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile,
And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an àrmy hath enrounded him:
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night;
But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint,
With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pìning and pàle before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largess universal, like the sùn,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle all,
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night:
And so our scene must to the battle fly:
Where (O for pity!) we shall much disgrace—
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
The name of Agincourt: Yet, sit and see;
Minding true things, by what their mockeries be.

[*Exit.*

The English *Camp at* Agincourt.

Enter King HENRY, BEDFORD, *and* GLOSTER.

King Henry.

GLOSTER, 'tis true, that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be.—
Good morrow, brother Bedford.—Now by heav'n
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful, and good husbandry:
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege; this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say—now lie I like a king.

K. Hen. Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas.—Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them; and, anon,
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt Gloster and Bedford.*

Erp. Shall I attend your grace?

K. Hen. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
I and my bosom must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!
[*Exit Erpingham.*

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. Qui va là?

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me; Art thou officer;
Or art thou base, common, and popular?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

K. Hen. Even so: What are you?

Pist. As good a gèntleman as the emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.

Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. Hen. Harry *le Roy.*

Pist. Le Roy! a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leèk about his pate,
Upon Saint Davy's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock thàt about yòurs.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too

Pist. The *figo* for thee then!
My name is Pistol call'd. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER, *severally.*

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So! in the name of heav'n, speak fewer. It is the greatest admiration in the universal 'orld, when the true and auncient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, or pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the ènemy is loùd; you heard him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that wè should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb; in your own conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

[*Exeunt Gower and Fluellen.*

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter BATES, COURT, *and* WILLIAMS.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but, I think, we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. Even as men wrack'd upon a sand, that look to be wash'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think, the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the element shows to him, as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing; therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears be of the same relish as ours are: Yet no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will: but, I believe, (as cold a night as 'tis,) he could wish himself in the Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king; I think, he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then, I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and many poor men's lives be saved.

K. Hen. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone; howsoever you speak this, to

feel other men's minds: Methinks, I could not die any where so contènted, as in the kìng's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enòugh, if we know we are the king's subjects; if his cause be wrong, our obèdience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But, if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heàvy rèckoning to make. I am afeard there are few die well, that die in battle. Now, if these men do nòt die well, it will be a blàck matter for the king that lèd them to it; whom to dìsobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputàtion of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him:— But this is not so. Every subject's dùty is the king's; but every subject's sòul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head, the kìng is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for mè; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I mỳself heard the king say, he would not be rànsomed.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make ùs fight cheerfully: but, when our thròats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a fòolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round; I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I knòw thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glòve, give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in mỳ cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, *This is my glove*, by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K Hen. If I live to sèe it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou darest as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends; we have Frènch quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*

K. Hen. Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our sins, lay on the king; he must bear all;
O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,
What infinite heart's ease must kings neglèct,
That prìvate men enjòy? and what have kings,
That privates have not too,—save cèremony?
And what àrt thou, thou idol ceremony?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,

Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy, bèing fear'd,
Than they in feàring? and what drink'st thou oft,
But poison'd flattery? O, be sìck, great greatness,
And bid thy cèremony give thee cùre!
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knèe,
Command the heàlth of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose:
I am a kìng, that find thee; and I knòw,
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
No, not àll these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labour, to his grave:
And, but for cèremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.
K. Hen. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.
Erp. I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts!
Possess them not with fear: take from them now
The sense of reckoning of th' opposēd numbers:
Which stand before them. Not tò-dày, O Lord!
O not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interred new;
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it issued forcēd drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood.
[*The trumpet sounds.*
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.
[*Exit.*

The French *Camp.*

Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, *and Others.*

Orleans.

THE sun doth gild our armour: Up, my lords.
Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!
For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter GRANDPRE.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yon island-carrions, desp'rate of their bones,

Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
Their horsemen sit like fixēd candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand: and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips;
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes;
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;
While their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh suits,
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?

Con. Come, come, away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day. [*Exeunt.*

The English *Camp.*

Enter the English *Host;* GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, *and* ERPINGHAM.

Gloster.

WHERE is the king?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

Exe. There's five to one.

West. O that we now had here

Enter King HENRY.

But one ten thousand of those men in England,

That do no work to-day!
K. Hen. What's he, that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to dìe, we are enough
To do our country lòss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, to-day,
That he, which hath no stòmach to this fight,
Let him depàrt; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd—the feast of Crispian:
He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nàm'd,
And ròuse him at the name of Crispian.
He, that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say—to-morrow is St. Crispian:
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars.
Yet shall not all forget: Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouth as household words,—
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd:
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this dày to the ending of the wòrld,
But we in it shall be remembered:
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall bè my brother; be he ne'er so vìle,
This day shall gèntle his condition:
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,

Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow.
K. Hen. Who sent thee nòw?
Mont. The Constable of France.
K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back;
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man, that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
And many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work:
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven.
Let me speak proudly:—Tell the Constable,
We are but warriors for the working-day:
Our gayness, and our gilt, are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host
(Good argument, I hope, we will not flỳ),
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But my poor soldiers tell me—yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes; for they will pluck

The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
And turn them out of service. Save thy labour:
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald;
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well:
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

Enter the Duke of York.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

K. Hen. Take it, brave York.—Now, soldiers, march away:
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!
[*Exeunt.*

Another part of the Field after the Battle.

Alarums. *Enter* Dauphin, ORLEANS, BOURBON, Constable, *and* RAMBURES.

Dauphin.

MORT *de ma vie!* all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes.—
[*A short Alarum.*

Con. Our ranks are broke.

Dau. Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!

Orl. We are enough, yèt living in the field,
To smòther up the English in our thròngs,
If any òrder might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng;
Let life be short; else, shame will be too long.

[*Exeunt.*

Another part of the Field.

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER.

Fluellen.

KILL the poys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer'd. In your conscience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals, that ran from the battle, have done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O! 'tis a gallant king!

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, captain Gower: What call you the town's name, where Alexander the pig was porn?

Gow. Alexander the grèat.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pìg, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think, Alexander the great was born in

Macedon; his father was called—Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think, it is in Macedon, where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain,—If you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye, at Monmouth: but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that; he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: As Alexander is kill his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, turn'd away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he: I can tell you, there is goot men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter King HENRY, *with a Part of the* English *Forces.*

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond' hill;
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight:
If they'll do neither, we will come to them;
And make them skirr away, as swift as stones
Enforcēd from the old Assyrian slings:
And not a man of them, that we shall take,
Shall taste our mercy:—Go, and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler now.

K. Hen. What means this, herald?
Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king:
I come to thee for charitable licence,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To book our dead, and then to bùry them;
To sort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our prìnces (woe the while!)
Lie drown'd in blood; O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not, if the day be ours, or nò;
For yèt a many of your horsemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day ìs yours.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength for it!—
What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it—Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this—the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the plack prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true: If your majesties is remember'd of it, the Wèlshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majesty know to this hour is an honourable padge of the service; and, I do believe, your màjesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable hònour:
For I àm Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his Grace, and your majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. I àm your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, prais'd be Got, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so!—Our heralds go with him;
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to Williams. Exeunt Montjoy and Others.*

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glòve in thy cap?

Will. An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal, that swagger'd with me last night: who, if 'a live, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear: or, if I can see my glove in hìs cap (which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if alive), I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite fròm the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look you, that he keep his vow and his oath.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Whom servest thou under?

Will. Under captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a goot captain; and is good knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen: wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap: When Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend

to Alènçon and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost love me.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours, as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrief'd at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once; and please Got of his grace, that I might see it.

K. Hen. Know'st thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick,—and my brother Gloster,
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:
The glove, which I have given him for a fàvour,
May, haply, purchase him a box o' the eàr;
It is the sòldier's; I, by bargain, should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:
If that the soldier strìke him (as, I judge
By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word),
Some sudden mìschief may arise of it;
For I do know Fluellen valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hòt as gùnpowder:
Follow, and see there be no harm between them.—
Uncle of Exeter, go you with me. [*Exeunt.*

Before King Henry's *Pavilion.*

Enter GOWER *and* WILLIAMS.

Williams.

I WARRANT it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Captain, I peseech you now, come apace to the king: there is more goot toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove.

Flu. Know the glove? I know, the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it.

[*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant traitor, as any's in the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England.

Gow. How now, sir! you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, Captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK *and* GLOSTER.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My lord of Warwick, here is a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day.

Enter King HENRY *and* EXETER.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain, and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it: and he that I gave it to in change, promised to wear it in his cap; I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now (saving your majesty's manhood), what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, knave it is: I hope, your majesty is pear me testimonies, and witnesses, and avouchments that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier; here's the fellow of it.
'Twas me, indeed, thou promised'st to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my liege, come from the heart; never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appear'd to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,

And give it to this soldier: Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns.—

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mèttle enough in his pelly;—Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a goot will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: Come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so goot: 'tis a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will chànge it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald: are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.
[*Delivers a Paper.*

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;
John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt:
Of other lords, and barons, knights, and 'squires
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French,
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,

There are but sixtèen hùndred mèrcenaries;
The rest are—princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
Here was a royal fellowship of death!——
Where is the number of our English dead?
[*Herald presents another Paper.*
Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketley, Davy Gam, esquire:
None else of name: and, of all other men,
But five and twenty. God, thy arm was here,
And not to us, but to thy arm alone
Ascribe we all.—Come, go we to the village:
And be it deàth proclaimed through our host,
To bòast of this, or take that praise from God,
Which is His only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many is kill'd?

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites;
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,
We will to Calais; and to England then;
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter CHORUS.

Chorus.

VOUCHSAFE to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them: and for such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th' excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Toward Calais: grant him there; there being seen,
Heave him away upon your wingèd thoughts,
Athwart the sea: Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,
Whose shouts and claps outvoice the deep-mouth'd sea,
Which, like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king,
Seems to prepare his way: so let him land;
And, solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath:
Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet and his bended sword
Before him, through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and workinghouse of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
With the plebeians swarming at their heels.—
Now we in London place him;—and omit

All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
Till Harry's back-return again to Fràncе;
There must we bring him; and Myself have play'd
The interim, by rememb'ring you—'tis pàst.
Then brook abridgement; and your eyes advance
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.
[*Exit.*

France. *An* English *Court of Guard.*

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER.

Gower.

NAY, that's right; but why wear you your lèek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, Captain Gower; The rascally, scald, beggarly, lowsy, pragging knave, Pistol,—which you and yourself, and all the 'orld, know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,—he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not preed no contentions with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter PISTOL.

Gow. Why, here he comes, and swelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks.—Got pless you, ancient Pistol! you scurvy knave, Got pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou Bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy lowsy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eàt it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*] Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when Got's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it. [*striking him again.*] You called me yesterday mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mòck a leek, you can eàt a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain; you have astonish'd him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days:—Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly; and out of doubts, and out of questions too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge; I eat, and eke—I swear!

Flu. Eat, I pray you: Will you have some more saùce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost sèe I eat.

Flu. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, 'pray you, throw none away; the skin is goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em! that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is goot:—Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat?

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth, you shall take it.

Pist. I take thy groat, in earnest of revènge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cùdgels; Got pe wi' you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.
Doth fortune play the huswife with me nòw?
News have I that my Doll is dead in France:
Old I do wax.—To England will I steal;
And patches will I get unto these scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [*Exit.*

SCENE THE LAST.

An Apartment in the French King's *Palace.*

Enter, at one Door, King HENRY, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, *and other* Lords; *at another the* French King, Queen ISABEL, *the* Princess KATHARINE, *the* Duke *of* BURGUNDY, *and his Train.*

King Henry.

PEACE to this meeting, wherefore we are met:
Unto our brother France—and to our sister,

Health and fair time of day :—joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine ;—
And (as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd),
We do salute you, duke of Burgundy,
And, princes French, and peers : Health to you all !
Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England ; fairly met :—
So are you, princes English, every one.
Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
To change all griefs and quarrels, into love.
K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.
Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.
Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great kings of France and England ! let me ask
What rub, or what impediment, there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peàce,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not, in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage ?
K. Hen. If, duke of Burgundy, you wòuld the peace,
Which you have cìted, you must bùy that peace
With full accord to all our just demànds ;
Whose tenours and particular effects
You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.
Bur. The king hath hèard them ; to the which, as yet,
There is no answer made.
K. Hen. Well then, the peace,
Which you before so urg'd, lìes in his answer.
Fr. King. I have as yet but with a cursory eye,
O'erglanc'd the articles : Pleaseth your grace

To sit with us once more with better heed
To resurvey them, we will, suddenly,
Pass or accept, and peremptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—
And, brother Clarence,—and you, brother Gloster;
And take with you free power, to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in, or out of, our demands;
And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them;
Haply, a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles, too nicely urg'd, be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us;
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but Henry, Katharine, and her Gentlewoman.*

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, most fair!
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his lovesuit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue.—Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardonnez moy, I cannot tell vat is—like me.

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

Kath. De tongues of de mans is be full of deceits.

K. Hen. I'faith, Kate, I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you: then, if you urge me farther than to say—Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. If you would put me to vèrses, or to dànce for your sake, Kate, why you undid me. If I could win a lady by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, (under the correction of bragging be it spoken,) I should quickly leap into a wife: but, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till ùrged, nor never brèak for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: If thou canst love me for this, take me: if not, to say to thee—that I shall die, is true: but—for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; but a good heàrt, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and nòt the moon; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou wouldst have sùch a one, take me: And take me—take a soldier; take a soldier—take a king: And what sayest thou then to my love?

Kath. Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France.

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the frièend of France; for I love France

so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mìne: and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question your gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your heart. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me, tells me,—thou shalt,) shall not thou and I, between Saint Dennis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French half English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce? How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très chère et divine déesse?*

Kath. Your *majesté* 'ave *faùsse* French enough to deceive de most *sage demoiselle* dat is *en France.*

K. Hen. Now, by mine hònour, in true English, I lòve thee, Kate. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspéct of iron, that, when I come to wòo ladies, I frìght them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appeàr: thou hast me, ìf thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wèar me, if thou wear me, better and better; And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand,

and say,—Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken musick; for thy voice is musick, and thy English broken: therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English, Wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it shall please de *roy mon père.*

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss you, and I call you—my queen. [*Kissing her.*] There is witchcraft in your lips, Kate; and more eloquence in a touch of them than in the tongues of the French council.—Here comes your father.

Enter the French King *and* Queen *with* French *and* English Lords.

Bur. My royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up
Issue to me: that these contending kingdoms,
England and France, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction

Plant neighbourhood and Christianlike accord
In their sweet breasts, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Now welcome, Kate:—bear witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

[*Flourish.*

Prepare we for our marriage:—on which day,
My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And àll the peers', for surety of our leagues.—
Then shall I swear to Kàte, and yoù to mè;
And may our oaths well kept and prosp'rous be!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS.

THUS far, with rough, and all unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursu'd the story;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but, in that small, most greatly liv'd
This star of England: fortune made his sword;
By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd king
Of France and England, did this king succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [*Exit.*

MACBETH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUNCAN, King *of* Scotland.
MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, } *his Sons.*
MACBETH, BANQUO, } *Generals of the* King's *Army.*
MACDUFF, LENOX, ROSSE, } *Noblemen of* Scotland.
FLEANCE, *Son to* Banquo.
SIWARD, *General of the English Forces.*
SEYTON, *an* Officer *attending on* Macbeth.
A Doctor.
A Soldier.

Lady MACBETH.
Gentlewoman *attending on* Lady Macbeth.
Hecate, and three Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, *and* Attendants.

SCENE, *in the end of the Fourth Act, lies in* England; *through the rest of the play, in* Scotland; *and, chiefly, at* Macbeth's *Castle.*

MACBETH.

ACT I.

An open Place.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.*

WHEN shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, and in rain?
2 *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.
3 *Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun.
1 *Witch.* Where the place?
2 *Witch.* Upon the heath:
3 *Witch.* There I go to meet Macbeth.
All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through fog and filthy air.
[*Witches vanish.*

A Camp near Fores.

Alarum within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *with Attendants, meeting a bleeding* Soldier.

Duncan.

WHAT bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant, who
Like a right good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity:—Hail, hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Sold. Doubtful long it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonel
Show'd like a rebel; but was all too weak;
For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name),
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Carv'd out his passage, till he fac'd the slave;
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin!

Sold. King of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kerns to trust their heels;
But the Norweyan lord, with new supplies,
Began a frèsh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, brave Macbeth and Banquo?

Sold. Yes;
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion!
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both.—But who comes here?
[*Exit Soldier attended.*

Enter ROSSE *and* ANGUS.

Mal. The worthy thane of Rosse.
Rosse. God save the king!
Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?
Rosse. From Fife, great king;
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold. Norway himself,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict:
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit.—To conclude,
The victory fell on us;——
Dun. Great happiness!
Rosse. Now Sweno, Norway's king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursēd, at Saint Colmes' Isle,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.
Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom's trust:—Pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth. [*Exeunt.*

A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.*

HERE hast thou been, sister?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:—
Give me, quoth I:
Aroint thee, witch! the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other:
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary sev'n-nights nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine.
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.
Look what I have.

2 *Witch.* Show me, show me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrack'd, as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum; Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,

Thus do go about, about.
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Forres?—What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't?—Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips:—You should be wòmen,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you àre so.

Macb. Speak, if you can;—What are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be Kìng hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fèar
Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of ròyal hòpe,
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!
3 *Witch.* Hail!
1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.
2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.
3 *Witch.* Thou shalt gèt kings, though thou be none:
All hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!
1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!
Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death, I know I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosp'rous gentleman; and to be kìng
Stands not within the prospect of belièf,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence! or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetick greeting?—Speak, I charge you. [*Witches vanish.*
Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them.—Whither are they vanish'd?
Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal, melted
As breath into the wind:—'Would they had stay'd!
Ban. Wère such things hère, as we do speak about!
Or have we eaten of the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner?
Macb. Your children shall be kings.
Ban. You shall be king.
Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?
Ban. To th' selfsame tune, and words. But who is here?

Enter ROSSE *and Others.*

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,

The news of thy success: and when he reads,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his. As thick as hail,
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praìses in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.
Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks.
Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives? Why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?
Ang. Who wàs the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. For treasons prov'd
Have overthrown him.
Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest ìs behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
[*To Angus.*
Do you not hope your children shàll be kings,
[*To Banquo.*
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to thèm?
Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the cròwn:
But oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with hònest trìfles, to betray us.
Cousins, a word, I pray.
Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the impèrial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—

This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I àm thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imàginings:
My thought, whose murder's yet but fântasy,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance may cròwn me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him
Like our strange garments; cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may;
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour:—my dull brain was wrought
With things forgot. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where ev'ry day I turn
The leaf to read them.—Let us tow'rd the king.—
Think upon what hath chanc'd: and, at more time,
(The interim having weigh'd it), let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

[*Exeunt.*

A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *and Attendants.*

Duncan.

IS execution done on Cawdor yet?
Are not those in commission yet return'd?
Mal. They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.
Dun. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the fàce:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An abs'lute trust.

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, *and* ANGUS.

O my most worthy cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude ev'n now
Was heavy on me. Would, thou'dst less desèrv'd
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! I have but left to say,
More is thy dùe than more than all can pay.
Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children, and servants;

Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe tow'rd your love and honour.
Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to hàve done so; let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.
Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.
Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, and thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,
The prince of Cumberland: which hònour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On àll deservers.—Hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.
Macb. The rèst is làbour, if not us'd for you:
I'll be myself the hàrbinger, and make
Joyful the hearing of my wife
With your approach; so, humbly take my leave.
[*Exeunt Duncan and the rest.*
The prince of Cumberland!—That is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap;
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

Inverness. *A Room in* Macbeth's *Castle.*

Enter Lady MACBETH, *reading a Letter.*

Lady Macbeth.

THEY met me in the day of success; and I have learn'd by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves—àir, into which they vanish'd. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hail'd me, Thane of Cawdor; by which title, before, these weird sisters salùted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with "Hail, king that shalt be!" This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejòicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thèe. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shàlt be
What thou art promis'd:—Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way: Thou wolùld'st be grèat;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter an Attendant.

What is your tidings?

Attend. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt màd to say it:

Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparàtion.
Attend. So please you, it is true; our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.
Lady M. Give him tending,
He brings great news. [*Exit Attendant.*] The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Dùncan
Under my battlements. Come, all you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsèx me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my bloòd,
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night!
That my keen knife seè not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, *Hold, hold!*

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present time, and I feel now
The future in the instant.
Macb. Dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hènce?
Macb. To-morrow,—as he purposes.
Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow sèe!—
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters:—To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But bè the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into mỳ despatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
Macb. We will speak further.
Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

Before the Castle.

Hautboys. *Servants of* Macbeth *attending.*

Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, *and Attendants.*

Duncan.

THIS castle hath a pleasant seat: the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our senses.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

See! our honour'd hostess.
The love that greets ùs, sometimes is our trouble,

Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God-ild us for your pains,
And thank us for yòur trouble.

Lady M. All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: For those of old,
We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels: but he rides well:
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To 's home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine host:—By your leave, hostess.

[*Exeunt.*

A Room in the Castle.

Enter MACBETH.

Macbeth.

IF it were dòne, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here:
But hère, upon this bank and shoal of Time,
We'd jump the life to come. But, in these cases,

We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which bèing taught, return
To plague th' inventor: Even handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips.—He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his hòst,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off;
And blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps ìtself,
And falls on the other side—How now! what news?

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. He has almost supp'd: Why have you
left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Knòw you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business.
He hath honour'd me of late: and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slèpt since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy lòve. Art thou afeard

To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem;
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage?
Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may becòme a man;
Who dares do more, is none.
Lady M. What beast was't then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you wère a man;
And, to be mòre than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then cohere, and yet you would make both;
They have made themselves, and that their fitness, now
Does unmake yòu.
Macb. If we should fàil!
Lady M. We fail.
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll nòt fail. When Duncan is asleep
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him), his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume; and when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers; who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?
Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle shòuld compose

Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they hàve done't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I'm settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Court within the Castle.

Enter BANQUO *and* FLEANCE, *and a Servant, with a Torch before them.*

Banquo.

HOW goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down: I have not heard
the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. 'Tis làter, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword:—There's husbandry
in heaven,
Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: Merciful powers!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose:—Who's there?

Enter MACBETH, *and a Servant with a Torch.*

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your officers.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and's shut up
In measureless content.—All's very well.
I dream'd last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they've show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
Would spend it in some wòrds upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind leisure
I shall be counsel'd.

Macb. Good repose, the while.

Ban. Thanks, sir; The like to you!

[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[*Exit Servant.*

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Còme, let me clutch thee:
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sìght? or art thou but
A dagger of the mìnd; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yèt, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;

And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
Moves like a ghost.——Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives.
[*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire:—hark!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good night.—He is about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I've drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there?—what, hoa!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done:—the attempt and not the deèd
Confoùnds us:—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.—My husband!

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I've done the deed:—Didst thou not hear a noise?
Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?
Macb. When?
Lady M. Now.
Macb. As I descended?
Lady M. Ay.
Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*
Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
Macb. There's one did laugh in 's sleep,
And one cried, *Murder!* that they wak'd each other;
I stood and heard them: but they did say their prayers,
And address'd them again to sleep.
One cried, *God bless us!* and, *Amen*, the other;
As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear.—I could not say, "Amen,"
When they did say, God bless us.
Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, Amen?
I had most need of blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.
Lady M. These deeds must not be thought on
After these ways; so, it will make us màd.
Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!

Macbeth does murder sleep!"

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house:

"Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more. Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things: Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie thère: Go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to thìnk what I have done;
Lòok on't again, I dare not.

Lady M. Infìrm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit. Knocking within.*

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here! Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green—one red.

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. My hànds are of your colour; but I shame

To wear a hèart so whìte. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers:—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.
Macb. To know my deèd, 'twere best not know
mysèlf. [*Knock.*
Wàke Duncan with this knocking! Would thou
could'st? [*Exeunt.*

The same.

Enter MACDUFF, LENOX, *and a Porter.*

Macduff.

IS thy master stirring?—
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he
comes.

Enter MACBETH.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!
Macb. Good-morrow, both!
Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?
Macb. Not yet.
Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;
I have almost slipp'd the hour.
Macb. I'll bring you to him.
Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet, 'tis one.
Macb. The labour we delight in physicks pain.
This is the door.
Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [*Exit Macduff.*
Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death:
Some say, the eàrth was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee!

Macb. Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb. What is't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber:—Do not bid me spèak;
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!—
[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.*
Ring the alarum-bell:—Murder! and treason!
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itsèlf!——Malcolm and Donalbain!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror!—Ring the bell.
[*Bell rings.*

Enter BANQUO.

O Banquo! Banquo! our royal master's murder'd!

Re-enter MACBETH *and* LENOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality.

Enter MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?
Macb. You are, and do not know't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stòpp'd; the very soùrce of it is stopp'd.
Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.
Mal. O, by whom?
Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows: they star'd, and were distract.
Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Whèrefore did you so?
Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Outran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make 's love known?
Lady. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady. [*She is carried out.*

Ban. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand: and, thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macd. So do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but Mal. and Don.*

ACT III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter BANQUO.

Banquo.

THOU hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for it. Hush! no more.

Senet sounded. Enter MACBETH, *as* King; Lady MACBETH, *as* Queen; LENOX, ROSSE, *Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Lay your highness'

Commànd upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.
Macb. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. We should have else desir'd
Your good advice in this day's council; but
We'll tak't to-morrow. Is it far you ride?
Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper. Go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.
Macb. Fail not our feast.
Ban. My lord, I will not.
Macb. Hie to horse: Adieu,
Till you return at night!—Goes Fleance with you?
Ban. Ay my good lord: our time does call upon us.
Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. [*Exit Banquo.*
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself,
Till supper-time, alone: till then farewell.
[*Exeunt Lady Macbeth, Lords, Ladies, &c.*
Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
Our pleasure?
Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.
Macb. Bring them before us.— [*Exit Atten.*
To be thus is nòthing;
But to be sàfely thus:—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of King upon me,

And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings.
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
To make them kings; the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come fate into the list,
And champion me to the utterance!—Who's there?—

Re-enter Attendant *with two* Murderers.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
1 *Mur.* It was, so please your highness.
Macb. Well then, now,
Have you consider'd?
2 *Mur.* I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.
1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.
Macb. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.
2 *Mur.* True, my lord.
Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: And though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
For sundry weighty reasons.
2 *Mur.* We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* Though our lives——

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour
I will advise you where to plant yourselves:
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' th' time,
The moment on't. Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

2 *Mur.* We àre resolv'd.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.
It is concluded:——Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

[*Exeunt Murderers.*

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without remedy
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let both worlds disjoint, and all things suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dèad,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well:
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further!

Lady M. Come on; gentle lord,

Sleek o'er your rugged looks; you must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st, that Banquo, and his Fleance, live.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hum,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. Whàt's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night!
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
While night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still;
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill.
[*Exeunt.*

A Room of State in the Palace.

A Banquet prepared.

Enter MACBETH, Lady MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Macbeth.

YOU know your own degrees, sit down: at first
And last, a hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society:
Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,

We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heàrt speaks, they're welcome.

Enter first Murderer, *to the door.*

Macb. See, they encounter thee with thèir hearts' thanks:——
Both sides are even: Here I'll sit i' the midst.
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then. [*Aside, at the door.*

Macb. Is he despatch'd?

Mur. My Lord, his throat is cut.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: Yet he's good
That did the like for Fleance.

Mur. Royal sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:——
There the gròwn serpent lies. [*Exit Murderer.*

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is cold,
That is not often vouched while 'tis making;
'Tis given with welcome: To feed were best at home;
Fròm thence, the saùce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May 't please your highness sit?

The Ghost *of* BANQUO *sits in* MACBETH'S *place.*

Macb. The table's full. [*Starting.*

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my lord. What is't that moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. Whàt, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus;
The fit is momentary: If you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man? [*Aside.*

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. Proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts,
(Impostors to true fear), would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?——
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, spèak too.—

If charnel-houses and our graves, must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost disappears.*
Lady M. What! quite unmann'd?
Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.
Lady M. Fye, for shame!
Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That when the brains were out the man would die
And there an end: but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools.
Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macb. I forget:—
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down:—Give me some wine, fill full:—
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

Enter Ghost.

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
'Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst.—
Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!
Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,

The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but thàt, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword:
If trembling, I inhibit, then protest me
The baby of a girl.—Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!—[*Ghost disappears.*] Why,
so;—being gone,
I am a man again.—'Pray you, sit still. [*They rise.*
Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the
good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.
Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think yòu can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.
Rosse. What sights, my lord?
Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse
and worse;
Question enràges him: at once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!
Lady M. A kind good night to all!
[*Exeunt Lords and Attendants.*
Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood will
have blood!
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, and understood relations, have brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a Thane of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow
To the weird sisters; for I'm bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst: I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

A dark Cave. In the middle, a Cauldron boiling.

Thunder. *Enter the three* Witches.

1 *Witch.*

THRICE the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go;

In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under the cold stone,
Days and nights has thirty-one,
Swelt'ring venom, sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn; and cauldron bubble.
2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of pow'rful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn; and cauldron bubble.
3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witches mummy; maw and gulf
Of the rav'ning salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat; and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Add thereto a tiger's chauldron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.
All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn; and cauldron bubble.
2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Musick and a Song. *Black Spirits, &c.*

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,

Something wicked this way comes :—
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?
What is't you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macb. I cónjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it), answer me
To what I ask you.
1 *Witch.* Speak.
2 *Witch.* Demand.
3 *Witch.* We'll answer.
1 *Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters'?
Macb. Call 'em, let me see 'em.
1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood!
All. Come high, come low;
Thyself and office deftly show.

Thunder. 1 Apparition, *of an armed Head.*

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—
1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought;
Hear his spèech, but sày thou nought.
App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me :—Enough.
Macb. Thou hast harp'd my fear aright:—But one word more :—
1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded: Here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. 2 Apparition, *of a bloody Child.*

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*

Macb. Then live, Macduff; What need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty? [3 *Apparition.*

All. Listen; speak not.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are;
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.

Macb. That will never be;
Who can impress the forest; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Yet tell me this, shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:—
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?
[*Hautboys.*

1 *Witch.* Show! 2 *Witch.* Show! 3 *Witch.* Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

A show of Eight Kings, *and* BANQUO *last, with a Glass in his Hand.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs:—And thy air,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former:—Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
What! will the line stretch out to th' crack of doom?
Another yet?—A seventh!—I'll see no more:—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shows me many more.—I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What! is this so?

[*Musick. The Witches dance, and vanish.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—
Come in, without there!

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your grace's will?
Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?
Len. No, my lord;
Macb. Came they not by you?
Len. No, indeed, my lord.
Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse: Who was't came by?
Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;

Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes: no boasting like a fool:
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool. [*Exeunt.*

England. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM *and* MACDUFF.

Malcolm.

LET us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal swòrd; and, like good men,
Bestride our downfall's birthdom. Each new morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland.

Mal. And this tyrant
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet.

Macd. I've lost my hopes.

Mal. Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Without leave-taking? Yet you may be just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee!—Fare thee well,
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:

I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: But yet for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is mysèlf I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd?
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction: here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. What I am
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command.

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter ROSSE.

See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself! where nothing,
But who knòws nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs are made, not mark'd; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for whom; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true! How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Rosse. All well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No; they were well at peàce, when I did leave them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech; How goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out.
Now is the time of help! your eye in Scotland
Would creàte soldiers, make our wòmen fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort,
We are coming thither.

Rosse. 'Would, that I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,

Where hearing should not catch them.
Macd. What? concern they
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?
Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to yòu alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Ha! I guess at it.
Rosse. Your castle is surprised; your wife, and babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of yòu.
Mal. Merciful heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow wòrds: the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it brèak.
Macd. My children too?
Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.
Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?
Rosse. I've said.
Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has nò children.
What, àll my pretty ones? did you say, all?

What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also fèel it as a man;
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! nàught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls.—Heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to wrath; blunt not the heart, enràge it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle heaven,
Cut short all intermission: front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Then Heaven forgive him too!

ACT V.

Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter a Doctor *of Physick, and a waiting* Gentlewoman.

Doctor.

I HAVE two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have

seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Enter Lady MACBETH, *with a Taper.*

Lo you, here she comes! Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. She has light by her continually: 'tis her command.

Doct. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sènse is shut.

Doct. Look, how she rubs her hands.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot. Out, damnēd spot! out, I say!—One: Two: Why, then 'tis time to do't:——Hell is murky!—Fye, my lord, fye! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife: Where is shè now?——What, will these hands ne'er be clean? —No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.—Here's the smèll of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh!—oh!—oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's bùried; he cannot come out of his grave. To

bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand; What's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed.

[*Exit Lady Macbeth.*

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisp'rings are abroad: Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine, than the physician.—
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good night:
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.

[*Exeunt.*

Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, *and Attendants.*

Macbeth.

BRING me no more reports; let them fly all
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was hè not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences, have pronounc'd me thus:
Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman,
Shall è'er have power upon thee.——Fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures!
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sagg with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand——
Macb. Gèese, villain?
Serv. Soldiers, sir.
Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy! What soldiers, whey-face?
Serv. The English force, so please you.
Macb. Take thy face hence. [*Exit Serv.*]—Seyton!
I'm sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will chair me ever, or disseat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?
Macb. What news more?
Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Send out more horses, skirr the country round;
Hàng those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour.—
How does your patient?
Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macb. Cure her of thàt.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;

Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heàrt?
Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macb. Throw physick to the dogs, I'll none of it.—
If thou couldst, doctor, purge out her disease,
I would applaud thee to the very echo.—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence?—Hear'st thou of them?
Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us to hear.
Macb. Bring my arms after me.——
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [*Exit.*
Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Pròfit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*

Birnam *Wood.*

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD *and his* Son, MACDUFF, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, *and* Soldiers, *marching.*

Malcolm.

COUSINS, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.
Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Siw. What wood is this before 's?
Ment. The wood of Birnam.
Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,

And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in repòrt of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't. The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue stròkes must arbitrate.

[*Exeunt, marching.*

Dunsinane.

Enter, with Drums and Colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, *and Soldiers.*

Macbeth.

HANG out our banners, on the oùtward walls:
The cry is still, *They come.* Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.—What is that noise? [*A cry within.*

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time hàs been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; I've supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is deàd.
Macb. She should have died hereàfter;
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yèsterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.—

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue.
Mess. My gracious lord,
I should report that which I say I sàw,
But know not how to do't.
Macb. Well, say it, sir.
Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam; and anon, methought,
The wood began to mòve.
Macb. Liar and slave!
Mess. Let me endure your wrath if't be not so:
Within this three mile may you sèe it coming;
I say, a moving grove.
Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang, alìve,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: *Fear not, till Birnam wood*

Do come to Dunsinane;—Arm, arm, and out!—
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the state o' the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum-bell:—Blow, wind! come wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE THE LAST.

Before the Castle.

Enter, with Drums and Colours, MALCOLM, SIWARD, MACDUFF, *&c. and their Army, with Boughs.*

Malcolm.

NOW near enough; your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are:—You, worthy uncle,
Lead our first battle: and Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.—
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he,

That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or nòne.

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is:—Tyrant, show thy face:
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife's and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hìr'd to bear their staves: Or thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbàttered edge,
I sheathe again unheeded. Let me find him,
Fortune! And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon thèm.

Re-enter MACDUFF *through the gates.*

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!
Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thèe:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.
Macd. I've no words:
My voice is in my swòrd; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*
Macb. Thou losest labour:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vùlnerable crests;
I bear a charmēd life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.
Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,

Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely rìpp'd.

Macb. Accursēd be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man:
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I'll nòt yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, be of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold, enough.*
[*They fight:—Macbeth is killed.*

Re-enter MALCOLM, SIWARD, ROSSE, Thanes *and Soldiers.*

Macd. Hail, King! for so thou art: Behold, where lies
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free.
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. King of Scotland, hail!
[*Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expanse of time.
Before we reckon with your several loves,

And make us even with you. Thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
We will perform in measure, time, and place.
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

CORIOLANUS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, *a noble* Roman.
TITUS LARTIUS, } *Generals against the* Volscians.
COMINIUS, }
MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *Friend to* Coriolanus.
SICINIUS, } *Tribunes of the People.*
JUNIUS BRUTUS, }
Young MARCIUS, *Son to* Coriolanus.
A Roman Herald.
TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *General of the* Volscians.

VOLUMNIA, *Mother to* Coriolanus.
VIRGILIA, *Wife to* Coriolanus.
VALERIA, *Friend to* Virgilia.

Roman *and* Volscian Senators, *and* Citizens, Servants *to* Aufidius, *and other* Attendants.

SCENE—*partly in* Rome; *and partly in the Territories of the* Volscians.

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I.

Rome. *A Street.*

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, *with Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.*

1 *Citizen.*

BEFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.

Cit. Speak, speak.

[*Several speaking at once.*

1 *Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?

Cit. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1 *Cit.* First you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Cit. We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kìll him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

Cit. No more tàlking on't; let it be dòne: away, away.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

Cit. Against him first; he's a very dòg to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himsèlf with being pròud. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did to please his mother, and partly to be proud; which he ìs.

2 *Cit.* You must in no way say he is còvetous.

1 *Cit.* [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen.—To the Capitol!

Cit. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft! who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1 *Cit.* He's honest enough; 'Would, all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where gò you
With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

1 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate: They say, poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall knòw, we have strong àrms too.

Men. Why, my good friends, will you undo yourselves?

1 *Cit.* We are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable càre
Have the patricians of you. For your wànts,
Your suffering in this deàrth, you may as well
Strike at the heàven with your staves, as lift them

Against the Roman State: and for the dearth
The gods, not the patricians, make it; so
Your knèes to thèm, not àrms, must help: you slander
The helms o' the state, who care for you like fàthers,
When you cùrse them as enemies.

1 *Cit.* Care for us indeed!—They suffer us to fàmish, and their store-houses cràmm'd with grain; and there's all the lòve they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accus'd of fòlly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture.

1 *Cit.* We'll hear it, sir: but yet you must not think
To fob off our disgraces with a tàle.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's mèmbers
Rebell'd against the bèlly; thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where other instruments
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And (mutually participate) did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd—

1 *Cit.* Well, sir, whàt answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you. With a kind of smile,
(For, look you, I may make the belly smìle,
As well as spèak), it tauntingly replied
To the discontented mèmbers, mùtinous parts
That envied his receipt.

1 *Cit.* Well, what then, sir?
What coùld the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you
1 *Cit.* Y'are long about it.
Men. Note me this, good friend:
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash, like his accusers, and thùs answer'd.
True is it, my incorp'rate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which yòu do lìve upon: but you remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
E'en to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' th' brain;
And, through the crànks and òffices of man:
The strongest nèrves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they lìve. This says the belly, mark me,—
1 *Cit.* Ay, sir; well, well.
Men. *Though all at once cannot*
See what I do deliver out to eàch;
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flòur of all,
And leave me but the bràn. What say you to't?
The senators of Rome are this gòod bèlly,
And yòu the mutinous mèmbers. What d'yòu think?
You the great toe of this assembly?
1 *Cit.* I the great toe! Why the great toe?
Men. For that being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st fòremost.
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;
The one side must have bale. Hail, noble Marcius!

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious rogues?

1 *Cit.* We have ever yòur good wòrd
Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions finds you hàres;
Where foxes, gèese: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who most desires
That would increase his evil. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him nòble that was now your hate,
Him vìle, that wàs your gàrland. What's the matter,
That in the several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?
Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stor'd.
Mar. Hang 'em! They say?
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol: making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's grain enough?
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.
Men. But I beseech you,
What says the other troop?
Mar. They are dissolved:

They said, they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs;—
That, hunger broke stone walls; that, dògs must eat;
That, meat was màde for mouths; the gods sent not
Corn for the rìch men only.—With these shreds
They vented their complainings.
Men. What is granted?
Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice: One of them Junius Brutus.
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with mè: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.
Men. This is strange.
Mar. Go, get you home, you fràgments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius?
Mar. Here: What is the matter?
Mess. The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.
Mar. I am glad on't; then we shall have means to vent
Our musty superfluity.

Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *and other* Senators; JUNIUS BRUTUS, *and* SICINIUS VELUTUS.

1 *Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately told us,
The Volsces àre in arms.
Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to it.
I sin in ènvying his nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,

Would wish me only he.

Com. You've fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the wòrld by the èars, and he
Upon mỳ party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1 *Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant. Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.

1 *Sen.* Hence! To your homes, be gone.

[*To the Citizens.*

Mar. Nay, let them fòllow:
The Volsces have mùch corn; take these ràts thither,
To gnaw their garners.—Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.

[*Exeunt Senators, Com. Mar. Tit. and Menen. Citizens steal away.*

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taùnts.

Bru. The present wars devour him.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder
His ìnsolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius. Let us hence, and hear

How the despatch is made, and how he goes
Upon this present action.

Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

Rome. *An Apartment in* Marcius' *House.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, *and* VIRGILIA: *They sit down on two low stools, and sew.*

Volumnia.

I PRAY you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort. If my son were my husband, I should freely rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than (picture-like) to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak! I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son. Hear me profess sincerely: Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather

eleven died nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. [*rising.*] 'Beseech you, give mè leave—

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.
Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck down Aufidius by the hair:
Methinks, I see him stàmp thus, and call thus,—
Come on, ye cowards, ye were gòt in fear,
Though ye were born in Rome: His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes.

Vir. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy. Go now; tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*

Vir. Heaven bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck. [*Exeunt.*

Near the Camp of Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS *and Forces, retreating.*

Cominius.

BREATHE you, my friends? Well fought: we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Ye Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own;
To give you thankful sacrifice!—

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. How long is't since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Mar. [*calling*]. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's.

Enter MARCIUS.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip ye
In arms as sound as when I woo'd; as merry
As on our nuptial day.

Com. How is't with Titus?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Comdemning some to death, and some to exile;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
E'en like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave,
Who told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think—

Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?
Com. Marcius,
We fought at disadvantage, and retired.
Mar. How lies the battle? Know you on which side
They've plac'd their men of trust?
Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' th' vaward are the Antiates,
O'er them Aufidius.
Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
The blood we've shed together, you directly
Set me against Aufidius.
Com. I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bàth,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking: take your choice of those
That best can aìd your action.
Mar. Those are they
That most are wìlling;—and if any fear
Less for his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him alòne, or màny, if so minded,
Wave thus, and follow Marcius [*waving his sword*].
[*They all shout, and wave their swords.*]
Come then! along! Make you a sword of me,
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is fòur Volscians?
Com. March on, my fellows.
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

The Roman *Camp.*

Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Enter COMINIUS *and* MARCIUS.

Cominius.

IF I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where the dull tribunes, with the fusty plèbeians,
Shall say, against their hearts, *We thank the gods,*
Our Rome hath such a soldier!

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, *with his Power, from the pursuit.*

Lart. General,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld——

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When shè does praise me, grièves me. I have done,
As you have done; that's what I càn: induc'd
As you have also been.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Ròme must know—

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude.
Of all the treasure, in this field achiev'd,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
And at your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;

But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry, Marcius! Marcius! cast up their caps and lances: Cominius and Lartius stand bare.*

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let camps, as cities,
Be made of false-fac'd soothing.—Now, no more!
You shout me forth in accents hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you;
And therefore, be it known that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: and we, from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.
Bear the addition ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.*

Cor. I'll go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no.

Com. So, to our tent:

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it: it is yours.
What is't?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
And at a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:

I saw him prisoner; and he cried to me:
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host frèedom.
Com. O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.
Lart. Marcius, his name?
Cor. By Jupiter, forgot!—
I am weary; yea, my mèmory is tir'd.
Have we no wine here?
Com. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Rome. *A Publick Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS.

Menenius.

THE augur tells me, we shall have news to-night.
Bru. Good or bad?
Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.
Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.
Men. Pray you, whom does the wolf love?
Sic. The lamb.
Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius. You twò are old men: Tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both Trib. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius pòor, that you two have not in abùndance?

Bru. He's poor in no òne fault, but stored with àll.

Sic. Especially in pride.

Men. This is strange now. Do you two know how yòu are censured here in the city? Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?

Men. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alòne, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alòne. You talk of pride: O! that you could make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of as unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates (alias fools), as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, yòu are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't. What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath.

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs; you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then adjourn the còntroversy of thrèepence to a second day of audience. Good den to your worships; I will be bold to take my leave of you. [*Bru. and Sic. retire to the back of the Scene.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* VALERIA, *&c.*

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches: for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:—Hoo! Marcius coming home?

Two Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another: and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night: A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me! It gives me an estate of seven years' health. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O! no, no, no.

Vol. O! he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much: Brings he a victory in his pocket, the wounds become him.

Vol. On his brows, Menenius: he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. They fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: An he had stay'd, I would not have been so *fidius'd* for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possest of this?

Vol. Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the

gèneral; wherein he gives my son the whole nàme of the war. He hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, wow.

Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true: Whère is he wounded?—God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes, who come forward.*] Marcius is coming hòme: he has more caùse to be proud. Whère is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm. He received in the repulse of Tarquin, sèven hurts i' the body.

Men. One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh,—there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave: [*A Shout, and Flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him
He carries noise; behind him he leaves tears.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS *and* TITUS LARTIUS; *between them,* CORIOLANUS, *crowned with an oaken garland; and a* Herald. *The People shout.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart.
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother,——

Cor. O!
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity. [*Kneels.*

Vol. Nay, my soldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?
But O, thy wife,——
Cor. My gracious silence, hail!
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come còffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah! my dear,
[*Kisses her.*
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons. [*To Valeria.*
Vol. O! welcome home;
And welcome, general:—You are welcome all.
Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: You are three,
That Rome should dote on: yet, by th' faith of men,
We've some old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your relish.
Com. Ever right.
Herald. Give way there, and go on.
Cor. Your hànd, and yòurs:
[*To his Wife and Mother.*
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them charge of honours.
Vol. I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy: only one thing
Is wanting, which, I doubt not, but our Rome
Will cast upon thee.
Cor. Know, good mother, I

Had rather be their sèrvant in mỳ way,
Than swày with them in theirs.
Com. On to the Capitol.
[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before.*

The same. The Capitol.

A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors *before them,* COMINIUS, *the Consul,* MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, *many other* Senators, SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS. *The* Senators *take their places; the* Tribunes *take theirs also by themselves.*

Menenius.

HAVING determin'd of the Volsces, it remains,
Most rev'rend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself. Cominius, speak.
[*Coriolanus rises, and offers to go away.*
1 *Sen.* Coriolanus: never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.
Cor. Your honours' pardon;
I had rather have my wounds to heal agàin,
Than hear say how I got them.
Men. Pray, sit down.
Cor. I'd rather have one scratch my head i' the sun,
When the alar'm were struck, than idly sit

To hear my nothings mònster'd. [*Exit Coriolanus.*
Men. Speak, Cominius.
Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feèbly. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home. Alone he enter'd
The gate o' the city; aidless came he off,
And with a sudden reinforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet. Till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.
Men. He's right noble;
Let him be call'd for.
1 *Sen.* Call Coriolanus.
Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee Consul.
Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.
Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.
Cor. I beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrages:
Please you that I may pass this doing.
Sic. Sir,
The people too must have their voices; nor
Will they abate one jot of ceremony.
Men. Put them not to it; fit you to the custom:
And take it, as your predecessors have,

Your honour with the form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To bràg unto them,—Thus I did, and thus;—
Show them th' unaching scars which I would hide,
As if I had received them for the hire
Of their breath only:—

Men. Do not stand upon't.—
We recommend t' you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose, and to them:—To our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

[*Flourish. Then exeunt Senators.*

The same. The Forum.

Enter several Citizens.

1 *Citizen.*

ONCE for all, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have pòwer in ourselves to do it; but it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he show us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude.

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark

his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him by ones, by twos, and by threes. Therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt.*

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known
The worthiest men have done't?

Cor. What must I say?—
"I pray, sir,"—Plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace:——"Look, sir;——my wounds!—
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From noise of our own drums."

Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that; you must desire them
To think on yòu.

Cor. To think upon me? Hang 'em!
I would they would forget me.

Men. You'll mar all;
I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [*Exit.*

Enter two Citizens.

Cor. So, here comes a brace.
You know the cause, sirs, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not
Mine own desìre.

1 *Cit.* How! not your own desire?

Cor. No sir: 'twas never my desire yet,
To trouble the poor with bègging.
1 *Cit.* You must think,
If we gìve anything, we hope to gàin.
Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?
1 *Cit.* The price? To ask it kindly.
Cor. Kindly, sir,
I pray you let me ha't: I've wounds to show,
Which shall be yours in private. Your good voice, sir;
What say you?
2 *Cit.* You shall have it, worthy sir.
Cor. A match, sir:—There's in all two worthy voices:
I have your alms; adieu.
1 *Cit.* But this is odd.
2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give agàin,—but 'tis no matter.
Cor. Most sweet voices! [*Exeunt two Citizens.*
Better it is to die, better to sterve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.

Enter three other Citizens.

Here come more voices.—I have fought for you;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I've seen, and you have heard of; for your voices,
Done many things. Indeed, I would be consul.
5 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.
6 *Cit.* Therefore lèt him be consul. The gods give him joy, and make him a good friend to the people!
All. Amen, Amen.

God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt Citizens.*
Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, *with* BRUTUS, *and* SICINIUS.

Men. You've stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice. Remains,
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.
Cor. Is this done?
Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:
The people do admit you; and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.
Cor. Where? at the Senate?
Sic. There, Coriolanus.
Cor. May I then change these garments?
Sic. Sir, you may.
Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,
Go to the senate-house. [*Exeunt Cor. and Menen.*
Sic. He has it now.
Bru. With a proud heàrt he wore
His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters? have you chose this man?
1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.
Bru. We pray the gods, he may deserve your lòves.
2 *Cit.* Amen, sir. To my poor unworthy notice,
He mòck'd us, when he begg'd our voices.
3 *Cit.* Certainly.
1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did nòt mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,
He us'd us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for's country.
Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.
All Cit. No; no man saw 'em.
[*Several speak.*
3 *Cit.* He sàid, he'd wounds, which he could show in private;
And with his hand, thus waving it in scorn,
I would be consul, says he: *aged custom*,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore: Thank you for your voices,
Your most sweet voices.—Wasn't this mockery?
Sic. Why were you either impotent to see't?
Or, seeing, of such childish friendliness
To yièld your voices?
Bru. When he had no power,
He was your enemy: and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hàth power to crush?
3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd;
We may deny him yet.
2 *Cit.* Ay, and we will:
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.
Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends,
They've chose a consul, that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often bèat for bàrking,
As therefore kept to do so.
Sic. Let them assemble;
Enforce his pride, and his old hate to you.
Say, that you chose him after oùr commàndment:

And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

Citizens. We will so: almost all
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

The same. A Street.

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, *and* Patricians.

Coriolanus.

TULLUS Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord.

Cor. So then the Volsces stand,
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon us.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safeguard he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. That, of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your person most: and he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.
[*To Lartius.*

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
Tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise them;
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that? What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the noble, and the common?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

1 *Sen.* Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?
Must these have voices, that can yield them now?
Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing.

Bru. Call't not a plot:
The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them since?

Bru. How! I inform them!
Cor. You are like to do such business.
Bru. Not unlike,
Each way to better yours.
Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yond' clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as yòu, and make me
Your fellow tribune. I will say again—
1 *Sen.* No more words, we beseech you.
Cor. How! no more?
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay, against those meazels,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.
Bru. You speak o' the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.
Sic. T'were well,
We let the people know't.
Men. What, what? his choler?
Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.
Sic. It is a mind,
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.
Cor. Shàll remain!
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute *shall?*
Com. Well,—to the market-place.
Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece,——

Men. Well, well; no more of that.
Cor. I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.
Bru. Shall the people give
One, that speaks thus, their voice?
Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthy than their vòices.
Men. Come, enough.
Bru. Enough, with overmeasure.
Cor. No, take more.
Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.
Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench. In a rebellion,
When not what's meet but what mùst be, was law,
Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
Let what is mèet, be said, thàt must be law,
And throw their power i' the dust.
Bru. Manifest treason.

Enter an Ædile.

Sic. Go, call the people; in whose name, myself
Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator. [*Exit Ædile.*
A foe to the publick weal. Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer. Help! ye citizens.

Re-enter the Ædiles, *and a Rabble of* Citizens.

Men. On both sides more respect.
Sic. Here's he, that would
Take from you all your power.
Bru. Seize him, Ædiles.

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[*Several speak.*

2 *Sen.* Weapons! weapons! weapons!

[*They all bustle about Coriolanus.*

Tribunes, patricians, citizens! what ho!
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

Cit. Peace, peace, peace! stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be? I am out of breath;
Confusion's near: I cannot speak.—You, tribunes
To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:—
Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me! people; Peace!

Cit. Let's hear our tribune: Peace! Speak, speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

Men. Fye, fye, fye!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 *Sen.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people?

Cit. True,
The people àre the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.

Cit. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation;
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges.

Bru. Or let us stànd to our authority,
Or let us lose it: We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.
Bru. Ædiles, seize him.
And bear him to the rock.
Cor. No; I'll die here.
[*Drawing his sword.*
Men. I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave ùs to cure this cause. I could myself
Take up a brace of them. Pray you, be gone.
Com. Nay, come away.
[*Exeunt Cor. Com. and others.*
1 *Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.
Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent:
Here's goodly work! [*A noise within.*
2 *Pat.* I would they were a-bed!
Men. I would they were in Tyber! What, the vengeance,
Could he not speak' em fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS, *with the Rabble.*

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?
Men. You worthy tribunes,—
Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock!
He hath resisted law.
1 *Cit.* He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.
Sic. Sir, how comes it, that yòu
Have holp to make this rèscue?
Men. Hear me speak:—

As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults:—
Sic. Consul! what consul?
Men. The consul Coriolanus.
Bru. Hear no more.—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence:
Men. Hear me but one word more, proceed by pròcess.
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmost peril.
1 *Sen.* Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.
Sic. Good Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer:
Meet on the Forum: We'll attend you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.
Men. I'll go, and bring him to you.
[*Exeunt.*

A Room in Coriolanus's *House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, *and* VOLUMNIA.

Coriolanus.

LET them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;

Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them. I muse, my honour'd mother
Does not approve me further. Would you have me
[*To Volumnia.*
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
Truly the man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir!
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Why, let it go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: lesser had been
The thwartings of your disposition, if
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang!

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS, *and* Senators.

Men. Come, you have been too rough;
You must return, and mend it.

Vol. Pray be counsell'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,—
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman:
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physick
For the whole state, I'd put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.
Cor. Well, what then? what then?
Men. Repent what you have spoke.
Cor. For thèm? I cannot do it to the gòds;
Must I then do't to them?
Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, unsever'd friends,
In wàr do grow together: and now tell me,
In pèace, what each of them by th' other loses,
That they combine not there.
Cor. Why force you this?
Vol. Because it liès on you to speak to th' people:
I would dissèmble with my nature, where
My fortunes and my friends, at stake, requir'd;
I should do so in honour.
Men. Noble lady!
Come, go with us.
Vol. I pr'ythee, say, my son,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft wày, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use; but thou wilt fràme
Thyself, forsooth, hèreafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power, and person. Here's Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place: and, sir,
'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger.
Men. Only fair speech.
Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. , He must, and will :—
Pr'ythee, now, sày you will, and go about it.
Cor. Must I go show them my unbarbēd sconce?
With my base tongue give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw't against the wind.—To the market-place:
You've put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.
Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.
Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son, as thou hast said,
My̆ praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.
Cor. Well, I mùst do't:
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Which bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will nòt do't:
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.
Vol. At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishònour,
Than thou of thèm. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me;

But owe thy pride thysèlf.

Cor. Pray, be content;
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*

Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm
Yourself to answer mildly; they're prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is *mildly:*
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then! [*Exeunt.*

The same. The Forum.

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Brutus.

IN this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people;
Put him to chòler straight: He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his word

Of contradiction : Being chàf'd, he cànnot
Be rein'd again to temperance.
Sic. Here he comes.
Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.
Cor. The great gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men ! plant love among us !
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war !
1 *Sen.* Amen, Amen !
Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, *with* Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people. Peace, I say !
Both Tribunes. Peace, ho.
Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?
Must all detèrmine here ?
Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you ?
Cor. I am content.
Men. Lo, citizens, he says, he is content :
The warlike service he has done, consider ;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard. Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier.
Com. Well, well, no more.
Cor. What is the matter now,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I'm so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again ?
Sic. Answer to us.

We charge you that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yoursèlf into a power tyrannical;
For which, you are a traitor to the people.
Cor. How! Traitor?
Men. Nay; temperately: Your promise.
Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor! Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.
Sic. Mark you this, people?
Cit. To th' rock! to th' rock with him!
Sic. Peace! ho.
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him spèak,
Deserves th' extremest deàth.
Bru. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome,——
Cor. What do yòu prate of service?
Bru. I talk of that, that know it.
Cor. You?
Men. Is this
The promise that you made your mother?
Com. Know,
I pray you,——
Cor. I'll know no further!
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying: Pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair wòrd;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,

To have't with saying, Good morrow.
Sic. For that he
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Has envied 'gainst the peòple, seeking means
To pluck away their power; in the name o' the people,
And in the power of ùs the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, bànish him our city.
Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends;——
Sic. He's sentenc'd: no more hearing.
Com. Let me speak.
Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people, and his country.
All. It shall be so; it shall be so—he's banish'd.
Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish yòu;
And here remain with your uncertainty.
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till, at length,
Your ignorance deliver you, as most
Abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, Menenius, Senators, and Patricians.*

ACT IV.

The same. Before a Gate of the City.

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, *and several young* Patricians.

Coriolanus.

COME, leave your tears; a brief farewell. Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were used
To say, extremity was the trier of spìrits;
That common chànces common mèn could bear;
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.—Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,— [*To Virgilia.*

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!
I shall be lòv'd when I am làck'd.—Cominius,
Droop not; adieu.—Farewell, my wife! my mother!
I'll do well yet.—Thòu, old and true Menenius,
Thỳ tears are salter than a yoùnger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,
'Tis fòond to wail inevitable strokes.
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smìle. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never òf me aught
But what is like me.

Men. Come, and let's not weep.
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.
Cor. Give me thy hand:
Come. [*Exeunt.*

A Highway, between Rome *and* Antium.

Enter a Roman *and a* Volsce, *meeting.*

Roman.

I KNOW you well: your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman: Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. What's the news in Rome?

Rom. There hath been strange insurrection. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever.

Vol. Coriolanus banish'd! You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Enter CORIOLANUS, *in mean Apparel, disguised and muffled.*

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium.—City,
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir
Of these fair edifices for my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop.

Enter a Citizen.

Save you, good sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies. Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,
At home this night.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you?

Cit. This,—here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir; farewell. [*Exit Citizen.*
This enemy's house I'll enter: if he slày me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. [*Exit.*

A Hall in Aufidius's *House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, *and two* Servants.

Coriolanus:

A GOODLY house. The feast smells well: but I
Appear not like a guest.

1 *Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

1 *Serv.* Away? Get yòu away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

1 *Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon. [*Exit.*

2 *Serv.* Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

2 *Serv.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

2 *Serv.* Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

2 *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows? What an ass it is!

Enter AUFIDIUS *and the first* Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow? Speak, man: What's thy name? [*Servants retire.*

Cor. A name unmusical to Vòlscian ears,
And harsh in sound to thìne.

Auf. Sày, what's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not.—Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and t' all the Volsces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Corìolanus.—Drops of blood,
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
Bùt with that surname; only that remains:
The cruelty and envy of the people
Have whoop'd me out of Rome. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make mỳ misery serve thy turn: so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thèe; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country.—If so be
Thou dar'st not this, then, in a word, I am
Longer to lìve most wèary, and present
My thròat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
Which not to cut, would show thee but a fool;
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. Marcius, Marcius,

Each word thou'st spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grainēd ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scared the moon with splinters! Here I clip
The anvil of my sword; and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend agàinst thee. Thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dream'd of encounters 'twixt thyself and me.
Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou thence art banish'd, we would muster all,
From twelve to seventy; and pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-bear.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The half of my commission. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
Say, *Yea*, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy:—
Yet, Marcius, that was mùch.

[*Exeunt Cor. and Auf.*

Rome.

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Sicinius.

WE hear not of him, neither need we fear him.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Bru. There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volsces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war,
Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world:
Which were inshèll'd, when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

Bru. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate-house: some news is come
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave;
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising!
Nothing but his report!

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,

The slave's report is seconded; and more,
Mòre fearful is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths
That Marcius leads a power against Rome,
Join'd with Aufidius.

Men. This is most unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more attone,
Than violentest contrarieties.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our borders.

Men. You have made gòod wòrk,
Yòu, and your apron men, that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupàtion, and
The breath of gàrlick-eaters! We're undone:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, '*Beseech you, cease.* You've made fair hands,
You, and your crafts! Wè loved him; but, like beasts,
And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clùsters,
Who hooted him from the city.

Com. But, I fear,
They'll roar him in again.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—
And ìs Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile.—Now he's còming!
If he could burn us all into one coal,

We have deserv'd it. [*Exit.*

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said, Banish him, I said, 'Twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us; That we did, we did for the bèst: and though we willingly consènted to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us! I ever sàid, we were i' the wrong when we banish'd him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Rome.

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and Others.*

Menenius.

NO, I'll not go. Go, you that banish'd him:
A mile before his tent fall down, and knèe
The way into his mercy; do you hear?
I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me:
Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. *Coriolanus*
He would not answer to: forbad all nàmes;

He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire
Of burning Rome.
Men. Why so: you've made good work:
A pair of tribunes that have sack'd fair Rome,
To make coals cheap; a noble memory!
Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon,
And offer'd to awaken his regard
For 's private friends. His answer to me was
He could not stay to pick them, in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff. He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two,—
Men. For one poor grain?
I am one of those; his mother, wife, and child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff.
Sic. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.
Men. No; I'll not meddle.
Sic. Pray you, go to him.
Men. Why, what should I do?
Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, tow'rds Marcius.
Com. He'll never hear him.
I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome. When I kneel'd before him;
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise;* dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: What he would do,
He sent in writing after; what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to no conditions:
So, that all hope is vain, but from his mother,

And wife, who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. So let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [*Exeunt.*

The Volscian *Camp.*

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

Coriolanus.

WE will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host. Fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what sight is this?

Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, *leading young* MARCIUS, VALERIA, *and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.—
[*They bend to him.*
What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows,
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspéct of intercession, which
Great nature cries, *Deny not.*—Let the Volsces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy! I'll stand
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss,

Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge,
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted. Sink, my knee, i' the earth;
Of thy deep duty more impression show [*Kneels.*
Than that of common sons.
Vol. O, stand up bless'd!
Thou art my warrior. Do you know this lady?
Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle
That hangs on Dian's temple: dear Valeria!
Vol. This is a poor epìtome of yours,
Which by th' interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself. [*Showing young Marcius.*
Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great seamark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!
Vol. Your knee, sirrah. [*He kneels.*
Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.
Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;
The things I have forswòrn to grant, may never
Be held by you denìal. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanicks: desire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O ! no more, no more !
You've said, you will not grant us àny thing ;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already : yet we wìll ;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness : therefore hear us.
Cor. Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark ; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request ?
Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment,
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We've led since thy exile : for how can we,
Alas ! how càn we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound ? Alack ! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. Either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin ;
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood.
Cor. I have sat too long. [*Rising.*
Vol. Nay, go not thus. If our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volsces whom you serve, you might condèmn us,
As poisonous of your honour : no ; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them : while the Volsces
May say, *This mercy we have show'd ;* the Romans,
This we recèiv'd ; and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be bless'd*
For making up this peace ! Daughter, speak you :
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thòu, boy :
Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reàsons. No man in the world

More bound to's mother; yet he lets me prate
Like one i' the stocks. Say, my request's unjust,
And spurn me back: but, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee.
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny't. Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and this child
Like him by chance.—Yet give us our despatch;
I'm hush'd until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. Mother, mother!
[*Holding Volumnia by the Hands, silent.*
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down at this unnatural scene.
You've won a happy victory to Rome:
But, for your son,—believe it, O! believe it,
Most dangerously you've with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. Good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
A mother less? or gràanted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I too was mov'd.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were:
What peace you'll make, advise me. For my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you
[*To Volum., Virg., &c.*
Stand to me in this cause. And you shall bear
A better witness back with you than words.
Come, enter with us. [*To Volum., Virg., &c.*

Auf. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords

In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

Rome.

Enter MENENIUS *and* SICINIUS.

Menenius.

SEE you yond' coign o' the Capitol: yond' corner stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him.

Sic. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is difference between a grub, and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon; he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother, now, than an eight year old horse. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not the gods: and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mess. Good news, good news! The ladies have
prevail'd,
The Volscians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.
Sic. Friend,
Art certain this is true? is it most certain?
Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire:
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*Shouting again.*
Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full.
Sic. They are near the city?
Mess. Almost at point to enter.
Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [*Going.*

Enter the Ladies, *accompanied by* Senators, Patricians, *and* People.

1 *Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!
All. Welcome, ladies!
Welcome! [*A Flourish with Drums and Trumpets.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE THE LAST.

Corioli.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *with Attendants.*

Aufidius.

GO tell the lords o' the city, I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market place.
Despatch. [*Exeunt Attendants.*

Enter Three or Four Conspirators.

1 *Con.* How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so,
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

2 *Con.* Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst
Betwixt yòu there is difference.

Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth; I gave him way
In all his own desires; took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I sèem'd his follower, not partner.—Hark!

[*Drums and Trumpets, with Shouts of the People.*

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a pòst,

And had no welcomes home; but hè returns,
Splitting the air with noise.
2 Con. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
Giving him glory.
3 Con. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he wòuld say, let him die, and bury
His reasons with his body.
Auf. Say no more;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords *of the City*, CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, *Soldiers, and Citizens.*

Lords. You are most welcome home.
Cor. Hail, lords! I am returned yoùr soldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage, led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home,
Do mòre than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We deliver,
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.
Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.
Cor. Traitor! How now!—
Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.
Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius. Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?—
You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,—
I say, your city,—to his wife and mother:
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' th' war; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.
Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?
Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears.
Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—
Cut me to pieces, Volsces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volsces in Corioli:
Alone I did it.—Boy!
Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of your own shame
By this unholy braggart?
Cor. O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!
Auf. Insolent villain!
Cons. Kill, kill him! stab!
[*Aufidius and the Conspirators draw, and stab Coriolanus, who falls dead.*
1 *Lord.* O Tullus!—

2 *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure. Now, my rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up:
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.—
And beat the drum that it speak mournfully.
Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.

Bear hence his body: let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

[*Exeunt, bearing the body of Coriolanus.*
A dead March sounded.

LIFE AND DEATH OF
KING RICHARD III.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King EDWARD THE FOURTH.
EDWARD, Prince *of* Wales, } *Sons to the* King.
RICHARD, Duke *of* York, }
GEORGE, Duke *of* Clarence, } *Brothers to the* King.
RICHARD, Duke *of* Gloster, }
HENRY, Earl *of* Richmond.
Archbishop *of* York.
Duke *of* Buckingham.
Duke *of* Norfolk : Earl *of* Surrey.
Earl Rivers,
Marquis *of* Dorset, *and* Lord Grey.
Lord Hastings. Lord Stanley. Lord Lovel.
CATESBY,
BRAKENBURY, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*
Lord Mayor.

Queen of King EDWARD IV.
MARGARET, *Widow of* King HENRY VI.
Duchess *of* York, *Mother to* King EDWARD IV.
Lady ANNE, *Widow of* EDWARD, Prince *of* Wales.

SCENE, England.

Note.—When Mr. Kemble read this Play at Crosby Hall, in the City, he introduced it thus—"It will add to the interest, Ladies and Gentlemen, that I may be able to impart to the details of this Play, if you will bear in mind that some of the scenes, truthfully recorded by Shakspere, were enacted in this very apartment."

LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD III.

ACT I.

London.

Enter GLOSTER.

Gloster.

NOW is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds, that lower'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;

I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph:
I, that am cùrtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up;
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time;
Unless to see my shadow in the sun,
And dèscant on mine own deformity.
Plots have I laid, by prophecies, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the king,
In deadly hate the one against the other.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! Here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE, *guarded, and* BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day: What means this armed guard,
That waits upon your grace?
Clar. His majesty,
Tendering my person's sàfety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.
Glo. Upon what cause?
Clar. Because my name is Geòrge.
Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours?
He should, for that, commit your godfathers:
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?
Clar. Yea, Richard, when Ì know; for, I protest,
As yet I do not: But, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;
And says, a wizard told him that by G

His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George bègins with G,
It follows in his thought, that I am he:
Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women:
'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower;
My Lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
That tempers him to this extremity.
We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.
Brak. I beg your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge,
That no man shall have prìvate conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.
Glo. E'en so? an please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no treason, man;—We say, the king
Is wise and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well struck in years; fair, and not over-jealous:
We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a passing pleasing tongue;
That the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks:
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?
Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.
I do beseech your grace to pardon me;
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.
Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.
Glo. We are the queen's abjècts, and mùst obey.
Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or else lie fòr you:
Mean time, have patience, pray.
Clar. I must perforce;
[*Exeunt Clarence, Brakenbury, and Guard.*

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.—
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives, and reigns;
When they are gone, then must I count my gains.
[*Exit.*

Another Street.

Enter Attendants bearing the Corpse of King Henry the Sixth, Gentlemen *bearing Halberds, to guard it; and* Lady ANNE *as mourner.*

Anne.

SET down, set down your honourable load,
Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
O, cursed be the hand that made these holes!
Cursed the heart, that had the heart to do it!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspéct
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Than I am made by my young lord, and thee!—
Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load.
[*The Bearers take up the Corpse, and advance.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,
I'll màke a corse of him that disobeys.

1 *Gent.* My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog! stand thòu when I command:
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, bèggar, for thy boldness.

[*The Bearers set down the coffin.*

Anne. Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not hurt; therefore, be gone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. If thou delight to vìew thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.—
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposēd evils give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair, I should accuse myself.

Anne. And, bỳ despairing only, stand excus'd;
For doing wòrthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst ùnworthy slaughter upon others.
Didst thou not kill this king?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven that hàth him.

Anne. He ìs in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank mè, that holp to sènd him thither;

For he was fitter for that place, than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place elṣe, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie in yours.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so.—But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.

Glo. Your beàuty was the cause of that effect;
Yoùr beàuty, that did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wrack,
You should not blèmish it if I stood by:
As all the world is cherish'd by the sun,
So I by that; it is my dày, my lìfe.

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thòu art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that lòveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a bètter husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives, that loves thee better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The self-same nàme, but one of better nàture.

Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Here: Why dost thou spit at me?

Anne. Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mìne.

Anne. 'Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
From mìne, which never shed remorseful drops:
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of mỳ father's death;
And all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain. I never sù'd;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing word;
But now thy beàuty is propos'd my fee,
My pròud heàrt sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.
[*She looks scornfully at him.*
Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made

For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[*He lays his breast open; she offers at it with his sword.*
Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry:—
But 'twas thy beauty that provokēd me.
Nay, now despatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward;— [*She again offers at his breast.*
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.
[*She lets fall the sword.*
Take up the sword again, or take up mè.

Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy ràge:
Speak it again, and, even with the word,
This hand, which, for thy lòve, did kìll thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far trùer love.
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

Anne. I would, I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.
Look, how my ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.—
And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.
That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath most cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-place:
Where, after I have solemnly interr'd,
At Chertsey monastery, this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty see you.
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.
Tressel and Berkley, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve:
But, since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt Lady Anne, Tressel, and Berkley.*

Glo. Take up the corse.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Glo. No!—to White Friars; there attend my coming. [*Exeunt the rest, with the Corse.*

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her,—but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,

The bleeding witness of my hatred by;
With God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,
And yet to wìn her,—all the world to nothing!
And will she yet abase her eyes on mè,
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety!
On mè, that hàlt, and am misshapen thus!
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistàke my pèrson all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous pròper màn.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adòrn my body:
Since I àm crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But, first, I'll turn yon fellow to his grave;
And then return lamenting to my love.
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glàss,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit.*

A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, Lord RIVERS, *and* Lord GREY.

Rivers.

HAVE patience, madam; there's no doubt, his majesty
Will soon recòver his accustom'd health.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide on me?

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,

To be your comforter when hè is gone.
Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young; and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and* DORSET.

Glo. They do me wròng, and I will not endure it:—
Who are they, that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a ràncorous enèmy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?
Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?
Glo. To thèe, that hast nor honesty, nòr grace.
When have I injured thèe? when done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?
Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter:
The king, of his own royal disposition,
Hath sent for you: that thereby he may gather
The ground of yoùr ill-will, and so remove it.
Glo. I cannot tell; The world is grown so bad,
That wrèns make prey where eàgles dare not perch:
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.
Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloster;
God grant, we never may have need of you!
Glo. Meantime, God grants that wè have need of yòu:
Our brother is imprison'd by your means.

Q. Eliz. By Him that rais'd me to this càreful height,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead fòr him.
Glo. You may deny, too, that you were the caùse
Of my Lord Hàstings' late imprisonment.
Riv. She may, my lord;—
Glo. Why, who knows not she may?
She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help yòu to many fair preferments,
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on yòur high desèrt.
What may she not? She may, ay, marry, may she,—
Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs:
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter Queen MARGARET, *behind.*

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, Heav'n, I beseech thee!
Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to mè.
I can no longer hold me patient. Hear! [*Advancing.*
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?
If not, that, I being queen, you bòw like subjècts,
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quàke like rèbels.
Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thòu in my sight?
Wert thou not banishēd on pain of death?
Q. Mar. A husband and a son thou ow'st to me,—
And thòu a kìngdom;—àll of you, allègiance.
Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
His curses, then, from bitterness of soul

Denounc'd against thee, are all fall'n upon thee.

Q. Mar. Càn curses pierce the clòuds, and enter heaven?

Why, then give way, dull clouds, to mỳ quick curses!
Though not by war, by surfeit die yoùr king,
As ours by mùrder, to make him a king!
Edward, thy son, that now is Prince of Wales, [*To Q. Eliz.*
For Edward, oùr son, that wàs Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that wàs a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
And see anòther, as I see thèe now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!—

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag!

Q. Mar. And leave out thèe? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wìsh upon thee,
O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe:
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested—

Glo. Margaret!

Q. Mar. O, let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. 'Tis done by me; and ends in—Margaret.

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse against yoùrself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of mỳ fortune!

The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me

To help thee curse this pois'nous hunch-back'd toad.
Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantick curse.
Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.
Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me;
My charity is outrage, life my shame,
And in that shame still lives my sorrow's rage!
O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Thy garments are not spotted with our blòod,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog;
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death.
Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham?
Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.
Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?
O! but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow;
And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess. [*Exit.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—
And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords.
Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come: Lords, will you go with me?
Riv. We wait upon your grace.
[*Exeunt all but Gloster.*
Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
Clarence,—whom I indeed have cast in darkness,
I do beweep to many simple gulls;
And tell them, 'tis the queen and her allies,
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
And then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture,

With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ:
I seem a saint, when most I play the devil. [*Exit.*

A Room in the Tower.

Enter CLARENCE *and* BRAKENBURY.

Brakenbury.

WHY looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a christian-faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days.

Brak. What wàs your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck mè (that thought to stay him) òverboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears:
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wracks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,

All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea,
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes,
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methòught I hàd; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth,
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awàk'd you not in this sore agony?

Clar. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that sour ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
Who cried aloud, *What scourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud,—
Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howlēd in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd, and (for a season), after,
Could not believe but that I wàs in hell.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you!
I am afraid, methinks, to heàr you tèll it.
Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done these things
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
Yet execute thy wrath on mè alone:
O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!—
I pray thee, Brakenbury, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.
Brak. I will, my lord; God give your grace good rest!—

[*Clarence reposes himself on a Chair.*

Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours
Make the night morning, and the noontide night.

ACT II.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter King EDWARD (*led in sick*), Queen ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, *and Others.*

King Edward.

WHY, so: now have I done a good day's work;—
You peers, continue this united league:
And more in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.
Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hàte;

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. May I meet hàte where I expect most lòve!
When I am cold in zeal, to yòu, or yòurs.
[*Embracing Rivers, &c.*

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good-morrow to my sovereign king, and queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spènt the day:—
Gloster, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensēd peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege.
Among this princely heap, if any here
Hold mè a foe; if I unwittingly
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me, to be at enmity;
I hàte it, and desire all good men's lòve.
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,

Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us:
Of you, Lord Rivers, and of Dorset,—all.
I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night.

Q. Eliz. A holy-day shall this be kept hereafter:—
I would to heav'n, all strifes were well compounded.—
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not that the gentle duke is dèad?
[*They all start.*
You do him injury to scorn his corse.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done.

K. Edw. I pr'ythee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.

Stan. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's dèath,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man.—Who sued for him?

Kneel'd at my feet, and spoke of brotherhood?
Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for mè?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters, or your waiting-vassals,
Have done a drunken slaughter in their riot,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
But for my brother, not a man would speak
For him, poor soul. Come, help me to my chamber.
Alas, poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt King, Queen, Hastings, Rivers, Dorset, and Grey.*

Glo. Come, lords; will you go,
To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*

The same.

Enter the Duchess *of* York, *meeting* Queen ELIZABETH; RIVERS *and* DORSET *following her.*

Queen Elizabeth.

AH! who shall hinder me to wail and weep?
Edward, my lord, thỳ son, our kìng, is dead.
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our swift-wingēd souls may catch the king's,
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him.—
Was never widow, had so dear a loss.

Duch. Was never mòther, had so dear a loss.

Riv. Madam, bethink you of the prince your son:

Let him be cròwn'd: in him your comfort lives:
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, *and Others.*

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can help our harms by wailing them.—
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not sèe your grace: I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee; and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glo. Amen; and make me die a good old man!
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing; [*Aside.*
I marvel, that her grace did leave it out.

Buck. Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be sent
Hither to London, to be cròwn'd our king.

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam,—and you my sister,—will yòu go
To give your censures in this weighty business?

[*Exeunt all but Buckingham and Gloster.*

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For heaven's sake, let not us stay at home:
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
To part the queen's proud kìndred from the prìnce.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet! My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll nòt stay behind.

[*Exeunt.*

A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Archbishop *of* York, *the young* Duke *of* York, Queen ELIZABETH, *and the* Duchess *of* York.

Archbishop.

AST night, I heard, they lay at Stony-Stratford;
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince;
I hope he is much grown.

Q. Eliz. They say, my son
Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

Duch. Why, my young cousin? it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my bròther. Quoth my uncle Gloster,
Small herbs have grace, grèat wèeds do grow apàce:

Duch. 'Good faith, 'good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee:
For, if his rule were trùe, hè should be gracious.

Arch. And so no doubt he is.

Duch. I hope he is.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch hìs growth, nearer than he touch'd mìne.

Duch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,

That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old:
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Duch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this?
York. His nurse.
Duch. Why, she was dead ere thou wast born.
York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Enter a Messenger.

Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?
Mess. Well, Madam, and in health.
Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey, are sent to Pomfret.
Duch. Who hath committed them?
Mess. The mighty dukes,
Gloster and Buckingham.
Arch. For what offence?
Mess. Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lord.
Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house!
The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind:
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.
Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.—
Madam, farewell.
Duch. Stay, I will go with you.
Q. Eliz. You have no cause.
Arch. My gracious Lady, go.
[*To the Queen.*
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
Go; I'll conduct you to the sanctuary.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

A Street.

The Trumpets sound. Enter the Prince *of* Wales, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, Cardinal BOURCHIER, *and Others.*

Buckingham.

WELCOME, sweet prince, to London.

Glo. Welcome, cousin. The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, those uncles which you want
Were dangerous: You heard their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, *and his Train.*

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord;—and thank you all. [*Exeunt Mayor, &c.*
I thought, my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way.
Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tòwer:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.
Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place:
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?
Buck. He did, my gracious lord, bègin that place.
Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wìt
His wit set dòwn to make his valour lìve.
Death makes no conquest of thìs conqueror;
For nòw he lives in fàme, though not in life.—
Glo. So wise so young, they say do ne'er live long.
[*Aside.*

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, *and the* Cardinal.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of York.
Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?
York. Well, my dread lord; sò must I call you now.
Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours,
Too late he died that might have kept that title.
Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?
York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O! my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.
Glo. He hath, my lord.
York. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.
York. Then he is more beholden t' you than I.
Glo. He may commànd me, as my sòvereign;
But you have power in me, as a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, then give me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.
Prince. A beggar, brother?
York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give.
Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.
York. A greater gift! O, that's the swòrd to it.
Glo. What! would you have my weapon, little lord?
York. I would, that I might thank you as you càll me.
Glo. How?
York. Little.
Prince. He will still be cross in talk;
I hope your grace knows how to bear with him.
York. You mean, to beàr me, not to bear with me:—
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.
Glo. My gracious lord, will't please you pass along?
Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,
Will to your mother; to entreat of her,
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.
York. What! will you go unto the Tòwer, my lord?
Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.
York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.
Glo. What should you fear?
York. My uncle Clarence' ghost;
My grandam told me, he was murder'd there.
Prince. I fear no uncles dead.
Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.
Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt Prince, York, Hastings, Cardinal, and Attendants.*

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensēd by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy;
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.
Buck. Well, let them rest.—Come hither to me, Catesby;
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make Lord William Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?
Cate. He, for his father's sake, so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.
Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? will not he?
Cate. He will do, all in all, as Hastings doth.
Buck. Go, gentle Catesby, and sound thou Lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
And give us notice of his inclination.
Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?
Cate. You shall, my lord.
Glo. At Crosby-place, there shall you find us both.
[*Exit Catesby.*
Buck. My lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield?
Glo. Chop off his head!
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
Th' earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables
Whereof the king my brother was possess'd.
Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.
Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
[*Exeunt.*

A Room in the Tower.

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the* Bishop *of* Ely, CATESBY, LOVEL, *and Others, sitting at a Table: Officers of the Council attending.*

Hastings.

NOW, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is, to determine of the coronation.
Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.
Hast. I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my noble lords, may name the time,
And in the dùke's behàlf I'll give my voice.

Enter GLOSTER.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.
Glo. My noble lords and cousins, all, good morrow.
Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd yòur part,—
I mean your voìce, for crowning of the king.
Glo. Than my Lord Hastings, no man might be bolder;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.
Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
[*Takes him aside.*
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business;
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head, ere give consent
His master's son, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with you.
[*Exeunt Gloster and Buckingham.*
Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning.
I think, there's ne'er a man in Christendom,
Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he;
For by his fàce straight shall you know his heàrt.
Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face?
Hast. Marry, that with none here he is offended;
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevàil'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?
Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward. Whosoe'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deservēd deàth.
Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil,
Lòok how I am bewitch'd! Behold, mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that mònstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot-strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.
Hast. If they hàve done this deed, my noble lord,—
Glo. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of ifs? Thou art a traitor:—
Off with his head! now, by St. Paul, I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.
Lovel, and Ratcliff, look that it be done;
The rest that love me, rise, and follow me.
[*Exeunt Council, with Glo. and Buck.*
Hast. Woe, woe for England! not a whit for me.

O, Margaret! Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

Catesby. Despatch, my lord, the duke would be at dinner;
Make a short shrift: he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come,—despatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O, bloody Richard!—miserable England!
I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head;
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

[*Exeunt.*

Court of Baynard's *Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM, *meeting.*

Gloster.

HOW now, how now? what say the citizens? Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Buck. I did; with his contráct with Lady Lucy:
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nòthing, fitting for your purpose,
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.

And, when my oratory grew tow'rd end,
I bade them, that did love their country's good,
Cry, *God save Richard, England's royal king!*
Glo. And did they so?
Buck. No, so heav'n help me, they spake not a word;
But, like dumb statues, or unbreathing stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
And ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful silence;
His answer was,—the people were not us'd
To be spoke to, unless by the recòrder.
Then hè was urg'd to tell my tale again:
Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, *God save King Richard!*
And thus I took the vantage of those few,—
Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I;
This general applause, and cheerful shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard:
And even here brake off and came away.
Glo. What tongueless blocks were they: Would they not speak?
Will not the mayor then, and his brethren, come?
Buck. The mayor is here at hand; pretend some fear;
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
And be not easily won to our reqùests;
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and yield.
Glo. I go; And if you plead as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.
[*Exit Gloster.*

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, *and* Citizens.

Buck. Welcome, my lord; I dance attendance here;
I think, the duke will not be spoke withal.—

Enter, from the Castle, CATESBY.

Catesby! what says your lord to my request?

Cate. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow, or next day:
He is within; but with two reverend fathers;
And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke;
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conf'rence with his grace.

Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight. [*Exit.*

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!
He is not lulling on a lewd love-bed,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof.

Enter GLOSTER, *in a Gallery above, between Two* Bishops. CATESBY *returns.*

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a christian prince,

Glo. I do beseech your grace to pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of great heav'n,
Defer'd the visitation of my friends.
I do suspect, I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the city's eye.

Buck. You have, my lord; Would it might please
your grace,
On our entreaties, to amènd your fault!
Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?
Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign
The sceptred office of your ancestors
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
Which to recure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land;
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
Glo. Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert
Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
For, heav'n be thank'd, there is no need of me;
The royal trèe hath left us royal frùit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make us, doubtless, happy by his reign.
Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace,
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial:
More bitterly coùld I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity.
May. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.
Cate. O, make them joyful; grant their lawful suit.
Glo. Alas, why would you heap those cares on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty:
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.
Buck. If you refuse it, as in love and zeal,
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart,

Yet know, whe'r you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall nèver reign our king;
But we will plant some other in the throne;
To the disgrace and downfall of your house.
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Citizens.*

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit;
If you deny them, all the land will rue't.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Well, call them back; I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties.

[*Exit Catesby.*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM *and the Rest.*

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whe'r I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enfòrcement shall acquittance me;
For heav'n doth know, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will sày it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,
Long live King Richard, England's worthy king!

All. Amen. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

Glo. Even when you please, since you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your grace;

And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again.

[*To the Bishops.*

Farewell, good cousin;—farewell, gentle friends.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

A Room of State in the Palace.

Flourish of Trumpets. RICHARD, *as King upon his Throne;* BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, *and Others.*

King Richard.

STAND all apart. — Cousin of Buckingham,——

Buck. My gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,
And thy assistance, is King Richard seated:
But shall we wear these glories for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold, indeed:—
Young Edward lives;—Think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be kìng.

Buck. Why, so you àre, my thrice-renownēd lord.

K. Rich. Ha! àm I king? 'Tis so: but Edwàrd lives.
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull:
Shall I be plain?—I wish the bastards dèad.

What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.
Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.
K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes:
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?
Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, dear lord,
Before I pòsitively speak in this.
I will resolve you herein presently.
[*Exit Buckingham.*
K. Rich. High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect,
He shall no more be neighbour to my counsels:
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath?—well, be it so.

Enter STANLEY.

How now, Lord Stanley? what's the news?
Stan. My lord,
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond.
K. Rich. Catesby, rumour it abroad
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close.
[*Exit Catesby.*
I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.

Enter TYRREL.

Thy name?
Tyr. James Tyrrel, your obedient subject.
K. Rich. Art thou, indèed?
Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.
K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you, I'd rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it; two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet musick. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel;
Go, by this token.—Rise, and lend thine ear:
[*Whispers.*
Say, it is done, and I will love thee for't.

Tyr. I will despatch it straight. [*Exit.*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Well, look to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,
Which you have promis'd that I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me, Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king?—perhaps——

Buck. My lord, I am thus bold
To put your grace in mind of what you promis'd.

K. Rich. Well, what's o'clock?
Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.
K. Rich. Well let it strìke.
Buck. Whỳ let it strike, my lord?
K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.
Buck. Why, then resolve me if you will, or no.
K. Rich. Thou troùbl'st me; I am not i'the vèin.
[*Exeunt King Richard and Train.*
Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings; and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful hèad is on. [*Exit.*

The same.

Enter TYRREL.

Tyrrel.

THE tyrannous and bloody act is done.
Dighton, and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their death's sad story.
O thus, quoth Dighton, *lay the gentle babes,—*
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, *girdling one another*
Within their alabaster innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;

Which once, quoth Forrest, *almost chang'd my mind;*
But, O! the devil—there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on,—*we smothered*
The most replenishēd sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd.
Hence both are gone, with conscience and remorse:
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel! am I happy in thy news?
Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.
K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?
Tyr. I did, my lord.
K. Rich. And bùried, gentle Tyrrel?
Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.
K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after-supper;
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Mean time, but think how I may do thee good.
Farewell till then.
Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*
K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I penn'd up close;
His daughter have I meanly match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
(And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,)
To hèr go I, a jolly thriving woòer.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My lord!—

K. Rich. Good news or bad, thou com'st so bluntly?

Cate. Bàd news, my lord; Morton is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increàseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near.—
Go, muster men: My̆ counsel is my shièld;
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.

[*Exeunt.*

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter Queen MARGARET.

Q. Margaret.

SO, now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France; hoping, the cònsequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.

Enter Queen ELIZABETH *and the* Duchess *of* York.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my unblown flow'rs!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!

Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverend,
Give mine the benefit of seniory.

If sorrow can admit society, [*Sitting down with them.*
Tell o'er your woes again, reviewing mine.

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy, the time would come,
That I should wish for thee to help me curse.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day;
Compare dead happìness with living wòe:
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
And he that slew them, fouler than he is:
Revolving this will teàch thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. Mỳ words are dull, O, quicken them with thine!

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them shàrp, and pierce like mine. [*Exit Q. Margaret.*

Duch. Why should calamity be full of wòrds?

Q. Eliz. Let them have scope: though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd: go with me.
[*A Trumpet heard.*
The trumpet sounds! be copious in exclaims.

Enter King RICHARD, *and his Train, marching.*

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Duch. O, she that might have intercepted thee
From all the slaùghters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded slaughter of the prince,
And the dire death of my poor sons, and brothers?
Where are my children? where thy brother Clarence?
Where is kind Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: Strike, I say.
[*Flourish. Alarums.*
Either be patient and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.
Duch. Art thou my son?
K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourself;
And, Madam, I've a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.
Duch. O, let me speak; I will be mild and gentle.
K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.
Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee,
God knows, in anguish and in agony.
K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?
Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever grac'd me with thy company?
K. Rich. If I be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.
Strike up the drum.
Duch. I pr'ythee, hear me speak,
For I shall never speak to thee again.
K. Rich. So!
Duch. Either thou'lt die by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror,
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again.
My prayers on the adverse party fight;

And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend.
[*Exit.*

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
Abides in me; I say amen to her. [*Going.*

K. Rich. Stay, madam, I must speak a word with you.

Q. Eliz. I now have no more sons for thee to slaughter.

K. Rich. You have a daùghter call'd Elizabeth.

Q. Eliz. And must shè die for this? O, let her live.

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins:
All unavoidable the doom of destiny.—
Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more gòod to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were hàrm'd!

Q. Eliz. What, in the face of heav'n, can do me good?

K. Rich. Th' advancement of your children, gentle lady,
Unto the dignity and height of fortune.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou devise to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I hàve; ay, and mysèlf, and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So thou wilt drown remembrance of those wrongs,
Which, thou suppòsest, I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief.
K. Rich. Then, from my soul, I lòve thy daughter.
Q. Eliz. So, fròm thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers.
K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I mean, that wìth my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.
Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?
K. Rich. I would learn of you,
As one the best acquainted with her humour.
Q. Eliz. And wìlt thou learn of me?
K. Rich. With all my heart.
Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
Edward, and York; then, haply, will she weep:
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.
K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.
Q. Eliz. There 's no other way;
Unless thou could'st put on some other shàpe.
K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
I cannot make you what amends I wòuld,
Therefore accept such kindness as I càn.
And when this arm of mine hath well chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,

Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed.
In her consists my happiness, and thine:
Therefore, dear mother (I must call you so),
Be the attorney of my love to her.
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell.
[*Kissing her. Exit Q. Elizabeth.*
Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!
How now! what news?

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY *following.*

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to our shores
Throng many doubtful, hollow-hearted friends:
'Tis thought, that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.
K. Rich. Some lightfoot friend post to the duke of Norfolk:
Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby; where is he?
Cate. Here, my good lord.
K. Rich. Fly, Catesby, to the duke.
Cate. I will, my lord.
K. Rich. And bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.
Cate. I go. [*Exit.*

Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what news?
Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing.

K. Rich. Once more, what news?
Stan. Richmond is on the seas.
K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?
Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.
K. Rich. Well, as you guess?
Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to claim the crown.
K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?
Is the king dead, the empire unpossess'd?
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes?
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.
Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.
K. Rich. Where is thy power then, to beat him back?
Are they not now upon the western shore?
Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.
K. Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?
Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king:
Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends; and meet your grace,
Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.
K. Rich. Ay, thou would'st fain be gone to join with Richmond:
But I'll not trust thee.
Stan. Mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;
I never was, nor never will be false.
K. Rich. Go, then, and muster men. But, leave behind

Your son, George Stanley: look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you.
[*Exit Stanley.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death? [*He strikes him.*

Mess. The news I have to tell your majesty,
Is, that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. O, I cry thee mercy:
Hath any well advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

Mess. Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken.
That is the best news: but the Earl of Richmond
Is, with a mighty power, landed at Milford.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisb'ry; while here we prate,
A royal battle might be won and lost:
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury; the rest march on with me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Salisbury. *An open Place.*

Enter the Sheriff, *and Guard, with* BUCKINGHAM, *led to Execution.*

Buckingham.

WILL not King Richard let me speak with him?

Sher. No, good my lord; therefore be patient.

Buck. This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?

Sher. It is, my lord.

Buck. This is the day, which, in King Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wife's allies:
This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted.
That high All-seer which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my feignēd prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck,—
When he, quoth she, *shall split thy heart with sorrow,*
Remember Margaret was a prophetess.—
Come, sirs, and lead me to the block of shame;
Wrong hath bùt wrong, and blame the dùe of blame.

[*Exeunt Buckingham, &c.*

Plain near Tamworth.

Enter, with drum and colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD, BLUNT, HERBERT, *and Others, with Forces.*

Richmond.

FELLOWS in arms, and my most loving friends;
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields, and fruitful vines,
Lies now ev'n in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither, is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march:
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene the Last.

Bosworth Field.

Enter King Richard, *and Forces; the* Duke *of* Norfolk, Earl *of* Surrey, *and Others.*

King Richard.

HERE pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.—
My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. Up with my tent! Here will I lie to-night;
But where to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that.
Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia treble that account:
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.
Let's lack no discipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter, on the other side of the field, Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, *and other* Lords. *Some of the Soldiers pitch* Richmond's *Tent.*

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.
Give me some ink and paper in my tent;
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me;
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;
In to my tent, the air is raw and cold.
[*They withdraw into the Tent.*

Enter, to his Tent, King RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, *and* CATESBY.

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?
Cate. 'Tis supper time, my lord:
It's nine o'clock.
K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.—
What, is my beàver easier than it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?
Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.
K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge betimes;
Choose trusty sentinels.
Nor. I go, my lord.
K. Rich. Stir with the làrk to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Ratcliff! Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.—
Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch:—
I have not that alacrity of spirit, [*To Catesby.*
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.
Is ink and paper ready?
Rat. 'Tis, my lord.
K. Rich. About the mid of night, come to my tent,
And help to arm me. Leave me now, I say.
[*King Richard retires into his Tent. Exeunt Ratcliff and Catesby.*

RICHMOND'S *Tent opens, and discovers him, and* Officers, *&c.*

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm. Tell me, how fares it with our loving mother?

Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
With best advantage I'll deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms.
Once more, adieu. Be valiant, and speed well!

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to sleep awhile;
Lest leaden slumber poise me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.
[*Exeunt Lords, &c., with Stanley.*
O Thou! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thèe in the victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still! [*Sleeps.*

The Ghost *of* Prince EDWARD, *Son to* Henry the Sixth, *rises between the two Tents.*

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
[*To King Richard.*
Think, how thou stabb'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury; therefore, despair, and die!—
Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wrongēd souls

Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee!

The Ghost *of* King HENRY the Sixth *rises.*

Ghost. Think on the Tower and me; despair, and die!
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die.—
[*To King Richard.*
Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!
[*To Richmond.*
Harry, that prophesied thou should'st be king,
Doth comfort thee in sleep; Live thou and flourish!

The Ghost *of* CLARENCE *rises.*

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
[*To King Richard.*
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: Despair, and die!
Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
[*To Richmond.*
The wrongēd heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! Live, and flourish!

The Ghosts *of the two young* Princes *rise.*

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower; [*To King Richard.*
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die.—
Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Live, and beget a happy race of kings! [*To Richmond.*
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost *of* Queen ANNE *rises.*

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife, [*To King Richard.*

That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword; despair, and die!—
Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;
[*To Richmond.*
Dream of success and happy victory:
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.
[*The Ghosts vanish. King Richard starts out of his dream.*

K. Rich. Give me another horse!—bind up my wounds!—
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
I shall despair! There is no creature loves me;
And, when I die, no soul will pity me:—
Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent: and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on my head.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Who's there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord. The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn:
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O, Ratcliff! I have dream'd a fearful dream!

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. Ratcliff I fèar, I fear. Shadows to-night

Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Arm'd all in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear, if any mean to shrink from me.
[*Exeunt King Richard and Ratcliff.*

RICHMOND *wakes.* *Enter* OXFORD *and Others.*

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond. Have you slept, my lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest boding dreams,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cried,—On! victory!—
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. 'Tis time to arm.
[*He advances to the troops.*
More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on: Yet remember this,
God, and our good cause, fight upon our side.
Then, in the name of God, and all our rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords!
For me, the ransome of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly, cheerfully;
God, and Saint George! Richmond and victory!
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter King RICHARD, RATCLIFF, *Attendants, and Forces.*

K. Rich. Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,
He should have brav'd the east an hour ago.
Not shine to-day? Why what is that to me
More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven,
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord! the foe vaùnts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle; Caparison my horse;
Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain;
Our archers in the midst. What think'st thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.—
This paper found I on my tent this morning.
[*Giving a scroll.*

K. Rich. Jocky of Norfolk be not so bold. [*Reads.*
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.
A thing devisēd by the enemy.
Go, gentlemen, go each man unto his charge:
Remember whom you are to cope withal;
A scum of Bretagnes, rascals and runaways,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate adventures and destruction.
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
Lash hence these over-weening ràgs of France.
If we be conquer'd, let mèn conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretagnes, whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten. Hark, their drum.
[*Drum afar off.*

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood!

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off instantly with his son George's head!

Nor. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh;
After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*

Another part of the Field.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter NORFOLK, *and Forces; to him* CATESBY.

Catesby.

RESCUE, my lord of Norfolk! rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger;
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.

Alarum. Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Cate. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
I think, there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him :—
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
[*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter King RICHARD *and* RICHMOND; *they fight;* RICHARD *is slain. Retreat and flourish. Then enter* RICHMOND, STANLEY *bearing the Crown, with divers other Lords and Forces.*

Richm. God, and your arms, be prais'd, the day is ours.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee!
Lo, here, these long usurped royalties,
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. But, tell me, first, is young George Stanley living?

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town.

Richm. Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us;
We will unite the white rose and the red:
Smile, Heaven, upon this fair conjunction,
That long hast frown'd upon their enmity!—
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again;
That she may long live here, say we—Amen.
[*Exeunt.*

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King HENRY THE EIGHTH.
Cardinal WOLSEY. Cardinal CAMPEIUS.
CAPUCIUS, *Ambassador from the Emperor* CharlesV.
Duke *of* Norfolk. Duke *of* Buckingham.
Earl *of* Surrey. Lord Chamberlain. Lord Sands.
Sir HENRY GUILDFORD. Sir THOMAS LOVELL.
Sir NICHOLAS VAUX.
Secretaries *to* Wolsey.
CROMWELL, *Servant to* Wolsey.
GRIFFITH, *Gentleman Usher to* Queen Katharine.
Surveyor *to the* Duke *of* Buckingham.
BRANDON, *and a* Sergeant at Arms.

Queen KATHARINE, *Wife to* King Henry, *afterwards divorced.*
ANNE BULLEN, *her Maid of Honour; afterwards* Queen.
PATIENCE, *Woman to* Queen Katharine.

Several Lords *and* Ladies *in the Dumb Shows;* Women *attending upon the* Queen; Spirits, *which appear to her;* Scribes, Officers, Guards, *and other* Attendants.

SCENE—*chiefly in* London: *once, at* Kimbolton.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

ACT I.

London. *An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Duke *of* Norfolk, *and the* Duke *of* Buckingham.

Buckingham.

GOOD morrow, and well met. How have you done,
Since last we met in France?

Nor. I thank your grace:
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those sùns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Ardren.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?
Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right rev'rend Cardinal of York.
Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities?
Nor. Your grace
The stàte takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. You know
That he's revengeful; and I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge: 'tis long, and 't may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill nòt extend,
Thither he dàrts it. Lo! where comes that rock,
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal WOLSEY (*the purse borne before him*), *certain of the Guard, and two* Secretaries *with papers. The* Cardinal *in his passage fixeth his eye on* Buckingham, *and* Buckingham *on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha!
Where's his examination?
1 *Secr.* Here, so please you.
Wol. Is he in person ready?
1 *Secr.* Ay, an't please you.
Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look.
[*Exeunt Wolsey and Train.*
Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him.

Buck. I read
Matter against me in his eye, and nòw
He bores me with some trick: He's gone to the king:
I'll follow, and outstare him.
Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: Nay, be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yoursèlf.
Buck. I'm thankful to you; and will go along
By your prescription: but this holy fox,
(For he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform't,) suggests the king
To this last costly treaty, th' interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure.
Nor. So it did.
Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew,
As himsèlf pleas'd; and they were ratified,
As he cried, *Let it be.* Now Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen, his aunt,
(For 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came
To whisper Wolsey), here makes visitation:
Deals with our cardinal; and, privily,
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace: and thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.
Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish, he were
Something mistaken in't.
Buck. No, not a syllable;
I do pronounce him in that very shape,
He shall appear in proof.

Enter BRANDON; *a* Sergeant at Arms *before him, and two or three of the guard.*

Bran. Your office, sergeant.

Serg. My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
Of Her'ford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord!
The net has fall'n upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you taken.—'Tis his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence: The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things! I obey.

Bran. Here is a warrant to attach Lord Montacute,
And the duke's cònfessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o' the plot: no more, I hope?

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran. He.

Buck. My sùrveyor is false: my life is spann'd:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;
Whose figure e'en this instant cloud puts out,
By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lords, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

The Council Chamber.

Cornets. Enter King HENRY, *leaning on the shoulder of* Cardinal WOLSEY, *followed by the Lords of the Council, and* Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

King Henry.

MY life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level
Of a full-charg'd confed'racy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it.

The King *takes his state. The Lords of the Council their several places. The* Cardinal *places himself under the* King's *feet, on his right side.*

A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. *Enter the* Queen, *ushered by the* Dukes *of* Norfolk *and* Suffolk: *she kneels.*

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.
K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us. Half your suit
Never name to us; you hàve half our pòwer:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.
Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among them, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties: wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on yòu, as putter on
Of these exactions; yet the king escapes not

Language unmanner'd, which almost appears
In loud rebellion.
Nor. Not almòst appears,
It dòth appear; for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers, all, are now in loud uproar,
And danger serves among them.
K. Hen. How? Taxàtion!
Wherein? and whàt taxation? My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Knòw you of this taxation?
Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.
Q. Kath. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, they say,
They are devis'd by yòu; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.
K. Hen. Still exàction!
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?
Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
Under your promis'd grace. The subject's grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay: and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France. I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.
K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice; and that not pass'd me, but
By learned approbation of the judges.
If I'm traduc'd by tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. If we stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only.

K. Hen. Things, that are done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. To every county,
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission; Pray, look to 't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you.
[*To the Secretary.*
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon: be it nois'd,
That, through our intercession, this revokement
And pardon comes. I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

Enter Surveyor *of the Duke of Buckingham.*

Q. Kath. I'm sorry, that the duke of Buckingham

Is run in your displeasure.
K. Hen. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd, a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound; but he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.
Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit say what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.
K. Hen. Speak freely.
Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech,—that if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his.
Wol. To your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches,
Beyond you, to your friends.
Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.
K. Hen. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail?
Surv. Sir, he was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.
K. Hen. What was that Hopkins?
Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

Q. Kath. I know you well,
You were the duke's survey'r, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed,
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler sòul! I say, take heed.
K. Hen. Go forward.
Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord that by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dang'rous
To ruminate on this: He answer'd, *Tush!*
It can do me no damage: adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heàds
Should have gone off.
K. Hen. Ha! what, so rànk? Ah, ha!
There's mischief in this man:——Canst thou say further?
Surv. I can, my liege.
K. Hen. Proceed.
Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About Sir William Blomer,—
K. Hen. I remember.
Surv. If, quoth he, *I for this had been committed,*
As, to the Tower, I thought, I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard: who, at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in 's presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife in him.
K. Hen. A giant traitor!
To sheath his knife in us! He is attach'd:
Call him to present trial: if he may

Find mercy in the làw, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of ùs: By day and night,
He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

The Presence Chamber in York Place.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, *a longer table for the guests. Enter at one door* ANNE BULLEN, *and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as guests; at another door,* Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guildford.

LADIES, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all: This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry
As first, good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.——O, my lord! you are tardy;

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, *and* Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to mè.

Cham. You're young, Sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but cònfessor
To one or two of these!

Sands. I would, I were;
They should find easy penance.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,

Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep them waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.
Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies:
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.
Anne. Was he mad, sir?
Sands. O! very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
But he would bite none.—Just as I do now,
He'd kiss you twenty in a breath. [*Kisses her.*
Cham. Well said.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, *attended.*

Wol. You're welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend. This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*
Sands. Your grace is noble;
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.
Wol. My Lord Sands,
I am beholden to you: cheer your neighbours.
Ladies, you are not merry:—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?
Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have them
Talk us to silence.
[*Drum and trumpets within: Cannon discharged.*
Wol. What's that warlike voice?
And to what end is this? Nay, ladies fear not;
By all the laws of war you're privileg'd.

Enter Servant.

Cham. How now? what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers,
For so they seem, have left their barge, and landed:
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give them welcome, you can speak the French tongue;
And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them
Into our presence, where this heav'n of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

[*Exit Chamberlain, attended. All arise, and Tables removed.*

Hautboys. Enter the King, *and Others, habited like Shepherds.*

Wol. A noble company! Tell them, Lord Chamberlain,
They've done my poor house grace; for which I pay them
A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

[*Ladies chosen for the dance. The King chooses Anne Bullen.*

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty!
Till now I never knew thee. [*Musick. Dance.*

Wol. Good my lord,——

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell them thus much as from me:
There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[*Cham. goes to the Company, and returns.*

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then.—

[*Comes from his state.*

By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I'll make
My royal choice.

K. Hen. You've found him, cardinal:

[*Unmasking.*

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad,
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither: What fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter.—

K. Hen. By heaven! she is a dainty one. Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.—Lead in your ladies, all.
Sweet partner, I must not forsake you yet.—
Good my lord cardinal, I've a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour.—Let the musick strike.

[*Exeunt, with trumpets.*

ACT II.

A Street.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *from his arraignment; accompanied with* Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Sir NICHOLAS VAUX, *and common People.*

Buckingham.

YOU that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day received a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; yet, heaven bear witness,
And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done, on the premises, but justice:
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven. Now lead on.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid 'gainst me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
As I would bè forgìven: say, my prayers
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him: May he live

Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Vaux. The duke is coming: see, the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture, as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Without a trial fell: I hàd my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd!
Heav'n has an end in all: Yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure, you be not loose: Those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. The last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell! And when you would say something sad,
Speak how I fell.—I've done; and God forgive me!

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Train.*

A Royal Chamber.

The King *is discovered sitting, and reading.*

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.

King Henry.

WHO'S there? my good lord cardinal? O! my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience.
Welcome, [*To Campeius.*
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom;
Use us, and it.—My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker. [*To Wolsey.*

Wol. Sir, you cannot.
Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood unto the Queen,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices—Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;
Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

K. Hen. And, once more, in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves:
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. I tender my commission to your highness

(The court of Rome commanding), you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant.
K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith, for what you come.—Where's Gardiner?
Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.
K. Hen. Ay, and the best she shàll have; and my favour
To him that doès best; God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit Wolsey.*

Re-enter WOLSEY, *with* GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you;
You are the king's now.
Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.
K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.
[*They converse apart.*
Deliver this with modesty to th' queen.
[*Exit Gardiner.*
The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business:
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd! O, my lord!
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,
O! 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her.
[*Exeunt.*

A Hall in Black Friars, *in session for the* Queen's *Trial.*

Wolsey.

WHILST our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.
K. Hen. What's the need?
It hath already publickly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.
Wol. Be't so: Proceed.
Scribe. Say, Henry king of England, come into the court.
Crier. Henry king of England, &c.
K. Hen. Here.
Scribe. Say, Katharine queen of England, come into the court.
Crier. Katharine queen of England, &c.

The Queen *enters, and kneels at the* King's *feet; then speaks.*

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire, you do me right and justice,
And to bestow your pity on me, for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. (*She rises.*) Alas! sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I've been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable.

Sir, call to mind that I have been your wife
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd, by many
A year before: It is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore, humbly,
Sir, I beseech you, spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in *Spain* advis'd; whose counsel
I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfilled!

Wol. You have here, lady,
(And of your choice), these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
To plead your cause: It shall be therefore bootless
That longer you defer the court; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well, and justly: therefore, madam,
'Tis fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,
To yòu I speak.
Wol. Your pleasure, madam?
Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen (or long have dream'd so), certain,
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.
Wol. Be patient yet.
Q. Kath. I will, when yòu are hùmble; nay, befòre,
Or God will punish me. I do believe
You are mine ènemy; and make my challenge
You shall nòt be my jùdge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me.
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,
Refùse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.
Wol. Madam, you wrong me:
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any: how far I've proceeded,
Or how far further shàll, is warranted
By a commission from the cònsistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present. Therefore in the king
It lies to cure me; and the cure is to
Remove these thoughts from yòu: the which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.
Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cùnning. You are meek, and humble.

You sign your place and calling, in full sèeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by it; 'tis not well.
She's going away. [*The Queen offers to go.*

K. Hen. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine queen of England, come into the court.

Gent. Ush. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need yòu note it? pray you, keep your way:
When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help!
They vex me past my patience!—pray, pass on:
I will not tarry: no, nor ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen, Griffith, and other Attendants.*

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world, who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that; Thou art, alone,
The queen of earthly queens.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears (for where I am robb'd and bound
There must I be unloos'd; if ever I
Did broach this business to your highness; or

Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question.
K. Hen. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. On my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear you. Thus it came; give heed
to't:— [*To the rest.*
My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By th' bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador.
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are content
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon o' the world.
Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Meanwhile an earnest motion must there be
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness. [*They rise to depart.*
K. Hen. I perceive, [*Aside.*
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
Break up the court: I say, break up the court.
Set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they entered.*

ACT III.

The Queen's *Apartment.*

The Queen *and her Women at work.*

Queen Katharine.

TAKE thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles:
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst: leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his musick plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.
Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet musick is such art;
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now!

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near.—What can be their business

With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?
I do not like their coming; now I think on't,
They should be good men; their affairs are righteous:
But *all hoods make not monks.*

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!
Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, rev'rend lords?
Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber.
Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: 'would, all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
Out with it boldly; Truth loves open dealing.
Wol. Tanta est ergà te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—
Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
But speak in English: here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake:
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in English.
Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry, my integrity should breed
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant,
And service to his majesty and you.
Your hopes and friends are infinite.
Q. Kath. In England?

But little for my profit: Can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dàre give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They, that my trust must grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my comforts are, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.
Cam. I would, your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.
Q. Kath. How, sir?
Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
He's loving, and most gracious; 'twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause;
For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You'll part away disgrac'd.
Wol. He tells you rightly.
Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wìsh for, both,—my ruin:
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet: there sits a judge,
That no king can corrupt.
Wol. This is distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.
Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nòthing. Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would ye have me
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.
Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: Nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.
Wol. 'Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. 'Would I had never trod this English earth,
I am the most unhappy woman living.
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
[*To her Women.*
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me,
Almost, no grave allow'd me.
Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest.—
Cam. Madam, be comforted: you wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. If you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.
Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: And, pray forgive me,
If I have us'd myself unmannerly.
Pray, do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: She now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.
[*Exeunt.*

Antechamber to the King's *Apartment.*

Enter the Duke *of* Norfolk, *the* Duke *of* Suffolk, *the* Earl *of* Surrey, *and the* Lord Chamberlain.

Norfolk.

IF you will now unite in your complaints
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: Then fear him not.

Suf. The cardinal—

Enter WOLSEY *and* CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the king?

Crom. To his own hand, and in his bedchamber.

Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently
He did unseal them; and the first he view'd,
(He did it with a serious mind), a heed
Was in his countenance: You, he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while.— [*Exit Cromwell.*
It shall be to the duchess of Alèn̈çon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry hèr.
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There's more in it than a fair visage.—Bullen!
No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke!

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.
Sur. Sharp enough!
Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
Then, out it goes. Again, there is sprung up
An heretick, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Enter the King, *reading a Schedule; and* LOVELL.

Suf. The king, the king.
K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together!—Now, my lords;
Saw you the cardinal?
Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: Some strong commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, and in most strange postures
We've seen him set himself.
K. Hen. It may well be;
There's mutiny in's mind. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual objects, he should still
Dwell in his musings: but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, nor worth
His serious considering.

[*He takes his seat, and whispers Lovell, who goes to Wolsey.*

Wol. Heav'n forgive me,
And ever bless your highness!

K. Hen. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff; you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit: I am glad
To have you therein my companion.
Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business,
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
Must give I tendance to.
K. Hen. You have said well.
Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my dòing well
With my well sàying!
K. Hen. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to sày well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:
He said he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I've kept you next my heart. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us or no.—What say you?
Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite: Mine own
Ends have been such, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state: I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that I am true, and will be
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen. 'Tis nobly spoken:
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't. Read o'er this;
[*Giving him papers.*
And, after, this: and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit King, frowning upon Wolsey: the Nobles throng after him, smiling, and whispering.*

Wol. What should this mean?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafèd lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so;—
This paper has undone me: 'Tis the account
Of all that world of wealth I've drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome: O negligence!
What made me put this secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
I know 'twill stir him strongly: yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope?*
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ his holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Enter the Dukes *of* Norfolk *and* Suffolk, *the* Earl *of* Surrey, *and the* Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.
Wol. Stay,
Where's your commission, lords? wòrds cannot carry
Authority so weighty.
Suf. Who dare cross them?
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?
Wol. Till I find more than will, or words to do it,
(I mean your malice), know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. For that seal
You ask with such a violence, the king
(Mine, and your master) with his own hand gave me:
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters patent: now, who'll take it?
Sur. The king that gave it.
Wol. It must be himsèlf then.
Sur. Thou 'rt a proud traitor, priest.
Wol. Proud lord, thou liest!
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.
Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a hair of his.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour;
That I, i' the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you. How, my lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell, nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, against the king: your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
My lord of Norfolk, for the common good,
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life.—I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I'm bound in charity against it!

Sur. I thank my memory, I yet remember

Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can, blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.
Wol. Speak on, sir:
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.
Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head. Have at you.
First, that without the king's assent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.
Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.
Suf. Then, that you have caus'd
Your holy hat be stamp'd on the king's coin.
Sur. That you have sent innumerable sums,
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities. And more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and òdious,
I will not taint my mouth with.
Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far; his faults
Lie open to the laws; let them, not you,
Correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.
Sur. I forgive him.
Nor. And so we'll leave you: For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little-good lord cardinal.
[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*

Wol. Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of the world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd. O! how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspéct of princes, and his ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter CROMWELL (*amazedly*).

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no pow'r to speak, sir.

Wol. What! amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I'm fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know mysèlf now; and I feel within me

A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. Too much honour;
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.
Crom. I'm glad, your grace has made right use of it.
Wol. I hope I have: I'm able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?
Crom. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the king.
Wol. God bless him!
Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.
Wol. That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience: and what more?
Crom. 'Tis said that Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.
Wol. That's news indeed!
Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.
Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.
O Cromwell!
The king has gone beyond me; all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever!
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now

To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;
I've told him what thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of mè will stir him
(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish.
Crom. O, my lord,
Must I then leave you? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.
Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And when I am forgotten, as I shàll be;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard, then say I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambìtion;
By that sin fell the àngels; how can màn then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself làst: cherish e'en hearts that hàte thee;
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues: be just and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,

To the last penny: 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Kimbolton.

Enter KATHARINE, *Dowager, sick; led between* GRIFFITH *and* PATIENCE.

Griffith.

HOW does your grace?

Kath. O, Griffith, sick to death:
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou ledd'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but, I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Prythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas! poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy rodes, he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the Abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably received him;
To whom he gave these words,—*O father abbot,*
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth, for charity!
So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight (which he himself
Foretold should be his last), full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity,—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; He was ever dòuble:
His pròmises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his perfòrmance, nothing.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in bràss; their virtues
We write in wàter. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his gòod now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;

But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in gètting
(Which was a sin), yet in bestòwing, madam,
He was most princely: Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it.—
His ovèrthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himsèlf,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died, fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as *Griffith.*
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth, and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him!—
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

[*The Queen sleeps. Sad and solemn musick; after which the Queen awakes.*

Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness,

And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear; I shàll,
Assuredly.
Grif. I am most joyful, madam,
That such good dreams possess your fancy.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—
Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?
Grif. You're to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, knèel.
Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My hàste made me unmannerly: There stays
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.
Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: But this fellow
Let me ne'er see again. [*Exit Messenger.*

Enter Capucius.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.
Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.
Kath. O, my lord,
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?
Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you,
And heartily entreat you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
Now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?
Cap. Madam, in good health.
Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom! Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?
Pat. No, madam.
[*Giving it to Katharine.*
Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.
Cap. Most willing, madam.
Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter:
(The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!)
Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding;
To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully.
The last is, for my men: they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me.
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.
Cap. By heaven, I will.
Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness;
And tell him his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world: tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,

My lord. Griffith, farewell. When I am dead
Let me be us'd with honour; strew me o'er
With maiden-flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife; and, although ùnqueen'd,
Yet like a queen inter me. I can no more.
[*Exeunt, leading Katharine.*

ACT V.

The Council Chamber.

Enter the Lord Chancellor, *the* Duke *of* Suffolk, Earl *of* Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, *and* CROMWELL. *The* Chancellor *places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the* Archbishop *of* Canterbury. *The rest seat themselves in order on each side.* CROMWELL *at the lower end, as Secretary.*

Chancellor.

SPEAK to the business, master secretary:
Why are we met in council?
Crom. Please your honours,
The cause concerns his grace of Canterbury;
Who waits your pleasures.
Chan. Let him enter now.

CRANMER *approaches the Council-table.*

My good lord àrchbishop, I'm very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: But it seems that you
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then toward his laws,

Filling the realm by teaching new opinions,
Divers, and dangerous, which are heresies.
Cran. I do beseech your lordships, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.
Suf. Nay, my lord,
We will be short wi' you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.
Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you,
You are my friend. That I shall clear myself,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.
Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.
Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
(By your good favour), too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.
Gar. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy: you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.
Crom. Why, my lord?
Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? you are not sound.
Crom. Not sound?
Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. 'Would you were half so honest;
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.
Chan. This is too much; forbear, for shame, my lords.
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain, till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us.
Gar. You're strangely troublesome!
Let some of the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me!
Must I go like a traitor? Stay, my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.
Chan. 'Tis the king's ring.
Suf. By heaven! I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Enter the King, *frowning on them; takes his seat.*

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven,
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious.
K. Hen. You're ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester; but know, I come not
To hear such flattery now; and in my presence;
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
Good man, [*To Cranmer*] sit down. Now let me see the proudest

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.
Sur. May't please your grace,—
K. Hen. No, sir, it does nòt please me.
I thought I had men of some understanding
And wisdom of my council; I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man (few of yòu deserve that title),
This hònest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shàme was this! There's some of ye,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have, while I do live.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:
Be friends, for shame, my lords!—Lord Canterbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me:
There is a fair young maid that yet wants baptism;
You must be godfather, and ànswer for her.
Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour; how may I desèrve it?
K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons; you'll have
Two noble partners with you; the old duchess
Of Norfolk and the lady-marquess Dorset.
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace this man.
Gar. With a true heart I do it.
K. Hen. Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian. [*Exeunt.*

Scene the Last.

The Palace.

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke *of* Norfolk, *with his Marshal's Staff,* Duke *of* Suffolk, *two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the* Duchess *of* Norfolk, *godmother, bearing the Child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady; then follows the* Marchioness *of* Dorset, *the other godmother, and Ladies. The Troop pass once about the stage, and* Garter *speaks.*

Garter.

HEAVEN, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, fair Elizabeth.

Flourish. Enter King *and Train.*

Cran. [*Kneeling.*] Now to your royal grace, and the good queen,
My noble partners and myself, thus pray:
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
That heav'n e'er laid up to make parents happy,
May fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, lord archbishop;
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Stand up, lord.

[*The King kisses the Child.*

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hands I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much *English.*

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flatt'ry, for they'll find them trùth.
This royal infant (heaven still move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: all princely graces,
Shall still be doubled on her; truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd; Her own shall bless her:
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: in her days,
God shall be truly known:—Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heav'n.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An àged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
'Would I had known no more! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her, yet a virgin;
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
Unto the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Hen. My lord archbishop,
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire

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To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He's business at his house; for all shall stay:
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

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