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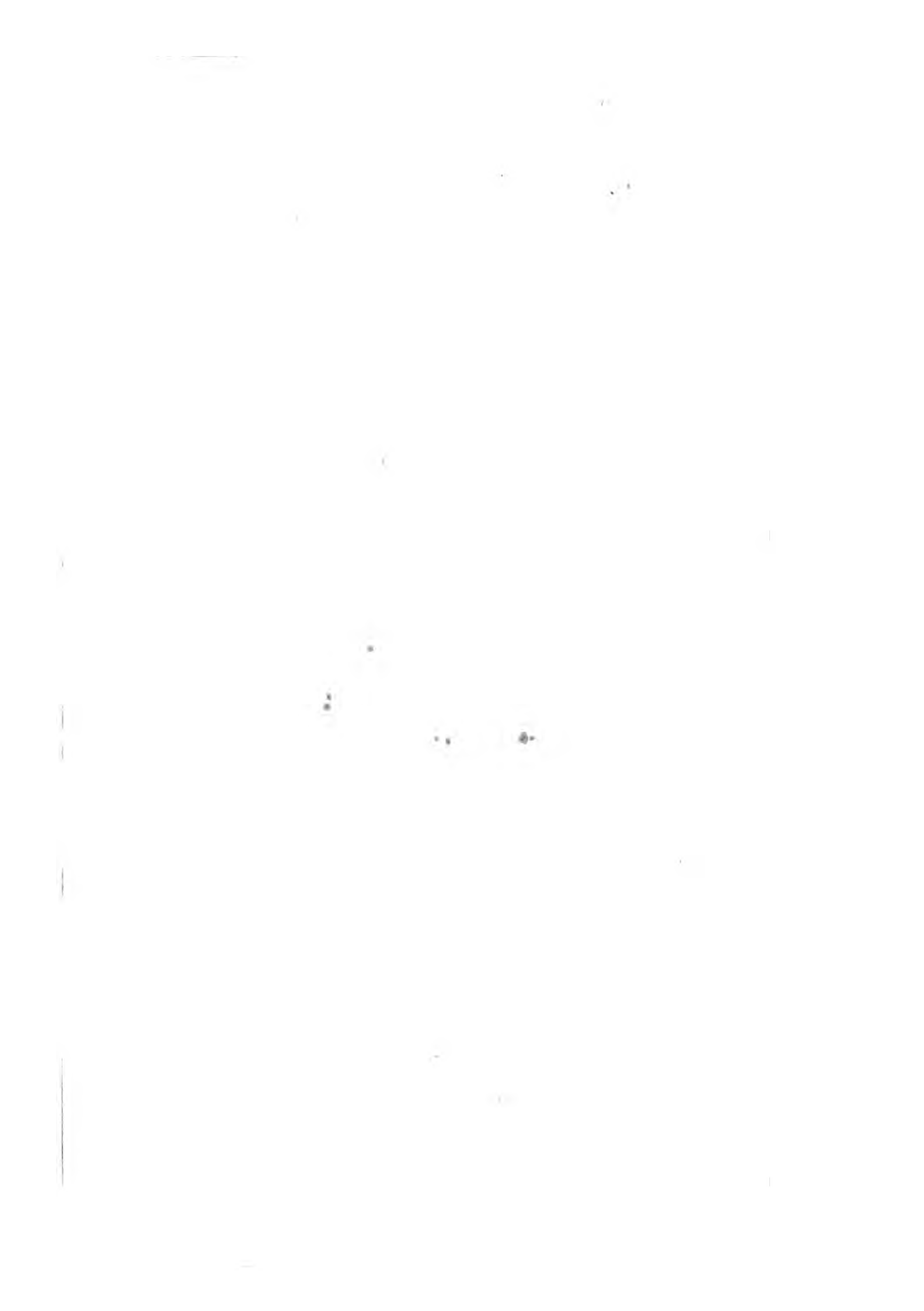


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THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

FROM THE TEXT OF

JOHNSON, STEVENS, AND REED,

WITH

GLOSSARIAL NOTES, LIFE, ETC.



A NEW EDITION,

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT, ESQ.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME IV.

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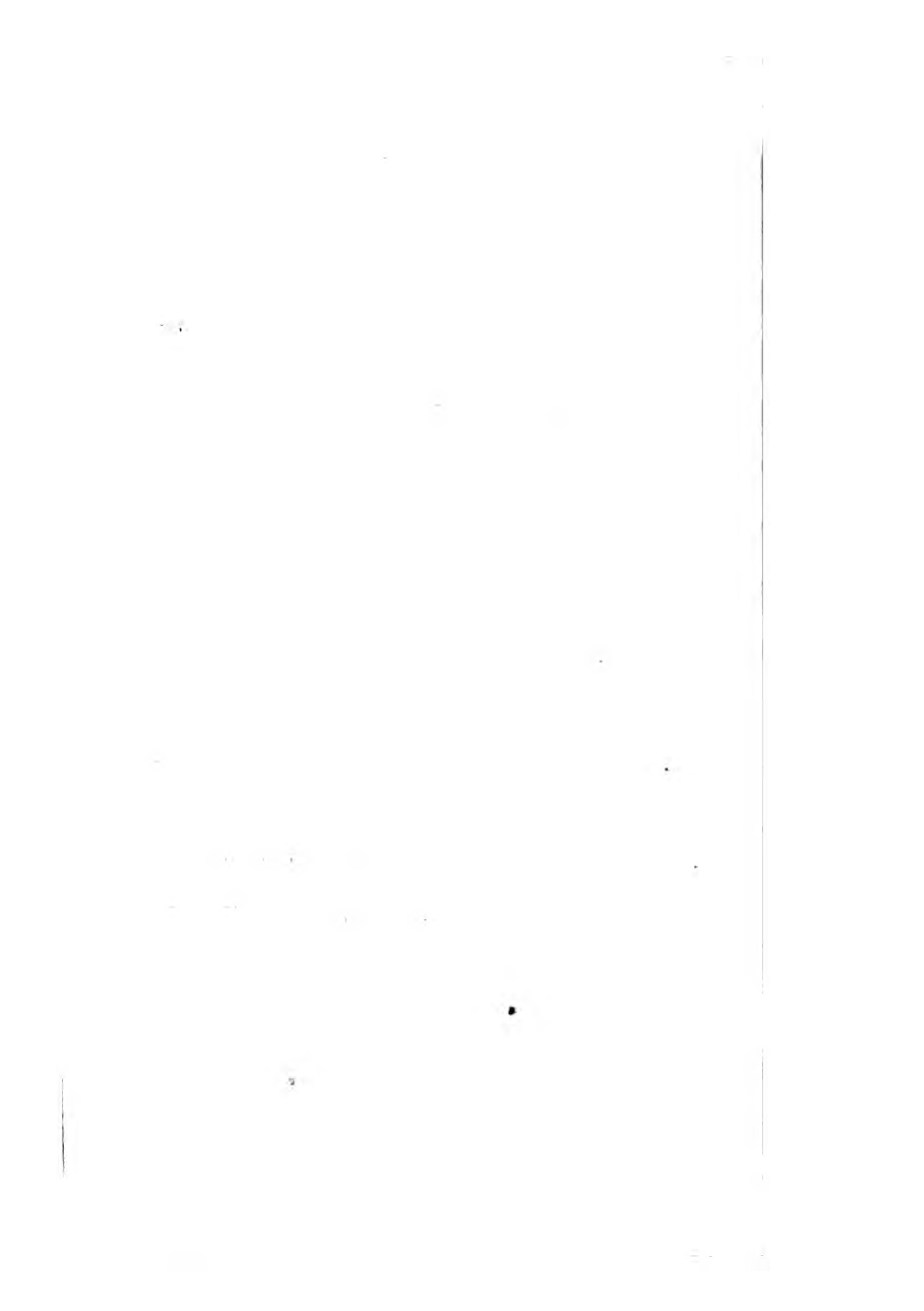
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JULIUS CÆSAR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR.		ARTEMIDORUS, <i>a Sophist of Cnidos.</i>	
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,	} <i>Triumvirs</i>	A SOOTHSAYER.	
MARCUS ANTONIUS,		CINNA, <i>a Poet</i> ,—Another POET.	
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,		LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA,	
<i>Julius Cæsar.</i>		Young CATO, and VOLUMNIUS,	
CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS		<i>Friends to Brutus and Cassius.</i>	
LENA, <i>Senators.</i>		VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS,	
MARCUS BRUTUS,	} <i>Conspira-</i>	STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS,	
CASSIUS,		<i>rators</i>	<i>Servants to Brutus.</i>
CASCA,		<i>against</i>	PINDARUS, <i>Servant to Cassius.</i>
TREBONIUS,		<i>Julius</i>	
LIGARIUS,		<i>Cæsar.</i>	CALPHURNIA, <i>Wife to Cæsar.</i>
DECIUS BRUTUS,			PORTIA, <i>Wife to Brutus.</i>
METELLUS CIMBER,			
CINNA,		SENATORS, CITIZENS, GUARDS,	
FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, <i>Tri-</i>		ATTENDANTS, &c.	
<i>bunes.</i>			

SCENE, during a great part of the play, at Rome; afterwards at Sardis; and near Philippi.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a Rabble of CITIZENS.

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

1 *Cit.* Why, Sir, a carpenter.

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

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

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

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

Mar. What trade, thou knave; thou naughty knave, what trade?

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

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

2 Cit. Why, Sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 Cit. Truly, Sir, all that I live by is, with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, Sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather, have gone upon my handiwork.

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

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

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made a universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone;

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

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

[*Exeunt* CITIZENS.]

See, wher their basest metal be not moved;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.*

Mar. May we do so?
You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,

* Ornaments.

And drive away the vulgar from the streets :
 So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
 These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch ;
 Who else would soar above the view of men,
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE II.—*The same. A Public Place.*

Enter, in Procession with Music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, a great crowd following, among them a SOOTHSAYER.

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*]

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Cal. Here, my lord.

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

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
 To touch Calphurnia : for our elders say,
 The barren, touched in this holy chase,
 Shake off their steril curse.

Ant. I shall remember :

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

Cæs. Set on ; and leave no ceremony out.

[*Music.*]

Sooth. Cæsar.

Cæs. Ha ! who calls ?

Casca. Bid every noise be still :—Peace yet again.

[*Music ceases.*]

Cæs. Who is it in the press,† that calls on me ?
 I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
 Cry, Cæsar : Speak ; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that !

Bru. A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of March.

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

Cæs. Fellow, come from the throng : Look upon Cæsar.

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

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

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

[*Sennet.‡ Exeunt all but BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*]

Cæs. Will you go see the order of the course ?

Bru. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you do.

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

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

Cæs. Brutus, I do observe you now of late :

* A ceremony observed at the feast of *Lupercalia*.

† Crowd.

‡ Flourish of instruments.

I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have :
You bear too stubborn and too strange* a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,

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

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion,†
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

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

Bru. No, Cassius : for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just :

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

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

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear :

And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.

And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus :

Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale‡ with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester ; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them ; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous. [Flourish and shout.]

Bru. What means this shouting ? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it ?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

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

* Alien.

† Feelings.

‡ Make stale, cheap.

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
 What is it that you would impart to me?
 If it be aught toward the general good,
 Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
 And I will look on both indifferently:
 For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
 The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
 As well as I do know your outward favour.
 Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
 I cannot tell, what you and other men
 Think of this life; but, for my single self,
 I had as lief not be, as live to be
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.
 I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
 We both have fed as well; and we can both
 Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
 The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,
 Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 And swim to yonder point?* Upon the word,
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
 And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
 The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
 But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
 Cæsar cried, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber
 Did I the tired Cæsar: And this man
 Is now become a god; and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
 His coward lips did from their colour fly;
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
 Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas! it cried, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper* should
 So get the start of the majestic world,
 And bear the palm alone.

[*Shout. Flourish.*]

Bru. Another general shout!
 I do believe, that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

* Temperament.

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

[*Shout.*]

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

Cas. I am glad, that my weak words
 Have struck but this much show of fire from Brutus.

Re-enter CÆSAR, and his Train.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

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

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

* Guess.

† Ruminare.

Calphurnia's cheek is pale ; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar.

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat ;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights :
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous.
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter :—But I fear him not :
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men : he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music :
Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves ;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train. CASCA stays behind.*]

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak ; Would you speak with me ?

Bru. Ay, Casca ; tell us what hath chanced to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

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

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what hath chanced.

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

Bru. What was the second noise for ?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice ; What was the last cry for ?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice ?

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

Cas. Who offered him the crown ?

Casca. Why, Antony.

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

Casca. I can as well be hanged, as tell the manner of it : it was
mere foolery. I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him
a crown ;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coro-

nets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: What? did Cæsar swoon?

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

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

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

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true* man.

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

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation,† if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said, any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

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

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say anything?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

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

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

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

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

Cas. Good: I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: Farewell, both.

[Exit CASCA.]

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?

* Honest.

† Mechanic.

He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

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

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

Cas. I will do so :—till then, think of the world.

[*Exit BRUTUS.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble ; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed :* Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes :
For who so firm, that cannot be seduced ?
Cæsar doth bear me hard ; † but he loves Brutus :
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour ‡ me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at the windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name ; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at :
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure ;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA
with his sword drawn, and CICERO.*

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

Casca. Are you not moved, when all the sway of earth
Shakes, like a thing unfirm ? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty oaks ; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds :
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven ;
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you anything more wonderful ?

Casca. A common slave (you know him well by sight),
Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn
Like twenty torches join'd ; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides (I have not since put up my sword),

* Diverted from its original constitution.

† Has an unfavourable opinion of me.

‡ Cajole.

§ Accompanied.

Against the Capitol I met a lion,
 Who glared upon me, and went surly by,
 Without annoying me: And there were drawn
 Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
 Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw
 Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
 And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
 Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
 Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies
 Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons,—They are natural;
 For, I believe, they are portentous things
 Upon the climate that they point upon.

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

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

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

Casca. Farewell, Cicero.

[*Exit CICERO.*]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

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

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

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

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

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
 It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
 When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
 Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
 That should be in a Roman, you do want,
 Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,
 And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
 To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
 But if you would consider the true cause,
 Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
 Why birds, and beasts,* from quality and kind;
 Why old men fools, and children calculate;
 Why all these things change, from their ordinance,

* (Deviate.)

Their natures and pre-formed faculties,
 To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
 That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
 To make them instruments of fear and warning,
 Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,
 Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night;
 That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
 As doth the lion in the Capitol:
 A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
 In personal action; yet prodigious* grown,
 And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean: Is it not, Cassius?

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

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
 Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:
 And he shall wear his crown by sea, and land,
 In every place, save here in Italy.

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

Casca. So can I:
 So every bondman in his own hand bears
 The power to cancel his captivity.

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

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man,
 That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold† my hand:
 Be factious‡ for redress of all these griefs;

* Portentous.

† (There's.)

‡ Active.

And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.

Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night
There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element,
Is favour'd,* like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

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

Cin. To find out you: Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

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

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

Cas. Am I not staid for, Cinna? Tell me.

Cin. Yes,
You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party——

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

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

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre. [*Exit CINNA.*

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

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

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

* Resembles.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same.* BRUTUS' Orchard.*Enter* BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!
 I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
 Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
 I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
 When, Lucius, when!* Awake, I say: What, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.*Luc.* Call'd you, my lord?

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

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

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
 I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
 But for the general. He would be crown'd:—
 How that might change his nature, there's the question.
 It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;
 And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—That;—
 And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
 That at his will he may do danger with.
 The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
 Remorse† from power: And, to speak truth of Cæsar,
 I have not known when his affections sway'd
 More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,‡
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
 But when he once attains the upmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees§
 By which he did ascend: So Cæsar may;
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
 Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
 Would run to these, and these extremities:
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
 Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous;
 And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

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

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
 Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, Sir.*Bru.* Look in the calendar, and bring me word.*Luc.* I will, Sir.[*Exit.*

* An exclamation of impatience.

† Pity.

‡ Experience.

§ Low steps.

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

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*]

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake.—

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up.

Shall Rome, &c. Thus, must I piece it out;

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

Speak, strike, redress!—Am I entreated then

To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days. [*Knock within.*]

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks. [*Exit LUCIUS.*]

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

Between the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:

The genius, and the mortal instruments,

Are then in council; and the state of man

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

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

Bru. Is he alone?

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

Bru. No you know them?

Luc. No, Sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,

That by no means I may discover them

By any mark of favour.*

Bru. Let them enter.

[*Exit LUCIUS.*]

They are the faction. O conspiracy!

Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,

When evils are most free! O, then, by day,

Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough

To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;

Hide it in smiles, and affability:

For if thou path thy native semblance† on,

Not Erebus itself were dim enough

To hide thee from prevention.

* Feature.

† Walk in thy true form.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER,
and TREBONIUS.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest :
Good morrow, Brutus ; Do we trouble you ?

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

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

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

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

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night ?

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

Dec. Here lies the east : Doth not the day break here ?

Casca. No.

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

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both deceived.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises ;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire ; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

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

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath : If not the face* of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed ;
So let high-sighted tyranny rage on,
Till each man drop by lottery.† But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women ; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress ? what other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter ? And what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engaged
That this shall be, or we will fall for it ?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,‡
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs ; unto bad causes swear

* Public opinion.

† By decimation.

‡ Cautious.

Such creatures as men doubt : but do not stain
 The even virtue of our enterprise,
 Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
 To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,
 Did need an oath ; when every drop of blood,
 That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,
 If he do break the smallest particle
 Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero ? Shall we sound him ?
 I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

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

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

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar ?

Cas. Decius, well urged :—I think it is not meet,
 Mark Anthony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
 Should outlive Cæsar : We shall find of him
 A shrewd contriver ; and, you know, his means,
 If he improves them, may well stretch so far,
 As to annoy us all : which to prevent,
 Let Antony, and Cæsar, fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
 To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs ;
 Like wrath in death, and envy ‡ afterwards :
 For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
 Let us be sacrificers, but no butchers, Caius.
 We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar ;
 And in the spirit of men there is no blood :
 O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
 And not dismember Cæsar ! But, alas,
 Cæsar must bleed for it ! And, gentle friends,
 Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ;
 Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
 Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds :
 And let our hearts, as subtle masters do
 Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
 And after seem to chide them. This shall make
 Our purpose necessary, and not envious :
 Which so appearing to the common eyes,
 We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
 And for Mark Antony, think not of him ;

* Character.

† (The matter.)

‡ Malice.

For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I do fear him :

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar, —

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

Treb. There is no fear in him ; let him not die ;
And he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whe'r Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no :
For he is superstitious grown of late ;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies ; †
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that : If he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him : for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers :
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does ; being then most flattered.

Let me work :

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

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

Bru. By the eighth hour : Is that the uttermost ?

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

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey ;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him : ‡
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us : We'll leave you, Brutus :—
And, friends, disperse yourselves : but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;
Let not our looks put on § our purposes :
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits, and formal constancy :
And so, good morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but BRUTUS.*

Boy ! Lucius !—Fast asleep ? It is no matter ;

* Turn melancholy.

† Omens.

‡ By his house.

§ Show.

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :
Thou hast no figures,* nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord !

Bru. Portia, what mean you ? Wherefore rise you now ?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed : And yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across :
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks :
I urged you further ; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not ;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you : So I did ;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much enkindled ; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,†
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

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

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

Bru. Why, so I do :—Good Portia, go to bed.

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

* Imaginative shapes.

† Temper.

‡ Moist.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

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

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

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

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knocking within.*]
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery* of my sad brows:—
Leave me with haste. [*Exit PORTIA.*]

Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who is that, knocks?

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

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief? 'Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

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

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, derived from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run

* Meaning.

And I will strive with things impossible ;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do ?

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

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

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

Lig. Set on your foot ;
And, with a heart new-fired, I follow you,
To do I know not what : but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The same. A Room in CÆSAR'S Palace.

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night :
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
Help, ho ! they murder Cæsar !—Who's within ?

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. My lord ?

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

Serv. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar ? Think you to walk forth ?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth : The things that threatened me,
Ne'er look'd but on my back ; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,*
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets ;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead :
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol :
The noise of battle hurtled † in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan ;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets,
O Cæsar ! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

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

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen ;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths ;

* Never paid regard to omens.

† Clashed.

The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a SERVANT.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They will not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

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

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say, you are not well to-day:
Let me upon my knee, prevail in this.

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

Enter DECIUS.

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

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

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

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far
To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

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

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings, portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted:
It was a vision, fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now; The senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
*Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.*
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, Cæsar is afraid?

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.*

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go:—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA,
TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—

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

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

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

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:—
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;

* Subordinate.

Remember that you call on me to-day :
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will :—and so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been farther. [*Aside.*]

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me ;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns* to think upon ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The same. A street near the Capitol.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a Paper.

Art. Cæsar, beware of Brutus ; take heed of Cassius ; come not
near Casca ; have an eye to Cinna ; trust not Trebonius ; mark
well Metellus Cimber ; Decius Brutus loves thee not ; thou hast
wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men,
and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about
you : Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend
thee ! Thy lover, †
Artemidorus.

Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation. ‡
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live ;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.

[*Exit.*]

*SCENE IV.—The same. Another part of the same street
before the house of Brutus.*

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house ;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone :
Why dost thou stay ?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.—
O constancy, be strong upon my side !

Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue !

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.

How hard it is for women to keep counsel !—

Art thou here yet ?

Luc. Madam, what should I do ?

Run to the Capitol, and nothing else ?

And so return to you, and nothing else ?

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

For he went sickly forth : And take good note,

What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.

Hark, boy ! what noise is that ?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well ;

I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,

And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

* Grieves.

† Friend.

‡ Envy.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter SOOTHSAYER.

Por. Come hither, fellow ;
Which way hast thou been ?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock ?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol ?

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

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

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

Por. Why, knowest thou any harm's intended towards him ?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good-morrow to you. Here the street is narrow :
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death :
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*

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

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The same. The Capitol ; the Senate sitting.

A Crowd of People in the Street leading to the Capitol ; among them ARTEMIDORUS, and the SOOTHSAYER. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar ; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar, read this schedule.

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

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

Cæs. What touches us ourself, shall be last served.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar ; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad ?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

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

CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the SENATORS rise.

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

[*Advances to CÆSAR.*]

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wish'd, to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—

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

Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,

For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;

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

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR and the SENATORS take their seats.*]

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,

And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd: * press near and second him.

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

Cas. Are we all ready? what is now amiss,

That Cæsar, and his senate must redress?

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

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart:—

[*Kneeling.*]

Cas. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,

Might fire the blood of ordinary men;

And turn pre-ordinance, † and first decree,

Into the law of children. Be not fond,

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools; I mean sweet words,

Low-crook'd curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banish'd;

If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong: nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear

For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;

Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may

Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

* Ready.

† Ordinance already established.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

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

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

Cin. O Cæsar,——

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,——

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[*CASCA stabs CÆSAR in the neck. CÆSAR catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by MARCUS BRUTUS.*]

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute* †—Then, fall, Cæsar.

[*Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.*]

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

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

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

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

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

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where's Antony?

* Intelligent.

† And thou, Brutus!

Tre. Fled to his house amazed :
Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures:—
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

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

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cas. Stoop then, and wash.* How many ages hence,
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

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

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

Dec. What, shall we forth?

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

Enter a SERVANT.

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

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down:
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolved
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

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

* Steep yourselves in Cæsar's blood.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently.

[*Exit SERV.*]

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

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

Re-enter ANTONY.

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

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank: *
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if ye bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done.
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity),
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brother's temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you:—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna;—and my valiant Casca, yours;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?

* Grown too high.

My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
 That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
 Either a coward or a flatterer.—
 That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
 If then thy spirit look upon us now,
 Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
 To see thy Antony making his peace,
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
 Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
 Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
 It would become me better, than to close
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
 Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave heart;
 Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy Lethe.
 O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
 And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
 How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
 Dost thou here lie!

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
 The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
 Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

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

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

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

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

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
 You know not what you do; Do not consent,
 That Antony speak in his funeral:
 Know you how much the people may be moved
 By that which he will utter?

| *Aside.*

Bru. By your pardon;—
 I will myself into the pulpit first,
 And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
 What Antony shall speak, I will protest
 He speaks by leave and by permission;

And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

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

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

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but ANTONY.*]

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

Enter a SERVANT.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

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

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

O Cæsar!—

[*Seeing the Body.*]

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

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,

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

SCENE II.—The same. The Forum.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of CITIZENS.

Cit. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
 Cassius, go you into the other street,
 And part the numbers.—
 Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
 Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
 And public reasons shall be rendered
 Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
 When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS with some of the CITIZENS.*

BRUTUS goes into the Rostrum.

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! * hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer.—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There are tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none. [*Several speaking at once.*

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

* Friends.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR'S Body.

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

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

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

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts

Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

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

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 *Cit.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Cæsar's corse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[*Exit.*]

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

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him:—Noble Antony, go up.

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

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

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

He finds himself beholden to us all.

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

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:

We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.

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

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil, that men do, lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault;

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest

(For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men);

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

* Friend.

But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
 When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause;
 What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

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

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
 Cæsar has had great wrong.

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

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
 Therefore, 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

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

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

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

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

* Low.

† Handkerchiefs.

Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will : Read it, Mark Antony.

Cit. The will, the will : we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it ;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad ;

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;

For if you should, O, what would come of it !

4 *Cit.* Read the will ; we will hear it, Antony ;

You shall read us the will ; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient ? Will you stay a while ?

I have overshot myself, to tell you of it.

I fear, I wrong the honourable men,

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar : I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors : Honourable men !

Cit. The will ! the testament !

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers : The will, read the will !

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will ?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,

And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend ? And will you give me leave ?

Cit. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend. *[He comes down from the pulpit.]*

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring ; stand round.

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

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony ;—most noble Antony.

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

Cit. Stand back ! room ! bear back !

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

You all do know this mantle : I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent ;

That day he overcame the Nervii :—

Look ! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through :

See, what a rent the envious Casca made :

Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;

And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it ;

As rushing out of doors, to be resolved

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !

This was the most unkindest cut of all :

For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,

Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statua,

Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint* of pity : these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle !

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar !

3 *Cit.* O woeful day !

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains !

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight !

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged : revenge ; about,—seek,—burn,—
 fire,—kill,—slay !—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there :—Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

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

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable ;
 What private griefs † they have, alas, I know not,
 That made them do it ; they are wise and honourable,
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;
 I am no orator, as Brutus is :

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 That love my friend ; and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him.
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
 And bid them speak for me : But were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Cit. We'll mutiny.

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

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

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

Cit. Peace, ho ! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what :
 Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves ?
 Alas, you know not :—I must tell you, then :—
 You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true ;—the will ;—let's stay, and hear the will.

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

* Impression.

† Grievances.

To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.*

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

3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho!

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

Here was a Cæsar: When comes such another?

1 *Cit.* Never, never:—Come, away, away:

We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitor's houses.

Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt* CITIZENS, with the body.]

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

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything.

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

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter CINNA, the Poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy;
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter CITIZENS.

1 *Cit.* What is your name?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

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

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I

* A Greek coin of the Value of about sevenpence.

dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly. Wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry:— You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

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

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

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

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

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

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

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

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

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

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! fire-brands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's: some to Ligarius': away; go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The same. A Room in ANTONY'S House.

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at Table.

Ant. These many then shall die; their names are prick'd.

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

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

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

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn* him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we will determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at
The Capitol.

[*Exit* LEPIDUS.]

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit,
'The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

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

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you;
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold;

* Condemn.

To groan and sweat under the business,
 Either led or driven, as we point the way ;
 And having brought our treasure where we will,
 Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
 Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
 And graze in commons.

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

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Before BRUTUS' Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.

Drum. — *Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers :*
TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them.

Bru. Stand here.

Luc. Give the word, ho ! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius ? is Cassius near ?

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

[*PINDARUS gives a letter to BRUTUS.*]

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

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

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius :
 How he received you, let me be resolved.

* As a thing at our disposal.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

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

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

[*March within.*]

Bru. Hark, he is arrived:—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

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

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

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

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

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Within the Tent of BRUTUS. LUCIUS and
TITINIUS at some distance from it.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;

* Grievances.

Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice* offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm
To sell and mart your offices for gold.
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

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

Cas. Chastisement!

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

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself to make conditions.†

Bru. Go to; you're not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret till your proud heart break;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:

* Petty.

† The terms on which to confer offices.

Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better;
Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived he durst not thus have moved me.

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

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

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

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

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not:—he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius!
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother:
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast unto my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,

And here my naked breast ; within, a heart
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :
 If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;
 I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :
 Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for, I know,
 When thou didst hate him worse, thou lovedst him better
 Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger :
 Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
 Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
 O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
 That carries anger, as the flint bears fire ;
 Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
 And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
 To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
 When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him ?

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

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

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus !—

Bru. What's the matter ?

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

Bru. Yes, Cassius ; and henceforth,
 When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
 He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so. [*Noise within.*]

Poet. [*within*]. Let me go in to see the generals ;
 There is some grudge between them ; 'tis not meet
 They be alone.

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

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

Enter POET.

Cas. How now ? What's the matter ?

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

Cas. Ha, ha ; how vilely doth this cynic rhyme !

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

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

Bru. I'll know his humour when he knows his time :
 What should the wars do with these jiggling fools ?
 Companion, * hence.

Cas. Away, away, be gone.

[*Exit* POET.]

Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

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

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you,
 Immediately to us. [*Exeunt* LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.]

* Fellow.

Bru. Lucilius, a bowl of wine.

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

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

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

Bru. No man bears sorrow better :—Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scaped I killing, when I cross'd you so?—
O insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?

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

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, with wine and tapers.

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

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge:—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [Drinks.]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius:—Welcome, good Messala.—
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mess. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mess. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death a hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree,
Mine speak of seventy senators, that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?

Mess. Ay, Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

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

Mes. No, my lord.

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

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

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

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

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

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

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

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a forced affection;
For they have grudged us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encouraged;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

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

Cas. No more. Good night;
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit LUCIUS.*] Farewell, good
Messala;—

* Theory.

Good night, Titinius:—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

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

Bru. Everything is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt* CASSIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA.

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the Gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here, in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatch'd.
Call Claudius, and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

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

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

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good Sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so,
I put it in the pocket of my gown. [SERVANTS lie down,

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

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

Luc. Ay, my lord, an it please you.

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

Luc. It is my duty, Sir.

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

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It is well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [Music and a Song.

This is a sleepy tune:—O murd'rous slumber!
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace * upon my boy,
That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.

* Sceptre,

Let me see, let me see;—Is not the leaf turn'd down,
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think. [*He sits down.*]

Enter the GHOST of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me:—Art thou anything?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That makest my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why comest thou?

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

Bru. Well;

Then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

[*GHOST vanishes.*]

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

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—

Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

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

Lucius, awake.

Luc. My lord!

Bru. Thou didst dream, Lucius, that thou so cry'dst out?

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

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see anything?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!

Fellow thou! awake.

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

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

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay: Saw you anything?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,

And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Plains of Philippi.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;

It proves not so ; their battles are at hand ;
They mean to warn * us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

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

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Prepare you, generals :
The enemy comes on in gallant show ;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

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

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

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent ?

Oct. I do not cross you ; but I will do so.

[*March.*

Drum. *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army ; LUCILIUS,
TITINIUS, MESSALA, and Others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius : We must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle ?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth, the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

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

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

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words :
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, *Long live ! hail, Cæsar !*

Cas. Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown ;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too ;

For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar :
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet ;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O flatterers !

Cas. Flatterers !—Now, Brutus, thank yourself :
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have ruled.

Oct. Come, come, the cause : If arguing make us sweat,

* Summon.

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look;

I draw a sword against conspirators ;
When think you that the sword goes up again ?—
Never, till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds
Be well avenged ; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou can'st not die by traitors,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope ;

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still !

Oct. Come, Antony ; away.—

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth :
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt* OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and *their Army.*]

Cas. Why now, blow, wind ; swell billow ; and swim, bark !
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho !

Lucilius ; hark, a word with you.

Luc. My lord. [BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart.]

Cas. Messala,—

Mes. What says my general ?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birth-day : as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala :
Be thou my witness, that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion : now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former * ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands ;
Who to Philippi here consorted † us ;
This morning are they fled away, and gone ;
And in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey ; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly ;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

* Foremost.

† Accompanied.

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

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

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

Bru. No, Cassius, no : think not, thou noble Roman
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work, the ides of March begun ;
And whether we shall meet again, I know not
Therefore our everlasting farewell take :—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius !
If we do meet again, why we shall smile ;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus !
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed ;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

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

SCENE II.—The same. The Field of Battle.

Alarum.—Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

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

SCENE III.—The same. Another part of the Field.

Alarum.—Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

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

* Orders.

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

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off ;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord !
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

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

Tit. They are, my lord.

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

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill ;
My sight was ever thick ; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou notest about the field.—

[*Exit PINDARUS.*

This day I breathed first : time is come round,
And where I did begin, there I shall end ;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news ?

Pin. [*Above*]. O my lord !

Cas. What news ?

Pin. Titinius is

Enclosed round about with horsemen, that
Make to him on the spur ;—yet he spurs on.—
Now they are almost on him : now, Titinius !—
Now some 'light :—O, he 'lights too :—he's ta'en ;—and, hark !

[*Shout.*

They shout for joy.

Cas. Come down, behold no more.
O, coward, that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face !

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah :
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath !
Now be a freeman : and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer : Here, take thou the hilts ;
And when my face is cover'd as tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee.

[*Dies.*

Pin. So, I am free ; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius !
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child!

Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius: whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit* MESSALA.]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give't thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.

But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Dies.*]

Alarum.—*Re-enter* MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, *young* CATO,
STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*]

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look, wher he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

It is impossible that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears

To this dead man, than thou shalt see me pay.—

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—

Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;

His funeral shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—

And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—

Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on;—

'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet e'er night

We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Another part of the Field.

Alarum.—Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then

BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! [*Charges the enemy.*]

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;

Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.

[*Exit, charging the enemy. CATO is overpowered, and falls.*]

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;

And may'st be honour'd being Cato's son.

1 Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die:

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight; [*Offering money.*]

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1 Sold. We must not.—A noble prisoner!

2 Sold. Room, ho! 'Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 Sold. I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general:—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:

I dare assure thee, that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:

The gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,

A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,

Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'r* Brutus be alive, or dead:
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chanced.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Another part of the Field.

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light; but, my lord,
He came not back; he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: Slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.— [*Whispering.*]

Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius! [*Whispers him.*]

Dar. I do such a deed?

Cli. O, Dardanius!

Dar. O, Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus: Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;
And, this last night, here in Philippi' fields.
I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st, that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord. [*Alarum still.*]

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Volumnius.—
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

* Whether.

So, fare you well at once : for Brutus' tongue
 Hath almost ended his life's history :
 Night hangs upon mine eyes ; my bones would rest,
 That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within ; Fly, fly, fly.*

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence ; I will follow thee.

[*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.*

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord :
 Thou art a fellow of a good respect ;
 Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it :
 Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face
 While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato ?

Stra. Give me your hand first : Fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still :
 I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword and dies.*

*Alarum.—Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA,
 LUCILIUS, and their Army.*

Oct. What man is that ?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master ?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala ;
 The conquerors can but make a fire of him ;
 For Brutus only overcame himself,
 And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,
 That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.*
 Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me ?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer† me to you.

Oct. Do so, Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato ?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
 That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all :
 All the conspirators, save only he,
 Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ;
 He, only, in a general honest thought,
 And common good to all, made one of them.
 His life was gentle ; and the elements
 So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
 And say to all the world, *This was a man !*

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
 With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
 Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—
 So, call the field to rest : and let's away,
 To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt.*

* Receive into my service.

† Recommend.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. ANTONY,	} <i>Triumvirs.</i>	TAURUS, <i>Lieutenant-general to Cæsar.</i>		
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,		CANIDIUS, <i>Lieutenant-general to Antony.</i>		
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,		SILIUS, <i>an Officer in Ventidius' Army.</i>		
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.	} <i>Friends of Anthony.</i>	EUPHRONIUS, <i>an Ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.</i>		
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,		ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, and DIOMEDES, <i>Attendants on Cleopatra.</i>		
VENTIDIUS,		A SOOTHSAYER.—A CLOWN.		
EROS,		CLEOPATRA, <i>Queen of Egypt.</i>		
SCARUS,		OCTAVIA, <i>Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.</i>		
DERCETAS,		} <i>Attendants on Cleopatra.</i>		
DEMETRIUS,				
PHILO,		} <i>Friends to Cæsar.</i>	CHARMIAN,	
MECÆNAS,			} <i>Friends of Pompey.</i>	IRAS,
AGRIPPA,				OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, MESSENGERS, and other ATTENDANTS.
DOLABELLA,				
PROCULEIUS,				
THYREUS,				
GALLUS,				
MENAS,				
MENECRATES,				
VARRIUS,				

SCENE, dispersed ; in several Parts of the Roman Empire.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Alexandria. A Room in CLEOPATRA'S Palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

Phil. Nay, but this dotage of our general's,
O'erflows the measure : those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plaited Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front : his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges* all temper ;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gypsy's lust. Look where they come !

Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their Trains ; Eunuchs fanning her.

Take but good note, and you shall see in him

* Renounces.

The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ani. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn* how far to be beloved.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an ATTENDANT.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. — Grates† me:—The sum?

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:

Fulvia, perchance is angry: Or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this;*
Take in ‡ that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee.

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process! § Cæsar's, I would say?—Both?—
Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager; else so thy cheek pays shame,
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds.—The messengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide arch||
Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space;
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair,
And such a twain can do't, in which, I bind
On pain of punishment, the world to weet, ¶
We stand up peerless.

[*Embracing.*]

Cleo. Excellent Falsehood!

Why did we marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—

Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,
Let's not confound** the time with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now: What sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen!

Whom everything becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admired!
No messenger; but thine and all alone,
To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it:—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their train.*]

* Bound, limit.

† Offends.

‡ Subdue, conquer.

§ Summons.

|| Wide spread.

¶ To wit.

** Consume.

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius prized so slight?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I'm full sorry,
That he approves the common liar,* who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The same. Another Room.

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a SOOTHSAYER.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most anything Alexas,
almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you
praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which,
you say, must charge his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, Sir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good Sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Irás. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more loving, than beloved.

Char. I had rather eat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married
to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a
child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me
to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my
mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names:† Pr'y-
thee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

* Confirms fame, rumour.

† Shall be bastards.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even as the overflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Prythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune.—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was disposed to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here, madam, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, with a MESSENGER and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: Go with us.

[*Exeunt CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS, IRAS,
CHARMIAN, SOOTHSAYER, and Attendants.*]

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, joining their force 'gainst Cæsar;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well,
What worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On:
Things, that are past, are done, with me.—'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus
(This is stiff news) hath with his Parthian force,
Extended* Asia from Euphrâtes;
His conquering banner shook, from Syria
To Lydia, and to Ionia;
Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou would'st say,—

Mess. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;
Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome:
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full license, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick winds lie still; and our ills told us,
Is as our earring. † Fare thee well a while.

Mess. At your noble pleasure.

[*Exit.*]

Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

1 *Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such a one?

2 *Att.* He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear,—

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Enter another MESSENGER.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

2 *Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

2 *Mess.* In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears.

[*Gives a letter.*

Ant. Forbear ‡ me.—

[*Exit MESSENGER.*

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;
The hand could § pluck her back, that shoved her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

* Seized. † Tilling. ‡ I. e. withdraw. § Could here means would.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, Sir ?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women : We see how mortal an unkindness is to them ; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die : it were pity to cast them away for nothing ; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly ; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment : * I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, Sir, no ; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love : We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears ; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report : this cannot be cunning in her ; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her !

Eno. O, Sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work ; which not to have been blessed withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir ?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia ?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, Sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth ; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented : this grief is crowned with consolation ; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat :—and indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broach'd in the state, Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you ; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience † to the queen,
And get her love ‡ to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us ; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home : Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands

* For much less matter.

† Expedition.

‡ (Love's leave.)

The empire of the sea : our slippery people
 (Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,
 Till his deserts are past,) begin to throw
 Pompey the great, and all his dignities,
 Upon his son ; who, high in name and power,
 Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
 For the main soldier : whose quality, going on,
 The sides o' the world may danger : Much is breeding,
 Which, like the courser's hair, * hath yet but life,
 And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
 To such whose place is under us, requires
 Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't.

[*Eweunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he ?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does :
 I did not send you ; †—If you find him sad,
 Say, I am dancing ; if in mirth, report
 That I am sudden sick : Quick, and return

[*Exit* ALEXAS.

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
 You do not hold the method to enforce
 The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not ?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool : the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far : I wish forbear ;
 In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick, and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall ;
 It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
 Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand further from me.

Ant. What's the matter ?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.
 What says the married woman ?—You may go ?
 'Would, she had never given you leave to come !
 Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,
 I have no power upon you : hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
 So mightily betray'd ! Yet, at the first,
 I saw the treasons planted.

* It was once thought that the hair of a horse, dropped into corrupt water, became an animal.

† *I. e.* seem as though I did not send you

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine, and true,
Though you in swearing shake the thronged gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: No going then;—
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;
Bliss in our brows' bent; * none our parts so poor,
But was a race † of heaven: They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would, I had thy inches; thou shouldst know,
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port ‡ of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: The condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: My more particular,
And that which most with you should save § my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die?

Ant. She's dead, my queen:

Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils || she awaked: at the last, best:
See, when, and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease
As you shall give the advice; Now, by the fire,
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant; making peace or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;

* Arch.

† Flavour.

‡ Gate.

§ Render it not dangerous.

|| Commotion.

But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well ;
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen forbear ;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I pr'ythee turn aside and weep for her ;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt : * Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling : and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood ; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet ; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target,—Still he mends ;
But this is not the best : look pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe, †

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it :
Sir, you and I have loved,—but there's not it ;
That you know well : something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion ‡ is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, Sir, forgive me ;
Since my becoming kill me, when they do no
Eye well to you : Your honour calls you hence
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you ! upon your sword
Sit laurel'd victory ! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet !

Ant. Let us go. Come ;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Rome. An Apartment in CÆSAR'S House.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
One great competitor : § from Alexandria
This is the news ; He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel : is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra : nor the queen Ptolemy

* Egypt's queen.

† Oblivious memory.

‡ Anger.

§ Associate.

More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsafed to think he had partners: You shall find there
A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think, there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchased; * what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent: let us grant, it is not
Amisss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this becomes him,
(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish), yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. † If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't: but, to confound ‡ such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears, he is beloved of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents § repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less:—
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved, till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd, || by being lack'd. This common body,
Like a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide, ¶
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them: which they ear ** and wound
With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads

* Acquired.

† Levity.

‡ Consume.

§ Discontented.

|| Endeared.

¶ Following like a servant.

** Plough.

They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood * to think on't, and flush † youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more,
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded ‡ puddle
Which beast would cough at: thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps
It is reported, thou did'st eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: And all this
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now),
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To 'front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord: What you shall know mean time
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, Sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, Sir;
I knew it for my bond. §

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha!—

Give me to drink mandragora.

Char. Why, Madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time,
My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him
Too much.

* Turn pale.

† Ruddy.

‡ Slimy.

§ Duty.

Cleo. O, treason!

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou ennuch! Mardian!

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught a eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd,* thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious Madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, Madam; for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet † of men.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*
For so he calls me; Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison:—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted ‡ Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With his looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony?
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine § hath
With his tinct gilded thee.—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—
This orient pearl;—His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; All the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress. So he nodded,
And soberly did mount a termagant steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.

* Unmanned.

† A helmet.

‡ In allusion to his baldness.

§ Physician.

Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry ?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold ; he was nor sad, nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition !—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man ; but note him ;
He was not sad ; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his : he was not merry ;
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy : but between both ;
O heavenly mingle !—Be'st thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes ;
So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts ?

Alex. Ay, Madam, twenty several messengers :
Why do you send so thick ?

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so ?

Char. O that brave Cæsar !

Cleo. Be choked with such another emphasis !
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar !

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again .

My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My sallad days ;
When I was green in judgment :—Cold in blood,
To say, as I said then !—But, come, away :
Get me ink and paper : he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Messina.—A Room in POMPEY'S house.

Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, and MENAS.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers,
Deny us for our good ; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well :
The people love me, and the sea is mine ;

My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope
Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money, where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus

Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.

Men. From Silvius, Sir.

Pom. He dreams; I know, they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony: But all charms of love
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy waned * lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even till † a Lethe'd dullness.—How now, Varrius?

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A space for further travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,
This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his helm
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow ‡ pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope,
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,
Not moved by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were 't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square § between themselves;
For they have entertain'd cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas.

[*Exeunt.*]

* Faded.

† To.

‡ Cleopatra was the widow of Ptolemy.
§ Settle matters.

*SCENE II.—Rome. A Room in the house of LEPIDUS.**Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.*

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose* well here, to Parthia:
Hark you, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combined us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard: when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech),
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness † grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well:
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, Sir!

Cæs. Nay,

Then—

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so;
Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended; and with you

* Agree.

† Ill humour.

Chiefly i' the world : more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you ?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt ; Yet, if you there
Did practise * on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question. †

Ant. How intend you, practised ?

Cæs. You may be pleased to catch at mine intent
By what did here befall me. Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me ; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business ; my brother never
Did urge me in this act : I did inquire it ;
And have my learning from some true reports, ‡
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours ;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause ? Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me ; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so ;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner, in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with grateful eyes attend those wars
Which 'fronted § mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another :
The third o' the world is yours ; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. 'Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to
wars with the women !

Ant. So much incurable, her garboils, || Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too), I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet : for that, you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria ; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive ¶ out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted ; then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning ; but, next day,

* Use evil arts.
§ Opposed.

† Subject.
|| Commotions.

‡ Informants.
¶ Messenger.

I told him of myself; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon; Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question * wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The articles of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak;
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it: But on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath,—

Cæs. To lend me arms, and aid, when I required them;
The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it: Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs † between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone ‡ you.

Lep. Worthily spoke, Mecænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you
may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again:
you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else
to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to then; your considerate stone. §

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech: for it cannot be.
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions ||
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,—

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admired Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa;

* Conversation.

† Grievances.

‡ Reconcile.

§ *I. e.* I will be silent as a stone, but I shall consider (observe) you all.

|| Dispositions.

If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserved of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be but tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both,
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, *Agrippa, be it so,*
To make this good?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand;
Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!

Cæs. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;*
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. And where lies he?

Cæs. About the mount Misenum.

Ant. What's his strength
By land?

* Lest I be thought unmindful.

Cæs. Great, and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.

'Would, we had spoke together! haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus.
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt CÆSAR, ANTONY, and LEPIDUS.*

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, Sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mæcenas!—my honour-
able friend, Agrippa!—

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well
digested. You stayed well by it in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, Sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made
the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but
twelve persons there; is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more
monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square* to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his
heart upon the river of Cidnus.

Agr. There she appear'd indeed; or my reporter devised well
for her.

Eno. I will tell you:
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue),
O'erpicturing that Venus, where we see,
The fancy out-work nature: on each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.†

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,

* Equal her merits.

† Added to the warmth they were intended to diminish.

And made their bends adoring : at the helm
 A seeming mermaid steers ; the silken tackle
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
 That yarely frame* the office. From the barge
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
 Her people out upon her ; and Antony,
 Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to the air ; which, but for vacancy,
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
 And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian !

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
 Invited her to supper : she replied,
 It should be better, he became her guest ;
 Which she entreated : Our courteous Antony,
 Whom ne'er the word of *No* woman heard speak,
 Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast ;
 And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
 For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench !

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed ;
 He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

Eno. I saw her once
 Hop forty paces through the public street :
 And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
 That she did make defect, perfection,
 And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never ; he will not ;
 Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
 Her infinite variety : Other women
 Cloy th' appetites they feed ; but she makes hungry
 Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
 Become themselves in her ; that the holy priests
 Bless her, when she's riggish.†

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
 The heart of Antony, Octavia is
 A blessed lottery‡ to him.

Agr. Let us go.—
 Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
 Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, Sir, I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in CÆSAR'S House.*

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA, between them ; ATTENDANTS,
 and a SOOTHSAYER.*

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes
 Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time

* Dexterously perform.

† Wanton.

‡ Allotment.

Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, Sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report :
I have not kept my square ; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.

Octa. Good night, Sir.

Cæs. Good night. [Exeunt CÆSAR and OCTAVIA.]

Ant. Now, sirrah ! you do wish yourself in Egypt ?

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you
Thither !

Ant. If you can, your reason ?

Sooth. I see't in
My motion,* have it not in my tongue : But yet
Hie you again to Egypt.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or mine ?

Sooth. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side :
Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not ; but near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd ; therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee ; no more, but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose ; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds ; thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by : I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him ;
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone :
Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him : [Exit SOOTHSAYER,
He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true : The very dice obey him ;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance : if we draw lots, he speeds :
His cocks do win the battle still of mine.
When it is all to nought ; and his quails† ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt :
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I' the east my pleasure lies :—O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia : your commission's ready :
Follow me, and receive it.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—The same. A Street.

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further : pray you, hasten
Your generals after.

* Inspiration. † The ancients used to match quails as we match cocks.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.
Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.
Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at mount*
Before you, Lepidus.
Lep. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about ;
You'll win two days upon me.
Mec. Agr. Sir, good success !
Lep. Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some music ; music, moody † food
Of us that trade in love.
Attend. The music, ho !

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone ; let us to billiards :
Come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman ;—Come, you'll play with me, Sir ?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though it come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now :—
Give me mine angle,—We'll to the river : there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes ; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws ; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ha ! you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling ; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time !—O times !—
I laugh'd him out of patience ; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience ; and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed ;
Then put my tires ‡ and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan. O ! from Italy ;

Enter a MESSENGER.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antony's dead ?—
If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress :
But well and free,

* *I. e.* Mount Misenum.

† Melancholy.

‡ Head-dress.

If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he's well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark; we use
To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face: If Antony
Be free, and healthful,—why so tart a favour*
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.†

Mess. Will't please to hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee

Mess. Madam, he's well,

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay
The good precedence;‡ fie upon *but yet*:
But yet is as a jailer to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: He's friend with Cæsar;
In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st, free.

Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[*Strikes him down.*]

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?—Hence.

[*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;

[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

* Countenance.

† A man in form.

‡ Modifies the good before reported.

Mess. Gracious madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot* thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast lived too long. [Draws a dagger.

Mess. Nay, then I'll run:—

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault. [Exit.

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.—
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him:—

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, Sir.

Re-enter MESSENGER.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: Give to a gracious message
A host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say, Yes.

Mess. He is married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would, thou didst;

So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for scaled snakes! Go, get thee hence;
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Take no offence, that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do
Seems much unequal: He is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not!—What? thou'rt sure of't?—Get thee hence:
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome,
Are all too dear for me; Lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [Exit MESSENGER.

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have dispraised Cæsar.

* Recompense.

Char. Many times, Madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence,

I faint; O Iras, Charmian,—'Tis no matter:—

Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him

Report the feature* of Octavia, her years,

Her inclination, let him not leave out

The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.—

[*Exit* ALEXAS.

Let him for ever go:—Let him not—Charmian,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

T'other way he's a Mars:—Bid you Alexas [To MARDIAN.

Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,

But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Near Misenum.

Enter POMPEY and MENAS, at one side, with Drum and Trumpet; at another, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet,

That first we come to words; and therefore have we

Our written purposes before us sent;

Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know

If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword;

And carry back to Sicily much tall † youth

That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,

The senators alone of this great world,

Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,

Wherefore my father should revengers want,

Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,

Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,

There saw you labouring for him. What was it,

That moved pale Cassius to conspire? And what

Made the all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,

With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,

To drench the Capitol; but that they would

Have one man but a man? And that is it,

Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden

The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant

To scourge the ingratitude that spiteful Rome

Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails,

We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st

How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,

Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house: ‡

* Beauty.

† Brave.

‡ I. e. by the extent of my father's possessions, which thou hast appropriated.

But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in't as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the present, *) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embraced.

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targe † undinted.

Cæs. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepared
To take this offer: But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience: Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, You must know,
When Cæsar and your brothers were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, Sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you,
That call me, timelier than my purpose, hither;
For I have gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts ‡ harsh fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed:
I crave, our composition may be written,
And sealed between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part; and let us
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

* Present subject.

† Target, shield.

‡ Scores, marks.

Pom. I have fair meanings, Sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard :—
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that :—He did so.

Pom. What, I pray you ?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now ;—How far'st thou, soldier ?

Eno. Well ;

And well am like to do ; for I perceive
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand ;

I never hated thee : I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,

I never loved you much ; but I have praised you,
When you have well deserved ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,

It nothing ill becomes thee.—

Aboard my galley I invite you all :

Will you lead, lords ?

Cæs. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, Sir.

Pom. Come.

[*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS,
Soldiers and Attendants.*]

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.
—[*Aside.*—You and I have known,* Sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, Sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me : though it
cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety : you
have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand,
Menas : If our eyes had authority, here they might take two
thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander ; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking.
Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have said, Sir. We looked not for Mark Antony ;
pray you, is he married to Cleopatra ?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, Sir ; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

* Been acquainted.

How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord!

Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after: O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must

To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleased,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. O pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates*
All that is won and lost: Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster,
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:—
Some wine, within there, and our viands:—Fortune knows,
We scorn her most when most she offers blows. [Exeunt.]

SCENE X.—CÆSAR'S Camp, in Egypt.

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:†
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Eup. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea.

Cæs. Be it so; Declare thine office.

Eup. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;

* Values.

† *Euphronius*, schoolmaster to Antony's children.

Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle* of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there: This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Eup. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands. [*Exit EUPHRONIUS.*
To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Despatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise, [*To THYREUS.*
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: women are not,
In their best fortunes, strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal: Try thy cunning, Thyreus.
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw; †
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What although you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; ‡ at such a point,
When half to half the world opposed, he being
The mered § question: 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, with EUPHRONIUS.

Ant. Is this his answer?

Eup. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen

Shall then have courtesy, so she will yield
Us up.

Eup. He says so.

Ant. Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,

* Diadem, the crown.

† Conforms himself to his fortune.

‡ Set a mark of folly on it.

§ Only.

And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again; Tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which the world should note
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child, as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons* apart,
And answer me declined, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone: I'll write it; follow me.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY and EUPHRONIUS.]

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be staged to the show,†
Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgments are
A parcel‡ of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdued
His judgment too.

Enter an ATTENDANT.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, Sir.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square.§
The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly:—Yet he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

[*Aside.*]

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends; say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply,|| they are friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, Sir, as Cæsar has;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: For us, you know,
Whose he is, we are; and that's Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.—

Thus then, thou most renown'd; Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo. Go on, right royal.

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

* Circumstances of greater splendour.

† Make an exhibition of himself.

‡ Piece. § Quarrel. || Perhaps.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserved.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right: Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. To be sure of that, [*Aside.*
I will ask Antony.—Sir, Sir, thou'rt so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit* ENOBARBUS.

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar,
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desired to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this, In deputation
I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying* breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace† to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father
Oft, when he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,‡
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest§ man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there:—Ay, you kite!—Now gods and devils!
Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cried, *ho!*
Like boys unto a muss,|| kings would start forth,
And cry, *Your will?* Have ye no ears? I am

Enter ATTENDANTS.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

* Obeyed.

† Grant me the favour.

‡ Conquering them.

§ Best.

|| Scramble.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!

Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here, (What's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again:—This Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.—

[*Exeunt ATTENDANTS, with THYREUS.*]

You were half blasted ere I knew you:—Ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abused
By one that looks on feeders?*

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:—
But when we in our viciousness grow hard
(O misery on't!) the wise gods seal† our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is it come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously‡ pick'd out:—For I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, *God quit you!* be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare§ about him.—Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter ATTENDANTS, with THYREUS.

1 *Att.* Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd he pardon?

1 *Att.* He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since

* Servants.

† Close up.

‡ Wantonly.

§ Handy.

Thou hast been whipp'd for following him : henceforth,
 The white hand of a lady fever thee,
 Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
 Tell him thy entertainment : Look, thou say,
 He makes me angry with him : for he seems
 Proud and disdainful ; harping on what I am :
 Not what he knew I was : He makes me angry ;
 And at this time most easy 'tis to do't ;
 When my good stars, that were my former guides,
 Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
 Into the abism of hell. If he mislike
 My speech, and what is done ; tell him, he has
 Hipparchus, my enfranchised bondman, whom
 He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
 As he shall like, to quit* me : Urge it thou :
 Hence, with thy stripes, begone.

[*Exit* THYREUS.]

Cleo. Have you done yet ?

Ant. Alack, our terrene† moon
 Is now eclipsed ; and it portends alone
 The fall of Antony !

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
 With one that ties his points ? ‡

Cleo. Not know me yet ?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me ?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
 From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
 And poison it in the source ; and the first stone
 Drop in my neck ; as it determines, § so
 Dissolve my life ! The next Cæsarion || smite !
 Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
 Together with my brave Egyptians all,
 By the discandying ¶ of this pelleted storm,
 Lie graveless ; till the flies and gnats of Nile
 Have buried them for prey !

Ant. I am satisfied.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria ; where
 I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
 Hath nobly held ; our sever'd navy too
 Have knit again, and fleet,** threat'ning most sealike.
 Where hast thou been, my heart ?—Dost thou hear, lady ?
 If from the field I shall return once more
 To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood ;
 I and my sword will earn our chronicle ;
 There is hope in it yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord !

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
 And fight maliciously : for when mine hours
 Were nice†† and lucky, men did ransom lives
 Of me for jests ; but now, I'll set my teeth,

* Requite.

† Earthly.

‡ The points or tags of his hose.

§ Dissolves.

|| Her son by Julius Cæsar.

¶ Melting.

** Float.

†† Luxurious.

And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy* night: call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day:
I had thought, to have held it poor; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We'll yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my queen;
There's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and *Attendants.*]

Eno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be furious,
Is, to be frightened out of fear: and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge; † and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—CÆSAR'S Camp at Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, reading a Letter; AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS and
others.

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot ‡ of his distraction: Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight:—Within our files there are
Of those that served Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it be done;
And feast the army: we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony! [*Exeunt.*]

* Feasting.

† Hawk

‡ Take advantage.

SCENE II.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS,
ALEXAS, and others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius?

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

Eno. I'll strike; and cry, *Take all.*

Ant. Well said: come on.—
Call forth my household servants; let's to-night

Enter SERVANTS.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
And thou,—and thou,—and thou;—you have served me well,
And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which sorrow shoots [*Aside.*
Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish, I could be made so many men;
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period* of your duty:
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,†
A mangled shadow: perchance, to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield‡ you for't!

Eno. What mean you, Sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;

* Close.

† Or if you do, it may be as merely a mangled shadow of myself.

‡ Reward.

And I, an ass, am onion-eyed; for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!*

Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense:
I spake to you for your comfort: did desire you
To burn this night with torches: Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour. Let's to supper; come,
And drown consideration.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The same. Before the Palace.

Enter two SOLDIERS, to their Guard.

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way: fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 *Sold.* Nothing: What news?

2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour:

Good night to you.

1 *Sold.* Well, Sir, good night.

Enter two other SOLDIERS.

2 *Sold.* Soldiers,
Have careful watch.

3 *Sold.* And you: Good night, good night.

4 *Sold.* Here we: [*The first two place themselves at their post.*
[*They take their posts.*] and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.

3 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army;

And full of purpose. [*Music of hautboys under the stage.*]

4 *Sold.* Peace, what noise?

1 *Sold.* List, list!

2 *Sold.* Hark!

1 *Sold.* Music i' the air.

3 *Sold.* Under the earth.

4 *Sold.* It signst well,
Does't not?

3 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.* Peace, I say. What should this mean?

2 *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony loved,
Now leaves him.

1 *Sold.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen

Do hear what we do.

[*They advance to another post.*]

2 *Sold.* How now, masters?

Sold. How now?

How now? do you hear this?

[*Several speaking together.*]

1 *Sold.* Ay; is't not strange?

3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

* Stop.

† Bodes.

1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter ;
Let's see how't will give off.

Sold. [*Several speaking.*] Content: 'Tis strange. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY, and CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN, and others,
attending.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter EROS, with Armour.

Come, my good fellow, put thine iron on:—

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her.—Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art

The armourer of my heart:—False, false; this, this.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well;

We shall thrive now.—See'st thou, my good fellow?

Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly,* Sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, till we do please

To doff 't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—

Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire

More tight† at this, than thou: Despatch.—O love,

That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st

The royal occupation! thou should'st see

Enter an OFFICER, armed.

A workman in 't.—Good morrow to thee; welcome:

Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge.

To business that we love, we rise betime,

And go to it with delight.

1 *Off.* A thousand, Sir,

Early though it be, have on their riveted trim,‡

And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets. Flourish.*]

Enter other OFFICERS and SOLDIERS.

2 *Off.* The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth

That means to be of note, begins betimes.—

So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.

Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:

This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable,

And worthy shameful check it were, to stand

[*Kisses her.*]

* Quickly.

† Handy.

‡ Armour.

On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to 't.—Adieu.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, EROS, OFFICERS, and SOLDIERS.]

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber?

Cleo. Lead me,

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!

Then, Antony,—But now,—well, on.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—ANTONY'S Camp near Alexandria.

Trumpets sound.—*Enter* ANTONY and EROS; a SOLDIER
meeting them.

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant. 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!

Sold. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Sold. Who?

One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, *I am none of thine.*

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men:—Eros, despatch.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Camp before Alexandria.

Flourish.—*Enter* CÆSAR with AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS, and others.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is, Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit* AGRIPPA.]

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd* world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Antony
Is come into the field.

* *I. e.* the three-parted.

Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.*]

Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry,
On affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius and the rest
That fell away have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a SOLDIER of CÆSAR'S.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: The messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock me not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true: Best that you safed the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit SOLDIER.*]

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth.
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows* my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do 't I feel.
I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek
Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—Field of Battle between the Camps.

Alarum.—Drums and Trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA and others.

Agr. Retire, we have engaged ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarum.—Enter ANTONY and SCARUS wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

* Swells.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet Room for six scotches * more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, Sir; and our advantage serves For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs, And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind; 'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—Under the walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, marching; SCARUS, and Forces.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp; Run one before, And let the queen know of our guests.—To-morrow, Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood That has to-day escaped. I thank you all; For doughty-handed are you; and have fought Not as you served the cause, but as it had been Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors. Enter the city, clip † your wives, your friends, Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand; [*To SCARUS.*]

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy, I'll commend thy acts, Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the world, Chain mine arm'd neck: leap thou, attire and all, Through proof of harness ‡ to my heart, and there Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords! O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from The world's great snare, uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale, We have beat them to their beds. What, girl? though grey Do something mingle with our brown, yet have we A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man: Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;— Kiss it, my warrior:—He hath fought to-day, As if a god, in hate of mankind, had Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend, An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserved it, were it carbuncled Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand; Through Alexandria make a jolly march; Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them: §

* Cuts.

† Embrace.

‡ Armour of proof.

§ Own.

Had our great palace the capacity
 To camp this host, we all would sup together;
 And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
 Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
 With brazen din blast you the city's ear:
 Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;*
 That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
 Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—CÆSAR'S Camp.

SENTINELS on their Post. Enter ENOBARBUS.

1 *Sold.* If we be not relieved within this hour,
 We must return to the court of guard; The night
 Is shiny; and, they say, we shall embattle
 By the second hour i' the morn.

2 *Sold.* This last day was
 A shrewd one to us,

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—

3 *Sold.* What man is this?

2 *Sold.* Stand close, and list to him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
 When men revolted shall upon record
 Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
 Before thy face repent!—

1 *Sold.* Enobarbus!

3 *Sold.* Peace;

Hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
 The poisonous damp of night disponge † upon me;
 That life, a very rebel to my will,
 May hang no longer on me: throw my heart
 Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
 Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
 And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
 Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
 Forgive me in thine own particular;
 But let the world rank me in register
 A master-leaver, and a fugitive:
 O Antony! O Antony!

[*Dies.*

2 *Sold.* Let's speak

To him.

1 *Sold.* Let's hear him, for the things he speaks

• May concern Cæsar.

3 *Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1 *Sold.* Swoons, rather; for so bad a prayer as his
 Was never yet for sleep.

2 *Sold.* Go we to him.

3 *Sold.* Awake, awake, Sir; speak to us.

2 *Sold.* Hear you, Sir.

1 *Sold.* The hand of death hath raught † him. Hark, the
 drums [*Drums afar off.*

* Small drums. † Discharge, as a sponge squeezed. ‡ Reached.

Demurely * wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard ; he is of note : our hour
Is fully out.

3 *Sold.* Come on then ;
He may recover yet.

[*Exeunt with the Body.*]

SCENE X.—Between the two Camps.

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces, marching.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea ;
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would they'd fight i' the fire, or in the air ;
We'd fight there too. But this it is ; Our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us : order for sea is given ;
They have put forth the haven : Further on,
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. †

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CÆSAR, with his Forces, marching.

Cæs. But ‡ being charged, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take 't, we shall, for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they're not joined : Where yonder pine does stand,
I shall discover all : I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go.

[*Exit.*]

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nest : the augurers
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell ;—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected ; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

Alarum afar off, as at a Sea-Fight.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost ;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me :
My fleet have yielded to the foe ; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore ! § tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice ; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly ;
For when I am revenged upon my charm,
I have done all :—Bid them all fly, begone.
O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more :
Fortune and Antony part here ; even here

[*Exit SCARUS.*]

* Solemnly.

† Discover their numbers, and see their motions.

‡ Without.

§ Cleopatra first belonged to Julius Cæsar, then to Antony, and now,
as Antony supposes, to Augustus.

Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am :
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,*
Whose eye beck'd † forth my wars, and call'd them home ;
Whose bosom was my crownet, ‡ my chief end,
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss. §—
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.

Cleo. Why is my lord enraged against his love?

Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, to dolts; || and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [*Exit CLEO.*] 'Tis well thou'rt gone,
If it be well to live: But better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;
To the Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall;
Under this plot: she dies for't—Eros, ho!

[*Exit.*

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd. ¶

Char. To the monument;
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument:—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was Antony,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously: Hence,
Mardian; and bring me how he takes my death.—
To the monument.

[*Exeunt.*

* Deadly witchcraft.

† Was the motion for.

‡ My crownet.

§ Utmost loss.

|| For the smallest pieces of money to clowns.

¶ Foaming at the mouth.

SCENE XII.—*The same. Another Room.**Enter ANTONY and EROS.**Ant.* Eros, thou yet behold'st me?*Eros.* Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish ;
 A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
 A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
 A forked mountain, or blue promontory
 With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
 And mock our eyes with air : Thou hast seen these signs ;
 They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with a thought,
 The rack * dislimns ; and makes it indistinct,
 As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
 Even such a body : here I am Antony ;
 Yet cannot hold this visible shape. My knave,
 I made these wars for Egypt, and the queen,—
 Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine—
 Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
 A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
 Pack'd cards with Caesar, and false play'd my glory
 Unto an enemy's triumph.—
 Nay, weep not, gentle Eros ; there is left us
 Ourselves to end ourselves. O, thy vile lady !

Enter MARDIAN.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony ;
 My mistress loved thee, and her fortunes mingled
 With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch ; peace ;
 She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once ;
 And that she has discharged : What thou wouldst do,
 Is done unto thy hand ; the last she spake
 Was, Antony ! most noble Antony !
 Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
 The name of Antony ; it was divided
 Between her heart and lips : she render'd life,
 Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then ?*Mar.* Dead.

Ant. Eros, unarm ; the long day's task is done,
 And we must sleep :—That thou depart'st hence safe,
 Does pay thy labour richly ; Go,—Off, pluck off ;—

[*Exit MARDIAN.*]

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
 The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides !

* The fleeting clouds.

Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,*
 Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
 No more a soldier :—Bruised pieces, go ;
 You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.— [*Exit EROS.*
 I will o’ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
 Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
 All length † is torture :—Since the torch is out,
 Lie down and stray no further : Now all labour
 Mars what it does ; yea, very force entangles
 Itself with strength : Seal then, and all is done.
 Eros !—I come, my queen :—Eros !—Stay for me :
 Where souls do couch on flowers, we’ll hand in hand,
 And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze :
 Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
 And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros !

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord ?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
 I have lived in such dishonour, that the gods
 Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
 Quarter’d the world, and o’er green Neptune’s back
 With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack
 The courage of a woman ; less noble mind
 Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,
I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, Eros,
 That, when the exigent should come (which now
 Is come indeed), when I should see behind me
 The inevitable prosecution of
 Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
 Thou then wouldst kill me : do’t ; the time is come :
 Thou strik’st not me, ’tis Cæsar thou defeat’st.
 Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me !
 Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
 Though enemy, lost aim, and could not ?

Ant. Eros,
 Wouldst thou be window’d in great Rome, and see
 Thy master thus with pleach’d ‡ arms, bending down
 His corrigible § neck, his face subdued
 To penetrative || shame ; whilst the wheel’d seat
 Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
 His baseness that ensued ? ¶

Eros. I would not see’t.

Ant. Come then ; for with a wound I must be cured.
 Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
 Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, Sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor’st thou not then
 To do this when I bade thee ? Do it at once ;

* *I. e.* than what contains thee.

† Protraction of life.

‡ Folded.

§ Corrected.

|| Penetrating.

¶ The poor conquered creature that followed.

Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship* of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee.

[Turning from him.]

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor! let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man;—and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then:—[Falls on his Sword]. Thus do I
escape the scrow

Of Antony's death.

[Dies.]

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus [Falling on his Sword].
I learn'd of thee. How! not yet dead? not dead?—
The guard!—ho!—O, despatch me.

Enter DERCETAS and GUARD.

1 *Guard.* What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make an end
Of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The star is fallen.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Nor I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one.

[Exeunt GUARD.]

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man?

[Exit DERCETAS.]

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

* Dignity.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear
Of what hath come to pass : for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She had disposed * with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purged, she sent you word she was dead ;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth ; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed :—Call my guard, I pr'ythee.

Dio. What ho ! the emperor's guard ! The guard, what ho !
Come, your lord calls.

Enter some of the GUARD.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides :
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 Guard. Woe are we, Sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day !

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows : bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up :
I have led you oft ; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing ANTONY.*]

SCENE XIII.—The same. A Monument.

Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. O, Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not.

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise ; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it.—How now ? is he dead ?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument,
His guard hath brought him thither.

Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O thou sun,
Burn the great sphere thou movest in !—darkling stand
The varying shore o' the world !—O Antony !
Antony, Antony !—Charmian, help ; help, Iras ;
Help, friends below ; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace :
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony hath triumph'd on itself.

* Settled.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony ; but woe 'tis so !

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying ; only
I here impórtune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—

Cleo. I dare not, dear
(Dear my lord, pardon), I dare not,
Lest I be taken : not the imperious show
Of the full-fortuned Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd* with me ; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe :
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusion,† shall acquire no honour
Demurring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up ;—
Assist, good friends.

Ant. O quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport, indeed !—How heavy weighs my lord !
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight : Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools ;—O, come, come, come ;
[*They draw ANTONY up.*]
And welcome, welcome ! die where thou hast lived :
Quicken with kissing ; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight !

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying :
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak ; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provoked by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen :
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—O !

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me.
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.
Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust ;
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at : but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest : and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly ; put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going ;
I can no more.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die ?
Hast thou no care of me ? shall I abide

[*Dies.*]

* Ornamented.

† Sedate determination.

In this dull world, which in thy absence is
 No better than a sty?—O, see, my women,
 The crown o' the earth doth melt:—My lord!
 O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
 The soldier's pole is fallen; young boys, and girls,
 Are level now with men: the odds is gone,
 And there is nothing left remarkable
 Beneath the visiting moon.

[*She faints.*]

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady,—

Iras. Madam,—

Char. O madam, madam, madam!

Iras. Royal Egypt!

Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.*

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman; and commanded
 By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
 And does the meanest chares.*—It were for me
 To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
 To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
 Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught;
 Patience is sottish; and impatience does
 Become a dog that's mad; Then is it sin,
 To rush into the secret house of death,
 Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
 What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?
 My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
 Our lamp is spent, it's out:—Good Sirs, take heart:—

[*To the guard below.*]

We'll bury him: and then, what's brave, what's noble,
 Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
 And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
 Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
 But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt: those above bearing off ANTONY'S body.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—CÆSAR'S Camp before Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS, GALLUS,
 PROCULEIUS, and others.*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
 Being so frustrate,† tell him, he mocks us by
 The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit DOLABELLA.*]

Enter DERCETAS, with the Sword of ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'st
 Appear thus to us?

* Task-work.

† Frustrated.

Der. I am call'd Dercetas ;
 Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy
 Best to be served : whilst he stood up and spoke,
 He was my master ; and I wore my life,
 To spend upon his haters : If thou please
 To take me to thee, as I was to him
 I'll be to Cæsar ; if thou pleasest not,
 I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st ?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
 A greater crack : The round world should have shook
 Lions into civil streets,
 And citizens to their dens :—The death of Antony
 Is not a single doom ; in the name lay
 A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar ;
 Not by a public minister of justice,
 Nor by a hired knife ; but that self hand,
 Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
 Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
 Splitted the heart.—This is his sword,
 I robb'd his wound of it ; behold it stain'd
 With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends ?
 The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings
 To wash the eyes of kings.*

Agr. And strange it is,
 That nature must compel us to lament
 Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
 Waged equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
 Did steer humanity : but you, gods, will give us
 Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror 's set before him,
 He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony !
 I have follow'd thee to this ;—But we do lance
 Diseases in our bodies : I must perforce
 Have shown to thee such a declining day,
 Or look on thine ; we could not stall together
 In the whole world. But yet let me lament,
 With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
 That thou, my brother, my competitor,
 In top of all design, my mate in empire,
 Friend and companion in the front of war,
 The arm of mine own body, and the heart
 Where mine his† thoughts did kindle,—that our stars,
 Unreconcilable, should divide
 Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—
 But I will tell you at some meeter season ;

* To make kings weep.

† Itc.

Enter a MESSENGER.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?

Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,
Confined in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forced to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her; for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Mess. So the gods preserve thee.

[*Exit.*

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius; Go, and say,
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us: for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: Go,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit PROCULEIUS.*

Cæs. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius?

[*Exit GALLUS.*

Agr. Mec. Dolabella!

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: Go with me, and see
What I can show in this.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Alexandria. A Room in the Monument.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,*
A minister of her will; And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

*Enter, to the Gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, and
Soldiers.*

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. [*within*]. What's thy name?

* Servant.

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. [*within*]. Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceived,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reverence freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: Let me report to him
Your sweet dependancy; and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. [*within*]. Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got.* I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pitied
Of him that caused it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surprised;
[*Here PROCULEIUS, and two of the guard, ascend the
monument by a ladder placed against a window, and
having descended, come behind CLEOPATRA. Some of
the guard unbar and open the gates.*

Guard her till Cæsar come.

[*To PROCULEIUS and the guard. Exit GALLUS.*

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands. [*Drawing a dagger.*

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold: [*Seizes and disarms her.*
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Relieved, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra.

Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

* *I. e.* her crown.

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, Sir ;
 If idle talk will once be necessary,
 I'll not sleep neither : This mortal house I'll ruin,
 Do Cæsar what he can. Know, Sir, that I
 Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court ;
 Nor once be châtized with the sober eye
 Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
 And show me to the shouting varletry
 Of censuring Rome ? Rather a ditch in Egypt
 Be gentle grave to me ! rather on Nilus' mud
 Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
 Blow me into abhorring ! rather make
 My country's high pyramids my gibbet,
 And hang me up in chains !

Pro. You do extend
 These thoughts of horror further than you shall
 Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
 What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
 And he hath sent for thee : as for the queen,
 I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
 It shall content me best : be gentle to her.—
 To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please. [*To CLEOPATRA.*
 If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die. [*Exeunt PROCULEIUS, and Soldiers.*

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me ?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, Sir, what I have heard, or known.
 You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams ;
 Is't not your trick ?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony ;—
 O, such another sleep, that I might see
 But such another man !

Dol. If it might please you,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens ; and therein stuck
 A sun and moon ; which kept their course, and lighted
 The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean : his rear'd arm
 Crested the world : his voice was propertied
 As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends ;
 But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
 He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
 There was no winter in't ; an autumn 'twas,
 That grew the more by reaping ; His delights
 Were dolphin-like ; they show'd his back above
 The element they lived in : In his livery

Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates* dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam:

Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: 'Would I might never
O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, Sir.

Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, Sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me, then, in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will;

I know it.

Within. Make way there,—Cæsar.

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS, SELEUCUS,
and Attendants.*

Cæs. Which is the queen
Of Egypt?

Dol. 'Tis the emperor, madam.

[CLEOPATRA kneels.]

Cæs. Arise,

You shall not kneel:—

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods

Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole Sir o' the world,
I cannot project† mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often shamed our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents
(Which towards you are most gentle), you shall find

* Silver money.

† Shape or form.

A benefit in this change ; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world : 'tis yours : and we
Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of : 'tis exactly valued ;
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus ?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer ; let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserved
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
I had rather seel* my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back ?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra ; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar ! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd ! mine will now be yours ;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild :—O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hired !—What, goest thou back ? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee ; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings : Slave, soulless villain, dog !
O rarely base !

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this ;
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel† the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy ! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserved,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern ‡ friends withal ; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation ; must I be unfolded
With § one that I have bred ? The gods ! It smites me
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence ; [To SELEUCUS.
Or I shall show the cinders|| of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance :—Wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

* Close up.
§ By.

† Add to.
‡ Fire.

‡ Common.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.

[*Exit* SELEUCUS.]

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,

Not what you have reserved, nor what acknowledged,
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear queen;
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; And so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs. Not so: Adieu.

[*Exeunt* CÆSAR, and his train.]

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers* CHARMIAN.]

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again:

I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char. Behold, Sir.

[*Exit* CHARMIAN.]

Cleo. Dolabella?

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before:
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit* DOLABELLA.] Now, *Iras*,
what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shall be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves,
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forced to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, *Iras*: Saucy lictors

Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick* comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy† my greatness,
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that is certain.

Iras. I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian?—

Enter CHARMIAN.

Show me, my women, like a queen;—Go fetch
My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony:—Sirrah, *Iras*, go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed:
And, when thou hast done this chare,‡ I'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise? [*Exit IRAS. A noise within.*]

Enter one of the GUARD.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be denied your highness' presence;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an instrument
[*Exit GUARD.*]

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's placed, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant: now the fleeting§ moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter GUARD, with a CLOWN bringing a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit GUARD.*]

Hast thou the pretty worm|| of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be the party that
should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those
that do die of it, do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one
of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman,
but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but
in the way of honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what
pain she felt,—Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm:
But he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by

* Lively.

‡ Job of work.

† Female characters were played by boys.

§ Inconstant.

|| Serpent.

half that they do : But this is most fallible, the worm 's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence ; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell. [CLOWN sets down the basket.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.*

Cleo. Ay, ay ; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but in the keeping of wise people ; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care ; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good : give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me ?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman : I know, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women ; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone ; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth ; I wish you joy of the worm. [Exit.

Re-enter IRAS, with a robe, crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown ; I have
Immortal longings in me : Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip :—
Yare, yare, † good Iras ; quick.—Methinks, I hear
Antony call ; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act ; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath : Husband, I come :
Now to that name my courage prove my title !
I am fire, and air ; my other elements
I give to baser life.—So,—have you done ?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian ;—Iras, long farewell.

[Kisses them. IRAS falls and dies. ‡

Have I the aspic in my lips ? Dost fall ?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still ?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain ; that I may say
The gods themselves do weep !

Cleo. This proves me base :
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her ; and spend that kiss,

* Act according to his nature.

† Make haste.

‡ We must suppose from having applied an asp to her own arm.

Which is my heaven to have.* Come, mortal wretch,
 [To the asp, which she applies to her breast.
 With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
 Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
 Be angry, and despatch. O, couldst thou speak!
 That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass
 Unpolicied! †

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
 That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
 O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—

What should I stay— [Applying another asp to her arm.
 [Falls on a bed, and dies.

Char. In this vile world?—So, fare thee well.—
 Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
 A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close; ‡
 And golden Phœbus never be beheld
 Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
 I'll mend it, and then play.§

Enter the GUARD, rushing in.

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.—

[Applies the asp.

O, come; apace, despatch: I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's beguiled.

2 *Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar;—call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here?—Charmian, is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
 Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier!

[Dies.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 *Guard.* All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
 Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming
 To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
 So sought'st to hinder.

Within. A way there, way for Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR, and Attendants.

Dol. O, Sir, you are too sure an augurer;
 That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last:
 She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,

* He will give her that kiss for her intelligence, which, &c.

† Impolitic.

‡ She says this, closing Cleopatra's eyes.

§ I. e. my own part.

Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her figs;
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then.

1 Guard. O Cæsar,
This Charmian lived but now; she stood; and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness!—
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:*
The like is on her arm.

1 Guard. This is an asp's trail: and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the asp leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable,
That so she died; for her physician tells me,
She had pursued conclusions† infinite,
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:—
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip‡ in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them: and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn show, attend the funeral;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity.

[*Exeunt*

* Swollen.

† Tried experiments.

‡ Enfold.



TIMON OF ATHENS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

TIMON, <i>a noble Athenian.</i>	Two SERVANTS of VARRO, and the SERVANT of ISIDORE; <i>two</i> <i>of Timon's Creditors.</i>
LUCIUS, } <i>Lords, and Flat-</i>	CUPID, and MASKERS.
LUCULLUS, } <i>terers of Timon.</i>	Three STRANGERS.
SEMPRONIUS, } <i>VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false</i>	POET, PAINTER, JEWELLER,
VENTIDIUS, } <i>Friends.</i>	and MERCHANT.
APEMANTUS, <i>a churlish Philoso-</i>	An OLD ATHENIAN.
pher.	A PAGE.
ALCIBIADES, <i>an Athenian General.</i>	A FOOL.
FLAVIUS, <i>Steward to Timon.</i>	
FLAMINIUS, } <i>Timon's Servants.</i>	PHRYNIA, } <i>Mistresses to Alcibi-</i>
LUCILIUS, } <i>ades.</i>	TIMANDRA, }
SERVILIUS, } <i>Servants to Ti-</i>	
CAPHIS, } <i>mon's Creditors.</i>	Other LORDS, SENATORS, OFFICERS,
PHILOTUS, } <i>SOLDIERS, THIEVES, and ATTEND-</i>	ANTS.
TITUS, }	
LUCIUS, }	
HORTENSIUS, }	

SCENE, Athens; and the Woods adjoining.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A Hall in TIMON'S House.*

Enter POET, PAINTER, JEWELLER, MERCHANT, *and others, at*
several Doors.

Poet. Good day, Sir.

Pain. I am glad you are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long; How goes the world?

Pain. It wears, Sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ah, that's well known:

But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjured to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; t'other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that's most fixed.

Mer. A most incomparable man; breathed,* as it were,
To an untirable and continue † goodness:
He passes. ‡

* Inured by constant practice.

† Continual.

‡ Goes beyond common bounds.

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's see't: For the lord Timon, Sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate: * But, for that—

Poet. † *When we for recompense have praised the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.*

Mer. 'Tis a good form. [Looking at the jewel.

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look you.

Pain. You are apt, Sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourished: The fire i' the flint
Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, Sir.—And when comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, ‡ Sir,
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; Is't good?

Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife §
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain SENATORS, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord's follow'd!

Poet. The senators of Athens:—Happy men!

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.
I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly, || but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax: ¶ no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I'll unbolt ** to you.

* Give the price.

† Reading his poem.

‡ As soon as my book has been presented to Timon.

§ I. e. the contest of art with nature.

|| Does not stop at any particular character.

¶ Anciently they wrote upon wax tablets with an iron pen.

** Explain.

You see how all conditions, how all minds
 (As well of glib and slippery creatures, as
 Of grave and austere quality), tender down
 Their services to lord Timon : his large fortune,
 Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
 Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
 All sorts of hearts ; yea, from the glass-faced flatterer *
 To Apemantus, that few things loves better
 Than to abhor himself : even he drops down
 The knee before him, and returns in peace
 Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill,
 Feign'd Fortune to be throned : The base o' the mount
 Is rank'd with all deserts, † all kind of natures,
 That labour on the bosom of this sphere
 To propagate their states : ‡ amongst them all,
 Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
 One do I personate of lord Timon's frame,
 Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her ;
 Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
 Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceived to scope.

This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
 With one man bekon'd from the rest below,
 Bowing his head against the steepy mount
 To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
 In our condition.

Poet. Nay, Sir, but hear me on :

All those which were his fellows but of late
 (Some better than his value), on the moment
 Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
 Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
 Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
 Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these ?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
 Spurs down her late beloved, all his dependants,
 Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
 Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
 Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common :

A thousand moral paintings I can show
 That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune
 More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
 To show lord Timon, that mean eyes have seen
 The foot above the head.

*Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, attended ; the SERVANT of
 VENTIDIUS talking with him.*

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you ?

* One who shows by reflection the looks of his patron.

† Crowded with people of all classes of merit.

‡ To advance their condition of life.

Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing to him,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman, that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchised, bid him come to me:—
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honour!

[*Exit.*]

Enter an old ATHENIAN.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: What of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Enter LUCILIUS.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclined to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more raised,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well: what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [to LUCILIUS]. Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose

Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents, on the present; in future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath served me long;
To build his fortune, I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed* to you!

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and old ATHENIAN.*]

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.

The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside; These pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you!

Tim. Well fare you, gentlemen: Give me your hand;
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord? dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for 't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclaw † me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those, which sell, would give, but you well know
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by ‡ their masters; believe 't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We will bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

* Held as due.

† Unwind.

‡ According to.

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow ;
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves ? thou know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians ?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou know'st I do ; I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going ?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus ?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it ?

Apem. He wrought better, that made the painter ; and yet
he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation ; what's she, if I be a dog ?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus ?

Apem. No ; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou shouldst, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords, so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it : Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus ?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man
a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth ?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet ?

Poet. How now, philosopher ?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one ?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet ?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest : look in thy last work, where thou
hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour :
He, that loves to be flatter'd, is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens,
that I were a lord !

Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus ?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my
heart.

Tim. What, thyself ?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore ?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—
Art not thou a merchant ?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a SERVANT.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and

Some twenty horse, all of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.—

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*]

You must needs dine with me:—Go not you hence,
Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner's done,
Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.—

Enter ALCIBIADES, with his Company.

Most welcome, Sir!

[*They salute.*]

Apem. So, so; there!—

Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this court'sy! The strain of man's bred out*
Into baboon and monkey.

Alcib. Sir, you have saved my longing, and I feed
Most hungrily on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, Sir:

Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all but APEMANTUS.*]

Enter two Lords.

1 *Lord.* What time a day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1 *Lord.* That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed, thou, that still omit'st it.

2 *Lord.* Thou art going to lord Timon's feast.

Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2 *Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

2 *Lord.* Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give
thee none.

1 *Lord.* Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make thy re-
quests to thy friend.

2 *Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly like a dog the heels of the ass. [*Exit.*]

1 *Lord.* He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,
And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

2 *Lord.* He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed, † but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,

* Man is degenerated into.

† Desert.

But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.*

1 *Lord.* The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

2 *Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 *Lord.* I'll keep you company.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The same. A Room of State in TIMON'S House.

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending; then enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with VENTIDIUS, and Attendants. Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly.

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, 't hath pleased the gods remember
My father's age, and call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whose help
I derived liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love;
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say, he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them; Faults that are rich, are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit.

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIMON.*]

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony
Was but devised at first to set a gloss
On faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than my fortunes to me.

[*They sit.*]

1 *Lord.* My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it? hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.

Apem. No,

You shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, thou art a churl; you have got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:
They say, my lords, that *ira furor brevis est*,†
But yond' man's ever angry.

Go, let him have a table by himself;
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine own peril, Timon;
I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian; therefore

* *I. e.* all customary returns for obligations.

† Anger is a short madness.

welcome: I myself would have no power: pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I should Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods, what a number Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not! It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat In one man's blood; and all the madness is, He cheers them up too.

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men: Methinks they should invite them without knives; Good for their meat, and safer for their lives. There's much example for't; the fellow, that Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges The breath of him in a divided draught, Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been proved, If I

Were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals; Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes; Great men should drink with harness* on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; † and let the health go round.

2 Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way!

A brave fellow!—he keeps his tides well. Timon, Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill. Here's that, which is too weak to be a sinner, Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire: This, and my food are equals; there's no odds. Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS' GRACE.

*Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man, but myself;
Grant I may never prove so fond ‡
To trust man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a sleeping.
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't:*

Rich men sin, and I eat root. [Eats and drinks.

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like them; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then; that then thou mightst kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1 Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

* Armour.

† With sincerity.

‡ Foolish.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends; but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: How had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable* title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weepest to make them drink, Timon.

2 Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 Lord. I promise you, my lord, you moved me much.

Apem. Much.†

[*Tucket sounded.*

Tim. What means that trump?—How now?

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all
That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: The ear,
Taste, touch, smell, all pleased from thy table rise;
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance:
Music, make their welcome. [*Exit CUPID.*

1 Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you are beloved.

Music.—*Re-enter CUPID, with a Masque of LADIES as Amazons,
with Lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.*

Apem. Hey day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root.
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again,

* Endearing.

† A contemptuous exclamation.

With poisonous spite, and envy. Who lives, that's not
Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears
Not one spurn to their graves of their friends' gift?
I should fear, those, that dance before me now,
Would one day stamp upon me: It has been done;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The LORDS rise from table, with much adoring of TIMON; and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
You have added worth unto't, and lively lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device:
I am to thank you for it.

1 Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet
Attends you: Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully my lord.

[*Exeunt CUPID, and LADIES.*]

Tim. Flavius,—

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet!

There is no crossing him in his humour; [Aside.

Else I should tell him,—Well,—i' faith, I should,
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.

'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind;
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.*

[*Exit, and returns with the casket.*]

1 Lord. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 Lord. Our horses.

Tim. O my friends, I have one word
To say to you:—Look you, my good lord, I must
Entreat you, honour me so much, as to
Advance† this jewel;
Accept, and wear it, kind my lord.

1 Lord. I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near? why then another time I'll hear thee:

* Nobleness of soul.

† *I. e.* exalt it.

I pr'ythee, let us be provided
To show them entertainment.

Flav. I scarce know how.

[*Aside.*]

Enter another SERVANT.

2 Serv. May it please your honour, the lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents

Enter a third SERVANT.

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now, what news?

3 Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord
Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him;
and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; And let them be received,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*aside.*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer.—

Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good;
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word; he is so kind, that he now
Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books.

Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forced out!

Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such as do even enemies exceed.

I bleed inwardly for my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits:—
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2 Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 Lord. O, he is the very soul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember me, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on: it is yours, because you liked it.

2 Lord. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man
Can justly praise, but what he does affect:
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I'll tell you true. I'll call on you.

All Lords. None so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living

Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defiled land, my lord.

1 *Lord.* We are so virtuously bound,—

Tim. And so

Am I to you.

2 *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd,—

Tim. All to you.*—Lights, more lights.

1 *Lord.* The best of happiness,

Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends. [*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, LORDS, &c.]

Apem. What a coil 's here!

Serving of becks,† and jutting out of bums!

I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums

That are given for 'em. Friendship 's full of dregs;

Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I'd be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for,

If I should be bribed too, there would be none left

To rail upon thee: and then thou wouldst sin the faster.

Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou

Wilt give away thyself in paper ‡ shortly:

What need these feasts, pomps, and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay,

An you begin to rail on society once,

I am sworn, not to give regard to you.

Farewell; and come with better music.

[*Exit.*

Apem. So;—

Thou'lt not hear me now,—thou shalt not then, I'll lock

Thy heaven§ from thee. O, that men's ears should be

To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in a SENATOR'S House.*

Enter a SENATOR, with Papers in his Hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand to Varro; and to Isidore

He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,

Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion

Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.

If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,

And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:

If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more

Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,

Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,

And able horses: No porter at his gate;

* All happiness to you.

† Salutations with the head.

‡ Be ruined by securities.

§ Good advice.

But rather one that smiles, and still invites
 All that pass by. It cannot hold; no* reason
 Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho!
 Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, Sir; What is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord Timon;
 Impórtune him for my moneys; be not ceased †
 With slight denial; nor then silenced, when—
Commend me to your master—and the cap
 Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, sirrah,
 My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
 Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
 And my reliances on his fracted dates
 Have smit my credit: I love, and honour him;
 But must not break my back, to heal his finger:
 Immediate are my needs; and my relief
 Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
 Put on a most importunate aspéct,
 A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
 Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, Sir.

Sen. I go, Sir?—take the bonds along with you,
 And have the dates in compt.

Caph. I will, Sir.

Sen. Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The same. A Hall in TIMON'S House.

Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,
 That he will neither know how to maintain it,
 Nor cease his flow of riot: Takes no account
 How things go from him; nor resumes no care
 Of what is to continue; Never mind
 Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
 What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel:
 I must be round with him now he comes from hunting.
 Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter CAPHIS, and the SERVANTS of ISIDORE and VARRO.

Caph. Good even, Varro: What,
 You come for money?

Var. Serv. Is't not your business too?

Caph. It is;—And yours too, Isidore?

Isid. Serv. It is so.

Caph. 'Would we were all discharged!

Var. Serv. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

* *I. e.* no sound reason can judge his condition safe.

† Stopped.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and LORDS, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner 's done, we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades.—With me? What's your will?

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awaked by great occasion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
'That with your other noble parts you'll suit,*
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,
I prythee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

Isid. Serv. From Isidore;

He humbly prays your speedy payment,—

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—

Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,
And past,—

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord;
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath:—

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;

I'll wait upon you instantly.—*[Exeunt ALCIBIADES and LORDS.*

[To FLAVIUS.

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broken bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease, till after dinner;
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends:
See them well entertain'd.

Flav. I pray, draw near.

[Exit TIMON.
[Exit FLAVIUS.

Enter APEMANTUS and a FOOL.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus; let's
have some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. Serv. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

* Act consistently with yourself.

Apem. No; 'tis to thyself,—Come away. [To the FOOL.

Isid. Serv. [to VARBO'S SERVANT]. There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last asked the question.—Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: How does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. 'Would, we could see you at Corinth.

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter PAGE.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page [to the FOOL]. Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon: this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [Exit PAGE.

Apem. Even so thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay, 'would they served us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster, and a knave; which, notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a

spirit: sometime, it appears like a lord; sometime, like a lawyer; sometime, like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one: He is very often like a knight; and, generally in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher. [*Exeunt APEMANTUS and FOOL.*]

Flav. Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon.

[*Exeunt SERVANTS.*]

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time Had you not fully laid my state before me; That I might so have rated my expense, As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me, At many leisures I proposed.

Tim. Go to: Perchance, some single vantages you took, When my indisposition put you back; And that unaptness made your minister, Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord! At many times I brought in my accounts, Laid them before you; you would throw them off, And say, you found them in mine honesty. When, for some trifling present, you have bid me Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept; Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you To hold your hand more close; I did endure Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate, And your great flow of debts. My dear-loved lord, Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a time, The greatest of your having lacks a half To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engaged, some forfeited and gone; And what remains will hardly stop the mouth Of present dues: the future comes apace: What shall defend the interim? and at length How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word; Were it all yours to give it in a breath, How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices* have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilt of wine; when every room
Hath blazed with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;
I have retired me to a wasteful cock,†
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants,
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord Timon's?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon?
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further:
No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument‡ of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,§
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: You shall perceive, how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there, ho!—Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other SERVANTS.

Serv. My lord, my lord,—

Tim. I will despatch you severally.—You, to lord Lucius,—
To lord Lucullus you: I hunted with his
Honour to-day;—You to Sempronius;
Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say,
That my occasions have found time to use them
Toward a supply of money: let the request
Be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and lord Lucullus? humph! [Aside.]

Tim. Go you, Sir [to another SERV.], to the senators,
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserved this hearing), bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold

* Culinary offices.

† A turning stopple running to waste.

‡ Composition of what they have in them, &c.

§ Dignified.

(For that I knew it the most general * way),
To them to use your signet, and your name ;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can it be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, † want treasure, cannot
Do what they would ; are sorry—you are honourable,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—but
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wretch—would all were well—'tis pity—
And so, intending ‡ other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions, §
With certain half-caps, || and cold moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!—

I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly ; These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary :
Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows ;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind ;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.—
Go to Ventidius [*To a SERV.*],—Pr'ythee [*To FLAVIUS*], be not
sad,

Thou art true, and honest ; ingeniously ¶ I speak,
No blame belongs to thee :—[*To SERV.*] Ventidius lately
Buried his father ; by whose death, he's stepp'd
Into a great estate : when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents ; Greet him from me ;
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents : that had,—[*To FLAV.*] give it these
fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would, I could not think it ; That thought is bounty's
foe ;
Being free** itself, it thinks all others so. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in LUCULLUS' House.*

FLAMINIUS waiting. Enter a SERVANT to him.

Serv. I have told my lord of you, he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, Sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*aside*]. One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant.

* Compendious. † At an ebb. ‡ Attending to. § Broken hints.
|| A cap slightly moved. ¶ Ingenuously. ** Liberal

Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectively* welcome, Sir.—Fill me some wine.—[*Exit SERVANT.*] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, Sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, Sir: And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, Sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him; nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less; and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty† is his; I have told him on't, but I could never get him from it.

Re-enter SERVANT, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason: and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone, Sirrah.—[*To the SERVANT, who goes out.*]—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares‡ for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible, the world should so much differ; And we alive, that lived? Fly, damned baseness

To him that worships thee. [*Throwing the money away.*]

Lucul. Ha! Now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master.

[*Exit LUCULLUS.*]

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns § in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! || This slave
Unto this hour, has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon't!

* Respectfully.

† Liberality.

‡ Or solidi, an ancient gold coin, worth about 6s.

§ I. e. sour

|| Suffering.

And, when he is sick to death, let not that part of nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour ! *

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A public place.*

Enter LUCIUS, with three STRANGERS.

Luc. Who, the lord Timon ? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours ; now lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie, no, do not believe it ; he cannot want for money.

2 Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents ; nay, urged extremely for't, and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How ?

2 Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that ? now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man ? there was very little honour showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his ; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord ; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honoured lord,—

[*To LUCIUS.*

Luc. Servilius ! you are kindly met, Sir. Fare thee well :—Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha ! what has he sent ? I am so much endeared to that lord ; he's ever sending : How shall I thank him, thinkest thou ? And what has he sent now ?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord ; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use, with so many talents.

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me ; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.†

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius ?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, Sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable ? how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour ?—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do't ; the more beast, I

* *I. e.* life.

† Fervently.

say;—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, Sir, I shall.

Luc. I will look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[*Exit* SERVILIUS.]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed;
And he, that's once denied, will hardly speed. [Exit LUCIUS.]

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why this

Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him
His friend, that dips in the same dish? for, in
My knowing, Timon hath been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse;
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet (O, see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)
He does deny him, in respect of his,*
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart: But, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense:
For policy sits above conscience.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in SEMPRONIUS' House.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a SERVANT of TIMON'S.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? Humph! 'Bove all others?

He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: All these three
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. O my lord,

* *I. e.* his means.

They have all been touch'd, and found base metal ; for
They have all denied him !

Sem. How ! have they denied him ?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him ?
And does he send to me ? Three ? humph !—
It shows but little love or judgment in him.
Must I be his last refuge ? His friends, like physicians,
Thrive, give him over ; * Must I take the cure upon me ?
He has much disgraced me in't ; I am angry at him,
That might have known my place : I see no sense for't,
But his occasions might have woo'd me first ;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him :
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last ? No : so it may prove
An argument of laughter to the rest,
And I amongst the lords be thought a fool.
I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake ;
I had such a courage † to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join ;
Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin. [Exit.

Serv. Excellent ! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil
knew not what he did, when he made man politic, ‡ he crossed §
himself by't : and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies
of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear
foul ! takes virtuous copies to be wicked ; like those that, under
hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire.
Of such a nature is his politic love.
This was my lord's best hope ; now all are fled,
Save the gods only : Now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.
And this is all a liberal course allows ;
Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house. || [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Hall in TIMON'S House.*

*Enter two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant of LUCIUS,
meeting TITUS, HORTENSIUS, and other Servants to TIMON'S
Creditors, waiting his coming out.*

Var. Serv. Well met ; good-morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius ?

What, do we meet together ?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and, I think,
One business does command us all ; for mine
Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

* *I. e.* thrive by him and then give him over.

† Ardour, eager desire. ‡ Crafty.

§ Thwarted.

|| *I. e.* keep within doors for fear of duns.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And Sir
Philotus too!

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter with him
You must consider, that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's; * but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear,

'Tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll show you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now, of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I am weary of this charge, † the gods can witness:
I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

1 Var. Serv. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns: What's yours?

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.

1 Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by the sum,
Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his ‡ had equall'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius! Sir, a word: 'Pray, is my lord ready to
come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship; 'Pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows, you are too diligent.
[*Exit FLAMINIUS.*]

Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, Sir?

* *I. e.* in blaze and splendour.

† Commission, employment.

‡ *I. e.* his debt.

1 *Var. Serv.* By your leave, Sir,—

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, Sir.

Flav. Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,
 'Twere sure enough. Why then preferr'd you not
 Your sums and bills, when your false masters eat
 Of my lord's meat? Then they could smile, and fawn
 Upon his debts, and take down the interest
 Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourselves but wrong,
 To stir me up; let me pass quietly:
 Believe't my lord and I have made an end;
 I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not,

'Tis not so base as you; for you serve knaves. [Exit.

1 *Var. Serv.* How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

2 *Var. Serv.* No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge
 enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to
 put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know
 Some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen,
 To repair some other hour, I should much
 Derive from it: for, take it on my soul,
 My lord leans wondrously to discontent,
 His comfortable temper has forsook him;
 He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick:
 And, if it be so far beyond his health,
 Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
 And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an answer, Sir.

Flam. [within]. Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!—

Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following.

Tim. What, are my doors opposed against my passage?
 Have I been ever free, and must my house
 Be my retentive enemy, my jail:
 The place which I have feasted, does it now,
 Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em: * cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas, my lord,—

* A quibble upon written bills; bills or battle-axes.

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—

What yours?—and yours?

1 *Var. Serv.* My lord,—

2 *Var. Serv.* My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you! [*Exit.*

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money; these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves:
Creditors!—devils.

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so:—My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius, all:
I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be't not in thy care; go.
I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—The same. The Senate-House.

The Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to it; the fault's
Bloody; 'tis necessary he should die:
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

1 *Sen.* Now, captain?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into it.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,*
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice
(An honour in him which buys out his fault);
But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,

* *I. e.* this particular action, predetermined by fate.

Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
 He did oppose his foe :
 And with such sober and unnoted passion *
 He did behave † his anger, ere 'twas spent,
 As if he had but proved an argument.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox, ‡
 Striving to make an ugly deed look fair :
 Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
 To bring manslaughter into form, set quarrelling
 Upon the head of valour ; which, indeed,
 Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
 When sects and factions were newly born ;
 He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
 The worst that man can breathe ; and make his wrongs
 His outsides : wear them like his raiment, carelessly ;
 And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
 To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
 What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill ?

Alcib. My lord,—

1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear ;
 To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour pardon me,
 If I speak like a captain.—

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
 And not endure all threat'nings ? sleep upon it,
 And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
 Without repugnancy ; but if there be
 Such valour in the bearing, what make we
 Abroad ? § why then, women are more valiant,
 That stay at home, if bearing carry it ;
 And th' ass, more captain than the lion ; the felon,
 Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
 If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
 As you are great, be pitifully good :
 Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood ?
 To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust ;
 But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
 To be in anger, is impiety ;
 But who is man, that is not angry ?
 Weigh but the crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain ? his service done
 At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
 Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 *Sen.* What's that ?

Alcib. Why, I say, my lords, he has done fair service,
 And slain in fight many of your enemies :
 How full of valour did he bear himself
 In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds !

* *I. e.* passion so subdued that no spectator could note its operation.

† Manage, govern.

‡ You undertake a paradox too hard.

§ *I. e.* in the field.

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em, he
Is a sworn rioter : h' as a sin that often
Drowns him and takes his valour prisoner :
If there were no foes, that were enough alone
To overcome him : In that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions : 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate ! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none), yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join them both :
And, for I know, your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
Mine honour to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore ;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law, he dies ; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure : Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so ? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

2 *Sen.* How ?

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

3 *Sen.* What ?

Alcib. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me ;
It could not else be, I should prove so base,*
To sue, and be denied such common grace :
My wounds ache at you.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger ?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect ;
We banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me ?

Banish your dotage ; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

1 *Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our spirit,†
He shall be executed presently. [Exeunt SENATORS.]

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough, that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you !
I am worse than mad : I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest ; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts ;—All those, for this ?
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds ? ha ! banishment ?
It comes not ill ; I hate not to be banish'd ;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up

* Dishonoured.

† *I. e.* not to put ourselves in any tumour of rage.

My discontented troops, and lay* for hearts;
 'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds;
 Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as gods.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*A magnificent Room in TIMON'S House.*

Music. Tables set out: SERVANTS attending. Enter divers LORDS, at several doors.

1 *Lord.* The good time of day to you, Sir.

2 *Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think, this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring,† when we encountered: I hope, it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 *Lord.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1 *Lord.* I should think so: He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 *Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 *Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 *Lord.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1 *Lord.* A thousand pieces.

2 *Lord.* A thousand pieces!

1 *Lord.* What of you?

3 *Lord.* He sent to me, Sir.—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON, and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—And how fare you?

1 *Lord.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 *Lord.* The swallow follows not summer more willing, than we your lordship.

Tim. [*aside*]. Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile; if they will fare so harshly on the trumpet's sound: we shall to't presently.

1 *Lord.* I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, Sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Lord.* My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[*The banquet brought in.*

2 *Lord.* My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, Sir.

2 *Lord.* If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance,‡—Come, bring in altogether.

2 *Lord.* All cover'd dishes!

* (Out).

† Idly employed.

‡ *I. e.* your good memory.

1 *Lord.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 *Lord.* Doubt not that, if money, and the season can yield it.

1 *Lord.* How do you? What's the news?

3 *Lord.* Alcibiades is banished: Hear you of it?

1 & 2 *Lord.* Alcibiades banished!

3 *Lord.* 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 *Lord.* How? how?

2 *Lord.* I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 *Lord.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.*

2 *Lord.* This is the old man still.

3 *Lord.* Will't hold? will't hold?

2 *Lord.* It does: but time will—and so—

3 *Lord.* I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to the other: for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag† of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing they are welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.*]

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-warm water
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[*Throwing water in their faces.*]

Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,‡
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!§
Of man, and beast, the infinite|| malady
Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?

* Ready.

† The lowest.

‡ Flies of a season.

§ Jacks of the clock; like those once at St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet Street.

|| *I. e.* every conceivable.

Soft, take thy physic first—thou too,—and thou;—

[*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*]

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,

Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be

Of Timon, man, and all humanity.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter the LORDS, with other LORDS and SENATORS.

1 *Lord.* How now, my lords?

2 *Lord.* Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3 *Lord.* Pish! did you see my cap?

4 *Lord.* I have lost my gown.

3 *Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—Did you see my jewel?

4 *Lord.* Did you see my cap?

3 *Lord.* Here 'tis.

4 *Lord.* Here lies my gown.

1 *Lord.* Let's make no stay.

2 *Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.

3 *Lord.* I feel't upon my bones.

4 *Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Without the walls of Athens.

Enter TIMON

Tim. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! to general filths*
Convert o' the instant, green virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal!
Large handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law! maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! son of sixteen,
Pluck the lined crutch from the old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And let confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men,

* Common sewers.

Your potent and infectious fevers heap
 On Athens, ripe for stroke ! thou cold sciatica,
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
 As lamely as their manners ! lust and liberty*
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth ;
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
 And drown themselves in riot ! itches, blains,
 Sow all the Athenian bosoms ; and their crop
 Be general leprosy ! breath infect breath ;
 That their society, as their friendship, may
 Be merely poison ! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
 But nakedness, thou detestable town !
 Take thou that too, with multiplying banns ! †
 Timon will to the woods ; where he shall find
 The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
 The gods confound (hear me, ye good gods all)
 The Athenians both within and out that wall !
 And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
 To the whole race of mankind, high, and low !
 Amen.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—Athens. A Room in TIMON'S House.

Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three SERVANTS.

1 *Serv.* Hear you, master steward, where's our master ?
 Are we undone ? cast off ? nothing remaining ?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you ?
 Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
 I am as poor as you.

1 *Serv.* Such a house broke !
 So noble a master fallen ! All gone ! and not
 One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
 And go along with him !

2 *Serv.* As we do turn our backs
 From our companion, thrown into his grave ;
 So his familiars to his buried fortunes
 Slink all away ; leave their false vows with him,
 Like empty purses pick'd : and his poor self,
 A dedicated beggar to the air,
 With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
 Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other SERVANTS.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3 *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery.
 That see I by our faces ; we are fellows still,
 Serving alike in sorrow : Leak'd is our bark ;
 And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
 Hearing the surges threat : we must all part
 Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
 The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
 Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,

* For libertinism.

† Accumulated curses.

Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
We have seen better days. Let each take some;

[*Giving them money.*

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor: [*Exeunt SERVANTS.*
O, the fierce* wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,†
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who then dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accursed,
Rich, only to be wretched;—thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow, and inquire him out:
I'll serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Woods.*

Enter TIMON.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb ‡
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes;
The greater scorns the lesser: Not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by § contempt of nature,
Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary
The beggar native honour.
It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, *This man's a flatterer?* if one be,
So are they all; for every grize|| of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villany. Therefore, be abhorr'd

* Hasty, precipitate.

† Propensity, disposition.

‡ *I. e.* the moon's, this sublunary world.

§ Without.

|| Step.

All feasts, societies, and throngs of men !
 His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains !
 Destruction fang* mankind !—Earth, yield me roots ! [*Digging.*
 Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
 With thy most operant poison ! What is here ?
 Gold ? yellow, glittering, precious gold ? No, gods,
 I am no idle votarist.† Roots, you clear heavens !
 Thus much of this, will make black white ; foul, fair ;
 Wrong, right ; base, noble ; old, young ; coward, valiant.
 Ha, you gods ! why this ? What this, you gods ? Why this
 Will lug your priests and servants from your sides ;
 Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads :
 This yellow slave
 Will knit and break religions ; bless the accursed ;
 Make the hoar leprosy adored ; place thieves,
 And give them title, knee, and approbation,
 With senators on the bench : this is it,
 That makes the wappen'd ‡ widow wed again ;
 She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
 To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
 Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
 Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
 Do thy right nature.—[*March afar off.*]—Ha ! a drum ?—
 Thou'rt quick, §
 But yet I'll bury thee : Thou'lt go, strong thief,
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand :—
 Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*]

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with Drum and Fife, in warlike manner ;*
 PHRYNIA *and* TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there ?
 Speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
 For showing me again the eyes of man !

Alcib. What is thy name ? Is man so hateful to thee,
 That art thyself a man ?

Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
 For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
 That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well :
 But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too ; and more, than that I know thee,
 I not desire to know. Follow thy drum ;
 With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules :
 Religious canons, civil laws are cruel ;
 Then what should war be ? This fell whore of thine
 Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
 For all her cherubin look.

Phr. Thy lips rot off !

* Seize, gripe.
 ‡ Sorrowful.

† No insincere supplicant.
 § *I. e.* of living power.

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not like the moon
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: If
Thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee: for
Thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee,
For thou'rt a man!

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world
Voiced so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee not, that use thee;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast, and the diet.*

Timan. Hang thee, monster!

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard and grieved,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them.—

Tim. I prythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well:
Here's some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep't, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all i' thy conquest; and
Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That,
By killing villains, thou wast born to conquer

* Alluding to the cure of the *lues venerea* then in practice.

My country.

Put up thy gold ; Go on,—here's gold,—go on ;
 Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
 Will o'er some high-vice'd city hang his poison
 In the sick air : Let not thy sword skip one ;
 Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
 He's a usurer : Strike me the counterfeit matron ;
 It is her habit only that is honest,
 Herself's a bawd : Let not the virgin's cheek
 Make soft thy trenchant sword ; for those milk-paps,
 That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
 Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
 Set them down horrible traitors : Spare not the babe,
 Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy ;
 Think it a bastard,* whom the oracle
 Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat shall cut,
 And mince it sans remorse : † Swear against objects ; ‡
 Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes ;
 Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
 Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
 Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers ;
 Make large confusion : and, thy fury spent,
 Confounded be thyself ! Speak not, be gone.

Aleib. Hast thou gold yet ? I'll take the gold thou givest me,
 Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee !

Phr. and Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon : Hast thou
 more ?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
 And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
 Your aprons mountant : You are not oathable,—
 Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
 Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,
 The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,
 I'll trust to your conditions : § Be whores still ;
 And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
 Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up ;
 Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
 And be no turncoats : Yet may your pains, six months,
 Be quite contrary : And thatch your poor thin roofs
 With burdens of the dead ;—some that were hang'd,
 No matter : wear them, betray with them : whore still ;
 Paint till a horse may mire upon your face :
 A pox of wrinkles !

Phr. and Timan. Well, more gold ;—What then ?—
 Believe't, that we'll do anything for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
 In hollow bones of man ; strike their sharp shins,
 And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
 That he may never more false title plead,

* An allusion to the tale of Œdipus.

† Without pity.

‡ *I. e.* against objects of charity and compassion.

§ Vocation.

Nor sound his quilllets* shrilly : hoar the flamen
 That scolds against the quality of flesh,
 And not believes himself : down with the nose,
 Down with it flat ; take the bridge quite away
 Of him, that his particular to foresee,
 Smells from the general weal : make curl'd pate ruffians bald ;
 And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
 Derive some pain from you : Plague all ;
 That your activity may defeat and quell
 The source of all erection.—There's more gold :—
 Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
 And ditches grave you all !

Phr. and Timan. More counsel with more money, bounteous
 Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first ; I have given you
 earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens. Farewell, Timon.
 If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spokest well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm ?

Tim. Men daily find it such. Get thee away,
 And take thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him.—

Strike. [Drum beats. Exeunt ALCIBIADES,
 PHBYNIA, and TIMANDRA.

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
 Should yet be hungry !—Common mother, thou, [Digging.
 Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,†
 Teems, and feeds all ; whose self-same mettle,
 Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
 Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
 The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,
 With all the abhorred births below crisp ‡ heaven
 Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine ;
 Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
 From forth thy plenteous bosom one poor root !
 Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb,
 Let it no more bring out ingrateful man !
 Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears ;
 Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
 Hath to the marbled mansion all above
 Never presented !—O, a root,—Dear thanks !
 Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas ;
 Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
 And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
 That from it all consideration slips !

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man ? Plague ! plague !

* Subtilties.

† Boundless surface.

‡ Bent.

Apem. I was directed hither: Men report,
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate: Consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected;
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,
Hug their diseased perfumes,* and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper. †
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent: Thou wast told thus;
Thou gavest thine ears, like tapsters, that bid welcome,
To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just,
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;
A madman so long, now a fool: What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd trees,
That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? call the creatures,—
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements exposed,
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee: Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say, thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour cold habit on
To castrate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery

* *I. e.* their diseased perfumed mistresses.

† *I. e.* cynic.

Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before : *
 The one is filling still, never complete ;
 The other, at high wish : Best state, contentless,
 Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
 Worse than the worst, † content.
 Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
 Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
 With favour never clasp'd ; but bred a dog.
 Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath, ‡ proceeded
 The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
 To such as may the passive drugs § of it
 Freely command, thou wouldst have plunged thyself
 In general riot ; melted down thy youth
 In different beds of lust ; and never learn'd
 The icy precepts of respect, || but follow'd
 The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
 Who had the world as my confectionary ;
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
 At duty, more than I could frame employment ; ¶
 That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
 Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
 Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
 For every storm that blows ;—I, to bear this,
 That never knew but better, is some burden :
 Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
 Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate men ?
 They never flatter'd thee : What hast thou given ?
 If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,
 Must be thy subject ; who, in spite, put stuff
 To some she beggar, and compounded thee
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence ! begone !
 If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
 Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet ?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was
 No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now ;
 Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,
 I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
 That the whole life of Athens were in this !
 Thus would I eat it.

[*Eating a root.*

Apem. Here ; I will mend thy feast. [*Offering him something.*

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd ;
 If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens ?

* Arrives sooner at the completion of its wishes.

† (That has).

‡ From infancy.

§ Drudges.

|| Cautious prudence.

¶ (For).

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt, Tell them there I have gold ; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best, and truest :

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where liest o' nights, Timon ?

Tim. Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus ?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat ; or, rather, where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind !

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it ?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends : When thou wast in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity ;* in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar ?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated medlars sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means ?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved ?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee ; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers ?

Tim. Women nearest : but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power ?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts ?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to ! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee : if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee : if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass : if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee : and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf : if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner : wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury : † wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse ; wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard ; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and

* Finical delicacy.

† The old idea was, that the lion, when he encountered a unicorn, posted himself against a tree, and that the unicorn, rushing against him with blind fury, and striking his horn into the tree, thus left himself an easy prey to his adversary.

the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion; * and thy defence, absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation?

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here: The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter: The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap † of all the fools alive.

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.—

I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would, my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler doth kill me, that thou art alive;

I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away,

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose

A stone by thee.

[*Throws a stone at him.*]

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[*APEMANTUS retreats backward, as going.*]

I am sick of this false world; and will love nought

But even the mere necessities upon it.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy gravestone daily: make thine epitaph,

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce [*Looking on the gold.*]

'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler

Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!

Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,

That solder'st close impossibilities,

And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch ‡ of hearts!

Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue

Set them into confounding odds, that beasts

May have the world in empire!

* Remoteness.

† Top, principal.

‡ Touchstone.

Apem. 'Would 'twere so;—
But not till I am dead!—I'll say, thou hast gold:
'Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery

Tim. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.—

[*Exit* APEMANTUS.]

More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter THIEVES.

1 *Thief.* Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: The mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Thief.* It is noised, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him: if he care not for't, he will supply us easily; If he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2 *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1 *Thief.* Is not this he?

Thieves. Where?

2 *Thief.* 'Tis his description.

3 *Thief.* He? I know him.

Thieves. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Thieves. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both, too; and women's sons.

Thieves. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs:

The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips;

The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush

Lays her full mess before you. Want? why want?

1 *Thief.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,

That you are thieves profess'd; that you work not

In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft

In limited * professions. Rascal thieves,

Here's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood of the grape,

Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,

And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;

His antidotes are poison, and he slays

More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;

Do villany, do, since you profess to do't, *

Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery.

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction

Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,

* Regular.

And her pale fire she snatches from the sun :
 The sea 's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
 The moon into salt tears : the earth 's a thief,
 That feeds and breeds by a composture * stolen
 From general excrement ; each thing 's a thief ;
 The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
 Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves ; away ;
 Rob one another. There's more gold : Cut throats ;
 All that you meet are thieves : To Athens, go,
 Break open shops, nothing can you steal,
 But thieves do lose it : Steal not less, for this
 I give you ; and gold confound you howsoever !

Amen. [TIMON retires to his Cave.

3 Thief. He has almost charm'd me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1 Thief. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us ; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 Thief. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 Thief. Let us first see peace in Athens : There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true. [Exeunt THIEVES.

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods !
 Is yon despised and ruinous man my lord ?
 Full of decay and failing ? O monument
 And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd !
 What an alteration of honour † has
 Desperate want made !
 What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
 Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends !
 How rarely ‡ does it meet with this time's guise,
 When man was wish'd § to love his enemies :
 Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
 Those that would mischief me, than those that do !
 He has caught me in his eye : I will present
 My honest grief unto him ; and, as my lord,
 Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master !

TIMON comes forward from his Cave.

Tim. Away ! what art thou ?

Flav. Have you forgot me, Sir ?

Tim. Why dost ask that ? I have forgot all men ;
 Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt man, I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then

I know thee not : I ne'er had honest man
 About me, I ; all that I kept were knaves,
 To serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
 Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
 For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

* Compost, manure.

† Honourable state.

‡ Happily.

§ Recommended.

Tim. What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer;—then I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,
But thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward so true, so just, and now
So comfortable? it almost turns
My dangerous nature wild. Let me behold
Thy face.—Surely, this man was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
Perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man,—mistake me not, but one;
No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, save thee,
I fell with curses.
Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise,
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou mightst have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure),
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness; and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too late:
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast:
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, That you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so!—Thou singly honest man,
Here take:—the gods out of my misery
Have sent the treasure. Go, live rich and happy:
But thus condition'd; thou shalt build from men;*
Hate all, curse all: show charity to none;
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deniest to men; let prisons swallow them,
Debts wither them: Be men, like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so, farewell, and thrive.

* From human habitation.

Flav. O, let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hatest
Curses, stay not; fly, whilst thou'rt bless'd and free:
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee. [*Exeunt severally.*]

— — —
ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. Before TIMON'S Cave.*

Enter POET and PAINTER; TIMON behind, unseen.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor stragglers soldiers with great quantity: 'Tis said, he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying* is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will and testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him: It must be a personating of himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity; with a discovery of the infinite flatteries, that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

* The doing that we said we would do.

Pain. True ;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple,
Than where swine feed !
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam ;
Settlest admired reverence in a slave :
To thee be worship ! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey !
'Fit I do meet them.

[*Advancing.*

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon !

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once lived to see two honest men ?

Poet. Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retired, your friends fallen off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits !
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What ! to you !
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being ! I'm wrap't, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better :
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen, and known.

Pain. He, and myself,
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men ! Why, how shall I requite you ?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water ? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. You are honest men : You have heard that I have gold ;
I am sure you have : speak truth : you are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord : but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men !—Thou draw'st a counterfeit*
Best in all Athens : thou art, indeed, the best ;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, Sir, as I say :—And, for thy fiction,

[*To the POET.*

Why thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.—
But, for all this, my honest-natured friends,
I must needs say, you have a little fault :
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you ; neither wish I,
You take much pains to mend.

* Portrait.

Both. Beseech your honour,
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery,* love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assured,
That he's a made-up † villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Bid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught, ‡
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this, but two in company:—
Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be. [*To the PAINTER.*
Come not near him.—If thou wouldst not reside [*To the POET.*
But where one villain is, then him abandon.—
Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye slaves:
You have done work for me, there's payment: Hence!
You are an alchymist, make gold of that:—
Out, rascal dogs! [*Exit, beating and driving them out.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter FLAVIUS and two SENATORS.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;
For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 *Sen.* Bring us to his cave:
It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.

2 *Sen.* At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'Twas time, and griefs,
That framed him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him: Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.—
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: The Athenians,

* Roguery.

† Finished.

‡ Jakes.

By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak, and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a caut'ring to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

1 *Sen.* Worthy Timon—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2 *Sen.* The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 *Sen.* O, forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators, with one consent* of love
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2 *Sen.* They confess,

Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross:
Which now the public body,—which doth seldom
Play the recanter,—feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon;
And send forth us, to make their sorrow'd render,†
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;

Surprise me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll bewep these comforts, worthy senators.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens (thine, and ours) to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd‡ with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority:—so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2 *Sen.* And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, Sir, I will; therefore, I will, Sir; Thus,—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,

* One united voice.

† Confession.

‡ Licensed.

Giving our holy virgins to the stain
 Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
 Then, let him know,—and tell him, Timon speaks it,
 In pity of our aged, and our youth,
 I cannot choose but tell him, that—I care not,
 And let him tak't at worst; for their knives care not,
 While you have throats to answer: for myself,
 There's not a whittle* in the unruly camp,
 But I do prize it at my love, before
 The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
 To the protection of the prosperous gods,†
 As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
 It will be seen to-morrow: My long sickness
 Of health,‡ and living, now begins to mend,
 And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
 Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
 And last so long enough!

1 *Sen.* We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
 One that rejoices in the common wreck,
 As common bruit doth put it.

1 *Sen.* That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

1 *Sen.* These words become your lips as they pass through
 them.

2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears like great triumphers
 In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;
 And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,
 Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
 Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
 That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
 In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them:
 I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 *Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
 That mine own use invites me to cut down,
 And shortly must I fell it; Tell my friends,
 Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,§
 From high to low throughout, that whose please
 To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
 Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
 And hang himself:—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
 Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
 Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;

* Knife.

† *I. e.* the gods, who are the authors of the prosperity of mankind.

‡ *I. e.* my long disease, life, is about to end, and nothingness will be
 everything to me.

§ From highest to lowest.

Which once a day with his embossed* froth
 The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,
 And let my grave-stone be your oracle,—
 Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:
 What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
 Graves only be men's works; and death, their gain!
 Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign. [*Exit* TIMON.]

1 *Sen.* His discontents are unremoveably
 Coupled to nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
 And strain what other means is left unto us
 In our dear † peril.

1 *Sen.* It requires swift foot.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Walls of Athens.

Enter two SENATORS, and a MESSENGER.

1 *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his files
 As full ‡ as thy report?

Mess. I have spoke the least:
 Besides, his expedition promises
 Present approach.

2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;—
 Whom, though in general part we were opposed,
 Yet our old love made a particular force,
 And made us speak like friends:—this man was riding
 From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
 With letters of entreaty, which imported
 His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
 In part for his sake moved.

Enter SENATORS from TIMON

1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

2 *Sen.* No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—
 The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
 Doth choke the air with dust: in and prepare;
 Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare.

[*Exeunt.*]

*SCENE IV.—The Woods. TIMON'S Cave, and a Tomb-stone
 seen.*

Enter a SOLDIER, seeking TIMON.

Sol. By all description, this should be the place.
 Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is this?
 Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:
 Some beast rear'd this; there does not live a man.
 Dead, sure; and this his grave.—
 What's on this tomb I cannot read; the character
 I'll take with wax.

Our captain hath in every figure skill;
 An aged interpreter, though young in days:
 Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
 Whose fall the mark of his ambition is.

[*Exit.*]

* Swollen.

† Great.

‡ *I. e.* his army as large.

*SCENE V.—Before the Walls of Athens.**Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES, and Forces.*

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A parley sounded.*]

Enter SENATORS on the Walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our traversed arms,* and breathed
Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,†
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries, of itself, *No more*: now breathless wrong,
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And pury insolence shall break his wind,
With fear and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

2 *Sen.* So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble message, and by promised means;
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 *Sen.* These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have received your griefs: nor are they such,
Than these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a tithed death
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loathes), take thou the destined tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square, ‡ to take,
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall,
With those that have offended: like a shepherd,

* Arms across.

† Mature.

‡ Equitable.

Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Against our rampired gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove;
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports;*
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and,—to atone † your fears
With my more noble meaning,—not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be render'd to your public laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

The SENATORS descend, and open the Gates.

Enter a SOLDIER.

Sol. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea:
And on his grave-stone, this insculpture; which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [reads]. *Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul
bereft:*

Seek not my name: A plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!
Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here thy gait.
These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, ‡ and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon; of whose memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city
And I will use the olive with my sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stint § war; make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leech. ||
Let our drums strike.

[*Exeunt.*]

* Unattacked gates.

† Reconcile.

‡ I. e. our tears.

§ Stop.

|| Physician.

CYMBELINE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CYMBELINE, <i>King of Britain.</i>	A ROMAN CAPTAIN.
CLOTEN, <i>Son to the Queen by a former husband.</i>	TWO BRITISH CAPTAINS.
LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, <i>a Gentleman, Husband to Imogen.</i>	PISANIO, <i>Servant to Posthumus.</i>
BELARIUS, <i>a banished Lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.</i>	CORNELIUS, <i>a Physician.</i>
GUIDERIUS, } <i>Sons to Cymbeline,</i>	TWO GENTLEMEN.
ARVIRAGUS, } <i>disguised under the names of POLYDORE and CADWAL, supposed sons to Belarius.</i>	TWO JAILERS.
PHILARIO, <i>Friend to Posthumus,</i>	—
IACHIMO, <i>Friend to Philario,</i>	QUEEN, <i>Wife to Cymbeline.</i>
A FRENCH GENTLEMAN, <i>Friend to Philario.</i>	IMOGEN, <i>Daughter to Cymbeline, by a former Queen.</i>
CAIUS LUCIUS, <i>General of the Roman Forces.</i>	HELEN, <i>Woman to Imogen.</i>
	LORDS, LADIES, ROMAN SENATORS, TRIBUNES, APPARITIONS, a SOOTHSAYER, a Dutch GENTLEMAN, a Spanish GENTLEMAN, MUSICIANS, OFFICERS, CAPTAINS, SOLDIERS, MESSENGERS, and other ATTENDANTS.

SCENE.—Sometimes in Britain; sometimes in Italy.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Britain. The Garden behind CYMBELINE'S Palace.*

Enter two GENTLEMEN.

1 *Gent.* You do not meet a man, but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers;
Still seem, as does the king's.*

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

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom
He purposed to his wife's sole son (a widow,
That late he married), hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: She's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the king?

1 *Gent.* He, that hath lost her, too: so is the queen,
That most desired the match: But not a courtier,

* This difficult passage should, I think, be construed thus: our countenances, regulated by the blood, do not obey natural impulses, but, as courtiers, imitate that of the king.

Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her
(I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far.*

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, Sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.†

2 *Gent.* What's his name and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: His father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius,‡ whom
He served with glory and admired success:
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,
Died with their swords in hand; for which their father
(Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and this gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceased
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
Puts him to all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and
In his spring became a harvest: Lived in court
(Which rare it is to do), most praised, most loved:
A sample to the youngest; to the more mature,
A glass that feated§ them; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards: to|| his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him
Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?

1 *Gent.* His only child.
He had two sons (if this be worth your hearing,

* Praise him extensively.

† My praise is within his merit.

‡ The father of Cymbeline.

§ I. e. a model that formed their manners.

|| As to.

Mark it), the eldest of them at three years old,
 I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
 Were stolen: and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
 Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so convey'd!
 So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,
 That could not trace them!

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
 Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
 Yet is it true, Sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

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

SCENE II.—The same.

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assured, you shall not find me, daughter,
 After the slander of most step-mothers,
 Evil-eyed unto you: you are my prisoner, but
 Your jailer shall deliver you the keys
 That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
 So soon as I can win the offended king,
 I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
 The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
 You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
 Your wisdom may inform you.

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

Queen. You know the peril:—
 I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
 The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
 Hath charged you should not speak together. [*Exit QUEEN.*

Imo. O
 Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
 Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
 I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing
 (Always reserved my holy duty) what
 His rage can do on me: You must be gone;
 And I shall here abide the hourly shot
 Of angry eyes; nor comforted to live,
 But that there is this jewel in this world,
 That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
 O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause
 To be suspected of more tenderness
 Than doth become a man! I will remain
 The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
 My residence in Rome at one Philario's;
 Who to my father was a friend, to me
 Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,

And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter QUEEN.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you :
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure :—Yet I'll move him
To walk this way : I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends ;
Pays dear for my offences.

[*Aside.*

[*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow : Adieu !

Imo. Nay, stay a little :
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love ;
This diamond was my mother's : take it, heart ;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How ! how ! another ?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death !—Remain thou here [*Putting on the ring.*
While sense can keep it on ! And sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss ; so, in our trifles
I still win of you : For my sake, wear this ;
It is a manacle of love ; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner. [*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*

Imo. O, the gods !
When shall we see again ?

Enter CYMBELINE and LORDS.

Post. Alack, the king !

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid ! hence, from my sight !
If, after this command, thou fraught* the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest : Away !
Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you !
And bless the good remainders of the court !
I am gone.

[*Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth ; thou heapest
A year's age on me !

Imo. I beseech you, Sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation ; I
Am senseless of your wrath ; a touch more rare †
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace ? obedience ?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair ; that way, past grace.

* Fill.

† A more exquisite feeling.

Cym. That mightst have had the sole son of my queen!

Imo. O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.*

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus:
You bred him as my playfellow; and he is
A man worth any woman; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What!—art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, Sir: Heaven restore me!—'Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter! and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter QUEEN.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!—
They were again together: you have done [To the QUEEN.
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. 'Beseech your patience:—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace;—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.†

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [Exit.

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fie!—you must give way:
Here is your servant.—How now, Sir? What news?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part.—
To draw upon an exile!—O brave Sir!—
I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back.—Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command: He would not suffer me,
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleased you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been

* A kite.

† Consideration.

Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half-hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me: you shall, at least,
Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A public place.

Enter CLOTEN and two LORDS.

1 Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence
of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice: Where air comes out,
air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—Have I hurt
him?

2 Lord. No, faith; not so much as his patience. [*Aside.*]

1 Lord. Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass, if he be not
hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2 Lord. His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the
town. [*Aside.*]

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2 Lord. No; but he fled forward still, toward your face. [*Aside.*]

1 Lord. Stand you! You had land enough of your own: but
he added to your having; gave you some ground.

2 Lord. As many inches as you have oceans: Puppies! [*Aside.*]

Clo. I would, they had not come between us.

2 Lord. So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you
were upon the ground. [*Aside.*]

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2 Lord. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.
[*Aside.*]

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go
not together: She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection
of her wit.*

2 Lord. She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should
hurt her. [*Aside.*]

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had been some
hurt done!

2 Lord. I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass,
which is no great hurt. [*Aside.*]

Clo. You'll go with us?

1 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my lord.

[*Excunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost

* Anciently almost every *sign* had a motto, or some attempt at a witticism underneath it.

As offer'd mercy is.* What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen!*

Imo. Then waved his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd them, but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assured, madam,
With his next vantage.†

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charged him
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons,‡ for then
I am in heaven for him: or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a LADY.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them despatch'd.—
I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt*

* 'Twere as great a loss as that of a pardon transmitted to a criminal.

† Opportunity.

‡ Meet me with reciprocal prayer.

SCENE V.—Rome. An Apartment in PHILARIO'S House.

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a FRENCHMAN, a DUTCHMAN, and a SPANIARD.

Iach. Believe it, Sir, I have seen him in Britain; he was then of a crescent note, * expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd than now he is, with that which makes † him both without and within.

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

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

French. And then his banishment:—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend § him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life:—

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

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

Post. By your pardon, Sir, I was then a young traveller: rather shunned to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgment (if I offend not to say it is mended), my quarrel was not altogether slight.

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

* Increasing in fame.

‡ *I. e.* makes him over-estimated.

¶ Matter.

† Forms him.

§ Praise him.

** Destroyed.

|| Reconcile.

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

French. Safely, I think : 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses : This gentleman at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation), his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any, the rarest of our ladies in France.

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

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

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing ; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.*

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

Post. I praised her, as I rated her ; so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at ?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

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

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

Iach. Which the gods have given you ?

Post. Which by their graces, I will keep.

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

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

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

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

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

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring ; which, in my opinion, o'er-values it something : But I

* Lover.

† Overcome.

make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

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

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

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

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

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

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

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

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

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

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn between us: my mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one: If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours:—provided, I have your commendation, ‡ for my more free entertainment.

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

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed.

[*Exeunt* POSTHUMUS and IACHIMO.

* Deceived.

† Proof.

‡ Recommendation.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Britain. A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.*

Enter QUEEN, LADIES, and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;
Make haste, who has the note of them?

1 *Lady.* I, madam.

Queen. Despatch.— [*Exeunt* LADIES.

Now, master doctor; have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam:

[*Presenting a small box.*]

But I beseech your grace (without offence;
My conscience bids me ask); wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I do wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so,
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded
(Unless thou think'st me devilish), is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions? * I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging (but none human),
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.—

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him
Will I first work: he's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

[*Aside.*]

Cor. I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. Hark thee, a word.—

[*Aside.*]

[*To* PISANIO.

Cor. [*aside*]. I do not like her. She doth think, she has
Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature: Those she has,
Will stupify and dull the sense awhile:

* Experiments.

Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs;
Then afterward up higher; but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave.

[*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think, in time
She will not quench;* and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work;
When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,
I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master: greater; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp: Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being, †
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day, that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him: What shalt thou expect,
To be depend on a thing that leans?
Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends,

[*The QUEEN drops a box: PISANIO takes it up.*

So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
What is more cordial:—Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on; but think
Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
Think on my words. [*Exit PISA.*—A sly and constant knave:
Not to be shaken: the agent for his master;
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The handfast ‡ to her lord.—I have given him that
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers § for her sweet; and which she, after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assured

Re-enter PISANIO, and LADIES.

To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well done:
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,

* *I. e.* grow cool.

‡ Contract.

† Change his abode.

§ Ambassadors.

Bear to my closet;—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words. [Exeunt QUEEN and LADIES.

Pis. And shall do:
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you. [Exit.

SCENE VII.—Another Room in the same.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious: Blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, Madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [Presents a letter.

Imo. Thanks, good Sir:
You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich! [Aside.
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [reads].—*He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindness
I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you
value your truest* LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy Sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,

'Twixt two such she's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows* the other: Nor i' the judgment;
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: Nor i' the appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence opposed,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allured to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both fill'd and running), ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear Sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, Madam; well:—'Beseech you, Sir, desire
[To PISANIO.]

My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish. †

Pis. I was going, Sir,
To give him welcome. [Exit PISANIO.]

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, 'beseech you?

Iach. Well, Madam.

Imo. Is he disposed to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.

There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from 's free lungs, cries, O!
*Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be,—will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?*

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, Madam! with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman: But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be used more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you,—which I count his, beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, Sir?

* Making mouths.

† Shy and foolish.

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, Sir?

You look on me; What wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What!
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, Sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to 'venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; Pray you
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do: for certainties
Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born), discover to me
What both you spur and stop.*

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here: should I (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood, as
With labour); then lie peeping in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

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

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

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery, †
Would make the great'st king double! to be partner'd
With tomboys ‡ hired with that self-exhibition §
Which your own coffers yield! with diseased ventures,
That play with all infirmities for gold

* What you seem anxious to utter, and yet withhold.

† Sovereign command.

‡ Wantons.

§ Pension.

Which rottenness can lend nature ! such boil'd stuff,
As well might poison poison ! Be revenged ;
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Revenged !

How should I be revenged ? If this be true
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse), if it be true,
How should I be revenged ?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets ;
Whilst he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse ? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure ;
More noble than that runagate to your bed ;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio !

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away !—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st ; as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour ; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio !—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault : if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us ; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio !—

Iach. O happy Leonatus ! I may say ;
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust ; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assured credit !—Blessed live you long !
A lady to the worthiest Sir, that ever
Country call'd his ! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit ! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted ; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er : And he is one
The truest manner'd ; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him :
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god :
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventured

To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know, cannot err: The love I bear him
Made me to fan* you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, Sir: Take my power i' the court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment, too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord
(The best feather of our wing), have mingled sums,
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'Tis plate, of rare device; and jewels,
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange, †
To have them in safe stowage; May it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

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

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word,
By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?

Iach. O, I must, madam:
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have outstood my time; which is material,
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You are very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

* To fan, is to winnow.

† A stranger.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Court before CYMBELINE'S Palace.

Enter CLOTEN, and two LORDS.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack upon an up-cast,* to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't: And then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 *Lord.* What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 *Lord.* If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have ran all out. [*Aside.*

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths: Ha?

2 *Lord.* No, my lord; nor [*Aside.*] crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction? 'Would he had been one of my rank!

2 *Lord.* To have smelt like a fool. [*Aside.*

Clo. I am not more vexed at anything in the earth,—A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

2 *Lord.* You are a cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on. [*Aside.*

Clo. Sayest thou?

1 *Lord.* It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion † that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger! and I know not on't!

2 *Lord.* He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*Aside.*

1 *Lord.* There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 *Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

* Was close to the jack, the small bowl at which the others are aimed.

† Fellow.

2 *Lord*. You are a fool granted; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate. [*Aside*.

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord*. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt* CLOTEN and first LORD.]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshaked
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou mayst stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land! [*Exit*.

SCENE II.—A Bed-chamber; in one part of it a trunk.

IMOGEN reading in her bed; a LADY attending.

Imo. Who's there? my woman, Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:—
Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I prythee, call me. Sleep hath seized me wholly. [*Exit* LADY.]
To your protection I commend me, gods!
From Fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye! [*Sleeps*. IACHIMO, from the trunk.]

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes,* ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o' the taper
Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows: † White and azure, laced
With blue of heaven's own tinct.‡—But my design?
To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—

* It was anciently the custom to strew chambers with rushes.

† *I. e.* her eyelids.

‡ *I. e.* the white skin laced with blue veins.

Such, and such pictures :—There the window :—Such
 The adornment of her bed ;—The arras, figures,
 Why, such, and such :—And the contents o' the story,—
 Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
 Above ten thousand meaner moveables
 Would testify, to enrich mine inventory :
 O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her !
 And be her sense but as a monument,
 Thus in a chapel lying !—Come off, come off ;—

[*Taking off her bracelet.*]

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard !
 'Tis mine ; and this will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the conscience does within,
 To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
 I' the bottom of a cowslip : Here's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make : this secret
 Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
 The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what end ?
 Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
 Screw'd to my memory ! She hath been reading late
 The tale of Tereus ; here the leaf's turn'd down,
 Where Philomel gave up ;—I have enough :
 To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you dragons of the night !—that dawning
 May bare the raven's eye : I lodge in fear ;
 Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. [*Clock strikes.*
 One, two, three,—Time, time !

[*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*]

*SCENE III. An Antechamber adjoining IMOGEN'S
 Apartment.*

Enter CLOTEN and LORDS.

1 *Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the
 most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

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

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

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

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

Enter MUSICIANS.

Come on ; tune : If you can penetrate her with your fingering,
 so ; we'll try with tongue too : if none will do, let her remain ;
 but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited
 thing : after a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to
 it,—and then let her consider.

SONG.

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

So, get you gone: If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better:‡ if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cat-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend. [Exeunt MUSICIANS.]

Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early: He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

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

Clo. I have assailed her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

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

Queen. You are most bound to the king;
 Who let's go by no vantages, that may
 Prefer you to his daughter: Frame yourself
 To orderly solicits; and be friended
 With aptness of the season: § make denials,
 Increase your services: so seem, as if
 You were inspired to do those duties which
 You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
 Save when command to your dismissal tends,
 And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless? Not so.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. So like you, Sir, ambassadors from Rome;
 The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
 Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
 But that's no fault of his: We must receive him
 According to the honour of his sender;
 And towards himself his goodness forespent on us
 We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,

* Cupped.

† Marygolds.

‡ Pay you more for it.

§ With sollicitations well timed.

When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.

[*Exeunt* CYMBELINE, QUEEN, LORDS, and MESSENGERS.]

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho!— [Knocks.]
I know her women are about her; What
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand of the stealer; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man: What
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave. [Knocks.]

Enter a LADY.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of: What's your lordship's pleasure?

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

Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you; sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name, or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess——

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good-morrow, fairest sister: Your sweet hand.

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

Clo. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: i' faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness; one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad ;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, Sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal : * and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you ;
And am so near the lack of charity
(To accuse myself), I hate you : which I had rather
You felt than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch
(One, bred of arms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court), it is no contract, none ;
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties
(Yet who, than he, more mean ?) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in self-figured knot ; †
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown ; and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery ‡ a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow !
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom : thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for § your virtues, to be styled
The under-hangman of his kingdom ; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south fog rot him !

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

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment ? now the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently :—

Clo. His garment ?

Imo. I am sprighted || with a fool ;
Frighted and anger'd worse :—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm ; it was thy master's, 'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning : confident I am,
Last night 'twas on my arm ; I kiss'd it :

* Verbose.

† In knots of their own tying.

‡ A low fellow, only fit to wear a livery.

§ *I. e.* adequate to.

|| Haunted.

I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so : go and search.

[*Exit Pis.*]

Clo. You have abused me :—
His meanest garment ?

Imo. Ay ; I said so, Sir.

If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too :

She's my good lady ; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, Sir,
To the worst of discontent.

[*Exit.*]

Clo. I'll be revenged :

His meanest garment ?—Well.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—Rome. An Apartment in PHILARIO'S House.

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, Sir ; I would, I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him ?

Post. Not any, but abide the change of time ;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come : in these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love ; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this your king
Hath heard of great Augustus : Caius Lucius
Will do his commission throughly : and, I think,
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe
(Statist* though I am none, nor like to be),
That this will prove a war ; and you shall hear
The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at : Their discipline
(Now mingled with their courages) will make known
To their approvers, † they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See ! Iachimo ?

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

* Statesman.

† To those who try them.

Phi. Welcome, Sir.

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

Iach. Your lady
Is one the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenor good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

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

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

Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

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

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

Iach. Good Sir, we must,
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make 't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours: If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains or loses,
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber
(Where, I confess, I slept not; but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching), It was hang'd

With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride: A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value; which I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was——

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: * the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; † outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubims is fretted: Her andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands. ‡

Post. This is her honour!
Let it be granted, you have seen all this (and praise
Be given to your remembrance), the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then if you can,
Be pale; I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—

[*Pulling out the bracelet.*]

And now, 'tis up again: it must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove!—
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir (I thank her), that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: She gave it me, and said,
She prized it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

* That more looked as though they could speak.
† Like a dumb nature; and indeed in all but motion and speech sur-
passed nature.
‡ Torches.

Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too;
[*Gives the ring.*

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't:—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love
Where there's another man: 'The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:—
O, above measure, false!

Phi. Have patience, Sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won,
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her.

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by't:—Back my ring:—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this, for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am sure,
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn and honourable:—They induced to steal it!
And by a stranger?—No, he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance* of her incontinency
Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.—
There, take thy hire: and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believed
Of one persuaded well of—

Post. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: By my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic: never count the turns;
Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn,—

Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

* Badge, token.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal !
I will go there, and do't ; i' the court ; before
Her father :—I'll do something—

[Exit.]

Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience !—You have won :
Let's follow him, and pervert * the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—*The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half workers ? We are bastards all ;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd ; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit : Yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time : so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance !
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance : did it with
A pudency † so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn ; that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow :—O, all the devils !—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not ?—
Or less,—at first : Perchance he spoke not ; but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cried, *oh!* and mounted : found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me ! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part : Be it lying, note it,
The woman's ; flattering, hers ; deceiving, hers ;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows,
Why hers in part, or all ; but, rather, all ;
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them :—Yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will :
The very devils cannot plague them better.

[Exit.]

* Avert.

† Modesty.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Britain. A Room of State in CYMBELINE'S Palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, and LORDS, at one door ; and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us ?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet Lives in men's eyes ; and will to ears, and tongues, Be theme, and hearing ever) was in this Britain, And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle (Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less Than in his feats deserving it), for him, And his succession, granted Rome a tribute, Yearly three thousand pounds ; which by thee, lately Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel, Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars, Ere such another Julius. Britain is A world by itself ; and we will nothing pay, For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity, Which then they had to take from us, to resume We have again.—Remember, Sir, my liege, The kings your ancestors ; together with The natural bravery of your isle ; which stands As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters ; With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats, But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest Cæsar made here ; but made not here his brag Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame* : with shame (The first that ever touch'd him), he was carried From off our coast, twice beaten ; and his shipping, (Poor ignorant baubles !) on our terrible seas, Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, crack'd As easily 'gainst our rocks : for joy whereof, The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point (O giglot * fortune !) to master Cæsar's sword, Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright, And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid : Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time ; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars : other of them may have crooked noses ; but, to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan : I do not say, I am one ; but I have a hand.—Why tribute ? why should we pay tribute ? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us

* Strumpet.

with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, Sir, no more tribute, pray you, now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition
(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world), against all colour,* here
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws (whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise,
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry); Mulmutius,
Who was the first of Britain, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
Thyself domestic officers), thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then:—War, and confusion,
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted:—Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance; † I am perfect, ‡
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent
Which, not to read, would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day or two longer: If you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, Sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain is, welcome.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Another Room in the same.

Enter PISANIO.

Pis. How! of adultery? wherefore write you not
What monster's her accuser?—Leonatus!
O, master! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear! What false Italian

* Pretence.

† At extremity of defiance.

‡ Well-informed.

(As poisonous tongue'd, as handed) hath prevail'd
 On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:
 She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
 More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
 As would take in * some virtue.—O, my master!
 Thy mind to her † is now as low, as were
 Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?
 Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
 Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
 If it be so to do good service, never
 Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
 That I should seem to lack humanity,
 So much as this fact comes to? *Do't: the letter*
That I have sent her by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity :—O damn'd paper!
 Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,
 Art thou a feodary ‡ for this act, and look'st
 So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

[Reading.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded. §

Imo. How now, Pisanio?*Pis.* Madam, here is a letter from my lord.*Imo.* Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?

O learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
 That knew the stars, as I his characters;
 He'd lay the future open.—You, good gods,
 Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
 Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
 That we two are asunder, let that grieve him—
 (Some griefs are med'cinable; that is one of them,
 For it doth physic love)—of his content,
 All but in that—Good wax, thy leave:—Bless'd be,
 You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
 And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike;
 Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
 You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!

[Reads.

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

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?

He is at Milford Haven: Read, and tell me

How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs

May plod it in a week, why may not I

Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio

(Who long'st like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—

* Conquer.

† As compared with hers.

‡ Confederate.

§ I. e. unskilled in murder.

O, let me 'bate,—but not like me :—yet long'st,—
 But in a fainter kind :—O, not like me ;
 For mine's beyond beyond), say, and speak thick *
 (Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
 To the smothering of the sense), how far it is
 To this same blessed Milford : And, by the way,
 Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
 To inherit such a haven : But first of all,
 How we may steal from hence ; and, for the gap
 That we shall make in time, from our hence-going,
 And our return, to excuse :—but first, how get hence :
 Why should excuse be born or e'er begot ? †
 We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
 How many score of miles may we well ride
 'Twixt hour and hour ?

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

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
 Could never go so slow : I have heard of riding wagers,
 Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
 That run i' the clock's behalf :—But this is foolery :—
 Go, bid my woman feign a sickness ; say,
 She'll home to her father : and provide me, presently,
 A riding suit ; no costlier than would fit
 A franklin's ‡ housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
 Nor what ensues ; but have a fog in them,
 That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee ;
 Do as I bid thee : There's no more to say ;
 Accessible is none but Milford way.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Wales. A mountainous Country, with a Cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
 Whose roof's as low as ours ! Stoop, boys : This gate
 Instructs you how to adore the heavens ; and bows you
 To morning's holy office : The gates of monarchs
 Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet § through
 And keep their impious turbans on, without
 Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven !
 We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
 As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven !

Arv. Hail, heaven !

Bel. Now, for our mountain sport : Up to yon hill,
 Your legs are young ; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
 When you above perceive me like a crow,
 That it is place which lessens, and sets off.
 And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,

* One word on another.

† Why invent an excuse before its occasion has arisen.

‡ A freeholder.

§ Strut.

Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war :
 This service is not service, so being done,
 But being so allow'd : To apprehend thus
 Draws us a profit from all things we see :
 And often, to our comfort, shall we find
 The sharded * beetle in a safer hold
 Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
 Is nobler, than attending for a check ; †
 Richer, than doing nothing for a babe ; ‡
 Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk :
 Such gain the cap of him that makes them fine,
 Yet keeps his book uncross'd : no life to ours. §

Gui. Out of your proof you speak : we, poor unfledged,
 Have never wing'd from view o' the nest ; nor know not
 What air 's from home. Haply, this life is best,
 If quiet life be best ; sweeter to you,
 That have a sharper known ; well corresponding
 With your stiff age ; but, unto us, it is
 A cell of ignorance ; travelling abed ;
 A prison for a debtor, that not dares
 To stride a limit. ||

Arv. What should we speak of,
 When we are old as you ? when we shall hear
 The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
 In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
 The freezing hours away ? We have seen nothing :
 We are beastly ; subtle as the fox, for prey ;
 Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat :
 Our valour is, to chase what flies ; our cage
 We make a quire, as doth the prison bird,
 And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak !
 Did you but know the city's usuries,
 And felt them knowingly : the art o' the court,
 As hard to leave, as keep ; whose top to climb
 Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
 The fear 's as bad as falling : the toil of the war,
 A pain that only seems to seek out danger
 I' the name of fame, and honour ; which dies i' the search ;
 And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
 As record of fair act ; nay, many times,
 Doth ill deserve by doing well ; what's worse,
 Must court'sey at the censure :—O, boys, this story
 The world may read in me : My body 's mark'd
 With Roman swords : and my report was once
 First with the best of note ; Cymbeline loved me ;
 And when a soldier was the theme, my name
 Was not far off : Then was I as a tree,
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit : but in one night,
 A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,

* Scaly-winged.

‡ *I. e.* having charge of a ward.

|| Overpass his bound.

† *I. e.* a command at court.

§ *I. e.* compared with ours.

Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft),
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans: so,
Follow'd my banishment; and this twenty years,
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world:
Where I have lived at honest freedom; paid
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains;
This is not hunter's language:—He that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.

[*Exeunt GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*]

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine: and, though train'd up thus meanly
I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say,—*Thus mine enemy fell;*
And thus I set my foot on his neck; even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother Cadwal
(Once Arviragus), in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is roused!—
O, Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon
At three and two years old, I stole these babes;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—Near Milford Haven.

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand: Ne'er long'd my mother so

To see me first, as I have now :—Pisano ! Man !
 Where is Posthúmus ? What is in thy mind,
 That makes thee stare thus ? Wherefore breaks that sigh
 From the inward of thee ? One, but painted thus,
 Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
 Beyond self-explication : Put thyself
 Into a 'haviour* of less fear, ere wildness
 Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter ?
 Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
 A look untender ? If it be summer news,
 Smile to't before : if winterly, thou need'st
 But keep that countenance still.—My husband's hand !
 That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
 And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man ; thy tongue
 May take off some extremity, which to read
 Would be even mortal to me.

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

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

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword ? the paper
 Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander ;
 Whose edge is sharper than the sword ; whose tongue
 Outvenoms all the worms of Nile ; whose breath
 Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
 All corners of the world : kings, queens, and states,
 Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
 This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam ?

Imo. False to his bed ! What is it, to be false ?
 To lie in watch there, and to think on him ?
 To weep 'twixt clock and clock ? If sleep charge nature,
 To break it with a fearful dream of him,
 And cry myself awake ? that's false to his bed ?
 Is it ?

Pis. Alas, good lady !

Imo. I false ? Thy conscience witness :—Iachimo,
 Thou didst accuse him of incontinency ;
 Thou then look'dst like a villain ; now, methinks
 Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
 Whose mother was her painting,† hath betrayed him :
 Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion ;
 And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,‡
 I must be ripp'd :—to pieces with me !—O,

* For behaviour.

† *I. e.* whose beauty was created by artifice.

‡ *I. e.* than to be hung up in a cupboard out of the way.

Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villany; not born, where't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness: So, thou, Posthúmus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
Goodly and gallant, shall be false and perjured,
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience: Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief:
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it: Do his bidding; strike.
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's: Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens* my weak hand. Come, here's my heart;
Something's afore't:—Soft, soft; we'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?
The scriptures † of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: Though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou, Posthúmus, thou that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her
That now thou tir'st ‡ on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, despatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I received command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

* Makes a coward of.

† The writings.

‡ Peckest.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eyeballs blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then

Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused
So many miles with a pretence? this place?
Mine action and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent: whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time

To lose so bad employment: in the which
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:

I have heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,

I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like;

Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither:

But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my master is abused:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury:

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.

I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: You shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,

What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing:
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,

Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?

Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest; Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad

You think of other place. The ambassador, Lucius, the Roman, comes to Milford Haven To-morrow : Now, if you could wear a mind Dark as your fortune is ; and but disguise That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be, But by self-danger ; you should tread a course Pretty ; and full of view : yea, haply, near The residence of Posthumus : so nigh, at least, That though his actions were not visible, yet Report should render him hourly to your ear, As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means !
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, here's the point :
You must forget to be a woman ; change
Command into obedience ; fear and niceness
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman, its pretty self), to a waggish courage ;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weasel : nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart !
Alack no remedy !) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan ;* and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief :
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit
('Tis in my cloak-bag), doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them : Would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy † (which you'll make him know,
If that his head have ear in music), doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you ; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad
You have me, ‡ rich ; and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away :
There's more to be consider'd ; but we'll even
All that good time will give us : This attempt
I'm soldier to, § and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell :
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of

* The sun.

† *I. e.* accomplished.

‡ As for your subsistence abroad, you may rely on me.

§ Equal to.

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

Imo. Amen : I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and LORDS.

Cym. Thus far, and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal Sir.

My emperor hath wrote ; I must from hence ;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, Sir,
Will not endure his yoke ; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, Sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you !

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

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly : but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner : Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness !

[*Exeunt LUCIUS and LORDS.*]

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

Clo. 'Tis all the better ;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness :
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business ;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter ? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day : She looks us like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty :

We have noted it.—Call her before us; for
We have been too slight in sufferance. [*Exit an ATTENDANT.*]

Queen. Royal Sir,
Since the exile of Posthúmus, most retired
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter an ATTENDANT.

Cym. Where is she, Sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Atten. Please you, Sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st noise we make.

Queen. My Lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear,
Prove false!

[*Exit.*]

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after.— [*Exit CLOTEN.*]

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthúmus!—
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seized her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desired Posthúmus: Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son?

Clo. 'Tis certain she is fled:
Go in, and cheer the king, he rages; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better: May
This night forestall him* of the coming day! [*Exit QUEEN.*]

Clo. I love and hate her: for she's fair and royal;
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman: † from every one

* Prevent his reaching.

† Than any lady, all ladies, all womankind.

The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
 Outsells them all: I love her therefore; But,
 Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
 The low Posthúmus, slanders so her judgment,
 That what's else rare, is choked; and in that point,
 I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
 To be revenged upon her. For, when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing, sirrah?
 Come hither: Ah, you precious pander! Villain,
 Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
 Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
 I will not ask again. Close villain,
 I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
 Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthúmus?
 From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
 A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
 How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
 He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, Sir? Come nearer;
 No further halting: satisfy me home,
 What is become of her?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain!
 Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
 At the next word,—No more of worthy lord,—
 Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
 Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, Sir,
 This paper is the history of my knowledge,
 Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*

Clo. Let's see't:—I will pursue her
 Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish.
 She's far enough; and what he learns by this } [*Aside.*
 May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Humph!

Pis. I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,
 Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again! [*Aside.*

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthúmus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah, if thou
 wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service; undergo those
 employments, wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a
 serious industry,—that is, what villany so'er I bid thee do, to
 perform it, directly and truly,—I would think thee an honest
 man: thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief nor
 my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? for since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

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

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford Haven:—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon:—Even there thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would these garments were come. She said upon a time (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart), that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: First kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath dined (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so praised), to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the Clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou shalt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; 'Would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true.

[*Exit.*

Pis. Thou bid'st me to my loss: for, true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true.—To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow, You heavenly blessings on her! This fool's speed Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed!

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—Before the Cave of BELARIUS.

Enter IMOGEN, in Boy's Clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one: I have tired myself; and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick, But that my resolution helps me.—Milford, When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee, Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think,

Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean,
 Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told me,
 I could not miss my way: Will poor folks lie,
 That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
 A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder,
 When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in fulness
 Is sorer, than to lie for need; and falsehood
 Is worse in kings than beggars.—My dear lord!
 Thou art one o' the false ones: Now I think on thee,
 My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
 At point to sink for food.—But what is this?
 Here is a path to it: 'Tis some savage hold:
 I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
 Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
 Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever
 Of hardness is mother.—Ho! who's here?
 If anything that's civil,* speak; if savage,
 Take, or lend.—Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter.
 Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
 Such a foe, good heavens! [She goes into the cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have proved best woodman, and
 Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,
 Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match: †
 The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
 But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
 Will make what's homely, savoury: Weariness
 Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth
 Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
 Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am thoroughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There's cold meat i' the cave: we'll browze on that,
 Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay; come not in: [Looking in.
 But that it eats our victuals, I should think
 Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, Sir?

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

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
 Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
 To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: Good troth,
 I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had found
 Gold strew'd o' the floor. Here's money for my meat:
 I would have left it on the board, so soon
 As I had made my meal; and parted
 With prayers for the provider.

* Human.

† Agreement.

Gui. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see you are angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford Haven, Sir.

Bel. What is your name?

Imo. Fidele, Sir: I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in* this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty,
I bid for you, as I'd buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:—
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours:—Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends!
If brothers?—'Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize } *Aside.*
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthúmus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. 'Would I could free't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys.

[*Whispering.*]

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them (laying by
That nothing gift of differing † multitudes),
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus's false.

Bel. It shall be so:
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

* Into.

† Discordant.

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, Sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*Rome.*

Enter two SENATORS, and TRIBUNES.

1 *Sen.* This is the tenour of the emperor's writ ;
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians ;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen-off Britons ; that we do incite
The gentry to this business : He creates
Lucius pro-consul : and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar !

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces ?

2 *Sen.* Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia ?

1 *Sen.* With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant : The words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their despatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Forest, near the Cave.*

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me ! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too ? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself (for it is not vainglory, for a man and his glass to confer ; in his own chamber, I mean), the lines of my body are as well drawn as his ; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions : * yet this impercieverant † thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is ! Posthumus, thy head, which is now growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off ; thy mistress enforced ; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face : and all this done, spurn her home to her father : who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage : but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe : Out, sword, and to a sore purpose ! Fortune, put

* Single combat.

† Unperceiving.

them into my hand ! This is the very description of their meeting-place ; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Before the Cave.

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

Bel. You are not well [to IMOGEN] : remain here in the cave ;
We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here :

[To IMOGEN.

Are we not brothers ?

Imo. So man and man should be ;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dost is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not ;—yet I am not well :

But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick : So please you, leave me ;
Stick to your journal* course : the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill ; but your being by me
Cannot amend me : Society is no comfort
To one not sociable : I'm not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here,
I'll rob none but myself ; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee ; I have spoke it :
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What ? how ? how ?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, Sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault : I know not why
I love this youth ; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason ; the bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.

Bel. O noble strain !
O worthiness of nature ! breed of greatness !
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base :
Nature hath meal, and bran ; contempt, and grace.
I am not their father ; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, loved before me.—
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

[Aside.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health.—So please you, Sir.

Imo. [aside]. These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I
have heard !

Our courtiers say, all's savage but at court :
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report !
The imperious † seas breed monsters ; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still ; heart-sick :—Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug.

* Daily.

† Imperial.

Gui. I could not stir him :*
He said, he was gentle,† but unfortunate ;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me : yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field :—
We'll leave you for this time ; go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife,

Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.

Bel. And so shalt be ever. [Exit IMOGEN.
This youth, how'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings !

Gui. But his neat cookery ! He cut our roots in characters ;
And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh : as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile ;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs ‡ together.

Arv. Grow, patience !
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine !

Bel. It is great § morning. Come ; away.—Who's there ?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates ; that villain
Hath mock'd me :—I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates !
Means he not us ? I partly know him ; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he :—We are held as outlaws :—Hence.

Gui. He is but one : You and my brother search
What companies are near : pray you, away ;
Let me alone with him. [Exeunt BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Clo. Soft ! What are you
That fly me thus ? some villain mountaineers ?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou ?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave, without a knock.

* *I. e.* to tell his story.

‡ Roots of trees.

† Well born.

§ Advanced.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art;
Why I should yield to thee?

Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were't toad, or adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.

Gui. I'm sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afraid?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear; the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world: You did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour*
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute,
'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension

* Countenance.

Of roaring terrors ; for the effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear : But see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN's head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool ; an empty purse,
There was no money in't : not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none :
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done ?

Gui. I am perfect,* what : cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report ;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer ; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in,†
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods !) they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But, that he swore, to take our lives ? The law
Protects not us : Then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us ;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself ;
For‡ we do fear the law ? What company
Discover you abroad ?

Bel. No single soul

Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation ;§ ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse ; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have raved,
To bring him here alone : Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head : the which he hearing
(As it is like him), might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in ; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering : then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance

Come as the gods foresay it : howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind

To hunt this day : the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.||

Gui. With his own sword,

Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him ; I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock ; and let it to the sea,

* I am well informed what.

† Conquer.

‡ Because.

§ Change, alteration.

|| Tedious.

And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten :
That's all I reckon.

[Exit.]

Bel. I fear, 'twill be revenged :
'Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't ! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursued me !—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly ; but envy much,
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed : I would, revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through,
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done :—
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I prythee, to our rock ;
You and Fidele play the cooks : I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele !
I'll willingly to him : To gain* his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Clotens' blood,
And praise myself for charity.

[Exit.]

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys ! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head : and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchafed, as the rudest wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd ; honour untaught ;
Civility not seen from other ; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd ! Yet still it's strange,
What Cloten's being here to us portends ;
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother ?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother ; his body's hostage
For his return.

[Solemn music.]

Bel. My ingenious instrument !
Hark, Polydore, it sounds ! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion ? Hark !

Gui. Is he at home ?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean ? since death of my dear'st mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter ?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,†

* Restore.

† Trifes.

Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

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

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one-half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare*
Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—
How found you him?

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

Gui. Where?

Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagued: I thought, he slept; and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azured hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock † would,
With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground ‡ thy corse.

Gui. Pr'ythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,

* A slow-sailing vessel.

† The redbreast.

‡ *I. e.* protect it from winter's sto:m.

And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall 's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so :

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother ; use like note and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,

I cannot sing : I'll weep, and word it with thee :
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less : for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys :
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that : Though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust : yet reverence
(That angel of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely :
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you fetch him hither.

Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,

We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin. [*Exit BELARIUS.*]

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

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So,—begin.

SONG.

Gui. *Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.*

Arv. *Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
Care no more to clothe and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak :
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.*

Gui. *Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arv.* *Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;*

Gui. *Fear not slander, censure* rash ;*

Arv. *Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :*

Both. *All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign † to thee, and come to dust.*

* Judgment.

† Seal the same contract.

Gui. *No exorciser harm thee !*
 Arv. *Nor witchcraft charm thee !*
 Gui. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee !*
 Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee !*
 Both. *Quiet consummation have ;*
And renowned be thy grave !

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of CLOTEN.

Gui. We have done our obsequies : Come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers, but about midnight more :
 The herbs, that have on them cold dew o' the night,
 Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces :—
 You were as flowers, now wither'd : even so
 These herblets shall, which we upon you strow.—
 Come on, away : apart upon our knees.
 The ground, that gave them first, has them again ;
 Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[*Exeunt BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*

Imo. [*awaking*]. Yes, Sir, to Milford Haven ; Which is the way ?—

I thank you.—By yon bush ?—Pray how far thither ?
 'Ods pittikins ! * can it be six miles yet ?
 I have gone all night :—'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
 But, soft ! no bedfellow :—O, gods, and goddesses !

[*Seeing the body.*

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world ;
 This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream ;
 For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
 And cook to honest creatures : But 'tis not so ;
 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
 Which the brain makes of fumes : Our very eyes
 Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
 I tremble still with fear : but if there be
 Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
 As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it !
 The dream's here still : even when I wake, it is
 Without me, as within me ; not imagined, felt.
 A headless man !—The garments of Posthúmus !
 I know the shape of his leg : this is his hand ;
 His foot Mercurial ; his Martial thigh ;
 The brawns of Hercules : but his Jovial † face—
 Murder in heaven ?—How ?—'Tis gone, Pisanio,
 All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee ! Thou,
 Conspired with that irregular ‡ devil, Cloten,
 Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,
 Be henceforth treacherous !—Damn'd Pisanio
 Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
 From this most bravest vessel of the world
 Struck the main-top !—O, Posthúmus ! alas,
 Where is thy head ? where's that ? Ah me ! where's that ?
 Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,

* The diminutive of *God's pity*.

† A face like Jove's.

‡ Lawless, licentious.

And left this head on.—How should this be? Pisanio?
 'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
 Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!*
 The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it home:
 This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: Oh!—
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horrid may seem to those
 Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

*Enter LUCIUS, a CAPTAIN, and other OFFICERS, and a
 SOOTHSAYER.*

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
 After your will, have cross'd the sea: attending
 You here at Milford Haven, with your ships:
 They are here in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
 And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
 That promise noble service: and they come
 Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
 Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness

Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers
 Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now, Sir
 What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision
 (I fast, and pray'd for their intelligence), Thus:
 I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
 From the spongy south to this part of the west,
 There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends
 (Unless my sins abuse my divination)
 Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
 And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
 Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
 It was a worthy building.—How, a page!—
 Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather:
 For nature doth abhor to make his bed
 With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
 Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,
 Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,
 They crave to be demanded: Who is this,
 Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,
 That, otherwise than noble nature did,
 Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest

* A ready, apposite conclusion.

In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain:—Alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident,* cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou movest no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding: say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon it.—Say you, Sir?

[*Aside.*

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
No less beloved. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, Sir. But first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes † can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee, than master thee.—
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partizans
A grave: Come, arm him. ‡—Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd,
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, LORDS, and PISANIO,

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her.
A fever with the absence of her son;
A madness, of which her life 's in danger:—Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone: my queen

* The west.

† Her fingers.

‡ Raise him in your arms.

Upon a desperate bed ; and in a time
 When fearful wars point at me ; her son gone,
 So needful for this present : It strikes me, past
 The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
 Who needs must know of her departure, and
 Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
 By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
 I humbly set it at your will : But, for my mistress,
 I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
 Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your highness,
 Hold me your loyal servant.

1 *Lord.* Good my liege,
 The day that she was missing, he was here :
 I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
 All parts of his subjection loyally.
 For Cloten,—

There wants no diligence in seeking him,
 And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time's troublesome :
 We'll slip you for a season : but our jealousy
 Does yet depend.

[To PISANIO.]

1 *Lord.* So please your majesty,
 The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
 Are landed on your coast ; with a supply
 Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son, and queen !—
 I am amazed with matter.*

1 *Lord.* Good my liege,
 Your preparation can affront † no less
 Than what you hear of : come more, for more you're ready :
 The want is, but to put those powers in motion,
 That long to move.

Cym. I thank you : let's withdraw :
 And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
 What can from Italy annoy us ; but
 We grieve at chances here.—Away.

[Exeunt.]

Pis. I heard no letter from my master, since
 I wrote to him, Imogen was slain : 'Tis strange :
 Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
 To yield me often tidings ; Neither know I
 What is betid to Cloten ; but remain
 Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work :
 Wherein I am false, I am honest : not true, to be true.
 These present wars shall find I love my country,
 Even to the note ‡ o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
 All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd :
 Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Before the Cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

* Confounded by a variety of business. † Encounter. ‡ Notice.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, Sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts*
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going; newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, nor muster'd
Among the bands) may drive us to a render†.
Where we have lived; and so extort from us
That which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, Sir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,‡
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserved my service, nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promised,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, Sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,§
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel? I am ashamed
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I'll go:

* Revolters.
‡ Noticing us.

† Account.
§ With beard.

If you will bless me, Sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans!

Arr. So say I; Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since on your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys:
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead.—The time seems long; their blood thinks scorn,

Till it fly out, and show them princes born.

[*Aside.*
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Field between the British and Roman Camps.

Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody handkerchief.

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves,
For wrying* but a little?—O, Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had lived to put on † this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse;
And make them dread it to the doer's thrift.
But Imogen is your own: Do your best wills,
And make me bless'd to obey!—I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death; and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without, and more within.

[*Exit.*

* Deviating from the right way.

† Incite, instigate.

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter at one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman Army; at the other side the British Army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following it, like a poor Soldier. They march over, and go out. Alarums. Then enter again in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.

Iach. This heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengefully enfeebles me; Or could this carl,*
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me,
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [Exit.

The Battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken: then enter to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIBAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villany of our fears.

Gui. Arv. Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons: They rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then, enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let's reinforce, or fly. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and a British LORD.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did:

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, Sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: The king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd

* Churi, peasant.

With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant; who deserved
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings (lads more like to run
The country base, * than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cased, or shame), †
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,
*Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,
But to look back in frown: stand, stand.—These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many
(For three performers are the file, when all
The rest do nothing), with this word, stand, stand,
Accommodated by the place, more charming,
With their own nobleness (which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance), gilded pale looks,
Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd coward
But by example (O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,
A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
The strides they victors made: and now our cowards
(Like fragments in hard voyages) became
The life o' the need; having found the back-door open
Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!
Some, slain before; some, dying; some, their friends
O'erborne i' the former wave: ten, chaced by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown
The mortal bugs ‡ o' the field.*

Lord. This was strange chance:

A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: You are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
*Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserved the Britons, was the Romans' bane.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry, Sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:

* Prisoner's base.

† Modesty.

‡ Bugbears.

For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell, you are angry.

[*Exit.*

Post. Still going?—This is a lord! O noble misery!
To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me!
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To have saved their carcasses? took heel to do't,
And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him where he struck: Being an ugly monster,
'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find him:
For, being now a favourer to the Roman,
No more a Briton, I have resumed again
The part I came in: Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be
Britons must take; for me, my ransom's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath,
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British CAPTAINS, and Soldiers.

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be praised! Lucius is taken;
'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.

2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly* habit,
That gave the affront † with them.

1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported:
But none of them can be found.—Stand! who is there?

Post. A Roman,
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here: He brags his service
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

*Enter CYMBELINE, attended; BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVI-
BAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman Captives. The CAPTAINS pre-
sent POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who delivers him over to a
JAILER: after which, all go out.*

SCENE IV.—A Prison.

Enter POSTHUMUS, and two JAILERS.

1 *Jail.* You shall not now be stolen, you have looks upon you;
So, graze, as you find pasture.

2 *Jail.* Ay, or a stomach. [*Exeunt JAILERS.*

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: Yet am I better

* Rustic.

† Attack.

Than one that's sick o' the gout : since he had rather
 Groan so in perpetuity, than be cured
 By the sure physician, death ; who is the key
 To unbar these locks. My conscience ! thou art fetter'd
 More than my shanks, and wrists : You good gods, give me
 The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,
 Then, free for ever ! Is't enough, I am sorry ?
 So children temporal fathers do appease ;
 Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent ?
 I cannot do it better than in gyves,*
 Desired, more than constrain'd : to satisfy,
 If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
 No stricter render of me, than my all.
 I know, you are more clement than vile men,
 Who of their broken debtors take a third,
 A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
 On their abatement ; that's not my desire :
 For Imogen's dear life, take mine ; and though
 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life ; you coin'd it :
 'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp ;
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake :
 You rather mine, being yours : And so, great powers,
 If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen !
 I'll speak to thee in silence.

[He sleeps.]

Solemn music. Enter, as an Apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, Father to POSTHUMUS, an old Man, attired like a Warrior ; leading in his hand an ancient Matron, his Wife, and Mother to POSTHUMUS, with music before them. Then, after other music, follow the two young LEONATI, Brothers to POSTHUMUS, with wounds, as they died in the wars. They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder master, show
 Thy spite on mortal flies :
 With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
 That thy adulteries
 Rates, and revenges.
 Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
 Whose face I never saw ?
 I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd
 Attending Nature's law.
 Whose father then (as men report,
 Thou orphans' father art)
 'Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him,
 From this earth-vexing smart.
Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
 But took me in my throes ;
 That from me was Posthúmus ript,
 Came crying 'mongst his foes,
 A thing of pity !

* Fetters.

Sici. Great Nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserved the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exiled and thrown
From Leonati' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck* and scorn
O' the other's villany?

2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain;
Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
With honour to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthúmus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. The crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries:

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

2 *Bro.* Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting upon an Eagle: he throws a Thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush!—How dare you ghosts
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?

* The fool.

Poor shadows of Elysium, hence ; and rest
 Upon your never-withering banks of flowers :
 Be not with mortal accidents oppress'd ;
 No care of yours it is, you know, 'tis ours.
 Whom best I love, I cross ; to make my gift,
 The more delay'd, delighted. Be content ;
 Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift :
 His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
 Our jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
 Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade !—
 He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
 And happier much by his affliction made.
 This tablet lay upon his breast ; wherein
 Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine ;
 And so, away : no further with your din
 Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
 Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.

[Ascends.]

Sici. He came in thunder ; his celestial breath
 Was sulphurous to smell : the holy eagle
 Stoop'd, as to foot us :* his ascension is
 More sweet than our blest fields : his royal bird
 Prunes the immortal wing, and cloy's his beak,
 As when his god is pleased.

All. Thanks, Jupiter !

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
 His radiant roof :—Away ! and, to be blest,
 Let us with care perform his great behest. [Ghosts vanish.]

Post. [*waking*]. Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot
 A father to me : and thou hast created
 A mother and two brothers : But (O scorn !)
 Gone ! they went hence so soon as they were born.
 And so I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend
 On greatness' favour, dream as I have done ;
 Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve :
 Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
 And yet are steep'd in favours ; so am I,
 That have this golden chance, and know not why.
 What fairies haunt this ground ? A book ? O, rare one !
 Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
 Nobler than that it covers : let thy effects
 So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
 As good as promise.

[*Reads.*] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown,*
without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air ;
and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which,
being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old
stock, and freshly grow ; then shall Posthumus end his mis-
eries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

'Tis still a dream ; or else such stuff as madmen
 Tongue, and brain not : either both, or nothing :
 Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such

* Grasp us.

As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter JAILERS.

Jail. Come, Sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Jail. Hanging is the word, Sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Jail. A heavy reckoning for you, Sir: But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty: the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn* of heaviness: O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge:—Your neck, Sir, is pen, book, and counters: so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Jail. Indeed, Sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ache: But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for, look you, Sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Jail. Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do not know; or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Jail. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bringest good news;—I am called to be made free.

Jail. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a jailer; no bolts for the dead.

[*Exeunt POSTHUMUS and MESSENGER.*]

Jail. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if

* Embowelled.

I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of jailers, and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in't.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—CYMBELINE'S Tent.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart, That the poor soldier, that so richly fought, Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked breast Stepp'd before targe of proof, cannot be found: He shall be happy that can find him, if Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw Such noble fury in so poor a thing; Such precious deeds in one that promised nought But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living, But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am The heir of his reward; which I will add To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[*To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*]
By whom, I grant, she lives; 'Tis now the time To ask of whence you are:—report it.

Bel. Sir, In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen: Further to boast, were neither true nor modest, Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees: Arise my knights o' the battle: I create you Companions to our person, and will fit you With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and LADIES.

There's business in these faces:—Why so sadly Greet you our victory? You look like Romans, And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king! To sour your happiness, I must report The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician Would this report become? But I consider, By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life; Which, being cruel to the world, concluded Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd, I will report, so please you: These her women

Can trip me, if I err : who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never loved you ; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you :
Married your royalty, was wife to your place ;
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this :
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand* to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight ; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend !
Who is't can read a woman ?—Is there more ?

Cor. More, Sir, and worse.—She did confess, she had
For you a mortal mineral ; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,
By inches waste you : In which time she purposed,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show : yes, and in time
(When she had fitted you with her craft), to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown.
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless desperate ; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes ; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected ; so,
Despairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women ?

Lady. We did so, please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful ;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery ; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming ; it had been vicious,
To have mistrusted her : yet, O my daughter !
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all !

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

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

Luc. Consider, Sir, the chance of war : the day
Was yours by accident ; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd

* Pretended.

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
 Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
 May be call'd ransom, let it come : sufficeth,
 A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer :
 Augustus lives to think on't : And so much
 For my peculiar care. This one thing only
 I will entreat ; My boy, a Britain born,
 Let him be ransom'd : never master had
 A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
 So tender over his occasions, true,
 So feat,* so nurse-like : let his virtue join
 With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness
 Cannot deny ; he hath done no Briton harm,
 Though he have serv'd a Roman : save him, Sir,
 And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him :
 His favour† is familiar to me.—
 Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
 And art mine own.—I know not why, nor wherefore,
 To say, live, boy : ne'er thank thy master ; live :
 And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
 Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it ;
 Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
 The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad ;
 And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no : alack,
 There's other work in hand ; I see a thing
 Bitter to me as death : your life, good master,
 Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
 He leaves me, scorns me : Briefly die their joys,
 That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
 Why stands he so perplex'd ?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy ?
 I love thee more and more ; think more and more
 What's best to ask. Know'st him, thou look'st on ? speak,
 Wilt have him live ? Is he thy kin ? Thy friend ?

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

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so ?

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

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
 And lend my best attention. What's thy name ?

Imo. Fidele, Sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page ;
 I'll be thy master : Walk with me ; speak freely.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart.]

Bel. Is not this boy revived from death ?

* Ready, dexterous.

† Countenance.

Arv. One said another
Not more resembles : That sweet rosy lad,
Who died, and was Fidele:—What think you ?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace ! see further ; he eyes us not ; forbear ;
Creatures may be alike ; were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent ; let's see further.

Pis. It is my mistress :

[*Aside.*

Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad. [CYMBELINE and IMOGEN come forward.]

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side :

Make thy demand aloud.—Sir [*To IACH.*], step you forth ;

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely ;

Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,

Which is our honour, bitter torture shall

Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him ?

[*Aside.*

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours ?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How ! me ?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that which
Torments me to conceal. By villany

I got this ring ; 'twas Leonatus' jewel :

Whom thou didst banish ; and (which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me), a nobler Sir ne'er lived

'Twi'xt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord ?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—

For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember,—Give me leave ; I faint.

Cym. My daughter ! what of her ? Renew thy strength :

I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will,

Than die ere I hear more : strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time (unhappy was the clock

That struck the hour !), it was in Rome (accursed

The mansion where !), 'twas at a feast (O 'would,

Our viands had been poison'd ! or at least,

Those which I heaved to head !), the good Posthúmus

(What should I say ? he was too good to be

Where ill men were ; and was the best of all

Amongst the rar'st of good ones), sitting sadly,

Hearing us praise our loves of Italy

For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast

Of him that best could speak : for feature, laming

The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,

Postures beyond brief nature ; for condition,

A shop of all the qualities that man

Loves woman for ; besides, that hook of wiving, ;
Fairness which strikes the eye :—

Cym. I stand on fire :
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This Posthúmus
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover) took his hint ;
And not dispraising whom he praised (therein
He was as calm as virtue), he began
His mistress' picture ; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
Proved us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spake of her as* Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold ; Whereat, I, wretch !
Made scruple of his praise ; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery : he, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring ;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel ; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design : Well may you, Sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely ; for my 'vantage, excellent ;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with similar proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus ; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet
(O, cunning, how I got it !), nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
Methinks, I see him now,—

Post. Ay, so thou dost,
Italian fiend !—Ah me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, anything
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come !—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer ! Thou, king, send out

[*Coming forward.*]

* (If.)

For torturers ingenious : it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Posthúmus,
That kill'd thy daughter :—villain like, I lie ;
That caused a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't :—the temple
Of virtue was she ; yea, and she * herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me : every villain
Be call'd Posthúmus Leonatus ; and
Be villany less than 'twas ! O Imogen !
My queen, my life, my wife ! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen !

Imo. Peace, my lord ; hear, hear—

Post. Shall's have a play of this ? Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part. [Striking her : she falls.

Pis. O gentlemen, help, help
Mine and your mistress :—O, my lord Posthúmus !
You ne'er killed Imogen till now :—Help, help !—
Mine honour'd lady !

Cym. Does the world go round ?

Post. How come these staggers on me ?

Pis. Wake, my mistress !

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress ?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight ;
Thou gav'st me poison : dangerous fellow, hence !
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen !

Pis. Lady,

The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing ; I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still ?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods !

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest : If Pisanio
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for a cordial, she is served
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius ?

Cor. The queen, Sir, very oft impórtuned me
To temper † poisons for her ; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem : I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life ; but, in short time,

* *I. e.* virtue.

† Compound.

All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,
There was our error.

Gui. This is sure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think, that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again.

[*Embracing him.*]

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, Sir.

[*Kneeling.*]

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for't.

[*To GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*]

Cym. My tears that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught; and 'long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely: But her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me. I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death: By accident,
I had a feign'd letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforced from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forfend! *
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most uncivil one: The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could roar so to me; I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee:

* Forbid.

By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law : 'Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, Sir king:
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone;
They were not born for bondage.

[*To the Guard.*

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three:
But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger is
Ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then.—
By leave;—Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who
Was called Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is that hath
Assumed this age: indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate, all, so soon
As I have received it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons?

Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy: Here's my knee;
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty Sir,
These two young gentlemen that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How, my issue?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my mere offence, * my punishment

* *I. e.* your caprice was my only offence.

Itself, and all my treason ; that I suffer'd,
 Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
 (For such and so they are), these twenty years
 Have I train'd up : those arts they have, as I
 Could put into them ; My breeding was, Sir, as
 Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
 Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
 Upon my banishment : I moved her to't ;
 Having received the punishment before,
 For that which I did then : Beaten for loyalty
 Excited me to treason : Their dear loss,
 The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shaped
 Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious Sir,
 Here are your sons again ; and I must lose
 Two of the sweet'st companions in the world ;—
 The benediction of these covering heavens
 Fall on their heads like dew ! for they are worthy
 To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
 The service that you three have done, is more
 Unlike than this thou tell'st : I lost my children ;
 If these be they, I know not how to wish
 A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleased awhile.—
 This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
 Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius ;
 This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
 Your younger princely son ; he, Sir, was lapp'd
 In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
 Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
 I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
 Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star ;
 It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he ;
 Who hath upon him still that natural stamp ;
 It was wise nature's end in the donation,
 To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I
 A mother to the birth of three ? Ne'er mother
 Rejoiced deliverance more :—Bless'd may you be,
 That after this strange starting from your orbs,
 You may reign in them now !—O Imogen,
 Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord ;
 I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brothers,
 Have we thus met ? O never say hereafter,
 But I am truest speaker : you call'd me brother,
 When I was but your sister ; I you brothers,
 When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet ?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting loved ;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct !

When shall I hear all through ? This fierce * abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. †—Where ? how lived you ?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive ?
How parted with your brothers ? how first met them ?
Why fled you from the court ? and whither ? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded ;
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance ; but nor the time, nor place,
Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,
Posthúmus anchors upon Imogen ;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master ; hitting
Each object with a joy ; the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
Thou art my brother ; So we'll hold thee ever. [*To BELARIUS.*]

Imo. You are my father too : and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All overjoy'd,
Save these in bonds ; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you !

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becomed this place, and graced
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, Sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming ; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd ;—that I was he,
Speak, Iachimo ; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again : [*Kneeling.*]
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe : but, your ring first ;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.

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

Cym. Nobly doom'd :

* Rapid.

† *I. e.* be rendered distinct by an ample narrative.

We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law ;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help us, Sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother ;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer : As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back,
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shows*
Of mine own kindred : When I waked, I found
This label on my bosom ; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection † of it ; let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus,—

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read ; and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [reads]. *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air ; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopp'd branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow ; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp ;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much :
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter, [To CYMBELINE
Which we call *mollis aer* ; and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier* : which *mulier*, I divine,
Is this most constant wife ; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee : and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth : who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now revived,
To the majestic cedar join'd ; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,

My peace we will begin :—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire ; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen ;
Whom heavens, in justice (both on her and hers),
Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant

* Ghostly appearances.

† Collected meaning.

Is full accomplish'd : For the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd : which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods ;
And let our crooked smokes climb* to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars ! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward : Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together : so through Lud's town march :
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify ; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there :—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt.*

* Rise.

KING LEAR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEAR, <i>King of Britain.</i>	An OFFICER, <i>employed by Edmund.</i>
KING OF FRANCE.	GENTLEMAN, <i>Attendant on Cordelia.</i>
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.	A HERALD.
DUKE OF CORNWALL.	SERVANTS <i>to Cornwall.</i>
DUKE OF ALBANY.	
EARL OF KENT.	
EARL OF GLOSTER.	
EDGAR, <i>Son to Gloster.</i>	GONERIL, } <i>Daughters to Lear.</i>
EDMUND, <i>Bastard Son to Gloster.</i>	REGAN, }
CURAN, <i>a Courtier.</i>	CORDELIA, }
OLD MAN, <i>Tenant to Gloster.</i>	
PHYSICIAN.	
FOOL.	
OSWALD, <i>Steward to Goneril.</i>	KNIGHTS attending on the King, OFFICERS, MESSENGERS, SOLDIERS, and ATTENDANTS.

SCENE, Britain.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room of State in King LEAR's Palace.*

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

Kent. I thought, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weigh'd, that curiosity* in neither can make choice of either's moiety.†

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, Sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-wombed; and had, indeed, Sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.‡

Glo. But I have, Sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making,

* Scrupulous nicety.

† Part.

‡ Handsome.

and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again:
—The king is coming. [*Trumpets sound within.*]

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN,
CORDELIA, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy,
Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege. [*Exeunt* GLOSTER and EDMUND.]

Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker* purpose.
Give me the map there.—Know, that we have divided,
In three, our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent†
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will‡ to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters
(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state),
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where merit doth most challenge it.—Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I
Do love you more than words can wield the matter;
Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour:
As much as child e'er loved, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much§ I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent. [*Aside.*]

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains|| rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: To thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,

* Not as yet divulged.

† Resolution.

‡ Firm purpose.

§ Beyond all definable quantity.

|| Open plains.

And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find, she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short,—*that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square† of sense possesses;
And find, I am alone felicitate‡
In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia!

[*Aside.*]

And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More richer than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity,§ and pleasure,
Than that confirm'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least; to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interest'd: what can you say, to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing: speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more, nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia? mend your speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,

You have begot me, bred me, loved me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you, all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care, and duty:
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

Lear. But goes this with thy heart?

Cor. Ay, good my lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so.—Thy truth, then, be thy dower:

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this,|| for ever. The barbarous Scythian,

* (Inasmuch).

† Compass.

‡ Made happy.

§ Value.

|| From this time.

Or he that makes his generation * messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and relieved,
As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
I loved her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!—

[*To CORDELIA.*]

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—Who stirs?
Call Burgundy,—Cornwall, and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty.—Ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of a hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
The name, and all the additions † to a king;
The sway,

Revenue, execution of the rest, ‡
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you.

[*Giving the crown.*]

Kent. Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Loved as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man?
Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's bound,
When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness: answer my life, my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least.
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank § of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—

* His children.

† Titles.

‡ All other business.

§ Aim.

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal! miscreant! [*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Alb. Cor. Dear Sir, forbear.

Kent. Do;

Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!

On thine allegiance hear me!—

Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow
(Which we durst never yet), and, with strain'd pride,
To come betwixt our sentence and our power
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear),
Our potency make good, * take thy reward.

Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death: Away! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revoked.

Kent. Fare thee well, king: since thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—

The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid, [*To CORDELIA.*]
That justly think'st, and has most rightly said!—

And your large speeches may your deeds approve,

[*To REGAN and GONERIL.*]

That good effects may spring from words of love.

Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;

He'll shape his old course in a country new.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter GLOSTER; with FRANCE, BURGUNDY, and Attendants.

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,

We first address towards you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter; What, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal Majesty,

I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,

When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands;
If aught within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure pieced,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

* Our power still availing to this purpose.

Lear. Sir,
Will you with these infirmities she owes,*
Unfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal Sir;
Election makes not up† on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, Sir; for by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king, [To FRANCE.
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed
Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange!
That she, that even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your 'fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint: which to believe of her,
Must be a faith, that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty
(If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak), that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath deprived me of your grace and favour:
But even for want of that, for which I am richer;
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born, than not to have pleased me better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects,‡ that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself proposed,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

* Owns.

† Concludes not.

‡ Prudential cautiousness, that does not regard love as love, wholly and alone.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry then, you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, thou art most rich, being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most loved, despised:
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflamed respect.
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy
Shall buy this unprized precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind;
Thou lovest here, a better where* to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine; for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again:—Therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our benison.†—
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish. Exeunt LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORNWALL,
ALBANY, GLOSTER, and Attendants.*]

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults, as they are named. Use well our father:
To your professed bosoms I commit him:
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

Gon. Prescribe not us our duties.

Reg. Let your study
Be, to content your lord; who hath received you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides;
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt FRANCE and CORDELIA.*]
Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say, of what most nearly
appertains to us both. I think, our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation
we have made of it hath not been little; he always loved our
sister most; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her
off, appears too grossly

* Place.

† Blessing.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, * but therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit together: If our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat. † [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Hall in the Earl of GLOSTER'S Castle.

Enter EDMUND, with a Letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound: Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague ‡ of custom; and permit
The curiosity § of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag || of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality,
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
As to the legitimate: Fine word,—legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:—
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscribed ¶ his power!
Confined to exhibition! ** All this done
Upon the gad! ††—Edmund! How now? what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none. [Putting up the letter.]

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

* Qualities of mind.

‡ Submit to the injustice.

¶ Surrendered.

† Strike while the iron's hot.

‡ The niceties.

** Allowance.

¶ Behind.

†† Sudden.

Glo. No? What needed then that terrible despatch of it into your pocket? The quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, Sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read: for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your over-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, Sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an assay or taste of my virtue.

Glo. [reads]. *This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times, keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond* bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar.—Humph—Conspiracy!—Sleep till I waked him—you should enjoy half his revenue,—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?*

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: But I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him:—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, † if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence ‡ of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance

* Weak and foolish.

† Whereas.

‡ Design.

have your satisfaction ; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth !—Edmund, seek him out ; wind me into him, I pray you : frame the business after your own wisdom : I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution. *

Edm. I will seek him, Sir, presently ; convey † the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us : Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects : love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide : in cities, mutinies ; in countries, discord ; in palaces, treason ; and the bond cracked between son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction ; there's son against father : the king falls from bias of nature ; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time : Machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves !—Find out this villain, Edmund, it shall lose thee nothing ; do it carefully :—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banish'd ! his offence, honesty !—Strange ! strange ! [*Exit.*

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world ! that, when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeit of our own behaviour), we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars : as if we were villains by necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion ; knaves, thieves, and traitors, ‡ by spherical predominance ; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence ; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on : An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star ! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail ; and my nativity was under *ursa major* ; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy ; My cue is villanous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions ! Fa, sol, la, mi. §

Edg. How now, brother Edmund ? What serious contemplation are you in ?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that ?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily ; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent ; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities ; divisions in state, menaces

* Give up rank and fortune, to be certain of the truth.

† Manage.

‡ Traitors.

§ Edmund sings these notes as being unnatural and offensive in music, and therefore apt for portents,

and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of courts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent* forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there's my key:—If you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best: go armed; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.— [Exit EDGAR.]

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—A Room in the Duke of ALBANY'S Palace.

Enter GONERIL and STEWARD.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night! he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it.
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle:—When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him; say, I am sick:—
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, madam; I hear him. [Horns within.]

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,

* Temperate.

You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:
 If he dislike it, let him to my sister,
 Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
 Not to be over-ruled. Idle old man,
 That still would manage those authorities,
 That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
 Old fools are babes again; and must be used
 With checks, as * flatteries,—when they are seen abused,
 Remember what I have said.

Stew. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you
 What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:
 I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
 That I may speak: I'll write straight to my sister,
 To hold my very course:—Prepare for dinner. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—A Hall in the same.

Enter KENT, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
 That can my speech diffuse, † my good intent
 May carry through itself to that full issue
 For which I razed my likeness.—Now, banish'd Kent,
 If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
 (So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st,
 Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within.—Enter LEAR, KNIGHTS, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner: go, get it ready. [Exit
 an Attendant.] How now, what art thou?

Kent. A man, Sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him
 truly, that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to
 converse ‡ with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judg-
 ment; to fight, when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish. §

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou
 art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, Sir; but you have that in your countenance, which
 I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale
 in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which

* (Well as).

† Disguise.

‡ Keep company.

§ I. e. (the play being written in Elizabeth's time) to be a good subject,
 a good Protestant.

ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in ; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou ?

Kent. Not so young, Sir, to love a woman for singing ; nor so old, to dote on her for anything : I have years on my back, forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou shalt serve me ; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner !—Where's my knave ? my fool ? Go you, and call my fool hither.

Enter STEWARD.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter ?

Stew. So please you,—

[*Exit.*

Lear. What says the fellow there ? Call the clotpole back.—Where's my fool, ho !—I think the world's asleep.—How now ? where's that mongrel ?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me, when I call'd him ?

Knight. Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not !

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is ; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont ; there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha ! say'st thou so ?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken ; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception ; I have perceived a most faint neglect of late : which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, * than as a very pretence † and purpose of unkindness : I will look further into't.—But where's my fool ? I have not seen him these two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, Sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that ; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

Re-enter STEWARD.

O, you Sir, you Sir, come you hither : Who am I, Sir ?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father ! my lord's knave : you whoreson dog ! you slave ! you cur !

Stew. I am none of this, my lord ; I beseech you, pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal ? [*Striking him.*

Stew. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripp'd neither ; you base football-player.

[*Tripping up his heels.*

* Punctilious jealousy.

† Design.

Lear. I thank thee, fellow ; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, Sir, arise, away ; I'll teach you differences ; away, away : If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry : but away : go to ; Have you wisdom ? so. [*Pushes the STEWARD out.*]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee : there's earnest of thy service. [*Giving KENT money.*]

Enter FOOL.

Fool. Let me hire him too ;—Here's my coxcomb.

Lear. How now, my pretty knave ? how dost thou ? [*Giving KENT his cap.*]

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool ?

Fool. Why ? For taking one's part that is out of favour : Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly : There, take my coxcomb : Why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will ; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle ? 'Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters !

Lear. Why, my boy ?

Fool. If I gave them all my living* I'd keep my coxcombs myself : There's mine ; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah ; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that must to kennel ? he must be whipp'd out, when Lady, the brach,† may stand by the fire, and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me !

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle :—

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,‡
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,§
Set less than thou throwest ;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Lear. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer ; you gave me nothing for't : Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle ?

Lear. Why, no, boy ; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to ; he will not believe a fool. [*To KENT.*]

Lear. A bitter fool !

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool ?

Lear. No, lad ; teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counsell'd thee,

* Estate.

‡ Ownest.

† A scenting hound.

§ Believest.

To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,—
Or do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.— Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt: Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

Fools had ne'er less grace in a year;* [Singing.
For wise men are grown foppish;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mother: for when thou gavest them the rod, and putt'st down thine own breeches,

Then they for sudden joy did weep, [Singing.
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipp'd.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipp'd for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipp'd for lying; and, sometimes, I am whipp'd for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the middle: Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet† on? Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O‡ without a figure:

* Favour.

† A cloth, worn by ladies at night, to make the forehead smooth.

‡ A cipher.

I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face [to GONERIL] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum.

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,

Weary of all, shall want some.—

That's a sheal'd peascod.* [Pointing to LEAR.]

Gon. Not only, Sir, this your all-licensed fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance;† which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep;
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,‡
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,

That it had its head bit off by its young.

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, Sir, I would, you would make use of that good wisdom whereof I know you are fraught; and put away these dispositions, which of late transform you from what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse?—Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me?—Why this is not Lear: does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his discernings are lethargied.—Sleeping or waking?—Ha! sure 'tis not so.—Who is it that can tell me who I am?—Lear's shadow? I would learn that; for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.—

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. Come, Sir;

This admiration is much o' the favour §
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are old and reverend, you should be wise:
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn; epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,
Than a graced palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy: Be then desired

* Husk.

† Approbation.

‡ Well-governed state.

§ Character.

By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,*
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!—
Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—O, Sir, are you come?
Is it your will? [*To ALBANY.*] Speak, Sir.—Prepare my horses.
Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster! †

Alb. Pray, Sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest: [*To GONERIL.*]
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know:
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name.—O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate that let thy folly in, [*Striking his head.*]
And thy dear judgment out! Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.—Hear, Nature, hear;
Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate‡ body never spring
A babe to honour her. If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatured torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth!
With cadent§ tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!—Away, away!

[*Exit.*]

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;

* Continue in service.

† In reference, perhaps, to the hippopotamus, the hieroglyphical symbol of impiety and ingratitude.

‡ Degenerate.

§ Falling.

But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers, at a clap!
Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter, Sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee;—Life and death! I am ashamed
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus:

[*To GONERIL.*

That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs upon thee!
The untented* woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Bewep this cause again, I'll pluck you out;
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be so:—Yet have I left a daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.

[*Exeunt LEAR, KENT, and Attendants.*

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you,—

Gon. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!
You, Sir, more knave than fool, after your master. [*To the FOOL.*

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take the fool
with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after.

[*Exit.*

Gon. This man hath had good counsel:—A hundred knights!
'Tis politic, and safe, to let him keep
At point,† a hundred knights. Yes, that on every dream,
Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say!—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust:

Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart:
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd the unfitness—How now, Oswald?

Enter STEWARD.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

* Undressed.

† Completely armed.

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse:
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more.* Get you gone;
And hasten your return. [*Exit STEWARD.*] No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attask'd† for want of wisdom,
Than praised for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then—

Alb. Well, well; the event.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Court before the same.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and FOOL.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters: acquaint my daughter no further with anything you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter: If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there before you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter.
[*Exit.*]

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly: ‡ for though she's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell, why one's nose stands i' the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep his eyes on either side his nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her § wrong:—

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

* Make your story complete.
I. e. like her kind, her sister Goneril.

† Liable to reprehension.
§ I. e. Cordelia.

Fool. Yes, indeed : Thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear. To take it* again perforce !—Monster ingratitude !

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that.

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old, before thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven !
Keep me in temper ; I would not be mad !—

Enter GENTLEMAN.

How now ! Are the horses ready ?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Court within the Castle of the Earl of GLOSTER.*

Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, Sir. I have been with your father ; and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that ?

Cur. Nay, I know not : You have heard of the news abroad : I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments ?

Edm. Not I ; 'Pray you, what are they ?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany ?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may then, in time. Fare you well, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Edm. The duke be here to-night ? The better ! Best !
This weaves itself perforce into my business !
My father hath set guard to take my brother ;
And I have one thing, of a queazy † question,
Which I must act :—Briefness, and fortune, work !—
Brother, a word ; descend :—Brother, I say ;

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches :—O Sir, fly this place ;
Intelligence is given where you are hid ;
You have now the good advantage of the night :—
Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall ?
He's coming hither ; now, i' the night, i' the haste,
And Regan with him ; Have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany ?
Advise yourself. ‡

* *I. e.* what I have given.

† Delicate.

‡ Consider, recollect yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming,—Pardon me:—
In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you:—
Draw: Seem to defend yourself: Now quit you well.
Yield:—come before my father;—Light, ho, here!—
Fly, brother;—Torches! torches!—So, farewell.—

[*Exit EDGAR.*]

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion [Wounds his arm.
Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport.—Father! father!
Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOSTER, and Servants with torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand his auspicious mistress:—

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, Sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, Sir. When by no means he could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after.—[*Exit Servant.*] By no
means,—what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father:—Sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanced mine arm:
But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, roused to the encounter,
Or whether 'ghasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far:

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found—Despatch.—The noble duke my master,
My worthy arch* and patron, comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murd'rous coward to the stake;
He, that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight† to do it, with curst‡ speech
I threaten'd to discover him: He replied,
*Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny
(As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce*

* Chief.

† Pitched, fixed.

‡ Angry.

My very character) I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice :
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it.*

Glo. Strong and fasten'd villain !
Would he deny his letter ?—I never got him. [*Trumpets within.*
Hark, the duke's trumpets ! I know not why he comes :—
All ports I'll bar ; the villain shall not 'scape ;
The duke must grant me that : besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him ; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.†

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend ? since I came hither
(Which I can call but now), I have heard strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord ?

Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd !

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life ?
He whom my father named ? your Edgar ?

Glo. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid !

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father ?

Glo. I know not, Madam :
It is too bad, too bad.—

Edm. Yes, Madam, he was.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected ;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the waste and spoil of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them ; and with such cautions,
That, if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, Sir.

Glo. He did bewray‡ his practice ; § and received
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued ?

Glo. Ay, my good lord, he is.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm : make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours ;

* Handwriting.

‡ Discover.

† *I. e.* of succeeding to my land.

§ Wicked purpose.

Natures of such deep trust we shall much need ;
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, Sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you;—

Reg. Thus out of season threading dark-eyed night
Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poize,*

Wherein we must have use of your advice:—

Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home; the several messengers
From hence, attend despatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,
Which craves the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, Madam;
Your graces are right welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Before GLOSTER'S Castle.

Enter KENT and STEWARD, severally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend: Art of the house?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' the mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee
care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave; A rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base,
proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy
worsted-stocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking† knave; a
whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-
trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of
good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave,
beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch:
one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny'st
the least syllable of thy addition.‡

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on
one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee!

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou
know'st me! Is it two days ago, since I tripp'd up thy heels, and
beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue; for, though it be
night, the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of
you: § Draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw.

[*Drawing his sword.*]

* Weight.

† That will not fight, but bring an action for assault.

‡ Titles.

§ *Eggs in moonshine* was a dish of eggs, oil, &c.

Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king; and take Vanity, the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father: Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat* slave, strike. [Beating him.]

Stew. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Edm. How now? What's the matter?

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives;

He dies, that strikes again: What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirr'd your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee; a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, Sir; a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, Sir, whose life I have spared, At suit of his grey beard,—

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted† villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes‡ with him.— Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, Sir; but anger has a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain
Which are too intrinse§ t' unloose: smooth every passion
That in the natures of their lords rebels;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege,|| affirm, and turn their halcyon¶ beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—
A plague upon your epileptic visage!
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?

* Finical.

† Unrefined.

‡ Privy.

§ Perplexed.

|| Disown.

¶ The bird called the kingfisher, which, when dried, and hung up by a thread, is supposed to turn its bill to the point from whence the wind blows.

Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.*

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How fell you out?

Say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.†

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his, or hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb,‡
Quite from his nature: He cannot flatter, he!—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth,
And they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly § ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front,—

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so
much. I know, Sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you in a
plain accent, was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not
be, though I should win your displeasure|| to entreat me to it.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Stew. Never any:
It pleased the king his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdued;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here.

Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.¶

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks, ho!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:

* In Somersetshire, where are bred great quantities of geese.

† *I. e.* pleases me not.

‡ The outside aspect.

§ Simple, rustic.

|| *I. e.* you displeased.

¶ A fool to them.

Call not your stocks for me : I serve the king ;
 On whose employment I was sent to you :
 You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
 Against the grace and person of my master,
 Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks :

As I've life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.

Reg. Till noon ! till night, my lord ; and all night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
 You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will. [Stocks brought out.]

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
 Our sister speaks of :—Come, bring away the stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so :
 His fault is much, and the good king his master
 Will check him for't : your purposed low correction
 Is such, as basest and contemned'st wretches,
 For pilferings and most common trespasses,
 Are punish'd with : the king must take it ill,
 That he's so slightly valued in his messenger,
 Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
 To have her gentleman abused, assaulted,
 For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—

[KENT is put in the stocks.]

Come, my good lord ; away.

[Exeunt all but KENT and GLOSTER.]

Glo. I am sorrow for thee, friend ; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
 Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
 Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd : I'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, Sir : I have watch'd, and travell'd hard ;
 Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
 A good man's fortune may grow out at heels :
 Give you good morrow !

Glo. The duke's to blame in this ; 'twill be ill taken. [Exit.]

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw !*
 Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
 To the warm sun !

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
 That by thy comfortable beams I may
 Peruse this letter !—Nothing almost sees miracles,
 But misery ;—I know 'tis from Cordelia ;
 Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
 Of my obscured course ; and shall find time
 From this enormous state,—seeking to give
 Losses their remedies :—All weary and o'er-watch'd,
 Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
 This shameful lodging.

Fortune, good night ; smile once more ; turn thy wheel.

[He sleeps.]

* Saying, proverb.

SCENE III.—*A part of the Heath.**Enter* EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd ;
 And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
 Escaped the hunt. No port is free ; no place,
 That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
 Does not attend my taking. While I may 'scape,
 I will preserve myself : and am bethought
 To take the basest and most poorest shape,
 That ever penury, in contempt of man,
 Brought near to beast ; my face I'll grime with filth ;
 Blanket my loins ; elf* all my hair in knots ;
 And with presented nakedness outface
 The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
 The country gives me proof and precedent
 Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
 Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms,
 Pins, wooden pricks, † nails, sprigs of rosemary ;
 And with this horrible object, from low farms,
 Poor pelting ‡ villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
 Sometime with lunatic bans, § sometime with prayers,
 Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood ! poor Tom !
 There's something yet ;—Edgar I nothing am.

[*Exit.*]SCENE IV.—*Before GLOSTER'S Castle.**Enter* LEAR, FOOL, and GENTLEMAN.

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart from home,
 And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
 The night before there was no purpose in them
 Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master !

Lear. How !
 Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime ?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha ! look ! he wears cruel || garters ! Horses are
 tied by the heads ; dogs and bears by the neck ; monkeys by
 the loins, and men by the legs : when a man is over-lusty at legs,
 then he wears wooden nether-stocks. ¶

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy place mistook
 To set thee here ?

Kent. It is both he and she,
 Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no ; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

* Knot.

† Skewers.

‡ Paltry.

§ Curses.

¶ A quibble on crewell, *worsted*.

¶ Stockings.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't.

They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage:
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress, salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of* intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents,
They summon'd up their meiny,† straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceived, had poison'd mine
(Being the very fellow that of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness),
Having more man than wit about me, drew;
He raised the house with loud and coward cries:
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.

Fathers, that wear rags,

Do make their children blind;

But fathers, that bear bags,

Shall see their children kind.

Fortune, that arrant whore,

Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours‡ for thy daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother§ swells up toward my heart!

Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, Sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not;

Stay here.

[*Exit.*

Gent. Made you no more offence than what you speak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question,
thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's
no labouring in the winter. All that follow their noses are led
by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among
twenty, but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold,

* Without.

† Train, retinue.

‡ A quibble on *dolours* and *dollars*.

§ The disease called the *Mother*.

when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That, Sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack, when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry, the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:
The knave turns fool, that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learned you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary? They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere fetches; The images of revolt an flying off! Fetch me a better answer

Glo. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremoveable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—
Fiery? what quality? Why Gloster, Gloster,
I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:
Are they inform'd of this—My breath and blood!—
Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke that—
No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indisposed and sickly fit
For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore

[*Looking on KENT.*]

Should he sit here? This act persuades me,
That this remotion* of the duke and her
Is practice† only. Give me my servant forth:
Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them,
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
Till it cry—*Sleep to death.*

Glo. I'd have all well betwixt you.

[*Exit.*]

* Removing.

† Artifice.

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

FROM THE TEXT OF
JOHNSON, STEVENS, AND



WITH
GLOSSARIAL NOTES, LIFE, ETC.

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Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but, down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels, when she put them i' the paste* alive, she rapped 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried, *Down, wantons, down*: 'Twas her brother, that in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and *Servants.*

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace!

[KENT is set at liberty.]

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad, I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb, Sepulchring an adultress.—O, are you free? Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan, Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here;

[To KENT.]

[Points to his heart.]

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe, Of how depraved a quality—O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, Sir, take patience; I have hope, You less know how to value her desert, Than she to scant † her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least Would fail her obligation: If, Sir, perchance, She have restrain'd the riots of your followers, 'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end, As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, Sir, you are old; Nature in you stands on the very verge Of her confine: you should be ruled, and led By some discretion, that discerns your state Better than you yourself: Therefore, I pray you, That to our sister you do make return; Say, you have wrong'd her, Sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?

Do you but mark how this becomes the house: ‡

Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;

Age is unnecessary: § on my knees I beg,

That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

[Kneeling.]

Reg. Good Sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks: Return you to my sister.

Lear. Never, Regan:

She hath abated me of half my train; Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue, Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:— All the stored vengeance of heaven fall On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones, You taking airs with lameness!

* Crust.

‡ Order of families.

† Be wanting in.

§ Has few necessities.

Corn. Fie, fie, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride!

Reg. O the bless'd gods! so will you wish on me,
When the rash mood's on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse;
Thy tender-hefted* nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn: 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes, †
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good Sir, to the purpose.

[*Trumpets within*]

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?

Corn. What trumpet's that?

* Enter STEWARD.

Reg. I know't, my sister's: this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows:—
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope
Thou didst not know of't.—Who comes here? O heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow ‡ obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—
Art not ashamed to look upon this beard?— [To GONERIL.
O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, Sir? How have I offended?
All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O, sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the stocks?

Corn. I set him there, Sir: but his own disorders
Deserved much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,

* Tender-heaving.

† Contract my allowances.

‡ Approve.

Dismissing half your train, come then to me;
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?

No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage* against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot:—Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter†
To this detested groom. [Looking on the STEWARD

Gon. At your choice, Sir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed ‡ carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so, Sir;
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome: Give ear, Sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken now?

Reg. I dare avouch it, Sir: What, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many? sith § that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanced to slack you,
We could control them: If you will come to me
(For now I spy a danger), I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

* War.

‡ Swelling.

† A horse that carries necessaries.

§ Since.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries ;
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number : What, must I come to you
With five and twenty, Regan ? said you so ?

Reg. And speak it again, my lord ; no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked ; not being the worst,
Stands in some rank of praise :—I'll go with thee ; [*To GONERIL.*
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord ;
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you ?

Reg. What need one ?

Lear. O, reason not the need : our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous :
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's : thou art a lady ;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need,—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need !
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age ; wretched in both !
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely ; touch me with noble anger !
O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks !—No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are, yet I know not ; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep ;
No, I'll not weep :—
I have full cause of weeping ; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep :—O, fool, I shall go mad !

[*Exeunt* LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, and FOOL.

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

[*Storm heard at a distance.*

Reg. This house
Is little ; the old man and his people cannot
Be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame ; * hath put
Himself from rest, and must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purposed.
Where is my lord of Gloster ?

* (He.)

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth :—he is return'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going ?

Glo. He calls to horse ; but will I know not whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way : he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do sorely ruffle ; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, Sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure,
Must be their schoolmasters : Shut up your doors ;
He is attended with a desperate train ;
And what they may incense * him to, being apt
To have his ear abused, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord ; 'tis a wild night ;
My Regan counsels well : come out o' the storm. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Heath. A Storm is heard, with Thunder and Lightning.

Enter KENT, and a GENTLEMAN, meeting.

Kent. Who's here, beside foul weather ?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you ; Where's the king ?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element :
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or cease : tears his white hair ;
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of :
Strives in his little world of man to outscorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn † bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him ?

Gent. None but the fool ; who labours to outjest
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you ;
And dare, upon the warrant of my art, ‡
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall ;
Who have (as who have not, that their great stars

* Instigate.

† Drawn dry.

‡ Skill in physiognomy.

Throned and set high?) servants, who seem no less;
 Which are to France the spies and speculations
 Intelligent of our state: what hath been seen,
 Either in snuffs* and packings† of the dukes;
 Or the hard rein which both of them have borne,
 Against the old kind king: or something deeper,
 Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings, ‡—
 [But, true it is, from France there comes a power
 Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
 Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
 In some of our best ports, and are at point
 To show their open banner.—Now to you:
 If on my credit you dare build so far
 To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
 Some that will thank you, making just report
 Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
 The king hath cause to plain.
 I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
 And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer
 This office to you.]

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
 Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
 What it contains: If you shall see Cordelia
 (As fear not but you shall), show her this ring;
 And she will tell you who your fellow § is
 That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
 I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand: Have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but to effect, more than all yet;
 That, when we have found the king (in which your pain
 That way; I'll this); he that first lights on him,
 Holla the other. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE II.—Another part of the Heath. Storm continues.

Enter LEAR and FOOL.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
 You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
 Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
 You sulphurous and thought-executing || fires,
 Vaunt ¶ couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
 Singe my white head! and thou, all shaking thunder,
 Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
 Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
 That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water** in a dry house is better
 than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy
 daughters' blessing: here's a night pities neither wise men nor
 fools.

* Dislikes.

† Underhand contrivances.

‡ Samples.

§ Companion.

|| Quick as thought.

¶ Avant.

** A proverbial phrase for *fair words*.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyfull ! Spit, fire ! spout, rain !
 Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters :
 I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
 I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
 You owe me no subscription ; * why then, let fall
 Your horrible pleasure ; here I stand, your slave,
 A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man :—
 But yet I call you servile ministers,
 That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
 Your high engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
 So old and white as this. O ! O ! 'tis foul !

Fool. He that has a house to put his head in, has a good head-piece.

*The cod-piece that will house,
 Before the head has any,
 The head and he shall louse ;—
 So beggars marry many.
 The man that makes his toe
 What he his heart should make,
 Shall of a corn cry woe,
 And turn his sleep to wake.*

—for there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glass.

Enter KENT.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience ; I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there ?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece ; that's a wise man and a fool.

Kent. Alas, Sir, are you here ? things that love night,
 Love not such nights as these ; the wrathful skies
 Gallow † the very wanderers of the dark,
 And make them keep their caves : Since I was man,
 Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
 Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
 Remember to have heard ; man's nature cannot carry
 The affliction, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
 That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
 Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
 That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
 Unwhipp'd of justice : Hide thee, thou bloody hand ;
 Thou perjured and thou simular ‡ man of virtue
 That art incestuous : Caitiff, to pieces shake,
 That under covert and convenient seeming
 Hast practised on man's life !—Close pent-up guilts,
 Rive your concealing continents, § and cry
 These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man,
 More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed !

* Obedience.
 ‡ Counterfeit.

† Scare or frighten.
 § Contents.

Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel ;
 Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest ;
 Repose you there : while I to this hard house
 (More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis raised ;
 Which even but now, demanding after you,
 Denied me to come in) return, and force
 Their scantred courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—
 Come on, my boy : how dost, my boy ? Art cold ?
 I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow ?
 The art of our necessities is strange,
 That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.
 Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
 That's sorry yet for thee.

fool. *He that has a little tiny wit,—
 With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain.
 Must make content with his fortunes fit ;
 For the rain it raineth every day,*

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel.

[*Exeunt* LEAR and KENT.]

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan,—I'll speak a
 prophecy ere I go ;

When priests are more in word than matter ;
 When brewers mar their malt with water ;
 When nobles are their tailors' tutors ;
 No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors :
 When every case in law is right ;
 No squire in debt, nor no poor knight ;
 When slanders do not live in tongues ;
 Nor cutpurses come not to throngs ;
 When usurers tell their gold i' the field :
 And bawds and whores do churches build ;—
 Then shall the realm of Albion
 Come to great confusion.

Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
 That going shall be used with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make ; for I live before his time.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in GLOSTER'S Castle.

Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing :
 When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took
 from me the use of mine own house ; charged me, on pain of
 their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for
 him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural !

Glo. Go to ; say you nothing : there is division between the
 dukes ; and a worse matter than that : I have received a letter
 this night ;—'tis dangerous to be spoken ;—I have locked the
 letter in my closet : these injuries the king now bears will be re-
 venged at home ; there is part of a power already footed : * we

* A force already landed.

must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him : go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived : If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund ; pray you be careful. [Exit.]

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke Instantly know ; and of that letter too :—
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses ; no less than all :
The younger rises when the old doth fall. [Exit.]

[SCENE IV.—A part of the Heath, with a Hovel.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and FOOL.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord ; good my lord, enter :
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [Storm still.]

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart ?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own : Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin : so 'tis to thee ;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear :
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free,
The body's delicate : the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude !
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to't ?—But I will punish home :—
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out !—Pour on ; I will endure :—
In such a night as this ! O Regan, Goneril !
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—
O, that way madness lies ; let me shun that ;
No more of that,—

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself ; seek thine own ease ;
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in :
In, boy ; go first [to the FOOL]. You houseless poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.— [FOOL goes in.]
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these ? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this ! Take physic, pomp ;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel ;
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*within*]. Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!

[*The FOOL runs out from the hovel.*]

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.
Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw?
Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, disguised as a Madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—
Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters? And art
thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives anything to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend
hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirl-
pool, over bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his
pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge;
made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over
four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor:—
Bless thy five wits! Tom's a cold. O, do de, do de, do de.—
Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking!* Do
poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes: There could
I have him now,—and there,—and there,—and there again, and
there. [*Storm continues.*]

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?—
Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all ashamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, Sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican† daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on Pillicock's-hill;—
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: Obey thy parents; keep
thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn
spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array: Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving man, proud in heart and mind; that curled
my hair; wore gloves in my cap,‡ served the lust of my mis-
tress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as
many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face
of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked

* Striking with malignant influence.

† Pelicans were fabled to live on their mother's blood.

‡ It was the custom to wear gloves in the hat, as the favour of a mis-
tress.

to do it: Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramoured the Turk: False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: Says suum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa; let him trot by. [*Storm still continues.*]

Lear. Why, thou were better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well: Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated!—Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings:—Come; unbutton here. [*Tearing off his clothes.*]

Fool. Prythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin,* squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

*Saint Withold footed thrice the wold,†
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, aroint‡ thee, witch, aroint thee!*

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter GLOSTER, with a torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water; § that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tything to tything, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

*But mice, and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.*

Beware my follower:—Peace, Smolkin; peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman; Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.

* Diseases of the eye.

‡ Avaunt.

† Downs.

§ I. e. the water-newt.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you;
Yet have I ventured to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher:—
What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good, my lord, take his offer;
Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban;
What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Impórtune him once more to go, my lord,
His wits begin to unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him?

His daughters seek his death:—Ah, that good Kent!—
He said it would be thus:—Poor banish'd man!—
Thou say'st, the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself: I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,
But lately, very late; I loved him, friend,—
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee, [Storm continues.
The grief hath crazed my wits. What a night's this!
I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy,
Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, to the hovel: keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him;

I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, sooth him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words:

Hush.

Edg. Child* Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—A Room in GLOSTER'S Castle.

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.

* Knight.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprobable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just. This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True, or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*aside*]. If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—A Chamber in a Farm-House, adjoining the Castle.

Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, FOOL, and EDGAR.

Glo. Here is better than the open air: take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience:—The gods reward your kindness! [*Exit GLOSTER.*]

Edg. Frateretto calls me: and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hissing in upon them:—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight:—

Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;— [*To EDGAR.*]
Thou, sapient Sir, sit here [*to the FOOL*].—Now, you she
foxes!—

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares! *—
Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me:

Fool. *Her boat hath a leak,*

And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee.

* *I. e.* the supposed fiend.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a night-
ingale. *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly for two white herrings.
Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, Sir? Stand you not so amazed:
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first:—Bring in the evidence.—
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place; [To EDGAR.
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [To the FOOL.
Bench by his side:—You are of the commission,
Sit you too. [To KENT.

Edg. Let us deal justly.

*Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
Thy sheep be in the corn;
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.*

Pur! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath
before this honourable assembly, she kick'd the poor king her
father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress; Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store her heart is made of.—Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting.

[*Aside.*

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them:
Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lym;*
Or bobtail tike, or trundel tail;
Tom will make them weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de de. Sassa. Come, march to wakes and fares, and
market towns:—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about
her heart: Is there any cause in nature, that makes these hard
hearts?—You, Sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred; only,
I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say, they
are Persian attire; but let them be changed. [To EDGAR.

* A blood-hound.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: So, so, so: We'll go to supper i' the morning: So, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend: Where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, Sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms;
I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him:
There is a litter ready; lay him in't,
And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:
If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss: Take up, take up;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppressed nature sleeps:—
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master;
Thou must not stay behind. [To the FOOL.]

Glo. Come, come, away.

[Exeunt KENT, GLO., and the FOOL, bearing off the King.]

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind;
Leaving free things, and happy shows, behind:
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that, which makes me bend makes the king bow;
He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away:
Mark the high noises; * and thyself bewray, †
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king!
Lurk, lurk. [Exit.]

SCENE VII.—A Room in GLOSTER'S Castle.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter:—The army of France is landed:—Seek out the villain Gloster. [Exeunt some of the Servants.]

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you our sister company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation; we

* The great events that are approaching.

† Discover.

are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister;—farewell, my lord of Gloster.*

Enter STEWARD.

How now, where's the king?

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence :
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists † after him, met him at the gate ;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover, where they boast
To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt GONERIL and EDMUND.*]

Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor Gloster,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us :

[*Exeunt other Servants.*]

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy ‡ to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control. Who's there? The traitor?

Re-enter SERVANTS, with GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky § arms.

Glo. What mean your graces?—Good my friends, consider
You are my guests; do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say.

[*Servants bind him.*]

Reg. Hard, hard;—O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

Corn. To this chair bind him: villain thou shalt find—

[*REGAN plucks his beard.*]

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done,
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady,

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken || and accuse thee: I am your host;
With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, Sir, what letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king?
Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one opposed.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

* She refers to Edmund, invested with his father's title.

† Seekers.

‡ Bend.

§ Deceitful.

|| (Into life.)

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charged at peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.*

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails

Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister

In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head

In hell-black night endured, would have buoy'd up,

And quench'd the stelled † fires: yet, poor old heart,

He help the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,

Thou shouldst have said, *Good porter, turn the key;*

All cruels else subscribed: ‡—But I shall see

The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See it shalt thou never:—Fellows, hold the chair:

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

[*GLOSTER is held down in the chair, while CORNWALL plucks out one of his eyes, and sets his foot on it.*]

Glo. He, that will think to live till he be old,

Give me some help:—O cruel! O ye gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,—

Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:

I have served you ever since I was a child;

But better service have I never done you,

Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,

I'd shake it on this quarrel: What do you mean?

Corn. My villain! [Draws, and runs at him.]

Serv. Nay, then come on, and take the chance of anger.

[Draws. They fight. CORNWALL is wounded.]

Reg. Give me thy sword—[to another Servant]. A peasant stand up thus!

[Snatches a sword, comes behind, and stabs him.]

Serv. O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one eye left

To see some mischief on him:—O! [Dies.]

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it: Out, vile jelly!

Where is thy lustre now?

[Tears out GLOSTER's other eye, and throws it on the ground.]

Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,

To quit § this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!

Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he

That made the overture || of thy treasons to us;

Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies!

* The attack of the dogs.

† Starred.

‡ Submitted to.

§ Requite.

|| Discovered.

Then Edgar was abused.—

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.—How is't my lord? How look you?

Corn. I have received a hurt: follow me, lady.—

Turn out that eyeless villain;—throw this slave

Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:

Untimely comes this hurt: give me your arm.

[*Exit* CORNWALL, *led by* REGAN;—*Servants unbind*
GLOSTER, *and lead him out.*

1 *Serv.* I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man comes to good.

2 *Serv.* If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the old course of death,*
Women will all turn monsters.

1 *Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam †
To lead him where he would; his roguish madness
Allows itself to anything.

2 *Serv.* Go thou; I'll fetch some flax, and whites of eggs,
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him!

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Heath.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, ‡ lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!
The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here?—

Enter GLOSTER, *led by an* OLD MAN.

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your
father's tenant, these four-score years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, Sir, you cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw: Full oft 'tis seen,
Our mean § secures us; and our mere defects

* *I.e.* die a natural death.

† Madman.

‡ In hope.

§ Middle condition.

Prove our commodities.—Ah, dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say, I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now? Who's there?

Edg. [*aside*]. O gods! Who is't can say, *I am at the worst?*
I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*aside*]. And worse I may be yet: The worst is not,
So long as we can say, *This is the worst.*

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man a worm: My son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more since:
As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. How should this be?—

Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow,
Ang'ring itself and others. [*Aside.*—Bless thee, master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone: If, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way to Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, Sir, he's mad.

Glo. 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead the blind.
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on't what will. [*Exit.*

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold—I cannot daub* it further. [*Aside.*

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*aside*]. And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes, they
bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor
Tom hath been scared out of his good wits: Bless the good man
from the foul fiend! [Five fiends have been in poor Tom at
once; of lust, as *Obidicut*; *Hobbididance*, prince of dumbness;
Mahu, of stealing; *Modo*, of murder; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of
mopping and mowing; who since possesses chamber-maids and
waiting women. So, bless thee, master!]

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's plagues
Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so still!

* Disguise.

Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, * that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly ;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover ?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep :
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
With something rich above me : from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm ;
Poor Tom shall lead thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Before the Duke of ALBANY'S Palace.

Enter GONERIL and EDMUND ; STEWARD meeting them.

Gon. Welcome, my lord : I marvel, our mild husband
Not met us on the way :—Now, where's your master ?

Stew. Madam, within ; but never man so changed :
I told him of the army that was landed ;
He smiled at it : I told him, you were coming ;
His answer was, *The worse* : of Gloster's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot ;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out :—
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him ;
What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further. [To EDMUND.]
It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake : he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer : Our wishes on the way,
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother ;
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers :
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us : ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress' command. Wear this ; spare speech ;

[*Giving a favour.*]

Decline your head : this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air ;—
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloster !
O, the difference of man, and man ! To thee,
A woman's services are due ; my fool
Usurps my bed.

[*Exit EDMUND.*]

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord.

[*Exit STEWARD.*]

* Treats it as he would a slave.

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.*

Alb. O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face.—I fear your disposition :
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself ;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, † perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more ; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile :
Filths savour but themselves. What have you done ?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd ?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate ! have you madded.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it ?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited ?
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
'Twill come.

Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man !

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs ;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering ; that not know'st,
Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum ?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land ;
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats ;
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and cry'st,
Alack ! why does he so ?

Alb. See thyself, devil !

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid, as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool !

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame,
Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood, ‡
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones :—Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now !

Enter a MESSENGER.

Alb. What news ?

Mess. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's dead ;

* Worth calling for.

† Separate herself from that which gave her life.

‡ Inclination.

Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes!

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Opposed against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enraged,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead:
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloster!
Lost he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, Madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*aside*]. One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: Another way,
The news is not so tart.—I'll read and answer.

[*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against him;
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live

To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend;
Tell me what more thou knowest.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The French Camp near Dover.

Enter KENT, and a GENTLEMAN.

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly gone back know
you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state,
Which since his coming forth is thought of; which
Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,
That his personal return was most required,
And necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The mareschal of France, Monsieur le Fer.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration
of grief?

Gent. Ay, Sir; she took them, read them in my presence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it moved her.

Gent. Not to a rage : patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once : her smiles and tears
Were like a better day : Those happy smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes ; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most beloved, if all
Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question ?

Gent. 'Faith, once or twice, she heaved the name of *father*
Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart ;
Cried, *Sisters ! sisters !—Shame of ladies ! sisters !*
Kent ! father ! sisters ! What ? i' the storm ? i' the night ?
*Let pity not be believed !—*There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd : then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions ;*
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since ?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd ?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, Sir : the poor distressed Lear is i' the town :
Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good Sir ?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him : his own unkindness,
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman !

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers † you heard not ?

Gent. 'Tis so ; they are afoot.

Kent. Well, Sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him : some dear cause ‡
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile ;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you go
Along with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Tent.*

Enter CORDELIA, PHYSICIAN, and SOLDIERS.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he ; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea : singing aloud ;

* Disposition.

† Forces.

‡ Important business.

Crown'd with rank fumiter,* and furrow weeds,
 With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
 Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
 In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;
 Search every acre in the high grown field,
 And bring him to our eye. [Exit an OFFICER.]

What can man's wisdom do,
 In the restoring his bereaved sense?
 He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phys. There is means, madam:
 Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
 The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
 Are many simples operative, whose power
 Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All bless'd secrets,
 All you unublish'd virtues of the earth,
 Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
 In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him;
 Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
 That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Madam, news;
 The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
 In expectation of them.—O dear father
 It is thy business that I go about;
 Therefore great France
 My mourning, and important† tears, hath pitied.
 No blown‡ ambition doth our arms incite,
 But love, dear love, and our aged father's right:
 Soon may I hear, and see him. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—A Room in GLOSTER'S Castle.

Enter REGAN and STEWARD.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself

In person there?

Stew. Madam, with much ado:

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?

Stew. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?

Stew. I know not, lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
 To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
 All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,
 In pity of his misery, to despatch

* Fumitory, a wild plant.

† Importunate.

‡ Inflated.

His nighted life;* moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay with us;
The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, madam;
My lady charged my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what:—I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know, your lady does not love her husband;
I am sure of that: and, at her late being here,
She gave strange œiliads,† and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund: I know, you are of her bosom.

Stew. I, madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I know it:
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note:‡
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's:—You may gather § more
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would I could meet him, madam! I would show
What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—The Country near Dover.

Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR, dressed like a Peasant.

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we labour.

Glo. Methinks the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep.

Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then, your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed:
Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

Edg. You are much deceived; in nothing am I changed,
But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, you are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, Sir; here's the place:—stand still.—How fearful

* His life made dark as night.
‡ Observe what I am saying.

† Glances.
§ Infer.

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low !
 The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
 Show scarce so gross as beetles : Half way down
 Hangs one that gathers samphire ; dreadful trade !
 Methinks he seems no bigger than his head :
 The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
 Appear like mice ; and yon tall anchoring bark,
 Diminish'd to her cock ; * her cock, a buoy
 Almost too small for sight : The murmuring surge,
 That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
 Cannot be heard so high :—I'll look no more ;
 Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
 Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand : You are now within a foot
 Of the extreme verge : for all beneath the moon
 Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse ; in it a jewel
 Well worth a poor man's taking : Fairies, and gods,
 Prosper it with thee ! Go thou further off ;
 Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good Sir.

[*Seems to go.*]

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
 Is done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty gods !

This world I do renounce ; and in your sights,
 Shake patiently my great affliction off :
 If I could bear it longer, and not fall
 To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
 My snuff, and loathed part of nature should
 Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him !—
 Now, fellow, fare thee well.

Edg. Gone, Sir : farewell.— [*GLOSTER leaps and falls along.*]

And yet I know not how conceit may rob
 The treasury of life, when life itself
 Yields to the theft : Had he been where he thought,
 By this, had thought been past.—Alive or dead ?
 Ho, you Sir ! friend !—Hear you, Sir ?—speak !
 Thus might he pass indeed :—Yet he revives :
 What are you, Sir ?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,
 So many fathom down precipitating,
 Thou hadst shiver'd like an egg : but thou dost breathe ;
 Hast heavy substance ; bleed'st not ; speak'st ; art sound.
 Ten masts at each make not the altitude,
 Which thou hast perpendicularly fell ;
 Thy life 's a miracle : Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no ?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn : †

* Cock-boat.

† Boundary.

Look up a-height;—the shrill-gorged lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard : do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—

Is wretchedness deprived that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm :

Up :—So ;—How is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.

Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd,* and waved like the enridged sea;
It was some fiend: Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest† gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserved thee.

Glo. I do remember now : henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself.

Enough, enough, and, die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,

The fiend, the fiend: he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who comes here?

Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed up with flowers.

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining;
I am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.—There's your press-
money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper : ‡ draw
me a clothier's yard.§—Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this
piece of toasted cheese will do't.—There's my gauntlet; I'll
prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.||—O, well flown,
bird!—i' the clout, i' the clout: ¶—hewgh!—Give the word.**

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—They flatter'd me
like a dog; and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the
black ones were there. To say *ay*, and *no*, to everything I said!
—*Ay* and *no* too was no good divinity. When the rain came to
wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the
thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found them,
there I smelt them out. Go to, they are not men o' their words:
they told me I was everything; 'tis a lie; I am not ague-proof.

* Twisted.

† Purest.

‡ Scarecrow.

§ An arrow of a cloth yard long.

|| Battle-axes.

¶ The white mark that archers aim at.

** The watchword.

Glo. The trick* of that voice I do well remember :
Is't not the king ?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king :
When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life : what was thy cause ?—
Adultery.—

Thou shalt not die : Die for adultery ! No :
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.
Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.
To't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—
Behold yon simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presageth snow ;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name ;
The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are centaurs,
Though women all above :
But † to the girdle do the gods inherit, †
Beneath is all the fiends' ; there's hell, there's darkness,
There is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consump-
tion ;—Fie, fie, fie ! pah ; pah ! Give me an ounce of civet, good
apothecary, to sweeten my imagination : there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it first ; it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature ! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me ?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squinny
at me ? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid ; I'll not love.—Read
thou this challenge ; mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report ;—it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes ?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me ? No eyes in your head,
nor no money in your purse ? Your eyes are in a heavy case,
your purse in a light : Yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad ? A man may see how this world goes,
with no eyes. Look with thine ears : see how yon justice rails
upon yon simple thief. Hark, in thine ear : Change places ;
and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief ?—
Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar ?

Glo. Ay, Sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur ? There thou
mightst behold the great image of authority : a dog's obeyed in
office.

'Thou rascal beadle hold thy bloody hand :

* Sound.

† Only.

‡ Possess.

Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;
 Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
 For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.
 Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
 Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with gold,
 And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
 Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
 None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able* 'em:
 Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
 To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
 And, like a scurvy politician, seem
 To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now:
 Pull off my boots:—harder, harder; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
 Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
 I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:
 Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.
 Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
 We wawl, and cry:—I will preach to thee; mark me.

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
 To this great stage of fools;—This a good block?†
 It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
 A troop of horse with felt: I'll put it in proof;
 And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
 Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a GENTLEMAN, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is, lay hand upon him,—Sir,
 Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
 The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well;
 You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon,
 I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have anything.

Lear. No seconds? All myself?
 Why, this would make a man, a man of salt,‡
 To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
 Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good Sir,—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom: What?
 I will be jovial; come, come, I am a king.
 My masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in it.§ Nay, an you get it, you shall
 get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[*Exit, running; Attendants follow.*]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch;
 Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daughter,

* Uphold.

† Head part of the hat.

‡ Of tears.

§ The case is not yet desperate.

Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle Sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you : What's your will ?

Edg. Do you hear aught, Sir, of a battle toward ?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar : every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army ?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot ; the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.*

Edg. I thank you, Sir : that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here,
Her army is moved on.

Edg. I thank you, Sir.

[*Exit GENTLEMAN.*]

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me ;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please !

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good Sir, what are you ?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame by fortune's blows ;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.

Glo. Hearty thanks :

The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot ! †

Enter STEWARD.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize ! Most happy !
That eyeless head of thine was first framed flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember. ‡—The sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it.

[*EDGAR opposes.*]

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor ? Hence ;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Ch'ill not let go, Zir, without vurther 'casion.

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, § and let poor volk pass.
And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life, 'twould not ha'
been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the old
man ; keep out, che vor'ye, or ise try whether your costard ||
or my bat ¶ be the harder : Ch'ill be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill !

Edg. Ch'ill pick your teeth, Zir : Come ; no matter vor your
foins.** [*They fight, and EDGAR knocks him down.*]

* Is expected every hour.

‡ Quickly recollect the offences of thy life.

|| Head.

¶ Club.

† Reward.

§ Your way.

** Thrusts.

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me:—Villain, take my purse;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out
Upon the British party:—O, untimely death!

[Dies.]

Edg. I know thee well: A serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.—
Let's see his pockets: these letters, that he speaks of,
May be my friends.—He's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man.—Let us see:—
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;
Their papers, is more lawful.

[Reads.] *Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: Then am I the prisoner, and his bed my jail; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.*

Your wife (so I would say), and your affectionate servant,
GONERIL.

O undistinguish'd space* of woman's will!—
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the sands,
Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers; and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practised duke: For him 'tis well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.

[Exit EDGAR, dragging out the body.]

Glo. The king is mad: How stiff is my vile sense
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs;
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—A Tent in the French Camp. LEAR on a bed,
asleep: PHYSICIAN, GENTLEMAN, and others, attending.

Enter CORDELIA and KENT.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live, and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

* Indiscriminating licentiousness.

Kent. To be acknowledged, madam, is o'erpaid.
All my reports go with the modest truth ;
Nor more, nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited :*
These weeds are memories of those worser hours ;
I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam ;
Yet to be known, shortens my made† intent :
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so, my good lord.—How does the king?
[To the PHYSICIAN.]

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature !
The untuned and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed‡ father !

Phys. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king ? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd ?

Gent. Ay, madam ; in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him ;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

Phys. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there.

Cor. O my dear father ! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips ; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made !

Kent. Kind and dear princess !

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challenged pity of them. Was this a face
To be exposed against the warring winds ?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder ?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning ? to watch, (poor perdu !) §
With this thin helm ? || Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire ; and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw ? Alack, alack !
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes ; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you ; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord ? How fares your majesty ?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the grave :—
Thou art a soul in bliss ; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

* Dressed.

† Formed.

‡ Changed by his children.

§ Forlorn hope, *enfant perdu*.

|| Covering.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know; When did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Phys. He's scarce awake: let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been?—Where am I?—Fair daylight?—
I am mightily abused.—I should even die with pity,
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—
I will not swear, these are my hands:—let's see;
I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assured
Of my condition.

Cor. O look upon me, Sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:—
No, Sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man:
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes 'faith. I pray, weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know, you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, Sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You see, is cured in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even* o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:
Pray now, forget and forgive: I am old and foolish.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, CORDELIA, PHYSICIAN, and *Attendants*.]

Gent. Holds it true, Sir,
That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, Sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said,
The bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say, Edgar,
His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent
In Germany.

* Call to mind.

Kent. Report is changeable.
'Tis time to look about ; the powers * o' the kingdom
Approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement † is like to be a bloody.
Fare you well, Sir.

[Exit.

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought.

[Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Camp of the British Forces, near Dover.

*Enter, with Drums and Colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Officers,
Soldiers, and Others.*

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold ;
Or, whether since he is advised by aught
To change the course : He's full of alteration,
And self-reproving :—bring his constant pleasure. ‡

[To an Officer, who goes out.

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you :
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister ?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forefended § place ?

Edm. That thought abuses you.||

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her : Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not :—

She, and the duke her husband.—

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister
Should loosen him and me.

[Aside.

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met.—
Sir, this I hear,—The king is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forced to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant : for this business,
It touches us as France invades our land,
Not bolds ¶ the king ; with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.**

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reason'd ?

* Forces. † Decision.

‡ Settled resolution.

§ Forbidden.

¶ Imposes on you.

¶ Emboldens.

§ Forbidden.

** Opposition.

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy :
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not to question here.

Alb. Let us then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us ?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient ; pray you, go with us.

Gon. O, ho, I know the riddle [*aside*] : I will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR, disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt EDMUND, REGAN, GONERIL, Officers,
Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it : wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there : If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you !

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again.

[*Exit.*]

Alb. Why, fare thee well ; I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view ; draw up your powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery ;—but your haste
Is now urged on you.

Alb. We will greet the time.*

[*Exit.*]

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take ?
Both ? one ? or neither ? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive : To take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril ;
And hardly shall I carry out my side, †
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle ; which being done,
Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,—
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon : for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

[*Exit.*]

* Meet the occasion.

† *I. e.* make my party good.

SCENE II.—*A Field between the two Camps.*

Alarum within.—Enter, with Drum and Colours, LEAR, CORDELIA, and their Forces; and Exeunt.

Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive:
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you, Sir!

[*Exit EDGAR.*]

Alarums; afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away;
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:
Give me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No further, Sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither;
Ripeness* is all: Come on.

Glo. And that's true too.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The British Camp near Dover.*

Enter in Conquest, with Drum and Colours, EDMUND; LEAR and CORDELIA, as Prisoners; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard;
Until their greater pleasures first be known,
That are to censure † them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.—
Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask my blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,—
Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;—
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
He, that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
The goujeers ‡ shall devour them, flesh and fell, §

* To be prepared.

‡ The French disease.

† Judge them.

§ Skin.

Ere they shall make us weep : we'll see them starve first.

Come. [*Exeunt* LEAR and CORDELIA, guarded.]

Edm. Come hither, captain ; hark.

Take thou this note [*Giving a paper*] : go, follow them to prison :

One step I have advanced thee : if thou dost

As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way

To noble fortunes : Know thou this,—that men

Are as the time is : to be tender-minded

Does not become a sword :—Thy great employment

Will not bear question ; * either say, thou'lt do't,

Or thrive by other means.

Off. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it ; and write happy, when thou hast done.

Mark,—I say, instantly ; and carry it so,

As I have set it down.

Off. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats ;

If it be man's work, I will do it. [*Exit* OFFICER.]

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, Officers, and Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain,

And fortune led you well : You have the captives

Who were the opposites of this day's strife :

We do require them of you ; so to use them,

As we shall find their merits and our safety

May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit

To send the old and miserable king

To some retention, and appointed guard ;

Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,

To pluck the common bosom on his side,

And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes

Which do command them. With him I sent the queen ;

My reason all the same ; and they are ready

To-morrow, or at further space, to appear

Where you shall hold your session. At this time,

We sweat and bleed : the friend hath lost his friend ;

And the best quarrels, in the heat, are cursed

By those that feel their sharpness :—

The question of Cordelia, and her father,

Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,

I hold you but a subject of this war,

Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.

Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,

Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers ;

Bore the commission of my place and person ;

The which immediacy † may well stand up,

And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot :

* Debate.

† Immediately delegated authority

In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holloa, holloa!

That eye, that told you so, look'd but a squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach.—General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone* lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.

[To EDMUND.]

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason:—Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent [*Pointing to GON.*]:—for your claim, fair
sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your banns.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An interlude!

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster:—Let the trumpet sound:
If none appear to prove upon thy person,
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge [*Throwing down a glove*]; I'll prove it on thy
heart,

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick!

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust poison.

Edm. There's my exchange [*Throwing down a glove*]: what in
the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; † for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

* The hinderance.

† *I. e.* valour.

Enter a HERALD.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this. [*Exit REGAN, led.*

Off. Sound, trumpet.

[*A trumpet sounds.*

HERALD reads.

If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear at the third sound of the trumpet: He is bold in his defence.

Edm. Sound.

[1 *Trumpet.*

Her. Again.

[2 *Trumpet.*

Her. Again.

[3 *Trumpet.*

[*Trumpet answers within.*

Enter EDGAR, armed, preceded by a Trumpet.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her. What are you?

Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble, as the adversary
I come to cope withal.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edmund, earl of Gloster?

Edm. Himself;—What say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword;
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath and my profession: *—I protest,—
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor:
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, *No*,
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom I should ask thy name; †
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some 'say ‡ of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:

* As a knight.

† Because, if his adversary was not of equal rank, Edmund might have declined the combat.

‡ Sample.

Back do I toss these treasons to thy head ;
 With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart ;
 Which (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise),
 This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
 Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak.

[*Alarums.—They fight.—EDMUND falls.*]

Alb. O save him, save him !

Gon. This is mere practice,* Gloster :
 By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer
 An unknown opposite ; thou art not vanquish'd,
 But cozen'd and beguiled.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
 Or with this paper shall I stop it :—Hold, Sir :—
 Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil :—
 No tearing lady ; I perceive, you know it.

[*Gives the letter to EDMUND.*]

Gon. Say, if I do ; the laws are mine, not thine :
 Who shall arraign me for't ?

Alb. Most monstrous !
 Know'st thou this paper ?

Gon. Ask me not what I know.

[*Exit GONERIL.*]

Alb. Go after her : she's desperate ; govern her.

[*To an OFFICER, who goes out.*]

Edm. What you have charged me with, that have I done ;
 And more, much more : the time will bring it out ;
 'Tis past, and so am I : But what art thou,
 That hast this fortune on me ? If thou art noble,
 I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.
 I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund ;
 If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
 My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
 The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
 Make instruments to scourge us :
 The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
 Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true ;
 The wheel is come full circle ; I am here.

Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy
 A royal nobleness :—I must embrace thee ;
 Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
 Did hate thee, or thy father !

Edg. Worthy prince,
 I know it well.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself ?
 How have you known the miseries of your father ?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief tale ;—
 And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst !—
 The bloody proclamation to escape,
 That follow'd me so near, (O our lives' sweetness !
 That with the pain of death we'd hourly die,
 Rather than die at once !) taught me to shift

* Stratagem.

Into a madman's rags; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, saved him from despair;
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: But his flaw'd heart,
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath moved me,
And shall, perchance, do good: but speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.*
Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man,
Who having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endured, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear received; which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack: Twice then the trumpet sounded,
And there I left him tranced.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, Sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a GENTLEMAN hastily, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help! help! O help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes;

It came even from the heart of—

Alb. Who, man? speak.

Gent. Your lady, Sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poison'd; she confesses it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an instant.

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead!—

* *I. e.* pile Ossa on Pelion.

This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. [Exit GENTLEMAN.]

Enter KENT.

Edg. Here comes Kent, Sir.

Alb. O! it is he.

The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night;
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!—
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's Cordelia?—
See'st thou this object, Kent?

[The bodies of GONERIL and REGAN are brought in.]

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was beloved:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life:—Some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia:—
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run—

Edg. To who, my lord?—Who has the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on; take my sword,
Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life.

[Exit EDGAR.]

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid* herself.

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile.

[EDMUND is borne off.]

*Enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his arms; EDGAR,
OFFICER, and others.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men of stones;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack:—O, she is gone for ever!—
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth:—Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promised end?†

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall, and cease!‡

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,

* Destroyed.

† Of the world.

‡ Die; Albany speaks to Lear.

It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master!

[*Kneeling.*

Lear. Pr'ythee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors, all!
I might have saved her; now she's gone for ever!—
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!
What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman:—
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting faulchion,
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o' the best:—I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she loved and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight: Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same;

Your servant Kent: Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too:—He's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man;—

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That, from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark, and deadly.—
Your eldest daughters have fore-doom'd themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain it is
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.*

Enter an OFFICER.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.—

You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay† may come,
Shall be applied: For us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power:—You, to your rights;

[*To EDGAR and KENT.*

With boot,‡ and such addition§ as your honours
Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool|| is hang'd! No, no, no life:

* Useless.

† *I. e.* Lear.

‡ Increase.

§ Titles.

|| Used here as a term of endearment.

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
 And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come no more,
 Never, never, never, never, never!—
 Pray you, undo this button: Thank you, Sir.—
 Do you see this? Look on her,—look,—her lips,—
 Look there, look there!—

[*He dies.*

Edg. He faints!—My lord, my lord,—

Kent. Break, heart; I pr'ythee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him,
 That would upon the rack of this rough world
 Stretch him out longer.

Edg. O, he is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endured so long:
 He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present business
 Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain

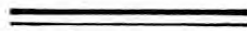
[*To KENT and EDGAR.*

Rule in this realm, and the gored state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, Sir, shortly to go;
 My master calls, and I must not say, no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey;
 Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
 The oldest hath borne most: we, that are young,
 Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*



ROMEO AND JULIET.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ESCALUS, <i>Prince of Verona.</i>	ABRAM, <i>Servant to Montague.</i>
PARIS, <i>a young Nobleman, kinsman to the Prince.</i>	An APOTHECARY.
MONTAGUE, { <i>Heads of two houses,</i>	Three MUSICIANS.
CAPULET, { <i>at variance with</i>	CHORUS.
	BOY, <i>Page to Paris.</i>
	PETER, <i>an Officer.</i>
An OLD MAN, <i>Uncle to Capulet.</i>	LADY MONTAGUE, <i>Wife to Montague.</i>
ROMEO, <i>Son to Montague.</i>	LADY CAPULET, <i>Wife to Capulet.</i>
MERCUTIO, <i>Kinsman to the Prince, and Friend to Romeo.</i>	JULIET, <i>Daughter to Capulet.</i>
BENVOLIO, <i>Nephew to Montague, and Friend to Romeo.</i>	NURSE <i>to Juliet.</i>
TYBALT, <i>Nephew to Lady Capulet.</i>	
FRIAR LAWRENCE, <i>a Franciscan.</i>	
FRIAR JOHN, <i>of the same Order.</i>	
BALTHAZAR, <i>Servant to Romeo.</i>	
SAMPSON, } <i>Servants to Capulet.</i>	
GREGORY, }	

SCENE, during the greater part of the Play, in Verona; once, in the Fifth Act, at Mantua.

PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which, if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A public place.

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with Swords and Bucklers.

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.*

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move, is—to stir; and to be valiant, is—to stand to it: therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense, that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand: and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John.† Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How? turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry: I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Enter ABRAM and BELTHAZAR.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, Sir?

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say—ay?

Gre. No.

* Put up with affronts.

† Dried hake

Sam. No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir; but I bite my thumb, Sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, Sir?

Abr. Quarrel, Sir? no, Sir.

Sam. If you do, Sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, Sir.

Enter BENVOLIO, *at a distance.*

Gre. Say—better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, Sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing* blow. [*They fight.*]

Ben. Part, fools; put up your swords; you know not what you do. [*Beats down their swords.*]

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds? Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word, As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee: Have at thee, coward. [*They fight.*]

Enter several Partizans of both Houses, who join the Fray; then enter CITIZENS, *with Clubs.*

1 *Cit.* Clubs,† bills, and partizans! strike! beat them down! Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET, *in his gown; and* LADY CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this?—Give me my long sword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE, *and* LADY MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain, Capulet!—Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE, *with Attendants.*

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beasts,—
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd‡ weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet and Montague,

* Slashing.

† As we should now say, police.

‡ Angry.

Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
 And made Verona's ancient citizens
 Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,
 To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
 Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
 If ever you disturb our streets again,
 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
 For this time, all the rest depart away:
 You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
 And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
 To know our further pleasure in this case,
 To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE, and *Attendants*; CAPULET, LADY
 CAPULET, TYBALT, *Citizens*, and *Servants*.]

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?
 Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
 And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
 I drew to part them; in the instant came
 The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared;
 Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
 He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
 Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:
 While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
 Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo?—saw you him to-day?
 Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun,
 Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
 A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad;
 Where,—underneath the grove of sycamore,
 That westward rooteth from the city's side,—
 So early walking did I see your son:
 Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
 And stole into the covert of the wood:
 I, measuring his affections by my own,—
 That most are busied when they are most alone,—
 Pursued my humour, not pursuing his,
 And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
 With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
 Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
 But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
 Should in the furthest east begin to draw
 The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
 Away from light steals home my heavy son,
 And private in his chamber pens himself;
 Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
 And makes himself an artificial night:
 Black and portentous must this humour prove,
 Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importuned him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, at a distance.

Ben. See, where he comes: So please you, step aside;
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[*Exeunt MONTAGUE, and LADY.*

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was:—What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that, which having, makes them short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—

Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

O anything, of nothing first create!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.—
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it press'd
With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
 Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs ;
 Being purged, a fire sparkling in a lover's eyes ;
 Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears :
 What is it else ? a madness most discreet,
 A choking gall, and a persevering sweet.
 Farewell, my coz.

[*Going.*

Ben. Soft, I will go along ;
 And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.
Rom. Tut, I have lost myself ; I am not here ;
 This is not Romeo, he's some other where.
Ben. Tell me in sadness,* who she is you love.
Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee ?
Ben. Groan ? why, no ;
 But sadly tell me, who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will :—
 Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill !—
 In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I supposed you loved.
Rom. A right good marksman !—And she's fair I love.
Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.
Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss : she'll not be hit
 With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit ;
 And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
 From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
 She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
 Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,
 Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold :
 O, she is rich in beauty ; only poor,
 That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste ?
Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste ;
 For beauty, starved with her severity,
 Cuts beauty off from all posterity,
 She is too fair, too wise ; wisely too fair,
 To merit bliss † by making me despair :
 She hath forsworn to love ; and, in that vow,
 Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.
Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.
Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes ;
 Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
 To call hers, exquisite, in question more :
 These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
 Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair.
 He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget
 The precious treasure of his eyesight lost :
 Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
 What doth her beauty serve, but as a note

* In seriousness.

† Heavenly bliss, the reward of earthly chastity.

Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell; thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, *and* SERVANT.

Cap. And Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike: and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis, you lived at odds so long.

But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house, look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit* at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning† none.
Come, go with me;—Go, Sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there [*Gives a paper*], and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET *and* PARIS.

Serv. Find them out, whose names are written here? It is written—that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:—In good time.

* Possess.

† Estimation.

Enter BENVOLIO *and* ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of th' old will die.

Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good-e'en, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, Sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book:
But I pray, can you read anything you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly; Rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read.

[*Reads.*

Signior Martino, and his wife, and daughters; County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters; The lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine; Mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; My fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena.

A fair assembly [*Gives back the note*]; Whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper; to our house.

Rom. Who's house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine.* Rest you merry! [*Exit.*

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!
And these,—who often drown'd, could never die,—
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! th' all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself poised with herself in either eye:

* We still say *crack a bottle*.

But in that crystal scales, let there be weigh'd
Your lady-love against some other maid
That I will show you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant* show well, that now shows best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in CAPULET'S House.

Enter LADY CAPULET and NURSE.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead,—at twelve year old,—
I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—
God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet?

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here,
What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter:—Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again:
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.
Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet, to my teen† be it spoken, I have but four,—
She is not fourteen: How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me: But, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.

'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall,
My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
Nay, I do bear a brain:‡—But, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug.
Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years:
For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,

* Scarce.

† To my sorrow.

‡ *I. e.* recollect.

She could have run and waddled all about.
 For even the day before, she broke her brow :
 And then my husband—God be with his soul !
 'A was a merry man ; took up the child :
*Yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face ?
 Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit ;
 Wilt thou not, Jule ?* and by my holy-dam,
 The pretty wretch left crying, and said—*Ay :*
 To see now, how a jest shall come about !
 I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
 I never should forget it ; *Wilt thou not, Jule ?* quoth he :
 And, pretty fool, it stinted,* and said—*Ay.*

La. Cap. Enough of this ; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam ; Yet I cannot choose but laugh,
 To think it should leave crying, and say—*Ay :*
 And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
 A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone ;
 A parlous knock ; and it cried bitterly.
*Yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face ?
 Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age ;
 Wilt thou not, Jule ?* it stinted, and said—*Ay.*

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace ! †
 Thou wast the prettiest babe that ere I nursed :
 An I might live to see thee married once,
 I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
 I came to talk off :—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
 How stands your disposition to be married ?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour ! were not I thine only nurse,
 I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now ; younger than you,
 Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
 Are made already mothers : by my count,
 I was your mother much upon these years
 That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief ;—
 The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady ! lady, such a man,
 As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax. ‡

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower ; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you ? can you love the gentleman ?
 This night you shall behold him at our feast :
 Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
 And find delight writ there with beauty's pen ;
 Examine every married lineament,
 And see how one another lends content ;
 And what obscured in this fair volume lies,
 Find written in the margin of his eyes. §

* Stopped crying.

† Favour.

‡ Well made, as if he had been modelled in wax.

§ The comments on o.d books were printed in the margin.

This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover :
The fish lives in the sea ;* and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide :
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story ;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less ? nay, bigger ; women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love ?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move :

But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and everything in extremity. I must hence to wait ; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse ?
Or shall we on without apology ?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity :

We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper ; †
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance :
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, ‡ and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch, §—I am not for this ambling ;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me : you have dancing shoes,
With nimble soles : I have a soul of lead,
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover ; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers ; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe :
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love ;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing ? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boist'rous ; and it pricks like thorn.

* *I. e.* is not yet caught.

† Scare-crow.

‡ A dance.

§ A torchbearer was an appendage to every troop of maskers.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love ;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a case to put my visage in : [Putting on a mask.

A visor for a visor !—what care I,
What curious eye doth quote* deformities ?
Here are the beetle-brows, shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter ; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me : let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes† with their heels ;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut ! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word :
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this (save reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn daylight, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, Sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning ; for our judgment sits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well, in going to this mask ;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask ?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours ?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed, asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife;‡ and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep ;
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs ;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams :
Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash of film :
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid :
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coachmakers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love :

* Observe.

† It was anciently the custom to strew rooms with rushes.

‡ Midwife of the fairies ; one of her employments being to steal new-born children, in the night, and to substitute others in their place.

On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight :
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees :
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream ;
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
 Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
 Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :*
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
 Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
 Then dreams he of another benefice :
 Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon
 Drums in his ear ; at which he starts, and wakes ;
 And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
 That plats the manes of horses in the night ;
 And bakes the elf-locks † in foul sluggish hairs,
 Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
 That presses them, and learns them first to bear
 Making them women of good carriage.
 This, this is she—

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace ;
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams ;
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy ;
 Which is as thin of substance as the air ;
 And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
 Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
 And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
 Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves ;
 Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early : for my mind misgives,
 Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
 With this night's revels ; and expire the term
 Of a despised life, closed in my breast,
 By some vile forfeit of untimely death :
 But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
 Direct my sail !—On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—A Hall in CAPULET'S House.

Musicians waiting. Enter SERVANTS.

1 *Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away ? he
 shift a trencher ! he scrape a trencher !

* A place at court.

† Locks of hair tangled in the night.

2 *Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 *Serv.* Away with the joint stools, remove the court-cupboard,* look to the plate:—good thou, save me a piece of march-pane; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2 *Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

1 *Serv.* You are looked for, and called for, asked for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all. [*They retire behind.*]

Enter CAPULET, &c., with the Guests and the Maskers.

Cap. Gentlemen, welcome! ladies, that have their toes Unplagued with corns, will have a bout with you:—

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,
I'll swear, hath corns; Am I come near you now?
You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day,
That I have worn a visor; and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:
You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play.
A hall! a hall! † give room, and foot it, girls.

[*Music plays, and they dance.*]

More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is't now, since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not so much; 'tis not so much:
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, Sir:
His son is thirty.

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, Sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

* Sideboard.

† *I. e.* make room for dancing

The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—
Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What! dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To flier and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1 Cap. Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 Cap. Young Romeo is't?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

1 Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house, do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will: the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest;
I'll not endure him.

1 Cap. He shall be endured:
What, Goodman boy!—I say, he shall;—Go to;—
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man.

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

1 Cap. Go to, go to,
You are saucy boy:—Is't so, indeed?—
This trick may chance to scathe* you;—I know what.
You must contráry me! marry, 'tis time—
Well said, my hearts:—You are a princox;† go:—
Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for shame!
I'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly, my hearts.

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

[*Exit.*
[*To JULIET.*

* Do you an injury.

† A coxcomb.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.
Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?
Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.
Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.
Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged. [*Kissing her.*]
Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.
Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!
Give me my sin again.
Jul. You kiss by the book.
Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
Rom. What is her mother?
Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:
I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinks.
Rom. Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.
Ben. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.
Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.
1 Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards*—
Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night:—
More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.
Ah, sirrah [*To 2 CAP.*], by my fay, † it waxes late;
I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but JULIET and NURSE.*]
Jul. Come hither, nurse: What is yon gentleman?
Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.
Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?
Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.
Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would not dance?
Nurse. I know not.
Jul. Go, ask his name:—if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.
Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.
Nurse. What's this, what's this?
Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danced withal.

[*One calls within, Juliet!*]

* Collation ready.

† Faith.

Nurse. Anon, anon :—
Come, let's away ; the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir ;
That fair * which love groan'd for, and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is beloved, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks ;
But to his foe supposed he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks :
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear ;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved anywhere :
But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet.

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An open place, adjoining CAPULET'S Garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here ?
Turn back, dull earth, † and find thy centre out.

[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo ! my cousin Romeo !

Mer. He is wise ;

And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard-wall :
Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—

Romeo ! humours ! madman ! passion ! lover !

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied ;

Cry but—Ah me ! couple but—*love* and *dove* ;

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,

When king Cophetua loved the beggar-maid.—

He heareth not, stirreth not, he moveth not :

The ape ‡ is dead, and I must conjure him.—

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,

By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,

That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

* Beauty.

† *I. e.* himself.

‡ Used as an expression of tenderness.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjured it down;
That were some spite: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those trees,
To be consorted with the humorous * night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
Romeo, good night;—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—CAPULET'S Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—

[*JULIET appears above, at a window.*
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, † since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—
It is my lady; O, it is my love:
O, that she knew she were!—
She speaks, yet she says nothing; What of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks:—

* Humid, moist.

† A votary to Diana.

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white upturn'd wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? [*Aside.*]

Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;—
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes.*
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt,
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let† to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world, they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;

* Owns.

† Hinderance.

And, but * thou love me, let them find me here :
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place ?

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire ;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot ; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face ;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke ; but farewell compliment !
Dost thou love me ? I know, thou wilt say—Ay ;
And I will take thy word : yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false ; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully :
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo ; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond :
And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light :
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange. †
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion : therefore pardon me ;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by ?

Jul. Do not swear at all ;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear : although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night :
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden ;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say—It lightens. Sweet, good night !
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet,
Good night, good night ! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast !

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied ?

* Unless.

† To appear cold.

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:

And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank* and give it thee again.

And yet I wish but for the thing I have:

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,

My love as deep; the more I give to thee,

The more I have, for both are infinite. [NURSE calls within.

I hear some noise within; Dear love, adieu!

Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again.

[Exit.

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world:

Nurse. [within]. Madam.

Jul. I come, anon:—But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee,—

Nurse. [within]. Madam.

Jul. By and by, I come:—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:

To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night!

[Exit.

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy light.—
Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books;
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

[Retiring slowly.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this gentle tassel† back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My sweet!

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

* Free.

† Male goshawk.

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone:
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,*
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—good night, till it be morrow. [Exit.]

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!—
'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap † to tell. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—*Friar LAURENCE'S Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE, with a Basket.

Fri. The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light:
And flecked ‡ darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's § wheels:
Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must fill up this osier cage of ours,
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb:
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find;
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle || is the powerful grace, ¶ that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometimes by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and med'cine power:

* Fetters.
‡ The sun.

† Chance, fortune.
|| Much.

‡ Spotted, streaked.
¶ Virtue.

For this being smelt, with that part cheers each part ;
 Being tasted slays all senses with the heart.
 Two such opposed foes encamp them still
 In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will ;
 And, where the worser is predominant,
 Full soon the canker-death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father !

Fri. *Benedicite !*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me ?—
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed :
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie ;
 But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign :
 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
 Thou art up-roused by some distemp'ature ;
 Or, if not so, then here I hit it right—
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin ! wast thou with Rosaline ?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father ? no ;
 I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son : But where hast thou been then ?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.

I have been feasting with mine enemy ;
 Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
 That's by me wounded ; both our remedies
 Within thy help and holy physic lies :
 I bear no hatred, blessed man ; for, lo,
 My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift ;
 Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
 On the fair daughter of rich Capulet :
 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;
 And all combined save what thou must combine
 By holy marriage : When, and where, and how,
 We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
 I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray,
 That thou consent to marry us this day.

Fri. Holy Saint Francis ! what a change is here !
 Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
 So soon forsaken ? young men's love then lies
 Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria ! what a deal of brine
 Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline !
 How much salt water thrown away in waste,
 To season love, that of it doth not taste !
 The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
 Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears ;

Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet :
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline ;
And art thou changed ? pronounce this sentence then—
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not : she, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow ;
The other did not so.

Fri. O, she knew well,

Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.

But come, young waverer, come go with me,

In one respect I'll thy assistant be ;

For this alliance may so happy prove,

To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence ; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely, and slow ; they stumble, that run fast. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be ?—
Came he not home to-night ?

Ben. Not to his father's ; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Cupulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares
being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead ; stabbed with a
white wench's black eye ; shot through the ear with a love-song ;
the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft.
And is he a man to encounter Tybalt ?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt ?

Mer. More than prince of cats,* I can tell you. O, he is the
courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing
prick-song,† keeps time, distance, and proportion ; rests me his
minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom : the very
butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist ; a gentleman of the
very first house,—of the first and second cause : Ah, the immortal
passado ! the punto reverso ! the hay !‡

Ben. The what ?

* In the story of Reynard the Fox, Tybert is the prince of the Cats.

† By notes pricked down.

‡ All terms of the fencing school.

Mer. The pox of such antic, lispings, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents!—*By Jesu, a very good blade!*—*a very tall man!*—*a very good whore!*—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-moys*, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons*!

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring:—O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench;—marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French slop.* You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good-morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, Sir, the slip; † Can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump ‡ well-flowered.

Mer. Well said: Follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for anything, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; § it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel || that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

* Trousers.

‡ Shoe.

† A pun on counterfeit money called slips.

§ An apple.

|| Soft stretching leather.

Rom. I stretch it out for that word—broad; which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide, a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature; for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived, I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly gear!

Enter NURSE and PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den,* fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick † of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said;—For himself to mar, quoth'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for 'fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, Sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, Sir; unless a hare, Sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar, ‡

And an old hare hoar,

Is very good meat in lent:

But a hare that is hoar,

Is too much for a score,

When it hoars ere it be spent.—

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

* Good even.

† Point.

‡ Hoary, mouldy.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, * lady.

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, Sir, what saucy merchant† was this, that was so full of his ropery? ‡

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak anything against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates §:—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, Sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say: it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, Sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift
This afternoon:

And there she shall at friar Lawrence' cell
Be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, Sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, Sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the Abbey wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee;
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewell!—be trusty, and I'll quit || thy pains.

Farewell:—Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee!—Hark you, Sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

* The burden of an old song.

† A term in contradistinction to gentleman.

‡ Roguery—parrot impudence.

§ Equivalent, I suppose, to milliner-girls (skein-handlers).

|| Requite.

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say—
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee; my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, Sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, lord! when 'twas a little prating thing,—O,—there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varsal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; What of that; both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R. is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter: and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. [*Exit.*

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—CAPULET'S Garden.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance, she cannot meet him: that's not so.—
O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over lowering hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highest hill
Of this day's journey: and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.
Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy* her to my sweet love,
And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and pale as lead.

Enter NURSE and PETER.

O God, she comes!—O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit PETER.*

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord! why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news,
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am weary, give me leave a while;—
Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have I had!

* Drive her, as a ball struck with a bandy—a bat.

Jul. I would, thou had'st my bones, and I thy news :
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak ;—good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu ! What haste ? can you not stay awhile ?
Do you not see, that I am out of breath ?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me—that thou art out of breath ?
The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad ? answer to that ;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance :
Let me be satisfied, Is't good or bad ?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice ; you know not
how to choose a man : Romeo ! no, not he ; though his face be
better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's ; and for a
hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talked
on, yet they are past compare : He is not the flower of courtesy,
but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench ;
serve God.—What, have you dined at home ?

Jul. No, no : But all this did I know before.
What says he to our marriage ? what of that ?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches ! what a head have I
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o't'other side,—O, my back, my back !—
Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,
To catch my death, with jaunting up and down !

Jul. I'faith, I am sorry that thou art not well :
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love ?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous :—Where is your mother ?

Jul. Where is my mother ?—why, she is within ;
Where should she be ? How oddly thou reply'st !

*Your love says like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother ?*

Nurse. O, God's lady dear !
Are you so hot ? Marry, come up, I trow ;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones ?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil,—come, what says Romeo ?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day ?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Laurence' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife :
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church ; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark :
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight ;
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner, hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune !—honest nurse, farewell. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—*Friar LAURENCE'S Cell.**Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.*

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady:—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamers
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue,
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit,* more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A public place.**Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.*

Ben. I pray you, good Mercutio, let's retire;
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

* Imagination.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, *God send me no need of thee!* and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; What eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter TYBALT, and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.—Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You will find me apt enough to that, Sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort? what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddle-stick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw into some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, Sir! here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, Sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford
No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
'To such a greeting:—Villain am I none;
Therefore farewell; I see, thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injured thee;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
'Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
*A la stoccata** carries it away.

[*Draws.*]

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your nine lives;
that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me here-
after, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword
out of his pilcher† by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about
your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you.

[*Drawing.*]

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, Sir, your passado.

[*They fight.*]

Rom. Draw, Benvolio;

Beat down their weapons:—Gentlemen, for shame
Forbear this outrage;—Tybalt—Mercutio—
The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying
In Verona streets:—hold, Tybalt;—good Mercutio.

[*Exeunt TYBALT and his partisans.*]

Mer. I am hurt;—

A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped:—
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.—
Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon. [Exit Page.]

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church
door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and
you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant,
for this world:—A plague o' both your houses!—Zounds, a
dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a brag-
gart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—
Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your
arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worm's meat of me:
I have it, and soundly too:—Your houses!

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

* Thrust or stab.

† Case or scabbard.

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman:—O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective* lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct† now!—
Now, Tybalt, take the *villain* back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company;
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that. [*They fight; TYBALT falls.*]

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!

The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:
Stand not amazed:—the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken:—hence!—be gone!—away!

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

[*Exit* ROMEO.]

Enter CITIZENS, &c.

1 *Cit.* Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1 *Cit.* Up, Sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter PRINCE, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their Wives
and others.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin!—O my brother's child!
Unhappy sight! ah me, the blood is spill'd

* Considerate.

† Conductor.

Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,*
For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.—
O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;
Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice† the quarrel was, and urged withal
Your high displeasure:—All this—uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,—
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and, swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning; for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly:
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life:
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but, what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And, for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hates' proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[*Exeunt.*]

* Just.

† Petty.

SCENE II.—A Room in CAPULET'S House.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' mansion; such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
That soon day's eyes* may wink; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!—
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil† night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd blood bating‡ in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted, simple modesty.
Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day in night!
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—
Come, gentle night; come loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.—
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them, O, here comes my nurse,

Enter NURSE, with Cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue, that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there, the cords,
That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords. *[Throws them down.]*

Jul. Ah me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!—
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's killed, he's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot:—O Romeo! Romeo!—
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

* In all former editions, "runaways." The emendation is by Mr. Dyce.

† Grave.

‡ Fluttering.

Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,*
 And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more
 Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
 I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*;
 Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I*.
 If he be slain, say—*I*; or if not, no:
 Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
 God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:
 A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
 Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
 All in gore blood; I souldred at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once!
 To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
 Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
 And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
 O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
 That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?
 Is Romeo slaughter'd; and is Tybalt dead?
 My dear-loved cousin, and my dearer lord?—
 Then dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
 For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
 Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
 Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
 Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
 Dove-feather'd raven! wolvis-ravening lamb!
 Despised substance of divinest show!
 Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
 A damned saint, an honourable villain!—
 O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
 When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
 In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
 Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
 So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
 In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,
 No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
 All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—
 Ah, where's my man? give me some *aquavitæ*:—
 These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
 Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
 For such a wish! he was not born to shame.
 Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
 For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd

* In Shakspeare's time the affirmative particle *ay* was usually written *I*.

Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O, what a beast was I to chide at him !

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin ?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband ?

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth* thy name,

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it ?—

But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin ?

That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband :

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring ;

Your tributary drops belong to woe,

Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain ;

And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband :

All this is comfort ; Wherefore weep I then ?

Some word there was, worsers than Tybalt's death,

That murder'd me : I would forget it fain ;

But, O ! it presses to my memory,

Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds :

Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished ;

That—banished, that one word—banished,

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death

Was woe enough, if it had ended there :

Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,

And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—

Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,

Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,

Which modern † lamentation might have moved ?

But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,

Romeo is banished,—to speak that word,

Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,

All slain, all dead :—Romeo is banished,—

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,

In that word's death ; no words can that woe sound.—

Where is my father, and my mother, nurse ?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse ;

Will you go to them : I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears ? mine shall be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.

Take up those cords :—Poor ropes, you are beguiled,

Both you and I ; for Romeo is exiled :

He made you for a highway to my bed ;

But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.

Come, cords ; come, nurse ; I'll to my wedding bed ;

And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead !

Nurse. Hie to your chamber : I'll find Romeo

To comfort you :—I wot well where he is.

Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night ;

I'll to him ; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O find him ! give this ring to my true knight,

And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

* Caress.

† Common.

SCENE III.—*Friar LAURENCE'S Cell.**Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.*

Fri. Romeo, come forth ; come forth, thou fearful man ;
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news ? what is the prince's doom ?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not ?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company :
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than doomsday is the prince's doom ?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha ! banishment ? be merciful, say—death :
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death : do not say—banishment.

Fri. Hence from Verona art thou banished :
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death :—then banishment
Is death misterm'd : calling death—banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin ! O rude unthankfulness !
Thy fault our law calls death ; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment :
This is dear* mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy : heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives ; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not.—More validity, †
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo : they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hands,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips ;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin,
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death ?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But—banished—to kill me ; banished ?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell ;
Howlings attend it : How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me, with that word—banishment ?

* Great.

† Worth.

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Fri. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

[Knocking within.]

Rom. Not I, unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist like, infold me from the search of eyes.

[Knocking.]

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there!—Romeo, arise;
Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while: stand up;

[Knocking.]

Run to my study:—By and by:—God's will!

What wilfulness is this?—I come, I come.

[Knocking.]

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Nurse. [within]. Let me come in, and you shall know my
errand;

I come from lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo!

Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!

Fri. O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!

Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering:—
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah Sir! ah Sir!—Well, death's the end of all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, Sir, but weeps and weeps ;
And now falls on her bed ; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls ; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her ; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge ? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [Drawing his sword.]

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand :
Art thou a man ? thy form cries out, thou art ;
Thy tears are womanish ; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast :
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man !
Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both !
Thou hast amazed me : by my holy order,
I thought, thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt ? wilt thou slay thyself ?
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself ?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth ?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once ; which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie ! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit ;
Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man :
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish :
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,
Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.*
What, rouse thee, man ! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead ;
There art thou happy : Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt ; there art thou happy too ;
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile ; there art thou happy :
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back ;
Happiness courts thee in her best array ;
But, like a mis-behaved and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love :
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her ;
But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,

* Torn to pieces with thine own weapons.

For then thou canst not pass to Mantua ;
 Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends
 Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
 Go before, nurse : commend me to thy lady ;
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto :
 Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all the night,
 To hear good counsel : O, what learning is !—
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, Sir, a ring she bid me give you, Sir :
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [*Exit NURSE.*]

Rom. How well my comfort is revived by this !

Fri. Go hence : Good night ; and here stands all your state ;*
 Either be gone before the watch be set,
 Or by the break of day disguised from hence :
 Sojourn in Mantua ; I'll find out your man,
 And he shall signify from time to time
 Every good hap to you, that chances here :
 Give me thy hand ; 'tis late : farewell ; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
 It were a grief, so brief to part with thee :
 Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A Room in CAPULET'S House.

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, Sir, so unluckily,
 That we have had no time to move our daughter :
 Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
 And so did I ;—Well, we were born to die.—
 'Tis very late, she'll not come down to night :
 I promise you, but for your company,
 I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo :
 Madam, good night, commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow ;
 To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate† tender
 Of my child's love : I think, she will be ruled
 In all respects by me ; nay more, I doubt it not.
 Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed ;
 Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love ;
 And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
 But, soft ; What day is this ?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday ? ha ! ha ! Well, Wednesday is too soon,
 O' Thursday let it be ;—o' Thursday, tell her,

* The whole of your fortune depends on this.

† Bold.

She shall be married to this noble earl :—
 Will you be ready ? do you like this haste ?
 We'll keep no great ado ;—a friend, or two :—
 For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
 It may be thought we held him carelessly,
 Being our kinsman, if we revel much :
 Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
 And there an end. But what say you to Thursday ?
Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.
Cap. Well, get you gone :—O' Thursday be it then :—
 Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
 Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
 Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho !
 Afore me, it is so very late, that we
 May call it early by and by :—Good night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—JULIET'S Chamber.

Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone ? It is not yet near day :
 It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
 That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear ;
 Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree :
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
 No nightingale : look, love, what envious streaks
 Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :
 Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops :
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not the daylight, I know it, I :
 It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
 To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
 And light thee on thy way to Mantua :
 Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death ;
 I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
 I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow ;*
 Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
 The vaulty heaven so high above our heads :
 I have more care† to stay, than will to go ;—
 Come, death, and welcome ! Juliet wills it so.—
 How is't, my soul ? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away ;
 It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
 Straining harsh discords, and displeasing sharps.
 Some say, the lark makes sweet division ;‡
 This doth not so, for she divideth us :
 Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes ;
 O, now I would they had changed voices too !
 Since harm from harm that voice doth us affray,

* Reflection of the moon.

† Inclination.

‡ Parts of a musical composition.

Hunting thee hence with hunts-up* to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light?—more dark and dark our woes.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit NURSE.*]

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

[*ROMEO descends.*]

Jul. Art thou gone so? my love! my lord! my friend!
I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul:
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu! [*Exit ROMEO.*]

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

La. Cap. [*within*]. Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures† her hither?

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
Therefore, have done: Some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

* A morning song to a bride the day after marriage.

† Brings.

Jul. What villain, madam ?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.
God pardon him ! I do, with all my heart ;
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.
'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death !

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—
That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company :
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd :—
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it ;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet.—O, how my heart abhors
To hear him named,—and cannot come to him,—
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him !

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time :
What are they, I beseech your ladyship ?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child ;
One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time what day is that ?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris, at Saint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste ; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet ; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris :—These are news, indeed !

La. Cap. Here comes your father ; tell him so yourself.
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and NURSE.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew ;
But for the sunset of my brother's son,
It rains downright.—
How now ? a conduit, girl ? what, still in tears ?

Ever more showering in one little body
 Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind :
 For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
 Do ebb and flow with tears ; the bark thy body is,
 Sailing in this salt flood : the winds, thy sighs ;
 Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—
 Without a sudden calm, will overset
 Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife ?
 Have you deliver'd to her our decree ?

La. Cap. Ay, Sir ; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
 I would, the fool were married to her grave !

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
 How ! will she none ? doth she not give us thanks ?
 Is she not proud ? doth she not count her bless'd,
 Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
 So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom ?

Jul. Not proud, you have ; but thankful, that you have :
 Proud can I never be of what I hate ;
 But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now ! how now, chop logic ! What is this ?
 Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not ;—
 And yet not proud ; Mistress minion, you,
 Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
 But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
 To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,
 Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
 Out, you green-sickness carrion ! out, you baggage !
 You tallow face !

La. Cap. Fie, fie ! what, are you mad ?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
 Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage ! disobedient wretch !
 I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,
 Or never after look me in the face :

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me :
 My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd,
 That God had sent us but this only child ;
 But now I see this one is one too much,
 And that we have a curse in having her :
 Out on her, hilding ! *

Nurse. God in heaven bless her !—
 You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom ? hold your tongue,
 Good prudence ; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye good den !

Nurse. May not one speak ?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool !

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
 For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread ! it makes me mad : Day night, late, early,

* Base woman.

At home, abroad, alone, in company,
 Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
 To have her match'd : and having now provided
 A gentleman of princely parentage,
 Of fair demesnes, youthful and nobly train'd,
 Stuff'd (as they say), with honourable parts,
 Proportion'd as one's heart could wish a man,—
 And then to have a wretched puling fool,
 A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
 To answer—*I'll not wed,—I cannot love,
 I am too young—I pray you, pardon me ;—*
 But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you :
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me ;
 Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
 Thursday is near ; lay hand on heart, advise :
 An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend ;
 An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i'the streets,
 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good :
 Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn.

[Exit.]

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
 That sees into the bottom of my grief ?
 O, sweet my mother, cast me not away !
 Delay this marriage for a month, a week ;
 Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
 In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word ;
 Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

[Exit.]

Jul. O God !—O nurse ! how shall this be prevented ?
 My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven ;
 How shall that faith return again to earth,
 Unless that husband send it me from heaven
 By leaving earth ?—Comfort me, counsel me.—
 Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
 Upon so soft a subject as myself !—
 What say'st thou ? hast thou not a word of joy ?
 Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. 'Faith, here 'tis : Romeo
 Is banished ; and all the world to nothing,
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you ;
 Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth,
 Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
 I think it best you married with the county.
 O, he's a lovely gentleman !
 Romeo's a dishclout to him ; an eagle, madam,
 Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
 As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
 I think you are happy in this second match,
 For it excels your first : or if it did not,
 Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were,
 As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart ?

Nurse. From my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. To what?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession, and to be absolved.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[*Exit.*

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Friar LAURENCE'S Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS.

Fri. On Thursday, Sir? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's mind;
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, Sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.
Look, Sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

[*Aside.*

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!

Jul. That may be, Sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that were to confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.

Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that ;
For it was bad enough, before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

Jul. That is no slander, Sir, that is a truth ;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now ;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass ?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now :—
My lord we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion !—

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you :

Till then, adieu ! and keep this holy kiss. [Exit PARIS.]

Jul. O, shut the door ! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me ; Past hope, past cure, past help !

Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief ;
It strains me past the compass of my wits :
I hear thou must, and nothing must prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it :
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands ;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label * to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both :
Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time,
Give me some present counsel ; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire ; arbitrating that
Which the commission † of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak ; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter ; I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather to marry county Paris,
Thou hadst the strength of will to slay thyself ;
Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to scape from it ;
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

* The seals of deeds were formerly impressed on a separate label, affixed to the document.

† Authority.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
 From off the battlements of yonder tower;
 Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
 Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
 Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
 O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
 With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
 Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
 And I will do it without fear or doubt,
 To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
 To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;
 To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
 Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
 Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
 And this distilled liquor drink thou off:
 When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
 A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize
 Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
 His natural progress, but surcease to beat:
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
 Each part, deprived of supple government,
 Shall stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death:
 And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
 Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
 Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
 Then (as the manner of our country is),
 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
 In the meantime, against thou shalt awake,
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
 And hither shall he come; and he and I
 Will watch thy waking, and that very night
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
 And this shall free thee from this present shame;
 If no unconstant toy,* nor womanish fear,
 Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, O give me! tell me not of fear!

Fri. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
 In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
 To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength shall help afford.

Farewell, dear father.

[*Exeunt.*]

* Fickle freak.

SCENE II.—A Room in CAPULET'S House.

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, NURSE, and SERVANTS.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—[*Exit* SERVANT.
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2 Serv. You shall have none ill, Sir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

2 Serv. Marry, Sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he, that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.—

[*Exit* SERVANT.]

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—

What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong? where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition

To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this;
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence's cell;
And gave him what becomed* love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—stand up:
This is as't should be.—Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to church to-morrow.

[*Exeunt* JULIET and NURSE.]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!—

* Becoming.

They are all forth : Well, I will walk myself
 To county Paris, to prepare him up
 Against to-morrow : my heart is wondrous light,
 Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—JULIET'S Chamber.

Enter JULIET and NURSE.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best :—But, gentle nurse
 I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night ;
 For I have need of many orisons
 To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
 Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin,

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy ? do you need my help ?

Jul. No, madam ; we have cull'd such necessaries
 As are behoveful for our state to-morrow :
 So please you, let me now be left alone,
 And let the nurse this night sit up with you ;
 For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
 In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night !
 Get thee to bed, and rest ; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt LADY CAPULET and NURSE.*]

Jul. Farewell !—God knows, when we shall meet again.
 I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
 That almost freezes up the heat of life :
 I'll call them back again to comfort me ;—
 Nurse !—What should she do here ?
 My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
 Come, phial.—
 What if this mixture do not work at all ?
 Must I of force be married to the county ?—
 No, no ;—this shall forbid it :—lie thou there.—

[*Laying down a dagger.*]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
 Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead ;
 Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
 Because he married me before to Romeo ?
 I fear, it is : and yet, methinks, it should not,
 For he hath still been tried a holy man :
 I will not entertain so bad a thought.—
 How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
 I wake before the time that Romeo
 Come to redeem me ? there's a fearful point !
 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes ?
 Or, if I live, is it not very like,
 The horrible conceit of death and night,
 Together with the terror of the place,—

As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
 Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
 Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd ;
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green * in earth,
 Lies fest'ring in his shroud ; where, as they say,
 At some hours in the night spirits resort ;—
 Alack, alack ! is it not like, that I,
 So early waking,—what with loathsome smells ;
 And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
 That living mortals, hearing them, run mad :—
 O ! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
 Environed with all these hideous fears ?
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints ?
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud ?
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains ?
 O, look ! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
 Upon a rapier's point :—Stay, Tybalt, stay !—
 Romeo, I come ! this do I drink to thee.

[*She throws herself on the bed.*]

SCENE IV.—CAPULET'S Hall.

Enter LADY CAPULET and NURSE.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.†

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir ! the second cock hath crow'd,
 The curfeu bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock :—
 Look to the baked meats, good Angelica :
 Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go,
 Get you to bed ; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
 For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit ; What ! I have watch'd ere now
 All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt‡ in your time ;
 But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt LADY CAPULET and NURSE.*]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood !—Now, fellow,
 What's there ?

Enter SERVANTS, with Spits, Logs, and Baskets.

1 Serv. Things for the cook, Sir ; but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit. 1 SERV.*] Sirrah, fetch
 drier logs ;

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 Serv. I have a head, Sir, that will find out logs,
 And never trouble Peter for the matter.

[*Exit.*]

Cap. 'Mass, and well said ; A merry whoreson ! ha,

* Fresh.

† The room where pies were made.

‡ A night-runner.

Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day:
 The county will be here with music straight, [Music within.
 For so he said he would. I hear him near:—
 Nurse!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, nurse, I say!

Enter NURSE.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;
 I'll go and chat with Paris:—Hie, make haste,
 Make haste! the bridegroom he is come already:
 Make haste, I say!

SCENE V.—JULIET'S Chamber; JULIET on the Bed.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—fast, I warrant
 her, she:—
 Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fie, you slug-a-bed!—
 Why, love, I say!—madam!—sweet-heart!—why, bride!
 What, not a word?—you take your pennyworths now;
 Sleep for a week: for the next night, I warrant,
 The county Paris hath set up his rest,
 That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me
 (Marry and amen!) how sound is she asleep!
 I needs must wake her:—Madam, madam, madam!
 Ay, let the county take you in your bed;
 He'll fright you up, i'faith.—Will it not be?
 What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down again!
 I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!
 Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—
 O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
 Some aquavitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady!

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

La. Cap. O me, O me!—my child, my only life,
 Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
 Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceased, she's dead; alack the day!

La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead, she's dead.

Cap. Ha! let me see her:—Out, alas! she's cold;
 Her blood is settled; and her joints are stiff;
 Life and these lips have long been separated:
 Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
 Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
 Accursed time! unfortunate old man!

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woeful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
 Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS, with MUSICIANS.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return :
O son, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath death lain with thy bride :—See, there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir ;
My daughter he hath wedded ! I will die,
And leave him all ; life leaving, all is death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this ?

La. Cap. Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day !
Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage !
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nurse. O woe ! O woeful, woeful, woeful day !
Most lamentable day ! most woeful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold !
O day ! O day ! O day ! O hateful day !
Never was seen so black a day as this :
O woeful day, O woeful day !

Par. Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slain !
Most détestable death, by thee beguiled,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown !—
O love ! O life !—not life, but love in death !

Cap. Despised, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd !—
Uncomfortable time ! why cam'st thou now
To murder murder our solemnity ?—
O child ! O child !—my soul and not my child !—
Dead art thou, dead !—alack ! my child is dead ;
And, with my child, my joys are buried !

Fri. Peace, ho, for shame ! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid ; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid :
Your part in her you could not keep from death ;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was—her promotion ;
For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanced :
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced,
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself ?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well :
She's not well married, that lives married long ;
But she's best married, that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse ; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church :
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things, that we ordained festival,

Turn from their office to black funeral :
 Our instruments, to melancholy bells ;
 Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast ;
 Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change ;
 Our bridal flowers serve for a burial corse,
 And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, Madam, go with him ;—
 And go, Sir Paris ;—every one prepare
 To follow this fair corse unto her grave :
 The heavens do low'r upon you, for some ill ;
 Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS, and FRIAR.

1 *Mus.* 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up ; put up ;
 For well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit* NURSE.

1 *Mus.* Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, *Heart's ease, heart's ease* ; O,
 an you will have me live, play—*heart's ease*.

1 *Mus.* Why *heart's ease* ?

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays—*My heart is full of woe* : O, play me some merry dump,* to comfort me.

2 *Mus.* Not a dump we ; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then ?

2 *Mus.* No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

1 *Mus.* What will you give us ?

Pet. No money, on my faith ; but the gleek : † I will give you
 the minstrel.

1 *Mus.* Then will I give you the serving creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your
 pate. I will carry no crotchets : I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you ; Do you
 note me ?

1 *Mus.* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 *Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit ; I will dry-beat you with
 an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger :—Answer me like men :

*When griping grief the heart doth wound,
 And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
 Then music, with her silver sound ;*

Why, *silver sound* ? why, *music with her silver sound* ?

What say you, Simon Catling ?

1 *Mus.* Marry, Sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty ! What say you, Hugh Rebeck ?

2 *Mus.* I say—*silver sound*, because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too !—What say you, James Soundpost ?

3 *Mus.* 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy ! you are the singer : I will say for
 you. It is *music with her silver sound*, because such fellows as
 you have seldom gold for sounding :—

* *Dumps* were heavy mournful tunes.

† To *gleek* is to scoff, and a *gleekman* signified a minstrel.

*Then music, with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress.* [Exit, singing.

1 *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same?

2 *Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the
mourners, and stay dinner. [Exeunt.

ACT V

SCENE I.—Mantua. A Street.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think);
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives;
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, Sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to night.

Bal. Pardon me, Sir, I will not leave you thus:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceived;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[Exit BALTHASAR.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means:—O, mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!

I do remember an apothecary,—
 And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
 In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
 Culling of simples ; meagre were his looks,
 Sharp misery had worn him to the bones :
 And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
 An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
 Of ill-shaped fishes ; and about his shelves
 A beggarly account of empty boxes,
 Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
 Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
 Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show,
 Noting this penury, to myself I said—
 An if a man did need a poison now,
 Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
 Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
 O, this same thought did but forerun my need ;
 And this same needy man must sell it me.
 As I remember, this should be the house :
 Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
 What, ho ! apothecary !

Enter APOTHECARY.

Ap. Who calls so loud ?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see, that thou art poor ;
 Hold, there is forty ducats : let me have
 A dram of poison ; such soon-speeding geer*
 As will disperse itself through all the veins,
 That the life-weary taker may fall dead ;
 And that the trunk may be discharged of breath
 As violently, as hasty powder fired
 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have ; but Mantua's law
 Is death, to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
 And fear'st to die ? famine is in thy cheeks,
 Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
 Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,
 The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law :
 The world affords no law to make thee rich ;
 Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
 And drink it off ; and, if you had the strength
 Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold ; worse poison to men's souls,
 Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
 Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell :
 I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
 Farewell ; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
 Come, cordial, and not poison ; go with me
 To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*

* Stuff.

SCENE II.—FRIAR LAURENCE'S Cell.

Enter FRIAR JOHN.*John.* Holy Franciscan friar ! brother, ho !*Enter* FRIAR LAURENCE.*Lau.* This same should be the voice of Friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua : What says Romeo ?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.*John.* Going to find a barefoot brother out,
One of our order to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth ;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.*Lau.* Who bare my letter then to Romeo ?*John.* I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.*Lau.* Unhappy fortune ! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice,* but full of charge,
Of dear import ; and the neglecting it
May do much danger : Friar John, go hence ;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.*John.* Brother, I'll go and bring't thee. [*Exit.**Lau.* Now must I to the monument alone ;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake ;
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents :
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come ;
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb ! [*Exit.*SCENE III.—A Church-Yard ; in it, a Monument belonging
to the CAPULETS.*Enter* PARIS, and his PAGE, bearing Flowers and a Torch.*Par.* Give me thy torch, boy : Hence, and stand aloof ;—
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground ;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves),
But thou shalt hear it : whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.*Page.* I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the church-yard ; yet I will adventure. [*Retires.**Par.* Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal bed :* *I. e.* on a trivial or idle subject.

Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
 The perfect model of eternity ;
 Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
 Accept this latest favour at my hands ;
 That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
 With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb ! *[The Boy whistles.*
 The boy gives warning, something doth approach.
 What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
 To cross my obsequies, and true-love's rites ?
 What, with a torch !—muffle me, night, a while. *[Retires.*

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR with a Torch, Mattock, &c.

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
 Hold, take this letter ; early in the morning
 See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
 Give me the light : Upon thy life I charge thee,
 Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
 And do not interrupt me in my course.
 Why I descend into this bed of death,
 Is, partly, to behold my lady's face :
 But, chiefly, to take hence from her dead finger
 A precious ring ; a ring that I must use
 In dear employment : * therefore hence, begone :—
 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
 In what I further shall intend to do,
 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
 And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs :
 The time and my intents are savage-wild ;
 More fierce, and more inexorable far,
 Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take thou that :
 Live, and be prosperous ; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout ;
 His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. *[Retires.*

Rom. Thou détestable maw, thou womb of death
 Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
 Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[Breaking open the door of the monument.

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food !

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
 That murder'd my love's cousin ;—with which grief,
 It is supposed the fair creature died,—
 And here is come to do some villanous shame
 To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him.— *[Advances.*
 Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague ;
 Can vengeance be pursued farther than death ?
 Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee :
 Obey, and go with me ; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed ; and therefore came I hither.—
 Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
 Fly hence and leave me ;—think upon these gone ;

* *I. e.* action of importance.

Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
 Heap not another sin upon my head,
 By urging me to fury :—O, be gone !
 By heaven, I love thee better than myself :
 For I come hither arm'd against myself :
 Stay not, begone ;—live, and hereafter say—
 A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,*
 And do attach thee as a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me ? then have at thee, boy.

[*They fight.*]

Page. O lord ! they fight : I will go call the watch.

[*Exit PAGE.*]

Par. O, I am slain ! [*Falls.*—If thou be merciful,
 Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

[*Dies.*]

Rom. In faith, I will :—Let me peruse this face ;—
 Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris :—
 What said my man, when my betossed soul
 Did not attend him as we rode ? I think,
 He told me, Paris should have married Juliet ;
 Said he not so ? or did I dream it so ?
 Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
 To think it was so ?—O, give me thy hand,
 One writ with me in sour misfortune's book !
 I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—
 A grave ? O, no ; a lantern,† slaughter'd youth,
 For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
 This vault a feasting presence ‡ full of light.
 Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[*Laying PARIS in the monument.*]

How oft when men are at the point of death
 Have they been merry ? which their keepers call
 A lightning before death : O, how may I
 Call this a lightning ?—O, my love ! my wife !
 Death that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty :
 Thou art not conquer'd ; beauty's ensign yet
 Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
 Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet ?
 O, what more favour can I do to thee,
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
 To sunder his that was thine enemy ?
 Forgive me, cousin !—Ah, dear Juliet,
 Why art thou yet so fair ? Shall I believe
 That unsubstantial Death is amorous ;
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
 Thee here in dark to be his paramour ?
 For fear of that, I will still stay with thee ;
 And never from this palace of dim night
 Depart again ; here, here will I remain

* Thy conjurings.

† *I. e.* an open-work vault.

‡ Presence chamber.

With worms that are thy chambermaids; O, here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest;
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last!
 Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death?—
 Come, bitter conduct,* come, unsavoury guide!
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
 Here's to my love!—*[Drinks.]* O, true apothecary!
 Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.

[Dies.

*Enter at the other end of the Church-yard, Friar LAURENCE,
 with a Lantern, Crow, and Spade.*

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
 Have my old feet stumbled at graves?—Who's there?
 Who is it that consorts,† so late the dead?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
 What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
 To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
 It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy Sir; and there's my master,
 One that you love.

Fri. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, Sir:

My master knows not, but I am gone hence;
 And fearfully did menace me with death,
 If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay, then; I'll go alone:—Fear comes upon me:
 O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
 I dreamt my master and another fought,
 And that my master slew him.

Fri. Romeo?

[Advances.

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
 The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—
 What mean these masterless and gory swords
 To lie discolour'd by this place of peace? [*Enters the monument.*
 Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris, too?
 And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
 Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—

The lady stirs. [*JULIET wakes and stirs.*

Jul. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?

I do remember well where I should be,
 And there I am:—Where is my Romeo? [*Noise within.*

Fri. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest

* Conductor.

† Keeps company with.

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep ;
 A greater power than we can contradict
 Hath thwarted our intents ; come, come away :
 Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead ;
 And Paris too ; come, I'll dispose of thee
 Among a sisterhood of holy nuns :
 Stay not to question, for the watch is coming ;
 Come, go, good Juliet,—[*Noise again.*] I dare stay no longer.
[*Exit.*]

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
 What's here ? a cup, closed in my true love's hand ?
 Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end :—
 O churl ! drink all ; and leave no friendly drop,
 To help me after ?—I will kiss thy lips ;
 Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
 To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*]
 Thy lips are warm !

1 *Watch.* [*Within.*] Lead, boy :—Which way ?

Jul. Yea, noise ?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger !

This is thy sheath ; [*Snatching ROMEO'S Dagger.*]
 [*Stabs herself.*] there rest, and let me die.
[*Falls on ROMEO'S body, and dies.*]

Enter WATCH, with the PAGE of PARIS.

Page. This is the place ; there, where the torch doth burn.

1 *Watch.* The ground is bloody ; Search about the church-yard :

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find, attach. [*Exeunt some.*]

Pitiful sight ! here lies the county slain ;—

And Juliet bleeding : warm, and newly dead,

Who here hath lain these two days buried.—

Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—

Raise up the Montagues,—some others, search ;—

[*Exeunt other WATCHMEN.*]

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie ;

But the true ground of all these piteous woes,

We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the WATCH, with BALTHASAR.

2 *Watch.* Here's Romeo's man, we found him in the church-yard.

1 *Watch.* Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

Enter another WATCHMAN with Friar LAURENCE.

3 *Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps :

We took this mattock and this spade from him,

As he was coming from this church-yard side.

1 *Watch.* A great suspicion ; Stay the friar too.

Enter the PRINCE and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
 That calls our person from our morning's rest ?

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry—Romeo,
Some—Juliet, and some—Paris; and all run,
With open outcry toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in our ears?

1 Watch. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

1 Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man;
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heavens! O, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en—for lo! his house*
Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: Meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself accused.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stolen-marriage-day
Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.
You—to remove that siege† of grief from her,—

* Scabbard.

† Seat.

Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
 To county Paris :—Then comes she to me ;
 And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
 To rid her from this second marriage,
 Or, in my cell there would she kill herself.
 Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
 A sleeping potion ; which so took effect
 As I intended, for it wrought on her
 The form of death ; meantime I writ to Romeo,
 That he should hither come as this dire night,
 To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
 Being the time the potion's force should cease,
 But he which bore my letter, friar John,
 Was staid by accident ; and yesternight
 Return'd my letter back : Then all alone,
 At the prefixed hour of her waking,
 Came I to take her from her kindred's vault ;
 Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
 Till I conveniently could send to Romeo :
 But, when I came (some minute ere the time
 Of her awakening), here untimely lay
 The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
 She wakes ; and I entreated her come forth,
 And bear this work of heaven with patience :
 But then a noise did scare me from the tomb ;
 And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
 But (as it seems) did violence on herself.
 All this I know ; and to the marriage
 Her nurse is privy : And, if aught in this
 Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
 Be sacrificed, some hour before his time,
 Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.—
 Where's Romeo's man ? what can he say in this ?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death ;
 And then in post he came from Mantua,
 To this same place, to this same monument.
 This letter he early bid me give his father ;
 And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
 If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.—
 Where is the county's page, that raised the watch ?—
 Sirrah, what made your master in this place ?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave ;
 And bid me stand aloof, and so I did :
 Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb ;
 And, by and by, my master drew on him ;
 And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
 Their course of love, the tidings of her death :
 And here he writes—that he did buy a poison
 Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
 Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—

Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too
Have lost a brace of kinsmen :*—all are punish'd.

Cap. O, brother Montague, give me thy hand :
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more :
For I will raise her statue in pure gold ;
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie ;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity !

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings ;
The sun for sorrow will not show his head :
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things ;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished :
For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

[*Exeunt.*

* Mercutio and Paris.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CLAUDIUS, <i>King of Denmark.</i>	FRANCISCO, <i>A Soldier.</i>
HAMLET, <i>Son to the former King, and Nephew to the present King.</i>	REYNALDO, <i>Servant to Polonius.</i>
POLONIUS, <i>Lord Chamberlain.</i>	A CAPTAIN.
HORATIO, <i>Friend to Hamlet.</i>	An AMBASSADOR.
LAERTES, <i>Son to Polonius.</i>	GHOST of <i>Hamlet's Father.</i>
VOLTIMAND,	FORTINBRAS, <i>Prince of Norway.</i>
CORNELIUS,	
ROSENCRANTZ,	GERTRUDE, <i>Queen of Denmark, and Mother of Hamlet.</i>
GUILDENSTERN,	OPHELIA, <i>Daughter of Polonius.</i>
OSRIC, <i>a Courtier.</i>	
Another COURTIER.	LORDS, LADIES, OFFICERS, SOL- DIERS, PLAYERS, GRAVE-DIGGERS, SAILORS, MESSENGERS, and other ATTENDANTS.
A PRIEST.	
MARCELLUS, } <i>Officers.</i>	
BERNARDO, }	

SCENE, Elsinore.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Elsinore. *A Platform before the Castle.*

FRANCISCO on his post.—Enter to him BERNARDO.

Ber. Who's there ?

Fran. Nay, answer me : stand, and unfold
Yourself.

Ber. Long live the king.

Fran. Bernardo ?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve ; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief, much thanks ; 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard ?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals* of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Fran. I think, I hear them.—Stand, ho ! Who is there ?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

* Partners.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier :
Who hath relieved you ?

Fran. Bernardo hath my place.
Give you good night.

[*Exit FRANCISCO.*

Mar. Holla ! Bernardo !

Ber. Say.

What, is Horatio there ?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio ; welcome, good Marcellus.

Hor. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night ?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy ;
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us ;
Therefore I have entreated him along,
With us to watch the minutes of this night ;
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve* our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush ! tush ! 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down awhile ;

And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
That we two nights have seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,
When yon same star, that's westward from the pole,
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,
The bell then beating one,—

Mar. Peace, break thee off ; look, where it comes again !

Enter GHOST.

Ber. In the same figure like the king that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like the king ? mark it, Horatio.

Hor. Most like :—it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march ? by heaven I charge thee, speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See ! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay ; speak : speak I charge thee, speak. [*Exit GHOST.*

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio ? you tremble, and look pale :
Is not this something more than fantasy ?
What think you of it ?

* Establish the evidence of.

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in angry parle,*
He smote the sledged Polack† on the ice.
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus, twice before, and jump‡ at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not;
But, in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land;
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week:
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day;
Who is't, that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dared to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,
Which he stood seized of, to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same comart,§
And carriage of the article designed,||
His fell to Hamlet: Now, Sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,¶
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd** up a list of landless resolute,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach‡‡ in't: which is no other
(As it doth well appear unto our state),
But to recover of us, by strong hand,
And terms compulsatory, those †foresaid lands

* Dispute. † Sledged Polander. ‡ Just. § Joint bargain.
|| Confirmed bargain. ¶ Full of spirit without experience.
** Picked. †† Resolution.

So by his father lost : And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations ;
The source of this our watch ; and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage* in the land.

Ber. I think, it be no other, but even so :
Well may it sort,† that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch ; so like the king
That was, and is, the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is, to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.‡
As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun ; and the moist star,§
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.
And even the like precursor of fierce events,—
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen|| coming on,
Have heaven and earth together démonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—

Re-enter GHOST.

But, soft ; behold ! lo, where it comes again !
I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion !
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me :

If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me :

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing, may avoid,
O, speak !

Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death, [Cock crows.
Speak of it :—stay, and speak.—Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partizan ?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here !

Hor. 'Tis here !

Mar. 'Tis gone !

[Exit GHOST.

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence ;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet of the morn,

* Strict search.

† Suit.

‡ The connecting verse is lost.

§ The moon.

|| Event.

Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
 Awake the god of day ; and, at his warning,
 Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
 The extravagant and erring* spirit hies
 To his confine : and of the truth herein
 This present object made probation.†

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
 Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
 Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
 This bird of dawning singeth all night long :
 And then they say no spirit dares stir abroad ;
 The nights are wholesome ; then no planets strike,
 No fairy takes,‡ nor witch hath power to charm,
 So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So I have heard, and do in part believe it.
 But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
 Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill :
 Break we our watch up ; and, by my advice,
 Let us impart what we have seen to-night
 Unto young Hamlet ; for, upon my life,
 This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him :
 Do you consent, we shall acquaint him with it,
 As needful in our loves, fitting our duty ?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray, and I this morning know
 Where we shall find him most convenient.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The same. A Room of State in the same.

*Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOL-
 TIMAND, CORNELIUS, LORDS, and Attendants.*

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
 The memory be green ; and that it us befitted
 To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
 To be contracted in one brow of woe ;
 Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
 That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
 Together with remembrance of ourselves.
 Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
 The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
 Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,—
 With one auspicious, and one dropping eye ;
 With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
 In equal scale, weighing delight and dole, §—
 Taken to wife : nor have we herein barr'd
 Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
 With this affair along :—For all, our thanks.
 Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,—
 Holding a weak supposal of our worth ;
 Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,
 Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
 Colleagu'd with this dream of his advantage,

* Wandering.

† Proof.

‡ Strikes.

§ Grief.

He hath not failed to pester us with message,
 Importing our surrender of those lands
 Lost by his father, with all bands* of law,
 To our most valiant brother.—So much for him,
 Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.
 Thus much the business is: We have here writ
 To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
 Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
 Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
 His further gait † herein; in that the levies,
 The lists, and full proportions, are all made
 Out of his subject:—and we here despatch
 You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
 For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
 Giving to you no further personal power
 To business with the king, more than the scope
 Of these dilated articles allow.

Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor. Vol. In that, and all things, will we show our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewell.

[*Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.*]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
 You told us of some suit; What is't, Laertes?
 You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
 And lose your voice: What wouldst thou beg, Laertes?
 That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
 The head is not more native to the heart,
 The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
 Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
 What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laer. My dread lord,
 Your leave and favour to return to France;
 From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
 To show my duty in your coronation:
 Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
 My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
 And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, [wrung from me my slow leave,
 By laboursome petition; and, at last,
 Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:]
 I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
 And thy best graces: spend it at thy will.—
 But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

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

King. How is it, that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord, I am too much i'the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
 And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
 Do not, for ever, with thy veil'd lids ‡

[*Aside.*]

* Bonds.

† Progress.

‡ Lowering eyes.

Seek for thy noble father in the dust :
 Thou know'st 'tis common ; all, that live, must die,
 Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee ?

Ham. Seems, madam ! nay, it is ; I know not seems.

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
 Nor customary suits of solemn black,
 Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
 No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
 Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
 Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
 That can denote me truly : These, indeed, seem,
 For they are actions that a man might play :
 But I have that within, which passeth show ;
 These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
 To give these mourning duties to your father :
 But, you must know, your father lost a father ;
 That father lost his ; and the survivor bound
 In filial obligation, for some term
 To do obsequious * sorrow : but to perséver
 In obstinate condolément, † is a course
 Of impious stubbornness ; 'tis unmanly grief :
 It shows a will most incorrect ‡ to heaven ;
 A heart unfortified, or mind impatient ;
 An understanding simple and unschool'd ;
 For what, we know must be, and is as common
 As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
 Why should we, in our peevisch opposition,
 Take it to heart ? Fie ! 'tis a fault to heaven,
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
 To reason most absurd ; whose common theme
 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
 From the first corse, till he that died to-day,
This must be so. We pray you, throw to earth
 This unprevailing woe ; and think of us
 As of a father : for let the world take note,
 You are the most immediate to our throne ;
 And, with no less nobility of love,
 Than that which dearest father bears his son,
 Do I impart toward you. For your intent
 In going back to school in Wittenberg,
 It is most retrograde to our desire :
 And, we beseech you, bend § you to remain
 Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
 Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet ;
 I pray thee stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply ;

* Funereal. † Mourning. ‡ Il-regulated. § Incline.

Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come ;
 This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet
 Sits smiling to my heart : in grace whereof,
 No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
 But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell ;
 And the king's rouse* the heaven shall bruit † again,
 Respeaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, *Lords, &c.* POL., and LAERTES.]

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew !
 Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter ! O God ! O God !
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seem to me all the uses of this world !
 Fie on't ! O fie ! 'tis an unweeded garden,
 That grows to seed ; things rank, and gross in nature,
 Possess it merely. ‡ That it should come to this !
 But two months dead !—nay, not so much, not two :
 So excellent a king ; that was, to this,
 Hyperion to a satyr : so loving to my mother,
 That he might not beteem § the winds of heaven
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth !
 Must I remember ? why, she would hang on him,
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on : And yet, within a month,—
 Let me not think on't ; Frailty, thy name is woman !—
 A little month ; or ere those shoes were old,
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
 Like Niobe, all tears ;—why she, even she,—
 O heaven ! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
 Would have mourn'd longer,—married with my uncle,
 My father's brother ; but no more like my father,
 Than I to Hercules : Within a month,
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
 She married :—O most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets !
 It is not, nor it cannot come to, good ;
 But break, my heart : for I must hold my tongue !

Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, and MARCELLUS.

Hor. Hail to your lordship !

Ham. I am glad to see you well :

Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend ; I'll change that name with you.
 And what make you || from Wittenberg, Horatio ?—
 Marcellus ?

Mar. My good lord,—

Ham. I am very glad to see you ; good even, Sir.—
 But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg ?

* Draught.

‡ Suffer.

† Report.

|| What are you doing.

‡ Entirely.

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so :
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee do not mock me, fellow student ;
I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio ! the funeral baked meats *
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
'Would I had met my dearest † foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio !—
My father,—Methinks, I see my father.

Hor. Where,
My lord ?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

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

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

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

Ham. Saw who ?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father ?

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

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.

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

Ham. But where was this ?

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

Ham. Did you not speak to it ?

* It was anciently the custom to give a cold entertainment at a funeral.
† Greatest.

‡ Temper.

§ Middle.

Hor. My lord, I did ;
 But answer made it none : yet once, methought,
 It lifted up its head, and did address
 Itself to motion, like as it would speak :
 But, even then, the morning cock crew loud ;
 And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
 And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true ;
 And we did think it writ down in our duty,
 To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, Sirs, but this troubles me.
 Hold you the watch to-night ?

All. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you ?

All. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe ?

All. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not
 His face ?

Hor. O, yes, my lord ; he wore his beaver* up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly ?

Hor. A countenance more
 In sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red ?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you ?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like,
 Very like : Stay'd it long ?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Mar. Ber. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grizzled ? no ?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
 A sable silver'd.

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

Hor. I warrant, it will.

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

All. Our duty to your honour.

* Helmet.

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

[*Exeunt* HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.
My father's spirit in arms ! all is not well ;
I doubt some foul play : 'would the night were come !
Till then sit still, my soul : Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. [*Exit*

SCENE III.—A Room in POLONIUS' House.

Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd ; farewell :
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that ?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood ;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute ;*
No more.

Oph. No more but so ?

Laer. Think it no more :

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk ; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now ;
And now no soil, nor cautel, † doth besmirch ‡
The virtue of his will : but, you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own ;
For he himself is subject to his birth :
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself ; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state ;
And therefore must his choice be circumscribed
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is the head : Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed ; which is no further,
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list § his songs ;
Or lose your heart ; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd || importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister ;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest ¶ maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon :
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes :

* Supplying an agreeable occupation for a while.

† Subtlety, deceit.

Licentious.

‡ Discolour.

¶ Most cautious.

§ Listen to.

The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then: best safety lies in fear;
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart: But good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.*

Laer. O fear me not.
I stay too long;—But here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame;
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for: There, my blessing with you;
[*Lying his hand on LAERTES' head.*]

And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. † Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment ‡
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, § but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous, || chiefly ¶ in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.**
This above all,—To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell; my blessing season †† this in thee!

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

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

* Regards not his own lessons.

‡ Do not be too ready to shake hands.

‡ Noble.

¶ Chiefly.

** Economy.

† Impress.

§ Opinion.

†† Infix.

‡‡ Wait.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

[*Exit* LAERTES.]

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought:

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you: and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous,
If it be so (as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution), I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour:
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection? puh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted* in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender† yourself more dearly;
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Wrangling it thus), you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord he hath impórtuned me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a making,—
You must not take for fire. From this time,
Be somewhat scanted of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments‡ at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young;
And with a larger tether§ may he walk,
Than may be given you: In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows: for they are brokers,||
Not of that die which their investments show,
But mere implorators¶ of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,**
The better to beguile. This is for all,—
I would not in plain terms, from this time forth,

* Untempted.

‡ Line.

† Esteem.

|| Pimps.

** Engagements.

‡ Favours entreated.

¶ Implorers.

Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you; come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Platform.*

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager* air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed? I heard it not; it then draws near the season,
Wherein the spirit held is wont to walk.

[*A flourish of trumpets and ordnance shot off, within.*]

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake† to-night, and takes his rouse,‡
Keeps wassel, and the swaggering upspring reels;§
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't:

But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Makes us traduced, and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe|| us, drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.¶
So, oft it chanceth in particular men,
That, for some vicious mode of nature in them,
As, in their birth (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin),
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,**
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausible manners;—that these men,—
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect;
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo),
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: The dram of base
Doth all the noble substance often dout,††
To his own scandal.

* Sharp.

† Revel.

‡ Jovial draught.

§ Upstart revels.

|| Call.

¶ The most valuable part of what should be attributed to us.

** Humour.

†† Do out.

Enter GHOST.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes !

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us !—
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable* shape,
That I will speak to thee ; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane : O, answer me :
Let me not burst in ignorance ! but tell,
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements : why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again ! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous ; and we fools of nature,
So horribly to shake our disposition, †
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls ?
Say, why is this ? wherefore ? what should we do ?

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

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ‡ ground :
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

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

Hor. Do not, my lord.

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

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea ?
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness ? think of it :
The very place puts toys || of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

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

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be ruled, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,

* Conversable. † Frame. ‡ Remote. § Value. || Whims.

And makes each petty artery in this body
 As hardy as the Némean lion's nerve.— [GHOST beckons.
 Still am I call'd;—unhand me, gentlemen; [Breaking from them.
 By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets* me:—
 I say, away:—Go on, I'll follow thee.

[Exeunt GHOST and HAMLET.

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after:—To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—A more remote part of the Platform.

Re-enter GHOST and HAMLET.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak; I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

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

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

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

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

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

Ham. What?

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

Ham. O heaven!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
 But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it; that I, with wings as swift
 As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
 May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;

* Hinders.

† Porcupine.

‡ Display.

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear :
'Tis given out, that sleeping in mine orchard,*
A serpent stung me ; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abused : but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O, my prophetic soul ! my uncle !

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce !) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen :
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there !
From me, whose love was that of dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage ; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine !

But virtue, as it never will be moved,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven ;
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate† itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.

But, soft ! methinks, I scent the morning air ;
Brief let me be :—Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon‡ in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment : whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body ;
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
And curd, like eager§ droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood : so did it mine ;
And a most instant tetter|| bark'd about,
Most lazar¶-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd:**
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd ;††
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head :
O, horrible ! O, horrible ! most horrible !
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not ;

* Garden.

† Satiare.

‡ Henbane.

§ Acrid

|| Scab, scurf.

¶ Leper.

** Bereft.

†† Without the sacrament, preparation, or extreme unction.

Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
 A couch for luxury and damned incest.
 But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
 Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
 The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
 Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me.

[Exit.

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?
 And shall I couple hell?—O fie!—Hold, hold, my heart;
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stiffly up?—Remember thee?
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe.* Remember thee?
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws† of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there;
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven.
 O most pernicious woman!
 O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
 My tables,‡—meet it is, I set it down,
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
 At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark:
 So uncle, there you are. Now to my word; §
 It is, *Adieu, adieu! remember me.*

[Writing.

I have sworn't.

Hor. [within]. My lord, my lord,—

Mar. [within]. Lord Hamlet,—

Hor. [within]. Heaven secure him!

Ham. So be it!

Mar. [within]. Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. O wonderful!

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No;

You will reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you then; would heart of man once think it?—
 But you'll be secret,—

Hor. Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Denmark,
 But he's an arrant knave.

* Head. † Sayings. ‡ Memorandum-book. § Watchword.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave,
To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right ; you are in the right ;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit, that we shake hands and part :
You, as your business, and desire, shall point you ;—
For every man hath business, and desire,
Such as it is,—and, for my own poor part,
Look you, I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily ; yes,
'Faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,—
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you ;
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er master it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord ?
We will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Hor. Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. In faith,
My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost [*beneath*]. Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy ! say'st thou so ? art thou there, true-penny ?
Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost [*beneath*]. Swear.

Ham. *Hic et ubique* ?* then we'll shift our ground :—
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword :
Swear by my sword,
Never to speak of this that you have heard.

Ghost [*beneath*]. Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well said, old mole ! canst work i' the earth so fast ?
A worthy pioneer !—Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange !

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
But come ;—

* Here and everywhere.

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy !
 How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
 As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
 To put an antic disposition on,—
 That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
 With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
 Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
 As, *Well, well, we know* ;—or, *We could, an if we would* ;—or, *If*
we list to speak ;—or, *There be, an if they might* ;—
 Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
 That you know aught of me :—This do you swear,
 So grace and mercy at your most need help you !

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit ! So, gentlemen,
 With all my love I do commend me to you :
 And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
 May do, to express his love and friending to you,
 God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together ;
 And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
 The time is out of joint ;—O cursed spite !
 That ever I was born to set it right !
 Nay, come, let's go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in POLONIUS' House.

Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.

Pol. Give him this money, and these notes, Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
 Before you visit him, to make inquiry
 Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said : very well said. Look you, Sir,
 Inquire me first what Danskers* are in Paris ;
 And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
 What company, at what expense ; and finding,
 By this encompassment and drift of question,
 That they do know my son, come you more nearer
 Than your particular demands will touch it :
 Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him ;
 As thus,—*I know his father, and his friends,*
And, in part, him ;—Do you mark this, Reynaldo ?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. *And, in part, him* ;—*but*, you may say, *not well* :
But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild ;
Addicted so and so ;—and there put on him
 What forgeries you please ; marry, none so rank
 As may dishonour him ; take heed of that ;
 But, Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

* Danes.

As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,
Drabbing:—you may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. 'Faith, no; as you may season * it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,

That he is open to incontinency;

That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quaintly,

That they may seem the taints of liberty:

The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind;

A savageness † in unreclaimed blood,

Of general assault. ‡

Rey. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord,
I would know that.

Pol. Marry, Sir, here's my drift;
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:

You laying these slight sullies on my son,

As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,

Mark you,

Your party in converse, him you would sound

Having ever seen in the prenominate § crimes

The youth you breathe of, guilty, be assured,

He closes with you in this consequence;

Good Sir, or so; or *friend*, or *gentleman*,—

According to the phrase, or the addition,

Of man, and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, Sir, does he this,—He does—What was I
about to say?—By the mass, I was about to say something:—
Where did I leave?

Rey. At, closes in the consequence.

Pol. At, closes in the consequence,—*Ay, marry;*
He closes with you thus:—*I know the gentleman;*
I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,
Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say
There was he gaming; there o'ertook in his rouse;
There falling out at tennis: or, perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of sale
(Videlicet, a brothel), or so forth.—

See you now;

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,

With windlaces, and with assays of bias,

By indirections find directions out;

So, by former lecture and advice,

Shall you, my son: You have me, have you not?

Rey. My lord, I have.

* Modify.

† Wildness.

‡ That young people are generally liable to.

Already named.

Pol. God be wi' you ; fare you well.

Rey. Good, my lord,—

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.*

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him play his music.

Rey. Well, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Enter OPHELIA.

Pol. Farewell!—How now, Ophelia? what's the matter?

Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

Pol. With what, in the name of heaven?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbraced;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved † to his ankle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk, ‡
And end his being: That done, he lets me go:
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their helps,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me; I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love;
Whose violent property foredoes § itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven,
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—

What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry, that with better heed and judgment,
I had not quoted || him; I fear'd, he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jealousy!

* In your own person.

† Hanging down like a fetter-band.

‡ Body.

§ Destroys.

|| Observed.

It seems, it is as proper to our age
 To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
 As it is common for the younger sort
 To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king :
 This must be known ; which, being kept close, might move
 More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.
 Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern !
 Moreover that we much did long to see you,
 The need, we have to use you, did provoke
 Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
 Of Hamlet's transformation ; so I call it,
 Since not the exterior nor the inward man
 Resembles that it was : What it should be,
 More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
 So much from the understanding of himself,
 I cannot dream of : I entreat you both,
 That,—being of so young days brought up with him ;
 And, since, so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,—
 That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
 Some little time : so by your companies
 To draw him on to pleasures ; and to gather,
 So much as from occasion you may glean,
 Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus
 That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you ;
 And, sure I am, two men there are not living,
 To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
 To show us so much gentry,* and good-will,
 As to expend your time with us a while,
 For the supply and profit of our hope,
 Your visitation shall receive such thanks
 As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
 Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
 Put your dread pleasures more into command
 Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey ;
 And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,†
 To lay our service freely at your feet,
 To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz :
 And I beseech you instantly to visit
 My too much changed son.—Go, some of you,
 And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

* Complaisance.

† Utmost exertion.

Guil. Heavens make our presence, and our practices,
Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. Ay, amen!

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and some attendants.]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious king:
And I do think (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail* of policy so sure
As it hath used to do), that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

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

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit † to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.

[*Exit* POLONIUS.]

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.

King. Well, we shall sift him.—Welcome, my good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: Whereat grieved,—
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand, ‡ sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give the assay of arms against your majesty
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee;
And his commission, to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack;
With an entreaty, herein further shown,
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise;
On such regards of safety, and allowance,
As therein are set down.

[*Gives a paper.*]

King. It likes us well:

* Scent.

† Dessert.

‡ Imposed on.

And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,
 Answer, and think upon this business.
 Meantime we thank you for your well-took labour;
 Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:
 Most welcome home! [*Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.*]

Pol. This business is well ended.
 My liege and madam, to expostulate*
 What majesty should be, what duty is,
 Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
 Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
 Therefore,—since brevity is the soul of wit,
 And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,—
 I will be brief: Your noble son is mad:
 Mad call I it: for, to define true madness,
 What is't, but to be nothing else but mad?
 But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
 That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity;
 And pity 'tis, 'tis true: a foolish figure:
 But farewell it, for I will use no art.
 Mad let us grant him then: and now remains,
 That we find out the cause of this effect;
 Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;
 For this effect, defective, comes by cause:
 Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
 Perpend.

I have a daughter; have, while she is mine;
 Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
 Hath given me this: Now gather and surmise.
 —*To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia,*—
 That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; *beautified* is a vile phrase; but
 you shall hear,—Thus:

In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

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

Doubt thou, the stars are fire;

[*reads.*]

Doubt, that the sun doth move:

Doubt truth to be a liar;

But never doubt, I love.

*O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers: I have not art to
 reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, O most best, believe
 it. Adieu.*

*Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst
 this machine is to him, Hamlet.*

This in obedience, hath my daughter shown me:
 And more above† hath his solicitings,
 As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
 All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
 Received his love?

* Discuss.

† Moreover.

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think, When I had seen this hot love on the wing, (As I perceived it, I must tell you that, Before my daughter told me), what might you, Or my dear majesty your queen here, think, If I had play'd the desk, or table-book; Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb; Or look'd upon this love with idle sight; What might you think? no, I went round* to work, And my young mistress thus did I bespeak; *Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy sphere; This must not be:* and then I precepts gave her, That she should lock herself from his resort, Admit no messengers, receive no tokens. Which done, she took the fruits of my advice; And he, repulse' (a short tale to make), Fell into a sadness; then into a fast; Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness; Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension, Into the madness wherein now he raves, And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think, 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time (I'd fain know that), That I have positively said, 'Tis so, When it proved otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise:

[*Pointing to his head and shoulder.*
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

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

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter HAMLET, reading.

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

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away;
I'll board† him presently:—O give me leave.—

[*Exeunt KING, QUEEN, and Attendants.*
How does my good lord Hamlet?

* Without reserve.

† Accost.

Ham. Well, god-'a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

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

Pol. Honest, my lord?

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

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

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

Pol. I have, my lord.

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

Pol. How say you by that? [*aside*]. Still harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he said, I was a fishmonger: He is far gone, far gone: and, truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words!

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

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

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

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method in it [*aside*]. Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out 'o' the air.—How pregnant‡ sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity§ could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, Sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek the lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. God save you, Sir! [*To* POLONIUS. *Exit* POLONIUS.

Guil. My honour'd lord!—

Ros. My most dear lord!—

* Understanding.

‡ Ready, apt.

† Be pregnant.

§ Soundness of mind.

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

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhappy; On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What news?

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

Ham. Then is doomsday near: But your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs, and outstretch'd heroes, the beggar's shadows: Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros. Guil. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

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

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear,* a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Anything—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties

* (At).

have not craft enough to colour: I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no.

Ros. What say you?

[To GUILDENSTERN.

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you;* [aside].—if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moults no feather. I have of late (but, wherefore, I know not), lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises: and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestic roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me, nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

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

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said, *Man delights not me?*

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

Ham. He that plays the king, shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled o' the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.—What players are they?

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

Ham. How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed they are not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

* Understand you.

† Spare.

‡ Overtook.

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: But there is, Sir, an airy of children,* little eyases† that cry out on the top of question,‡ and are most tyrannically clapped for't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages (so they call them), that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains them? how are they escoted?§ Will they pursue the quality|| no longer than they can sing? Will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players (as it is most like, if their means are no better), their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre¶ them on to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is it possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.**

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

[*Flourish of Trumpets within.*]

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come, then: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply †† with you in this garb; lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: But my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern;—and you too;—at each ear a hearer: that great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swaddling clouts.

Ros. Happily, he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, Sir: o'Monday morning; 'twas then, indeed.

* An allusion to a competition worked against Shakespeare's theatre by means of the children of the Chapel Royal.

† Nestlings.

‡ Dialogue.

§ Paid.

|| Profession.

¶ Provoke.

** *I. e.* the Globe, the sign of Shakspeare's theatre.

†† Miniature.

‡‡ Compliment.

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

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

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, Buz!

Pol. Upon my honour,—

Ham. *Then came each actor on his ass,*—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral [tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral], scene indivisible, or poem unlimited; Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ, * and the liberty, these are the only men.

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

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

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

Pol. Still on my daughter.

[*Aside.*

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

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

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why, *As by lot, God what,* and then, you know, *It came to pass, As most like it was,*—The first row of the pious chanson † will show you more; for, look, my abridgment ‡ comes.

Enter Four or Five PLAYERS.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all:—I am glad to see thee well:—welcome, good friends.—O, old friend! Why, thy face is valanced § since I saw thee last; com'st thou to beard me in Denmark?—What! my young lady and mistress! By-'r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. || Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not crack'd within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: We'll have a speech straight: Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

1 *Play.* What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare ¶ to the general: ** but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters, cried in the top †† of mine), an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there were no sallads in the lines, to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite †† the author of affection: §§ but call'd it, an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more hand-

* Writing.

† Christmas carol.

‡ Or "brief chronicle."

§ Fringed.

|| Clog.

¶ A Russian delicacy.

** Common people.

†† Above.

‡‡ Convict.

§§ Affectation.

some than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved; 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: If it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see;—

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,—'tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

*The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal! head to foot
Now is he total gules; * horribly trick'd †
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;
Baked and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lord's murder: Roasted in wrath, and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks;—So proceed you.*

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

1 Play. *Anon he finds him*

*Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick;
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.*

*But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack ‡ stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death: anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: So, after Pyrrhus' pause,
A roused vengeance sets him new a-work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars' armour, forg'd for proof eterne §
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.—
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!*

Pol. This is too long.

* All red.

† Smear'd.

‡ Light clouds.

§ Eternal.

Ham.—It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—Pr'ythee say on:—He's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps:—say on: come to Hecuba.

1 Play. *But who, ah woe! had seen the mobled* queen—*

Ham. The mobled queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled queen is good.

1 Play. *Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames
With bisson † rheum; a clout upon that head,
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounced:
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs;
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
(Unless things mortal move them not at all),
Would have made milch ‡ the burning eye of heaven,
And passion in the gods.*

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

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

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

Ham. Odd's bodikins, man, much better: Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, Sirs. [*Exit POLONIUS, with some of the PLAYERS.*]

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.—Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the murder of Gonzago?

1 Play. Ay, my lord.

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

1 Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit PLAYER.*] My good friends, [*To ROS. and GUIL.*] I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord!

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' you:—Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue, and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd;

* Muffled.

† Blind.

‡ Milky.

Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John a-dreams,* unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damn'd defeat† was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha!

Why, I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless,‡ villain!
Why, what an ass am I? This is most brave;
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!

Fie upon't! foh! About, my brains! Humph! I have heard,
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him§ to the quick; if he do blench, ||
I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,
May be a devil, and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy
(As he is very potent with such spirits),

* A dreamy, stupid fellow.

‡ Unnatural.

|| Shrink or start.

† Destruction.

§ Search him.

Abuses me to damn me : I'll have grounds
More relative * than this. The play 's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

[Exit.]

 ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, and
GUILDENSTERN.

King. And can you, by no drift of conference
Get from him, why he puts on this confusion ;
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy ?

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

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded ;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well ?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question ; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime ?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught† on the way : of these we told him ;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it : They are about the court ;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true :
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart ; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclined.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too :
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither ;
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront‡ Ophelia :
Her father, and myself (lawful espials§),
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly|| judge ;
And gather by him, as he is behaved,

* Closely connected. † Overtook. ‡ Meets. § Spies. || Freely.

If't be the affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you :
And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness : so shall I hope, your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [Exit QUEEN.

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here :—Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow* ourselves :—Read on this book : [To OPHELIA.
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much proved,†—that, with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. O, 'tis too true ;
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience !
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word :
O heavy burden !

[Aside.

Pol. I hear him coming ; let's withdraw, my lord.
[Exeunt KING and POLONIUS,

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question :—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them ?—To die,—to sleep,—
No more ;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die ;—to sleep ;—
To sleep ! perchance to dream ;—ay, there's the rub :
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause : There's the respect,‡
That makes calamity of so long life :
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin ? who would fardels§ bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life ;
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn ||
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will ;

* Place. † Too frequently. ‡ Consideration.

§ Burdens. || Boundary.

And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of!
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!
The fair Ophelia:—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

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

Ham. I humbly thank you; well.

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

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

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well, you did;
And, with them, words of so sweet breath composed
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

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

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

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner trans-
form honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty
can translate beauty into his likeness; this was sometime a para-
dox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

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

Ham. You should not have believed me: for virtue cannot so
inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

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

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him; that he may play the
fool nowhere but in's own house. Farewell.

* Call.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry; Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; farewell: Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance: Go to; I'll no more of't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

[*Exit* HAMLET.]

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword:
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould* of form,
The observed of all observers! quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy:† O, woe is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter KING and POLONIUS.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,
Will be some danger: Which for to prevent,
I have, in quick determination,
Thus set it down; He shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well: But yet I do believe,
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia?
You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him

* The model by whom all endeavoured to form themselves.

† Alienation of mind.

To show his grief; let her be round with him;
 And I'll be placed, so please you, in the ear
 Of all their conference; If she find him not,
 To England send him; or confine him, where
 Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:

Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Hall in the same.

Enter HAMLET, and certain PLAYERS.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings;* who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: Pray you, avoid it.

1 Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame, neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure.† Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance,‡ o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

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

[*Exeunt PLAYERS.*]

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord, will the king hear this piece of work?

* The people in the pit.

† Impression.

‡ Opinion.

§ Conversation.

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.— [Exit POLONIUS.
Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. Ay, my lord.

[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ham. What, ho; Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

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

Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee?
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candid tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant* hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please: Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
Which I have told thee of my father's death.
I prythee when thou seest that act afoot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe my uncle; if his occulted † guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note:
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In censure ‡ of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:
If he steal aught, the whilst this play is playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be idle:
Get you a place.

*Danish March—A Flourish.—Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS,
OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and others.*

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

* Quick.

† Secret.

‡ Opinion.

Ham. Excellent i'faith; of the camelion's dish: I eat the air, promise-cramm'd: You cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. My lord,—you played once in the university, you say? [To POLONIUS.]

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

Ham. And what did you enact?

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

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

Ros. Ay, my lord, they stay* upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho! do you mark that? [To the KING.]

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[Lying down at OPHELIA'S Feet.]

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think, I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O! your only jig-maker. What should a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables.† O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year; But, by'r-lady, he must build churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is, *For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.*

Trumpets sound. The dumb Show follows.

Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers; she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner woos the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but, in the end, accepts his love.

[Exeunt.]

* Wait.

† A suit lined with sables.

Oph. What means this, my lord ?

Ham. Marry, this is miching malheco ; * it means mischief.

Oph. Belike, this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter PROLOGUE.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow : the players cannot keep counsel ; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant ?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show him :
Be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught ; I'll mark the play.

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring ?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a KING and a QUEEN.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbed ground ;
And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd sheen, †
About the world have times twelve thirties been ;
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done !
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must :
For women fear too much, even as they love ;
And woman's fear and love hold quantity :
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know ;
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear ;
Where little fears grows great, great love grows there.

P. King. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too ;
My operant ‡ powers their functions leave to do :
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, beloved ; and, haply, one as kind,
For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O, confound the rest !
Such love must needs be treason in my breast :
In second husband let me be accurst !
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. That's wormwood.

[*Aside.*

P. Queen. The instances, § that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love ;
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

* Skulking wickedness.

† Shining.

‡ Active.

§ Motives.

P. King. I do believe, you think what now you speak ;
 But, what we do determine, oft we break.
 Purpose is but the slave to memory ;
 Of violent birth, but poor validity :
 Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree ;
 But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.
 Most necessary, 'tis, that we forget
 'To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt :
 What to ourselves in passion we propose,
 The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
 The violence of either grief or joy
 Their own enactures * with themselves destroy :
 Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament ;
 Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
 This world is not for aye ; nor 'tis not strange,
 That even our loves should with our fortunes change ;
 For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
 Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
 The great man down, you mark, his favourite flies ;
 The poor advanced makes friends of enemies.
 And hitherto doth love on fortune tend ;
 For who not needs, shall never lack a friend ;
 And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
 Directly seasons him his enemy.
 But, orderly to end where I begun,—
 Our wills, our fates, do so contrary run,
 That our devices still are overthrown ;
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own :
 So think thou wilt no second husband wed ;
 But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to give me food, nor heaven light !
 Sport and repose lock from me, day, and night !
 To desperation turn my trust and hope !
 An anchor's † cheer in prison be my scope !
 Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
 Meet what I would have well, and it destroy !
 Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife
 If, once a widow, ever I be wife !

Ham. If she should break it now,—— [To OPHELIA.]

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile ;
 My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
 The tedious day with sleep. [Sleeps.]

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain ;
 And never come mischance between us twain ! [Exit.]

Ham. Madam, how like you this play ?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

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

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

King. What do you call the play ?

Ham. The mouse-trap. Marry, how ? Tropically. This play

* Determinations.

† Anchoret's.

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

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands.—Begin, murderer ;—leave thy damnable faces and begin. Come ;—
The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing ;
Confederate season, else no creature seeing ;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban* thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pours the poison into the sleeper's ears.]

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago : the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian : You shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What ! frightened with false fire !

Queen. How fares my lord ?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light :—away !

Pol. Lights, lights, lights !

[Exeunt all but HAMLET and HORATIO.]

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play :

For some must watch, while some must sleep ;

Thus runs the world away.—

Would not this, Sir, and a forest of feathers (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk† with me), with two Provençal roses on my razed‡ shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry§ of players, Sir ?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon, dear,

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself ; and now reigns here

A very, very—peacock.

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive ?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

* Curse.

† Change conditions.

‡ Slashed.

§ Company.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, some music; come, the recorders.*—

For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike,—he likes it not, perdy.†

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Come, some music.

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

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, Sir,—

Ham. Ay, Sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellously distempered.

Ham. With drink, Sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

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

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, Sir:—pronounce.

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

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon, and my return, shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: But, Sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother; therefore no more, but to the matter: My mother, you say,—

Ros. Then thus she says; Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

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

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade‡ with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers.§

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, but bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

* A kind of flute.

† *Par Dieu.*

‡ Business.

§ Hands.

Ham. Ay, Sir, but, *While the grass grows*,—the proverb is something musty.

Enter the PLAYERS, with Recorders.

O the recorders:—let me see one.—To withdraw with you:—Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

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

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

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

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

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, Sir.

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

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

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

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent.†—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

[*Exit POLONIUS.*]

Ham. By and by is easily said.—Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt ROS. GUIL. HOR. &c.*]

'Tis now the very witching time of night;
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such business as the bitter day
Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my mother,—
O, heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever

* Holes.

† Utmost stretch.

The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom :
 Let me be cruel, not unnatural :
 I will speak daggers to her, but use none ;
 My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites :
 How in my words soever she be shent,*
 To give them seals† never, my soul, consent !

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—A Room in the same.

Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not ; nor stands it safe with us,
 To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you ;
 I your commission will forthwith despatch,
 And he to England shall along with you :
 The terms of our estate may not endure
 Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
 Out of his lunes.‡

Guil. We will ourselves provide :
 Most holy and religious fear it is,
 To keep those many bodies safe,
 That live, and feed, upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound
 With all the strength and armour of the mind,
 To keep itself from 'noyance : but much more
 That spirit, upon whose weal depend and rest
 The lives of many. The cease of majesty
 Dies not alone ; but, like a gulf, doth draw
 What's near it, with it : it is a massy wheel,
 Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
 To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
 Are mortised and adjoined ; which, when it falls,
 Each small annexment, petty consequence,
 Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone
 Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage ;
 For we will fetters put upon this fear,
 Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. Guil. We will haste us.

[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet :
 Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
 To hear the process ; I'll warrant, she'll tax him home :
 And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
 'Tis meet, that some more audience than a mother,
 Since nature makes them partial, should o'er-hear
 The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege ;
 I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
 And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.
 O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven ;
 It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,

[Exit POLONIUS.]

* Reproved.

† Authority to put them in execution.

‡ Lunacies.

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

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;
 And now I'll do't; and so he goes to heaven:
 And so am I reveng'd? That would be scann'd: †
 A villain kills my father; and, for that,
 I, his sole son, do this same villain send
 To heaven.
 Why, this is hire and salary, ‡ not revenge.
 He took my father grossly, full of bread;
 With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
 And, how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?
 But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
 'Tis heavy with him: And am I then revenged,
 To take him in the purging of his soul,
 When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
 No.

* Caught as with bird-lime.

† Considered.

‡ Reward.

Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent :*
 When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
 Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed;
 At gaming, swearing; or about some act
 That has no relish of salvation in't:
 Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven:
 And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
 As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
 This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.

[Exit.]

The KING rises and advances.

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

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Another Room in the same.

Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look, you lay home to him:
 Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
 And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
 Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here.
 Pray you, be round with him.

Queen. I'll warrant you;
 Fear me not:—withdraw, I hear him coming.

[POLONIUS hides himself.]

Enter HAMLET.

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

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

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

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

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so:

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

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

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;
 You go not, till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

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

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

Ham. How now! a rat?
 Dead, for a ducat, dead.

[Draws.]

[HAMLET makes a pass through the arras.]

Pol. [*Behind.*] O, I am slain.

[Falls and dies.]

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not:

Is it the king? [*Lifts up the arras, and draws forth POLONIUS.*]

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

* Seize him at a more horrid time.

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

Queen. As kill a king!

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell! [To POLONIUS.

I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:

Thou find'st, to be too busy, is some danger.—

Leave wringing of your hands: Peace; sit you down,

And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff;

If damned custom have not brazed it so,

That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act,

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;

Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,

And sets a blister there; makes marriage-vows

As false as dicers' oaths; O, such a deed

As from the body of contraction* plucks

The very soul; and sweet religion makes

A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth glow;

Yea, this solidity and compound mass,

With tristful visage, as against the doom,

Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ah me, what act,

That roars so loud, and thunders in the index? †

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this; ‡

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.

See, what a grace was seated on this brow:

Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;

An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;

A station § like the herald Mercury,

New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;

A combination, and a form, indeed,

Where every god did seem to set his seal,

To give the world assurance of a man:

This was your husband.—Look you now, what follows:

Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,

Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,

And batten || on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?

You cannot call it, love: for, at your age,

The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,

And waits upon the judgment; And what judgment

Would step from this to this? Sense, ¶ sure, you have,

Else, could you not have motion: But, sure, that sense

Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err;

Nor sense to ecstasy** was ne'er so thrall'd,

* Marriage contract.

† The portraits of the two brothers.

‡ To grow fat.

¶ Sensation.

† Index of contents.

§ Attitude.

** Frenzy.

But it reserved some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was 't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind? *
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope. †

O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine ‡ in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame,
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge;
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained § spots,
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed; ||
Stew'd in corruption; honeying, and making love
Over the nasty sty; —

Queen. O, speak to me no more;
These words, like daggers enter in mine ears:
No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain:
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord:—a vice ¶ of kings:
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more.

Enter GHOST.

Ham. A king
Of shreds and patches:—
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget: This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look, amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul;
Conceit ** in weakest bodies strongest works;
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you?

* Blindman's buff.

§ Ingrained.

† Be so stupid.

|| Greasy.

¶ Mimic.

‡ Mutiny.

** Imagination.

That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
 And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
 Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
 And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
 Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,*
 Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,
 Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
 Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him!—Look you, how pale he glares!
 His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
 Would make them capable.†—Do not look upon me;
 Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
 My stern effects:‡ then what I have to do
 Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
 My father, in his habit as he lived!
 Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal! [*Exit GHOST.*]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
 This bodiless creation ecstasy §
 Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
 And makes as healthful music: It is not madness,
 That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
 And I the matter will re-word; which madness
 Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
 Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
 That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
 It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
 Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
 Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
 Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
 And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
 To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue:
 For in the fatness of these pursy times,
 Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg;
 Yea, curb|| and woo, for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
 And live the purer with the other half,
 Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
 Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
 That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat
 Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this;
 That to the use of actions fair and good
 He likewise gives a frock, or livery,

* As that of hair.

† Intelligent.

‡ Actions.

§ Frenzy.

|| Bend.

That aptly is put on: Refrain to-night;
 And that shall lend a kind of easiness
 To the next abstinence: the next more easy:
 For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
 And either curb the devil, or throw him out
 With wondrous potency. Once more, good night!
 And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
 I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,

[*Pointing to* POLONIUS.]

I do repent: But heaven hath pleased it so,—
 To punish me with this, and this with me,
 That I must be their scourge and minister.
 I will bestow him, and will answer well
 The death I gave him. So, again, good night:—
 I must be cruel, only to be kind:
 Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—
 But one word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
 Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
 Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you, his mouse;
 And let him, for a pair of reechy* kisses,
 Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
 Make you to ravel all this matter out,
 That I essentially am not in madness,
 But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him know:
 For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
 Would from a paddock,† from a bat, a jib,‡
 Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
 No, in despite of sense, and secrecy,
 Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
 Let the birds fly; and, like the famous ape,
 To try conclusions,§ in the basket creep,
 And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assured, if words be made of breath,
 And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
 What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack,
 I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd: and my two school-fellows,—
 Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,—
 They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
 And marshal me to knavery: Let it work;
 For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
 Hoist with his own petard: and it shall go hard,
 But I will delve one yard below their mines,
 And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet,
 When in one line two crafts directly meet.—
 This man shall set me packing.
 I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room:—

* Steaming with heat.

‡ Male cat.

† Toad.

§ Experiments.

Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, Sir, to draw toward an end with you :—
Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally ; HAMLET dragging in POLONIUS.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves
You must translate : 'tis fit we understand them :
Where is your son ?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.—

[*To ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN, who go out.*

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to night !

King. What, Gertrude ? How does Hamlet ?

Queen. Mad as the sea, and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier : In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries, *A rat ! a rat !*
And, in his brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed !

It had been so with us, had we been there :
His liberty is full of threats to all ;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas ! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd.
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,*
This mad young man : but, so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit ;
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone ?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd :
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore,
Among a mineral † of metals base,
Shows itself pure ; he weeps for what is done.

King. O, Gertrude, come away !
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence : and this vile deed
We must with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho ! Guildenstern !

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid :
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him :

* Company.

† Mine.

Go, seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done: so, haply, slander,—
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,*
'Transports his poison'd shot,—may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air.—O come away!
My soul is full of discord and dismay.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham.—Safely stowed,—[*Ros. &c. within.* Hamlet! lord Hamlet!] But soft!—what noise? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge!—what replication should be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: He keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw, first mouthed, to be last swallowed: When he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

Guil. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after.†
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter KING, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.
How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose?
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He's loved of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;

* Mark

† A sport among children.

And, where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause: Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are relieved,

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

Or not at all.—How now? what hath befallen?

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

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain
convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is
your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else, to fat us;
and we fat ourselves for maggots: Your fat king, and your lean
beggar, is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table;
that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king;
and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a pro-
gress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

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

King. Go seek him there.

[*To some Attendants.*

Ham. He will stay till you come.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence
With fiery quickness: Therefore, prepare thyself;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,*
The associates tend,† and everything is bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub, that sees them.—But, come; for Eng-
land!—Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

* Right, ready.

† Attend.

Ham. My mother : Father and mother is man and wife ; man and wife is one flesh ; and so, my mother. Come, for England.

[*Exit.*]

King. Follow him at foot ; tempt him with speed aboard ;
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night :
Away ; for everything is seal'd and done
That else leans on the affair : Pray you, make haste.

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense ;
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us), thou may'st not coldly set*
Our sovereign process ; which imports at full,
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England ;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me : Till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps,† my joys will ne'er begin.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—A Plain in Denmark.

Enter FORTINBRAS, and Forces, marching.

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king ;
Tell him, that, by his licence, Fortinbras
Craves the conveyance of a promised march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye.‡
And let him know so.

Cap. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on. [*Exeunt FORTINBRAS, and Forces.*]

Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, &c.

Ham. Good Sir, whose powers§ are these ?

Cap. They are of Norway, Sir.

Ham. How purposed, Sir,

I pray you ?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who

Commands them, Sir ?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, Sir,

Or for some frontier ?

Cap. Truly to speak, Sir, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it ;
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack|| never will defend it.

* Value, estimate.

‡ Presence.

§ Forces.

† Whatever else happens.

|| Polander.

Cap. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats,
Will not debate the question of this straw :
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace ·
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, Sir.

Cap. God be wi' you, Sir.

[*Exit* CAPTAIN.]

Ros. Will't please you go, my lord ?

Ham. I will be with you straight. Go a little before.

[*Exeunt* ROS. and GUIL.]

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge ! What is a man,
If his chief good, and market* of his time,
Be but to sleep and feed ? a beast, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse, †
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust ‡ in us unused. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And, ever, three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, *This thing's to do* ;
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me :
Witness, this army of such mass, and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince ;
Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event ;
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is, not to stir without great argument ; §
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep ? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds ; fight for a plot ||
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause
Which is not tomb enough, and continent, ¶
To hide the slain ?—O, from this time forth
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*Elsinore. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter QUEEN and HORATIO.

Queen. —I will not speak with her.

* That for which he sells.

† Power of comprehension.

‡ Grow mouldy.

§ Cause.

|| Piece.

¶ Capable of containing.

Hor. She is importunate; indeed, distract;
Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Hor. She speaks much of her father; says she hears,
There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart.
Spurns enviously * at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it, †
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think, there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Queen. 'Twere good, she were spoken with; for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds:
Let her come in. [Exit HORATIO.]

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy ‡ seems prologue to some great amiss: §
So full of heartless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter HORATIO with OPHELIA.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

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

[Singing.]

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

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

[Sings.]

O, ho!

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,

[Sings.]

Enter KING.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord

Oph. *Larded all with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers.*

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God'ield || you! They say, the owl was a baker's
daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we
may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

* Spitefully.

† Guess.

‡ Trifle.

§ Misfortune.

| Reward.

Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this; but, when they ask you what it means, say you this:—

*Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine:
Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd* the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.*

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't:

*By Gis, and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't;
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed:
"So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed."*

King. How long hath she been thus?

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

King. Follow her close: give her good watch, I pray you.

[*Exit* HORATIO.]

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death: And now behold,
O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions! First, her father slain;
Next, your son gone: and he most violent author
Of his own just remove: The people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly, †
In hugger-mugger to inter him: Poor Ophelia
Divided from herself, and her fair judgment;
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts.
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France:
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering piece, ‡ in many places
Gives me superfluous death!

[*A noise within.*]

* Do up.

† Without judgment.

‡ Small ship cannon.

Queen. Alack! what noise is this?

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

King. Attend.

Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door:
What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord;
The ocean, overpeering of his list,*
~~Eats~~ not the flats with more impetuous haste,
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers! The rabble call him, lord;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, *Choose we; Laertes shall be king!*
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
O, this is counter, † you false Danish dogs.

King. The doors are broke. [*Noise within.*]

Enter LAERTES, armed; DANES following.

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

Dan. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you give me leave.

Dan. We will, we will. [*They retire without the door.*]

Laer. I thank you:—keep the door.—O thou vile king,
Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood, that's calm, proclaims me bastard;
Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirch'd ‡ brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person;
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incensed;—Let him go, Gertrude;—
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation: To this point I stand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,

* Bounds.

† Hounds run counter when they trace the scent backwards.

‡ Clean, undefiled.

Let come what comes; only I'll be revenged
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world's;
And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,
That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;
And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear,*
As day does to your eye.

Danes. [*within*]. Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Enter OPHELIA, fantastically dressed with Straws and Flowers.
O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine † in love; and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. They bore him barefaced on the bier;

Hey no nonny, nonny hey nonny:

And in his grave rain'd many a tear;—

Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, *Down-a-down, an you call him, a-down-a.*
O, how the wheel ‡ becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole
his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you,
love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance
fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines:—there's rue for

* Appear.

† Artful.

‡ The burden.

you; and here's some for me:—we may call it, herb of grace o' Sundays:—you may wear your rue with a difference.*—There's a daisy:—I would give you some violets; but they wither'd all, when my father died:—They say he made a good end,—

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy. [Sings.

Laer. Thought† and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. *And will he not come again?* [Sings.
And will he not come again?

*No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.*

*His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan,
God 'a mercy on his soul!*

And of all Christian souls! I pray God. God be wi' you!

[Exit OPHELIA.

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure funeral,—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,
No noble right, nor formal ostentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall;
And where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Another Room in the same.

Enter HORATIO, and a SERVANT.

Hor. What are they, that would speak with me?

Serv. Sailors, Sir;

They say, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.

[Exit SERVANT

I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

* *I. e.* by its Sunday name, "herb of grace;" mine is merely rue, *i. e.* sorrow.
† Melancholy.

Enter SAILORS.

1 *Sail.* God bless you, Sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

1 *Sail.* He shall, Sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, Sir; it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. [*reads*]. Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour; and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant, they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me, like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell. He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.

Come, I will give you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter KING and LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears:—But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O, for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,*
But yet to me they are strong. The queen his mother,
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which),
She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is, the great love the general gender† bear him:
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Work like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Converts his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,

* Deprived of strength.

† Common people.

d have reverted to my bow again,
not where I had aim'd them.

er. And so have I a noble father lost;
er driven into desperate terms;
e worth, if praises may go back again,
challenger on mount of all the age
er perfections:—But my revenge will come.

ig. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think,
we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
we can let our beard be shook with danger,
think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
d your father, and we love ourself;
hat, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—
now? what news?

Enter a MESSENGER.

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

ig. From Hamlet! who brought them?

ss. Sailors, my lord, they say: I saw them not:
were given me by Claudio, he received them
m that brought them.

ig. Laertes, you shall hear them:—

us.

[*Exit MESSENGER.*

ads.] *High and mighty, you shall know, I am set naked on
kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly
when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount
occasion of my sudden and more strange return.*

Hamlet.

t should this mean! Are all the rest come back?
it some abuse, and no such thing?

er. Know you the hand?

ig. 'Tis Hamlet's character. *Naked*,—
in a postscript here, he says, *alone*:
you advise me?

er. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come;
rms the very sickness in my heart,
I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
diddest thou.

ng. If it be so, Laertes,
ow should it be so? how otherwise?—
you be ruled by me?

er. Ay, my lord;

ou will not o'errule me to a peace.

ng. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—
ecking* at his voyage, and that he means
ore to undertake it,—I will work him
n exploit, now ripe in my device,
er the which he shall not choose but fall:
for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;
even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
call it, accident.

* Objecting to.

Laer. My lord, I will be ruled ;
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.

You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine : your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one ; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.*

Laer. What part is that, my lord ?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too ; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables, and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.—Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
I have seen myself, and served against, the French,
And they can well on horseback : but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't ; he grew unto his seat ;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorpsed and demi-natured
With the brave beast : so far he topp'd my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Came short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman, was't ?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamord.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is the brooch,† indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you :
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,‡
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you : the scrimers§ of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you opposed them ; Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you.
Now, out of this,—

Laer. What out of this, my lord ?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you ?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart ?

Laer. Why ask you this ?

King. Not that I think, you did not love your father ;
But that I know, love is begun by time ;
And that I see, in passages of proof,||

* Place. † Ornament. ‡ Fencing.
§ Fencers. || Daily experience.

Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
 There lives within the very flame of love
 A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it;
 And nothing is at a like goodness still;
 For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,*
 Dies in his own too-much: That we would do,
 We should do when we would; for this *would* changes,
 And hath abatements and delays as many,
 As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
 And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh,
 That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer:
 Hamlet comes back; What would you undertake,
 To show yourself in deed your father's son
 More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;
 Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
 Will do you this, keep close within your chamber:
 Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home:
 We'll put on those that praise your excellence,
 And set a double varnish on the fame
 The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, together,
 And wager o'er your heads: he, being remiss,
 Most generous, and free from all contriving,
 Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,
 Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
 A sword unbated,† and, in a pass of practice,‡
 Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't:

And, for the purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
 I bought an unction of a mountebank,
 So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
 Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
 Collected from all simples that have virtue
 Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
 That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
 With this contagion; that, if I gall him slightly,
 It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this;
 Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,
 May fit us to our shape: if this should fail,
 And that our drift look through our bad performance,
 'Twere better not assay'd; therefore this project
 Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
 If this should blast in proof. § Soft;—let me see:—
 We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings, ||—
 I ha't:

When in your motion you are hot and dry
 (As make your bouts more violent to that end),
 And that he calls for drink, I'll have preferr'd ¶ him

* Overplus, superabundance.

‡ Exercise.

|| Skill.

† Not blunted as foils are.

§ Burst in proving.

¶ Presented.

A chalice for the nonce;* whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,†
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise?

Enter QUEEN.

How now, sweet queen?

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow:—Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows askant the brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal‡ shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;
And mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:
Which time, she chanted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable§ of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, she is drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: But yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out.¶—Adieu, my lord!
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it.

[*Exit.*

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

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Church-Yard.

Enter Two CLOWNS, with Spades, &c.

1 *Clo.* Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

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

* A cup for the purpose.

† Thrust.

‡ Gross.

§ Insensible.

¶ Tears will flow.

¶ Immediately.

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

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

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

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

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

2 *Clo.* But is this law?

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

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

1 *Clo.* Why, there thou say'st: And the more pity; that great folks shall have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even* Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clo.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clo.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clo.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clo.* What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the scripture? The scripture says, Adam digged; Could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2 *Clo.* Go to.

1 *Clo.* What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clo.* The gallows-maker; for that frame out-lives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well: But how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill, to say, the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.

2 *Clo.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke. †

2 *Clo.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clo.* To't.

2 *Clo.* Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance.

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

[Exit 2 CLOWN.]

* Fellow.

† Give over.

1 CLOWN digs, and sings.

*In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought, it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove
O, methought, there was nothing meet.*

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business? he sings at grave-making.

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

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

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

[Throws up a Scull.

Ham. That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which would say, *Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?* This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why e'en so: and now my lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade; Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats* with them? mine ache to think on't.

1 Clo. *A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade, [Sings.
For and† a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.* [Throws up a scull.

Ham. There's another: Why may not that be the scull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets,‡ his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

* An ancient game like *quoits*.

† And also.

‡ Subtilties and frivolous distinctions.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calves-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, which seek out assurance* in that. I will speak to this fellow:—Whose grave's this, Sirrah?

1 Clo. Mine, Sir.—

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

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

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

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

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

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1 Clo. For no man, Sir.

Ham. What woman, then?

1 Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

1 Clo. One that was a woman, Sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card,† or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked,‡ that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 Clo. Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long's that since?

1 Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: It was that very day that young Hamlet was born: he that is mad, and sent into England.

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

1 Clo. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1 Clo. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

1 Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

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

Ham. Upon what ground?

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

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

1 Clo. 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in), he will last you some eight year, or nine year; a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

1 Clo. Why, Sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore

* Assurances are deeds.

† Chart.

‡ Affected.

decaier of your whoreson dead body. Here's a scull now hath lain you i' the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

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

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1 Clo. A pestilence, on him for a mad rogue! he poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same scull, Sir, was Yorick's scull, the king's jester.

Ham. This?

[*Takes the skull.*]

1 Clo. E'en that.

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

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think, Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah!

[*Throws down the skull.*]

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam: And why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious† Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:

O, that the earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!‡

But soft! but soft! aside:—Here comes the king,

Enter PRIESTS, &c., *in procession; the Corpse of* OPHELIA;
LAERTES, and Mourners following; KING, QUEEN, their
Trains, &c.

The queen, the courtiers: Who is this they follow?

And with such maimed rites!§ This doth betoken,

The corse, they follow, did with desperate hand

Fordo|| its own life. 'Twas of some estate:¶

Couch we awhile, and mark.

[*Retiring with* HORATIO.

* Countenance, complexion.

† Imperial.

‡ Blast.

§ Imperfect obsequies.

|| Destroy.

¶ High rank.

Laer. What ceremony else ?

Ham. That is Laertes,
A very noble youth : Mark.

Laer. What ceremony else ?

1 *Priest.* Her obsequies have been as far enlarged
As we have warrant : Her death was doubtful ;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodged,
Till the last trumpet ; for charitable prayers,
Shards,* flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her,
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,†
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done ?

1 *Priest.* No more be done.
We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a *requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth ;—
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring !—I tell thee, churlish priest,
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia !

Queen. Sweets to the sweet : Farewell ! [*Scattering flowers.*]
I hoped, thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife ;
I thought, thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Deprived thee of !—Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms :

[*Leaps into the grave.*]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead ;
Till of this flat a mountain you have made
To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*advancing*]. What is he, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis ? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers ? this is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

[*Leaps into the grave.*
[*Grappling with him.*]

Laer. The devil take thy soul !

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat ;
For, though I am not splenetic and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear : Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet !

All. Gentlemen,—

* Broken pots, or tiles.

† Garlands.

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son! what theme?

Ham. I loved Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Zounds, show me what thou'lt do:
Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't tear thyself?
Woul't drink up Esil? * eat a crocodile?
I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us; till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:
And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclosed, †
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, Sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I loved you ever: But it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

[*Exit.*]

King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.—

[*Exit* HORATIO.]

Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;

[*To* LAERTES.]

We'll put the matter to the present push.—
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Hall in the Castle.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, Sir: now shall you see the other;—
You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep; methought, I lay
Worse than the mutines ‡ in the bilboes. Rashly,
And praised be rashness for it,—Let us know,

* The *Weisel* (Vistula) river.

† Hatched.

‡ Mutineers.

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do pall:* and that should teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Groped I to find out them: had my desire;
Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again: making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,
A royal knavery; an exact command,—
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs† and goblins in my life,—
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission; read it at more leisure.
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. Ay, beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villanies,
Or‡ I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play;—I sat me down;
Devised a new commission; wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statist§ do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, Sir, now
It did me yeoman's service: Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,—
As England was his faithful tributary;
As love between them like the palm might flourish;
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma 'tween their amities;
And many such like as's of great charge,—
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more, or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant;
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model|| of that Danish seal:
Folded the writ up in form of the other;
Subscribed it; gave't the impression; placed it safely,
The changeling never known: Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

* Fail.

† Bugbears.

‡ Before.

§ Statemen.

|| Copy.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment ;
They are not near my conscience ; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow :
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this !

Ham. Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon ?
He that hath kill'd my king, and whored my mother,
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes ;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage : is't not perfect conscience,
To quit* him with this arm ? and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil ?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England,
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short ; the interim is mine ;
And a man's life no more than to say, one.
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself ;
For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his : I'll court his favours :
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace ; who comes here ?

Enter OSRIC.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, Sir.—Dost know this water-fly ?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious ; for 'tis a vice to know
him : He hath much land, and fertile : let a beast be lord of beasts,
and his crib shall stand at the king's mess : 'Tis a chough ; but,
as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should im-
part a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, Sir, with all diligence of spirit : Your
bonnet to its right use ; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold ; the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry and hot ; or my com-
plexion——

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord ; it is very sultry,—as t'were,—I
cannot tell how—My lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that
he has laid a great wager on your head : Sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember——

[HAMLET moves him to put on his hat.

Osr. Nay, good my lord ; for my ease, in good faith. Sir, here
is newly come to court, Laertes : believe me, an absolute gentle-

* Requite.

man, full of most excellent differences,* of very soft society, and great showing: Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card† or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of‡ what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, this definement suffers no perdition in you;— though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but yaw § neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and, who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, Sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, Sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination || of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all his golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, Sir.

Osr. I know, you are not ignorant——

Ham. I would, you did, Sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve ¶ me;—Well, Sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is——

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, Sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed** he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, Sir, hath wager'd with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has impawned,†† as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so: Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew you must be edified by the margent,‡‡ ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides; I would, it might be hangers till then. But, on: Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish: Why is this impawn'd, as you call it?

* Distinguishing excellences.

† Chart.

‡ Containing.

§ To move unsteadily, as a ship in a great swell.

|| Mentioning.

¶ Recommend.

** Merit.

†† Staked.

‡‡ Margin of explanatory notes.

Osr. The king, Sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid, on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How, if I answer, no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me: let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, Sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship. [*Exit.*]

Ham. Yours, yours.—He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply* with his dug, before he sucked it. Thus has he (and many more of the same breed, that, I know, the drossy age doats on,) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fand† and winnowed opinions: and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a LORD.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: He sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me.

[*Exit LORD.*]

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think, how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, ‡ as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

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

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

* Pass compliments.

† Fanned, as corn from dust.

‡ Misgiving.

Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, LORDS, OSRIC, and Attendants, with Foils, &c.

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

[*The KING puts the hand of LAERTES into that of HAMLET.*]

Ham. Give me your pardon, Sir: I have done you wrong; But pardon it, as you are a gentleman. This presence knows, and you must needs have heard, How I am punish'd with a sore distraction. What I have done,

That might your nature, honour, and exception, Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness. Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet: If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away, And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes, Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it. Who does it then? His madness? if't be so, Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd, His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

Sir, in this audience, Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil Free me so far in your most generous thoughts, That I have shot my arrow o'er the house, And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature, Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most To my revenge: but in my terms of honour, I stand aloof; and will no reconcilment, Till by some elder masters, of known honour, I have a voice and precedent of peace, To keep my name ungor'd: But till that time, I do receive your offer'd love like love, And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely; And will this brother's wager frankly play.— Give us the foils; come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night, Stick fiery off, indeed.

Laer. You mock me, Sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric.—Cousin Hamlet, You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord; Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it: I have seen you both:— But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well: These foils have all a length?

[*They prepare to play.*]

Osric. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table:—

If Hamlet gives the first or second hit,
 Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
 Let all the battlements their ordnance fire ;
 The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath ;
 And in the cup an union * shall he throw,
 Richer than that which four successive kings
 In Denmark's crown have worn ; Give me the cups ;
 And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
 The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
 The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin ;—
 And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, Sir.

Laer. Come, my lord.

[*They play.*]

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well, again.

King. Stay, give me drink ; Hamlet, this pearl is thine ;
 Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.

[*Trumpets sound ; and Cannon shot off within.*]

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by awhile.

Come.—Another hit ; What say you ?

[*They play.*]

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant o' breath.—

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, † rub thy brows :
 The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam,—

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord ; I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd cup ; it is too late.

[*Aside.*]

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam ; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think it.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

[*Aside.*]

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes : you do but dally ;
 I pray you, pass with your best violence ;
 I am afeard, you make a wanton ‡ of me.

Laer. Say you so ? come on.

[*They play.*]

Osr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[*LAERTES wounds HAMLET ; then, in scuffling, they
 change Rapiers, and HAMLET wounds LAERTES.*]

King. Part them, they are incensed.

Ham. Nay, come again.

[*The QUEEN falls.*]

Osr. Look to the Queen there, ho !

Hor. They bleed on both sides :—How is it, my lord ?

Osr. How is't, Laertes ?

* A pearl.

† Handkerchief.

‡ Boy.

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own springe, Osrice ;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the Queen ?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet !
The drink, the drink : I am poison'd ! [Dies.]

Ham. O villany !—Ho ! let the door be lock'd :
Treachery ! seek it out. [LAERTES falls.]

Laer. It is here, Hamlet : Hamlet, thou art slain ;
No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour's life ;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated, and envenom'd ; * the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me ; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again : Thy mother's poison'd ;
I can no more ; the king, the king's to blame.

Ham. The point
Envenom'd too !—Then venom, to thy work. [Stabs the KING.]

Osr. and Lords. Treason, treason !

King. O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion :—Is the union † here ? [KING dies.]
Follow my mother.

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

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it ! I follow thee.
I am dead, Horatio :—Wretched queen, adieu !—
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time (as this fell sergeant, § death,
Is strict in his arrest), O, I could tell you,—
But let it be :—Horatio, I am dead ;
Thou livest ; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

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

Ham. As thou'rt a man,—
Give me the cup ; let go ; by heaven I'll have it.—
O God !—Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me !
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.— [March afar off, and shot within.]
What warlike noise is this ?

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,

* Without a button and poisoned.

† The pearl the king spoke of.

‡ Mixed.

§ Sheriff's officer.

To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit;
I cannot live to hear the news from England:
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents,* more or less,
Which have solicited,†—The rest is silence. [Dies.

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart;—Good night, sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!—
Why does the drum come hither? [March within.

Enter FORTINBRAS, the ENGLISH AMBASSADORS, and others.

Fort. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it you would see?
If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry‡ cries on havoc!§—O, proud death!
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes, at a shot,
So bloodily hast struck?

1 *Amb.* The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless, that should give us hearing,
To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you;
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump|| upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack ¶ wars, and you from England,
Are here arrived; give order, that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;
And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,
How these things come about: So shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forced cause;
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fallen on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:

* Incidents.

† Incited.

‡ Heap of dead game.

§ A word of censure when more game was destroyed than was reasonable.

|| Exactly.

¶ Polish.

But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even when men's minds are wild ; lest more mischance
On plots and errors, happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage ;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have proved most royally ; and, for his passage,
The soldier's music, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him.—

Take up the bodies :—Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[*A dead march.*

[*Exeunt, bearing off the dead bodies ; after which,
a peal of ordnance is shot off.*

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF VENICE.	HERALD.
BRABANTIO, <i>a Senator.</i>	DESDEMONA, <i>Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello.</i>
Two other SENATORS.	EMILIA, <i>Wife to Iago.</i>
GRATIANO, <i>Brother to Brabantio.</i>	BIANCA, <i>a Courtezan, Mistress to Cassio.</i>
LODOVICO, <i>Kinsman to Brabantio.</i>	
OTHELLO, <i>the Moor.</i>	
CASSIO, <i>his Lieutenant.</i>	
IAGO, <i>his Ancient.</i>	
RODERIGO, <i>a Venetian Gentleman.</i>	
MONTANO, <i>Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus.</i>	OFFICERS, GENTLEMEN, MESSENGERS, MUSICIANS, SAILORS, ATTENDANTS, &c.
CLOWN, <i>Servant to Othello.</i>	

SCENE, for the first Act, in Venice; during the rest of the Play, at a Sea-port in Cyprus.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Street.

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.

Rod. Tush, never tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine,—shouldst know of this.

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:—
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capp'd* to him;—and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,†
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion, nonsuits
My mediators; *for, certes, says he,*
I have already chose my officer.
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,

* Saluted.

† Circumlocution.

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair life ;
 That never set a squadron in the field,
 Nor the division of a battle knows
 More than a spinster ; unless* the bookish theoretic,†
 Wherein the togaed consuls can propose
 As masterly as he : mere prattle, without practice,
 Is all his soldiership. But he, Sir, had the election :
 And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof,
 At Rhodes, at Cyprus ; and on other grounds,
 Christian and heathen,—must be be-lee'd and calm'd
 By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster ;‡
 He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
 And I (God bless the mark !), his Moorship's ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy ; 'tis the curse of service ;
 Preferment goes by letter, and affection,
 Not by the old gradation, where each second
 Stood heir to the first. Now, Sir, be judge yourself,
 Whether I in any just term am affined §
 To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O, Sir, content you ;
 I follow him to serve my turn upon him :
 We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
 Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
 Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
 That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
 Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
 For nought but provender ; and, when he's old, cashier'd ;
 Whip me such honest knaves :|| Others there are,
 Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
 Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves ;
 And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
 Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lined their coats,
 Do themselves homage : these fellows have some soul ;
 And such a one do I profess myself.

For, Sir,

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
 Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago :
 In following him, I follow but myself ;
 Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
 But seeming so, for my peculiar end :
 For when my outward action doth demonstrate
 The native act and figure of my heart
 In compliment extern, ¶ 'tis not long after
 But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
 For daws to peck at : I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,**
 If he can carry't thus !

* Except.

† Theory.

‡ It was anciently the practice to reckon up sums with counters.

§ Related.

|| Servants.

¶ Outward show of civility.

** Own, enjoy.

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him : make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets ; incense her kinsmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies : though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house ; I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do ; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What, ho ! Brabantio ! signior Brabantio, ho !

Iago. Awake ! what, ho ! Brabantio ! thieves ! thieves ! thieves !
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags !
Thieves ! thieves !

BRABANTIO, *above, at a Window.*

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons ?
What is the matter there ?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within ?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd ?

Bra. Why ? wherefore ask you this ?

Iago. 'Zounds, Sir, you are robb'd ; for shame, put on your
gown ;

Your heart is burst,* you have lost half your soul ;
Even now, very now, an old black ram
Is tuppung your white ewe. Arise, arise ;
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you :
Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits ?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice ?

Bra. Not I ; What are you ?

Rod. My name is—Roderigo.

Bra. The worse welcome :

I have charged thee, not to haunt about my doors :
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter is not for thee ; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper, and distemp'ring† draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir, Sir,—

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit, and my place, have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good Sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing ? this is Venice ;
My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. 'Zounds, Sir, you are one of those, that will not serve
God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service,

* *I. e.* is broken.

† Intoxicating.

you think we are ruffians: You'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse; you'll have your nephews* neigh to you: you'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets for germans.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, Sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer: I know thee, Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer anything. But I beseech you, If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent (As partly, I find, it is), that your fair daughter, At this odd-even† and dull watch o' the night, Transported—with no worse nor better guard, But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,— To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,— If this be known to you, and your allowance,‡ We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs; But if you know not this, my manners tell me, We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe, That from the sense of all civility, I thus would play and trifle with your reverence: Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,— I say again, hath made a gross revolt: Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes, In an extravagant§ and wheeling stranger, Of here and everywhere: Straight satisfy yourself: If she be in her chamber, or your house, Let loose on me the justice of the state For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho! Give me a taper:—call up all my people:— This accident is not unlike my dream, Belief of it oppresses me already:— Light, I say! light!

[*Exit from above.*

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you: It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place, To be produced (as, if I stay, I shall) Against the Moor: For, I do know the state,— However this may gall him with some check,— Cannot with safety cast|| him; for he's embark'd With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars (Which even now stand in act), that, for their souls, Another of his fathom they have not, To lead their business; in which regard, Though I do hate him as I do hell pains, Yet, for necessity of present life, I must show out a flag and sign of love, Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him, Lead to the Sagittary the raised search; And there will I be with him. So, farewell.

[*Exit.*

* *Nepotes*, grandsons.

‡ *Approbation*.

§ *Wandering*.

† *About midnight*.

|| *Dismiss*.

Enter below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with Torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil : gone she is ;
And what's to come of my despised time,*
Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her ?—O, unhappy girl !—
With the Moor, say'st thou ?—Who would be a father ?—
How didst thou know 'twas she ? O, thou deceiv'st me
Past thought !—What said she to you ?—Get more tapers ;
Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, think you ?

Rod. Truly, I think, they are.

Bra. O heaven !—How got she out ?—O treason of the blood !—
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.—Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abused ? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing ?

Rod. Yes, Sir ; I have, indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother. O, that you had had her !—
Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor ?

Rod. I think, I can discover him ; if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call ;
I may command at most ;—Get weapons, ho !
And raise some special officers of night.—
On, good Roderigo ;—I'll deserve your pains.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The same. Another Street.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience,
To do no contrived murder ; I lack iniquity
Sometimes, to do me service ; Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, Sir,
Are you fast married ? for, be sure of this,—
That the magnifico† is much beloved ;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
As double as the duke's ; he will divorce you ;
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law (with all his might, to enforce it on)
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite :
My services, which I have done the signiory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,

* Old age.

† Brabantio : magnifico is his title as a senator.

I shall promulgate), I fetch my life and being
 From men of royal siege ;* and my demerits†
 May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune
 As this that I have reach'd : For know, Iago,
 But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
 I would not my unhoused‡ free condition
 Put into circumspection and confine
 For the sea's worth. But, look ! what lights come yonder ?

Enter CASSIO, at a distance, and certain Officers with Torches.

Iago. These are the raised father, and his friends :
 You were best go in.

Oth. Not I : I must be found ;
 My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
 Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they ?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
 The goodness of the night upon you, friends !
 What is the news ?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general ;
 And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,
 Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you ?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine ;
 It is a business of some heat : The galleys
 Have sent a dozen sequent§ messengers
 This very night at one another's heels ;
 And many of the consuls, raised, and met,
 Are at the duke's already : You have been hotly call'd for ;
 When, being not at your lodging to be found,
 The senate hath sent about three several quests,||
 To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
 I will but spend a word here in the house,
 And go with you.

[*Exit.*

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here ?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carrack ;¶
 If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who ?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go ?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

*Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers of night, with
 torches and weapons.*

Iago. It is Brabantio :—general, be advised ;**
 He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Hola ! stand there !

* Seat or throne.

† Merits.

‡ Unsettled.

§ Successive.

|| Searchers.

¶ Large vessel.

** Cautious.

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief! [They draw on both sides.

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, Sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.—
Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy;
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled* darlings of our nation,—
Would ever have to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou: to fear,† not to delight.
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,
That thou hast practised on her with foul charms;
Abused her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals;
That waken motion: I'll have it disputed on;
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant:—
Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison: till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied;
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him?

Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior,
The duke's in council; and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night!—Bring him away:
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own:
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans, shall our statesmen be.

[Exeunt.

* Elegant.

† Terrify.

SCENE III.—*The same. A Council Chamber.*

The DUKE, and SENATORS, sitting at a table; Officers attending.

Duke. There is no composition* in these news,
That gives them credit.

1 Sen. Indeed, they are disproportion'd;
My letters say, a hundred and seven galleys.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

2 Sen. And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account
(As in these cases, where the aim † reports,
'Tis oft with difference), yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment;
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Sailor [within]. What ho! what ho! what ho!

Enter an OFFICER, with a SAILOR.

Off. A messenger from the galleys.

Duke. Now? the business?

Sailor. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state,
By signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1 Sen. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason; 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze: When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question ‡ bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace, §
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in;—if we make thought of this,
We must not think, the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest which concerns him first;
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain
To wake, and wage, ¶ a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

Off. Here is more news.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

1 Sen. Ay, so I thought:—How many, as you guess?

Mess. Of thirty sail: and now do they re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,

* Consistency.

† Conjecture.

‡ Easy dispute.

§ State of defence.

¶ Fight.

Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain, then, for Cyprus.—
Marchus Lucchesé, is he not in town?

1 Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us; wish* him post-post-haste: despatch.

1 Sen. Here comes Brabantio, with the valiant Moor.

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.

I did not see you; welcome, gentle Signior; [*To BRABANTIO.*
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours: Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath raised me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me;

She is abused, stolen from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks:
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not—

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.†

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.

Duke & Sen. We are very sorry for it.

Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to this?

[*To OTHELLO.*

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace:
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,

* Recommend.

† Accusation.

Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
 Their dearest action * in the tented field ;
 And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle ;
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
 In speaking for myself : Yet, by your gracious patience,
 I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
 Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what charms,
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic
 (For such proceeding I am charged withal),
 I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden never bold ;
 Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
 Blush'd at herself ; And she,—in spite of nature,
 Of years, of country, credit, everything,—
 To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on ?
 It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
 That will confess—perfection so could err
 Against all rules of nature ; and must be driven
 To find out practices of cunning hell,
 Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
 That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
 Or with some dram conjured to this effect,
 He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof ;
 Without more certain and more overt test, †
 Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods
 Of modern seeming, ‡ do prefer against him.

1 Sen. But, Othello, speak ;—
 Did you by indirect and forced courses
 Subdue and poison this young maid's affections ?
 Or came it by request, and such fair question
 As soul to soul affordeth ?

Oth. I do beseech you,
 Send for the lady to the Sagittary, §
 And let her speak of me before her father :
 If you do find me foul in her report,
 The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
 Not only take away, but let your sentence
 Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them ; you best know the place.—

[*Exeunt IAGO and attendants.*]

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
 I do confess the vices of my blood,
 So justly to your grave ears I'll present
 How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
 And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father loved me ; oft invited me ;
 Still question'd me the story of my life,

* Best exertion.

† Open proof.

‡ Weak show.

§ *I. e.* to the sign of the Sagittary.

From year to year ; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
 That I have pass'd.
 I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
 Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
 Of moving accidents, by flood and field ;
 Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach ;
 Of being taken by the insolent foe,
 And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
 And portance * in my travel's history :
 Wherein of antres † vast, and deserts idle,
 Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
 It was my hint to speak, such was the process ;
 And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
 The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
 Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear,
 Would Desdemona seriously incline :
 But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;
 Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse : Which I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour ; and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcels ‡ she had something heard,
 But not intentively : § I did consent ;
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
 She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange ;
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :
 She wish'd, she had not heard it ; yet she wish'd
 That heaven had made her such a man : she thank'd me ;
 And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake :
 She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd ;
 And I loved her, that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have used ;
 Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.

Duke. I think, this tale would win my daughter too.—
 Good Brabantio,
 Take up this mangled matter at the best :
 Men do their broken weapons rather use,
 Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak ;
 If she confess, that she was half the wooer,
 Destruction on my head, if my bad blame

* My behaviour.

† Caves and dens.
 § Attentively.

‡ Parts.

Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle mistress;
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you, I am bound for life and education;
My life and education, both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter: But here's my husband;
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor my lord.

Bra. God be with you! I have done:—
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—
Come hither, Moor:

I here do give thee that with all my heart
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself;* and lay a sentence,
Which as a grise,† or step, may help these lovers
Into your favours.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserved when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the thief;
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears:
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear.‡
I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for
Cyprus:—Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to
you: And though we have there a substitute of most allowed
sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a
more safer voice on you: you must therefore be content to slub-

* *I. e.* as you yourself should speak.

† *Gradus*, degree.

‡ *I. e.* consoled by words.

ber * the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down : I do agnize †
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardness ; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife ;
Due reference of place and exhibition. ‡
With such accommodation, and besort,
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
Be't at her father's.

Bra. I'll not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I ; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend a gracious ear ;
And let me find a charter § in your voice,
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona ?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and scorn of fortunes
May trumpet to the world ; my heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord :
I saw Othello's visage in his mind ;
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate,
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rights for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence : Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords :—'beseech you, let her will
Have a free way.

Vouch with me, heaven ; I therefore beg it not
To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat (the young affects, ||
In me defunct) and proper satisfaction ;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind :
And heaven defend ¶ your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant,
For ** she is with me : No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid seel †† with wanton dulness
My speculative and active instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet ‡‡ of my helm, §§

* Obscure.

† Acknowledge.

‡ Allowance.

§ Privilege.

|| Affections.

¶ Forbid.

** Because.

†† Blind.

‡‡ A small kettle.

§§ Helmet.

And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation !

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay, or going : the affair cries—haste,
And speed must answer it ; you must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my lord ?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you ;
With such things else of quality and respect,
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your grace, my ancient ;
A man he is of honesty and trust :
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.—

Good night to every one.—And, noble Signior, [*To BRABANTIO.*
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

I Sen. Adieu, brave Moor ! use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor ! have a quick eye to see ;
She has deceived her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt DUKE, SENATORS, OFFICERS, &c.*

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee.
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her ;
And bring them after in the best advantage.—
Come, Desdemona ; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters, and direction,
To spend with thee, we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.*

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart ?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou ?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently * drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after it. Why,
thou silly gentleman !

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment : and then
have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

Iago. O villanous ! I have looked upon the world for four times
seven years ; and since I could distinguish between a benefit and
an injury, I never found a man that knew how to love himself.
Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a Guinea
hen, † I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do ? I confess, it is my shame to be so
fond ; but it is not in virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue ? a fig ! 'tis in ourselves, that we are thus, or

* Immediately.

† Prostitute.

thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts: whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be a sect,* or scion.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: Drown thyself? drown cats, and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard; † I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse; nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration; ‡—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills; fill thy purse with money: the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice.—She must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring § barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me;—Go, make money:—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: My cause is hearted: thine hath no less reason: Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure and me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse; || go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

* Cutting.

† Change your countenance with a false beard.

‡ Corresponding separation.

§ Wandering.

|| March.

Rod. I am changed. I'll sell all my land.

Iago. Go to; farewell: put money enough in your purse.

[*Exit* RODERIGO.]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:
 For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
 If I would time expend with such a snipe,
 But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
 And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
 He has done my office: I know not if 't be true;
 But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
 Will do, as if for surety. He holds * me well:
 The better shall my purpose work on him.
 Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now;
 To get his place, and to plume up my will;
 A double knavery,—How? how?—Let me see:
 After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,
 That he is too familiar with his wife:—
 He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
 To be suspected; framed to make women false.
 The Moor is of a free and open nature,
 That thinks men honest that but seem to be so;
 And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
 As asses are.
 I have't,—it is engender'd:—Hell and night
 Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Sea-port Town in CYPRUS. A Platform.

Enter MONTANO *and* Two GENTLEMEN.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?

1 Gent. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
 I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
 Descry a sail.

Mon. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land:
 A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
 If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
 What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
 Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of this?

2 Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
 For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
 The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;
 The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous main,
 Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
 And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:
 I never did like molestation view
 On th' enchafed flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
 Be not inshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;
 It is impossible they bear it out.

* Esteems.

Enter a third GENTLEMAN.

3 *Gent.* News, lords! our wars are done;
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That there designment halts: A noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

3 *Gent.* The ship is here put in,
A Veronesé; Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

3 *Gent.* But this same Cassio, though he speak of comfort,
Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. 'Pray heaven he be;
For I have served him, and the man commands
Like a full* soldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho!
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As throw out our eyes for brave Othello;
Even till we make the main, and the aerial blue,
An indistinct regard.

3 *Gent.* Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor; O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

Mon. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approved allowance; †
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure. ‡

[*Within.*] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter another GENTLEMAN.

Cas. What noise?

4 *Gent.* The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a sail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

2 *Gent.* They do discharge their shot of courtesy:

[*Guns heard.*

Our friends, at least.

Cas. I pray you, Sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.

2 *Gent.* I shall.

[*Exit.*

* Complete.

† Allowed and approved expertness.

‡ Erect themselves in full confidence.

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wived?

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achieved a maid
That paragons description, and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential* vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency.—How now? who has put in?

Re-enter second GENTLEMAN.

2 Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. He has had most favourable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,—
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal† natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A se'enight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath;
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort!—O, behold,

*Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, and
Attendants.*

The riches of the ship is come on shore!
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees;—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round.

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.

What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arrived; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear;—How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: But, hark! a sail.

[*Cry within* A sail, a sail! *Then guns heard.*]

2 Gent. They give their greeting to the citadel:
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news.

[*Exit GENTLEMAN.*]

Good ancient, you are welcome;—Welcome, mistress:—

[*To EMILIA.*]

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners: 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

[*Kissing her.*]

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,

* Real.

† Deadly, destructive.

As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much ;
I find it still, when I have list* to sleep :
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on ; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer !

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk ;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst praise me ?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't ;
For I am nothing, if not critical. †

Des. Come on, assay :—There's one gone to the harbour ?

Iago. Ay, Madam.

Des. I am not merry ; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—
Come, how wouldst thou praise me ?

Iago. I am about it ; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from frize,
It plucks out brains and all : But my muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well praised ! How if she be black and witty ?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How, if fair and foolish ?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair ;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond ‡ paradoxes, to make fools laugh i' the
alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that's foul
and foolish ?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance !—thou praisest the worst best. But
what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed !
one, that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the
vouch of every malice itself ?

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud ;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud ;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay ;

* Desire.

† Censorious.

‡ Foolish.

Fled from her wish, and yet said,—*now I may* ;
 She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
 Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly ;
 She, that in wisdom never was so frail,
 To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail ;
 She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
 See suitors following, and not look behind ;
 She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—

Des. To do what ?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion !—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio ? is he not a most profane and liberal* counsellor ?

Cas. He speaks home, Madam ; you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago [*aside*]. He takes her by the palm : Ay, well said ; whisper : with as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do ; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true ; 'tis so indeed : if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantcy, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the Sir in. † Very good ; well kissed ! an excellent courtesy ! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips ? would that they were clyster-pipes for your sake !—
 [*Trumpet.*] The Moor, I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes !

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior !

Des. My dear Othello !

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content
 To see you here before me. O my soul's joy !
 If after every tempest come such calms,
 May the winds blow till they have waken'd death !
 And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
 Olympus-high ; and duck again as low
 As hell's from heaven ! If it were now to die,
 'Twere now to be most happy ; for, I fear,
 My soul hath her content so absolute,
 That not another comfort like to this
 Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid,
 But that our loves and comforts should increase,
 Even as our days do grow !

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers !—
 I cannot speak enough of this content,
 It stops me here ; it is too much of joy :
 And this, and this, the greatest discords be,
 That e'er our hearts shall make !

[*Kissing her.*]

* Licentious, free-spoken.

† Show off your gallantry.

Iago. O, you are well tuned now !
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.

[*Aside.*

Oth. Come, let's to the castle.—
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.
How do our old acquaintance of this isle?—
Honey, you shall be well desired* in Cyprus,
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, † and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:
Bring thou the master to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt* OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and *Attendants.*

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither.
If thou be'st valiant,—as (they say) base men, being in love, have
then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,—
list me. ‡ The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of
guard:—First, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in
love with him.

Rod. With him? why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul be instructed.
Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for
bragging, and telling her fantastical lies: And will she love him
still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye
must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the
devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there
should be,—again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite,
—loveliness in favour; sympathy in years, manners, and beauties;
all which the Moor is defective in: Now, for want of these re-
quired conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself
abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor;
very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some
second choice. Now, Sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant
and unforced position), who stands so eminently in the degree of
this fortune, as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no further
conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and hu-
mane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most
hidden loose affection? Why, none; why, none: A slippery and
subtle knave; a finder out of occasions; that has an eye can
stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never
present itself: A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome,
young; and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green §
minds look after: A pestilent complete knave; and the woman
hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most blessed
condition.||

Iago. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes:

* Much invited out. † Out of method. ‡ Listen to me.
§ Unripe. || Disposition.

if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor: Blessed pudding! didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index, and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so martial the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, and incorporate conclusion: Pish!—But, Sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not;—I'll not be far from you: Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting * his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler: and, haply with his truncheon may strike at you: Provoke him, that he may: for, even out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again,† but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer ‡ them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by-and-by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu.

[*Exit.*

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit:
The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,—
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
And I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now I do love her too;
Not out of absolute lust (though, peradventure,
I stand accountant for as great a sin),
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat; the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or shall content my soul,
Till I am even with him, wife for wife;
Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb, §—
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;

* Slighting.

† Whose return to discipline shall only be.

‡ To advance them.

§ Grossly.

Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confused;
Knavery's plain face is never seen till used.

[*Exit.*]SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter a HERALD, with a Proclamation; People following.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere* perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revel his addiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials: So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices† are open; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello!

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE III.—*A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: To-morrow, with our earliest,
Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue; [*To DESDEMONA.*]
That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—
Good night. [*Exeunt OTH. DES. and Attendants.*]

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago: We must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'clock: Our general cast‡ us thus early, for the love of his Desdemona; whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love?

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus

* Entire.

† Rooms in the castle.

‡ Dismissed.

gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup; I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified * too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [Exit CASSIO.

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,
Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side outward,
To Desdemona hath to-night caroused
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch:
Three lads of Cyprus,—noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,—
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle:—But here they come:
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter CASSIO, with him MONTANO and Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heaven they have given me a rouse † already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago.—Some wine, ho!

And let me the canakin clink, clink; [Sings.

And let me the canakin clink:

A soldier's a man;

A life's but a span;

Why then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

[Wine brought in.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learn'd it in England, where (indeed) they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England!

* Mixed with water.

† A little more than enough.

*King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown ;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor—lown.*
He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree :
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then tak' thine auld cloak about thee.*

Some wine, ho !

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again ?

Cas. No ; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things.—Well,—Heaven's above all ; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, or any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me ; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this ; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins !—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk ;—this is my ancient ;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand :—I am not drunk, now ; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well, then : you must not think then that I am drunk. [Exit.

Mon. To the platform, masters ; come, let's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before ;—
He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction : and do but see his vice ;
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other : 'tis pity of him.
I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus ?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep :
He'll watch the horologe a double set, †
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well,
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps, he sees it not ; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils ; is not this true ?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. How now, Roderigo ? [Aside.
I pray you, after the lieutenant ; go. [Exit RODERIGO.

Mon. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor

* Sorry fellow.

† While the clock strikes four-and-twenty hours.

Should hazard such a place, as his own second,
With one of an ingraft* infirmity :
It were an honest action, to say
So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island :
I do love Cassio well ; and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But hark ! what noise ?
[*Cry within,—Help ! help !*]

Re-enter CASSIO, driving in RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue ! you rascal !
Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant ?
Cas. A knave !—teach me my duty !
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen† bottle.
Rod. Beat me !
Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue ? [Striking RODERIGO.
Mon. Nay, good lieutenant, [Staying him.
I pray you, Sir, hold your hand.
Cas. Let me go, Sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.
Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.
Cas. Drunk ! [They fight.
Iago. Away, I say ! go out, and cry—a mutiny !
[*Aside to ROD. who goes out.*

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—
Help, ho !—Lieutenant,—Sir,—Montano,—Sir ;—
Help, masters !—Here's a goodly watch, indeed ! [Bell rings.
Who's that that rings the bell ?—Diablo, ho !
The town will rise, God's will, lieutenant ! hold ;
You will be shamed for ever.

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here ?
Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to the death ;—he dies !
Oth. Hold, for your lives.
Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant, Sir, Montano,—gentlemen,—
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty ?
Hold, hold ! the general speaks to you ; hold, for shame !
Oth. Why, how now, ho ! from whence ariseth this ?
Are we turn'd Turks ; and to ourselves do that,
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites ?
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl :
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his soul light ; he dies upon his motion.—
Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle
From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters ?—
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this ? on thy love, I charge thee.
Iago. I do not know ;—friends all but now, even now,
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Divesting them for bed : and then, but now
(As if some planet had unwitted men),

* Rooted.

† Wicker.

Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
 In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
 Any beginning to this peevish odds ;
 And 'would in action glorious I had lost
 These legs, that brought me to a part of it !

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot ?*

Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil ;
 The gravity and stillness of your youth
 The world hath noted, and your name is great
 In mouths of wisest censure ; What's the matter,
 That you unlace your reputation thus,
 And spend your rich opinion, for the name
 Of a night-brawler ? Give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger ;
 Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
 While I spare speech, which something now offends me ;—
 Of all that I do know : nor know I aught
 By me that's said or done amiss this night ;
 Unless self-charity † be sometime a vice ;
 And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
 When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
 My blood begins my safer guides to rule ;
 And passion, having my best judgment collied, ‡
 Assays to lead the way : If once I stir,
 Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
 Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
 How this foul rout began, who set it on ;
 And he that is approved § in this offence,
 Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
 Shall lose me.—What ! in a town of war,
 Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
 To manage private and domestic quarrel,
 In night, and on the court and guard of safety !
 'Tis monstrous.—Iago, who began it ?

Mon. If partially affined, || or leagued in office,
 Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
 Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near :
 I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
 Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio ;
 Yet I persuade myself, to speak the truth
 Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
 Montano and myself being in speech,
 There comes a fellow, crying out for help ;
 And Cassio following him with determined sword,
 To execute upon him : Sir, this gentleman
 Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause ;
 Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
 Lest, by his clamour (as it so fell out),

* Have thus forgot yourself.
 † Convicted by proof.

‡ Care of one's self.

‡ Darkened.

|| Related by nearness of office.

The town might fall in fright : he, swift of foot,
 Outran my purpose ; and I return'd the rather
 For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
 And Cassio high in oath ; which, till to-night,
 I ne'er might say before : when I came back,
 (For this was brief), I found them close together,
 At blow, and thrust : even as again they were,
 When you yourself did part them.

More of this matter can I not report :—
 But men are men ; the best sometimes forget :—
 Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—
 As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—
 Yet surely, Cassio, I believe, received,
 From him that fled, some strange indignity,
 Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
 Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
 Making it light to Cassio :—Cassio, I love thee ;
 But never more be officer of mine.—

Enter DESDEMONA, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not raised up ;—
 I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter, dear ?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting ; Come away to bed.
 Sir, for your hurts,
 Myself will be your surgeon : Lead him off.

[*To MONTANO, who is led off.*

Iago, look with care about the town ;
 And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—
 Come, Desdemona ; 'tis the soldiers' life,
 To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife.

[*Exeunt all but IAGO and CASSIO.*

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant ?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid !

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation ! O, I have lost my
 reputation ! I have lost the immortal part, Sir, of myself ; and
 what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation.

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received
 some bodily wound ; there is more offence in that, than in repu-
 tation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition ; oft got
 without merit, and lost without deserving : You have lost no
 reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What,
 man ! there are ways to recover the general again : You are but
 now cast in his mood,* a punishment more in policy than in
 malice ; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright
 an imperious lion : sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a
 commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an
 officer. Drunk ! and speak parrot ? † and squabble ? swagger ?

* Dismissed in his anger.

† Talk idly.

swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is it possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: How came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler: As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by-and-by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, Sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general;—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces:—confess yourself freely to her; importune her; she'll help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested: This broken joint, between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay* worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago.

[*Exit* CASSIO.]

Iago. And what's he then, that says,—I play the villain? When this advice is free, I give, and honest, Probable to thinking,† and (indeed) the course

* Wager.

† Of probable suggestion.

To win the Moor again? For, 'tis most easy
 The inclining* Desdemona to subdue
 In any honest suit; she's framed as fruitful
 As the free† elements. And then for her
 To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptism,
 All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—
 His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,
 That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
 Even as her appetite shall play the god
 With his weak function. How am I then a villain,
 To counsel Cassio to this parallel‡ course,
 Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
 When devils will their blackest sins put on,
 They do suggest§ at first with heavenly shows,
 As I do now: For while this honest fool
 Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
 I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—
 That she repeals|| him for her body's lust;
 And, by how much she strives to do him good,
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
 So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
 And out of her own goodness make the net,
 That shall enmesh them all.—How now, Roderigo?

Enter RODERIGO.

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that
 hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent:
 I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and, I think,
 the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains:
 and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return to
 Venice.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience!—
 What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
 Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
 And wit depends on dilatory time.
 Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
 And thou, by that small hurt, hath cashier'd Cassio:
 Though other things grow fair against the sun,
 Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe:
 Content thyself awhile.—By the mass, 'tis morning;
 Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.—
 Retire thee; go where thou art billeted
 Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter.
 Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit* ROD.] Two things are to be done,—
 My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
 I'll set her on;
 Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,
 And bring him jump¶ when he may Cassio find
 Soliciting his wife:—Ay, that's the way;
 Dull not device by coldness and delay.

[*Exit.*]

* Compliant.

† Liberal.

‡ Even.

§ Tempt.

|| Recalls.

¶ Just at the time.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Before the Castle.**Enter CASSIO and some MUSICIANS.*

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your pains,
Something that's brief; and bid—good morrow, general. [*Music.*

Enter CLOWN.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been at Naples,
that they speak i' the nose thus?

1 *Mus.* How, Sir, how!

Clo. Are these, I pray you, called wind instruments?

1 *Mus.* Ay, marry, are they, Sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.

1 *Mus.* Whereby hangs a tale, Sir?

Clo. Marry, Sir, by many a wind instrument that I know.
But, masters, here's money for you: and the general so likes
your music, that he desires you, of all loves, to make no more
noise with it.

1 *Mus.* Well, Sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again:
but, as they say, to hear music, the general does not greatly care.

1 *Mus.* We have none such, Sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away: Go;
vanish into air; away. [*Exeunt MUSICIANS.*

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend. I hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets.* There's a poor piece of
gold for thee; if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife,
be stirring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour
of speech: wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, Sir; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to
notify unto her. [*Exit.*

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife: My suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. [*Exit.*

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure; † but all will soon be well.

* Nice distinctions.

† The displeasure you have incurred.

The general, and his wife, are talking of it,
 And she speaks for you stoutly : The Moor replies,
 That he, you hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus,
 And great affinity ; and that, in wholesome wisdom,
 He might not but refuse you : but, he protests, he loves you ;
 And needs no other suitor, but his likings,
 To take the saf'st occasion by the front,
 To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,—
 If you think fit, or that it may be done,
 Give me advantage of some brief discourse
 With Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in ;
 I will bestow you where you shall have time
 To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and GENTLEMEN.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot ;
 And, by him, do my duties to the state :
 That done, I will be walking on the works,
 Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see't ?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Before the Castle.

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.

Des. Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do
 All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do ; I know it grieves my husband,
 As if the case were his.

Des. O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,
 But I will have my lord and you again
 As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam,
 Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
 He's never anything but your true servant.

Des. O, Sir, I thank you : You do love my lord :
 You have known him long ; and be you well assured,
 He shall in strangeness stand no further off
 Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,
 That policy may either last so long,
 Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
 Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
 That, I being absent and my place supplied,
 My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that ; before Emilia here,
 I give thee warrant of thy place : assure thee,
 If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it

To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
 I'll watch him tame,* and talk him out of patience;
 His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
 I'll intermingle everything he does
 With Cassio's suit: Therefore be merry, Cassio;
 For thy solicitor shall rather die,
 Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO, and IAGO, at a distance.

Emil. Madam, here comes
 My lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay,
 And hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,
 Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, well,
 Do your discretion.

[*Exit CASSIO.*]

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord? No, sure I cannot think it,
 That he would steal away so guilty-like,
 Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe 'twas he.

Des. How now, my lord?

I have been talking with a suitor here,
 A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,
 If I have any grace, or power to move you,
 His present reconciliation † take;
 For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
 That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning, ‡
 I have no judgment in an honest face:
 I pr'ythee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
 That he hath left part of his grief with me;
 I suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona, some other time

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home;

I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;
 Or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday morn;—

* Hawks are tamed by keeping them from sleep.

† Submission.

‡ Knowledge.

I pray thee, name the time; but let it not
 Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;
 And yet his trespass, in our common reason
 (Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
 Out of their best*), is not almost a fault
 To incur a private check: When shall he come?
 Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,
 What you could ask me, that I should deny,
 Or stand so mammering † on. What! Michael Cassio,
 That came a wooing with you; and many a time,
 When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
 Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
 To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—
Oth. Pr'ythee no more: let him come when he will;
 I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why this is not a boon,
 'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
 Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm;
 Or sue to you to do peculiar profit
 To your own person; Nay, when I have a suit,
 Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
 It shall be full of poize ‡ and difficulty,
 And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
 Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
 To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? no: Farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I will come to thee straight.

Des. Emilia, come:—Be it as your fancies teach you;
 Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [Exit, with EMILIA.]

Oth. Excellent wretch! § Perdition catch my soul,
 But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
 Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
 Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last: Why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
 No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think, he had been acquainted with her.

Oth. O, yes, and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed:—Discern'st thou aught in that?
 Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord?

Oth. Ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord?

* Best men.

† Hesitating.

‡ Weight.

§ An expression equivalent to *dear, tender creature*.

Oth. Think, my lord !
 By heaven, he echoes me,
 As if there were some monster in his thought
 Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something :
 I heard thee say but now,—Thou lik'dst not that,
 When Cassio left my wife ; What didst not like ?
 And, when I told thee—he was of my counsel
 In my whole course of wooing, thou criest, *Indeed !*
 And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
 As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
 Some horrible conceit : If thou dost love me,
 Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think, thou dost ;
 And,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
 And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,—
 Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more :
 For such things in a false disloyal knave,
 Are tricks of custom ; but in a man that's just,
 They are close denotements,* working from the heart,
 That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,—
 I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem ;
 Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none !

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why, then,
 I think that Cassio is an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this :
 I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
 As thou dost ruminate ; and give thy worst of thoughts
 The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me ;
 Though I am bound to every act of duty,
 I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
 Utter my thoughts ? Why, say, they are vile and false,—
 As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
 Sometimes intrude not ? who has a breast so pure,
 But some uncleanly apprehensions
 Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit
 With meditations lawful ?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
 If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
 A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,—
 Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
 As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
 To spy into abuses ; and, oft, my jealousy
 Shapes faults that are not,—I entreat you then,
 From one that so imperfectly coniects,†
 You'd take no notice ; nor build yourself a trouble

* Indications.

† Conjectures.

Out of his scattering and unsure observance:—
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thought.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on: That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough!
But riches, fineless,* is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:—
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why? why is this?

Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is—once to be resolved: Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufficate† and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:‡
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me: No, Iago;
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love, or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of this, for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me: I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure:

* Unbounded.

† Swollen.

‡ "Which makes fair gifts fairer."

I would not have your free and noble nature,
 Out of self-bounty,* be abused; look to't:
 I know our country disposition well;
 In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
 They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
 Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
 And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
 She loved them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then;
 She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
 To seal† her father's eyes up, close as oak,—
 He thought, 'twas witchcraft:—But I am much to blame;
 I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
 For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.

I hope you will consider, what is spoke
 Comes from my love;—But I do see you are moved:—
 I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
 To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
 Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
 My speech should fall into such vile success
 As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy friend:—
 My lord, I see you are moved.

Oth. No, not much moved:—

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—

Iago. Ay, there's the point:—As,—to be bold with you,—
 Not to affect many proposed matches,
 Of her own clime, complexion, and degree;
 Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends:
 Foh! one may smell, in such, a will‡ most rank,
 Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—
 But pardon me; I do not, in position,
 Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear,
 Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
 May fall to match you with her country forms
 And (happily) repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell:

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
 Set on thy wife to observe: Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave.

[*Going.*

Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest creature, doubtless,
 Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

* Inherent generosity.

† Sew up.

‡ Wilfulness.

Iago. My lord, I would, I might entreat your honour
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:
And though it be fit that Cassio have his place
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability),
Yet, if you please to hold him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him and his means:
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment*
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears
(As worthy cause I have, to fear—I am),
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.†

Iago. I once more take my leave.

[*Exit.*]

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings: If I do prove her haggard,‡
Though that her jesses§ were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black;
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers|| have:—Or, for I am declined
Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much;—
She's gone; I am abused; and my relief
Must be to loath her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For other's uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death;
Even then this forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken.¶ Desdemona comes:

Enter DESDEMONA, and EMILIA.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—
I'll not believe it.

Des. How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders,
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little;

[*He puts the handkerchief from him, and it drops.*]
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

* Re-admission.

† Command over myself.

‡ A wild hawk.

§ Straps of leather.

|| Men of intrigue.

¶ When we begin to live.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exeunt* OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.]

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin ;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor :
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it : but she so loves the token
(For he conjured her, she would ever keep it),
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give it Iago :
What he'll do with it, heaven knows, not I ;
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter IAGO.

Iago. How now ! what do you here alone ?

Emil. Do not you chide ; I have a thing for you.

Iago. A thing for me—It is a common thing,—

Emil. Ha !

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. O, is that all ? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief ?

Iago. What handkerchief ?

Emil. What handkerchief !

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona ;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her ?

Emil. No, faith ; she let it drop by negligence ;
And, to the advantage, I being here, took't up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench : give it me.

Emil. What will you do with it, that you have been so earnest
To have me filch it ?

Iago. Why, what's that to you ?

[*Snatching it.*]

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give it me again : Poor lady ! she'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known of't ;* I have use for it.
Go, leave me.

[*Exit* EMILIA.]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it : Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison :—
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste ;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so :—
Look where he comes ! Not poppy, nor mandragora,†
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst‡ yesterday.

* Seem as if you knew nothing of the matter.

† Mandrake.

‡ Possessedst.

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me?
To me?

Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! begone! thou hast set me on the rack:—
I swear 'tis better to be much abused,
Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord?

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known: O now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is it possible!—My lord,—

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;

[*Taking him by the throat.*]

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my waked wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this?

Oth. Make me to see it; or (at the least) so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorse;*
On horror's head horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed,
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—
God be wi' you: take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,

* All tenderness, all pity.

To be direct and honest, is not safe.—
I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay:—Thou shouldst be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
I'll have some proof: Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black
As mine own face.—If there be ccrds, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it.—Would, I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, Sir, you are eaten up with passion:
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would? Nay, I will.

Iago. And may: but how? how satisfied, my lord?
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect: Damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?
It is impossible, you should see this,
Were they as prime * as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,—
Which lead directly to the door of truth,—
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

Oth. Give me a living † reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office:
But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,—
Prick'd to it by foolish honesty and love,—
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.
'There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
'That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is Cassio:
In sleep I heard him say,—*Sweet Desdemona,*
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!
And then, Sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand,
Cry,—*O, sweet creature!* and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then
Cried,—*Cursed fate, that gave thee to the Moor!*

* Prompt.

† Speaking, manifest.

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion;
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done:
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that: but such a handkerchief
(I am sure it was your wife's), did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives;
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:
'Tis gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!
Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne,*
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,†
For 'tis of aspics' tongues!

Iago. Pray, be content.

Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood!

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic, and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable ‡ and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond' marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow
I here engage my words.

[Kneels.]

Iago. Do not rise yet.—

[Kneels.]

Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip § us round about!
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse, ||
What bloody work soever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to't:

* The heart on which thou wast enthroned.

‡ Capacious.

§ Embrace.

† Freight, load.

|| Tenderness for him.

Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead ; 'tis done at your request :
But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx ! O, damn her !
Come, go with me apart ; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and CLOWN.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant Cassio lies ?

Clo. I dare not say he lies anywhere.

Des. Why, man ?

Clo. He is a soldier ; and for me to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to ; Where lodges he ?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can anything be made of this ?

Clo. I know not where he lodges ; and for me to devise a lodging, and say—he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in my own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report ?

Clo. I will catechise the world for him ; that is, make questions and by them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither : tell him, I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clo. To do this is within the compass of man's wit ; and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [*Exit.*]

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia ?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of crusadoes. And, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill-thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous ?

Des. Who, he ? I think, the sun, where he was born,
Drew all such humours from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio
Be call'd to him.—How is't with you, my lord ?

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Well, my good lady.—[*Aside.*] O, hardness to dis-
semble !—
How do you do, Desdemona ?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand : This hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart ;
Hot, hot and moist : This hand of yours requires

A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
 Much castigation,* exercise devout;
 For here's a young and sweating devil here,
 That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
 A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so;
 For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand: The hearts of old gave hands;
 But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sullen rheum † offends me:
 Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault;

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
 She was a charmer, ‡ and could almost read
 The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,
 'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
 Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,
 Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
 Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt
 After new fancies: She, dying, gave it me;
 And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
 To give it her. I did so: and take heed of't,
 Make it a darling, like your precious eye;
 To lose or give't away, were such perdition,
 As nothing else could match.

Des. Is it possible?

Oth. 'Tis true, there's magic in the web of it:
 A sibyl that had number'd in the world
 The sun to make two hundred compasses,
 In her prophetic fury sew'd the work:
 The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the silk;
 And it was died in mummy, § which the skilful
 Conserved of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! is't true?

Oth. Most veritable, therefore look to't well.

Des. Then 'would to heaven that I had never seen it.

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash? ||

Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out of the way?

Des. Heaven bless us!

Oth. Say you?

* Penance. † Cold. ‡ Enchantress.

§ *I. e.* in the balsamic liquor running from mummies.

|| Vehemently.

Des. It is not lost ; But what an if it were ?

Oth. Ha !

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see it.

Des. Why, so I can, Sir, but I will not now ;
This is a trick, to put me from my suit ;
I pray, let Cassio be received again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief ; my mind misgives.

Des. Come, come ;

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief,——

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Oth. The handkerchief,——

Des. A man that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortune on your love ;
Shared dangers with you ;——

Oth. The handkerchief,——

Des. In sooth,

You are to blame.

Oth. Away !

[*Exit* OTHELLO.]

Emil. Is not this man jealous ?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief :
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man :
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food ;
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch us. Look you ! Cassio, and my husband.

Enter IAGO and CASSIO.

Iago. There is no other way ; 'tis she must do't ;
And, lo, the happiness ! go, and impórtune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio ? what's the news with you ?

Cas. Madam, my former suit : I do beseech you,
That, by your virtuous means, I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the duty of my heart,
Entirely honour ; I would not be delay'd :
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That neither service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purposed merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit ;
So shall I clothe me in a forced content,
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas ! thrice-gentle Cassio,
My advocacy is not now in tune ;
My lord is not my lord ; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour,* as in humour, alter'd.
So help me, every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best ;

* In countenance.

And stood within the blank* of his displeasure,
For my free speech! You must awhile be patient:
What I can do, I will; and more I will,
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now,
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air;
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother;—And can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him;
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I pr'ythee, do so.—Something, sure, of state,—

[*Exit IAGO.*]

Either from Venice; or some unhatch'd practice,†
Made démonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—
Hath puddled his clear spirit: and, in such cases,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;
For let our finger ache, and it endues
Our other healthful members ev'n to that sense
Of pain: Nay, we must think, men are not gods;
Nor of them look for such observances
As fit the bridal.‡—Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was (unhandsome warrior § as I am)
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indited falsely.

Emil. Pray heaven, it be state matters, as you think;
And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
Concerning you.

Des. Alas, the day! I never gave him cause.

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

Emil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA*]

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!

Cas. What make you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

* Aim.

† Treason.

‡ Nuptial feast.

§ Unfair assailant.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca;
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;
But I shall, in a more continue time,*
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

[*Giving her DESDEMONA'S handkerchief.*

Take me this work out. †

Bian. O, Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend.
To the felt absence now I feel a cause:
Is it come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Woman, go to!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:
No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not, sweet: I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well; ere it be demanded
(As like enough, it will), I'd have it copied:
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you! wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say, if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,
For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good: I must be circumstanced. ‡ [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The same.

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

Iago. Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, Iago?

Iago. What,
To kiss in private?

* Time less interrupted.

† *I. e.* copy this work in another handkerchief.

‡ Be guided by circumstances.

Oth. An unauthorized kiss.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?
It is hypocrisy against the devil:

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too;
May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen;
They have it very oft, that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief,—

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it:—
Thou said'st,—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good, now.

Iago. What, if I had said, I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say,—As knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied * them, cannot choose
But they must blab—

Oth. Hath he said anything?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assured,
No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. 'Faith that he did,—I know not what he did.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie—

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie on her, when
they belie her: Lie with her! that's fulsome.—Handkerchief,—
confessions,—handkerchief.—To confess, and be hanged for his
labour.—First to be hanged, and then to confess:—I tremble at
it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion,
without some instruction. It is not words, that shake me thus:
—Pish!—Noses, ears, and lips:—Is it possible?—Confess!—
Handkerchief!—O devil!—

[Falls in a trance.]

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!

* Softened.

Enter CASSIO.

My lord, I say! Othello!—How now, Cassio?

Cas. What is the matter?

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy;
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear:

The lethargy must have his quiet course:
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by-and-by,
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight; when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.

[*Exit CASSIO.*

How is it general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven:

'Would, you would bear your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good Sir, be a man;

Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yoked,
May draw with you: there's millions now alive,
That nightly lie in those unproper* beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is better.
O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure † couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know:
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart:

Confine yourself but in a patient list. ‡
Whilst you were here, ere while mad with your grief
(A passion most unsuited such a man),
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;
The which he promised. Do but encave yourself,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,—
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife;
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?

* Common.

† Supposed to be unpolluted.

‡ Bounds of patience.

I will be found most cunning in my patience ;
But (dost thou hear) most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss !

But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw ?

[OTHELLO *withdraws.*]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife, that, by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and clothes : it is a creature,
That doats on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's plague,
To beguile many, and be beguiled by one ;
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter :—Here he comes :—
As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad ;
And his unbookish* jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour
Quite in the wrong.

Re-enter CASSIO.

How do you now, lieutenant ?

Cas. The worse, that you give me the addition, †
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure of't.

Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power, [Speaking lower.
How quickly should you speed ?

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff !

Oth. Look, how he laughs already ! [Aside.

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue ! I think i' faith she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out. [Aside.

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio ?

Oth. Now he importunes him

To tell it o'er : Go to ; well said, well said. [Aside.

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her :

Do you intend it ?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha !

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman ! do you triumph ! [Aside.

Cas. I marry her !—what ? a customer ! ‡ I pr'ythee, bear
some charity to my wit ; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha,
ha, ha !

Oth. So, so, so, so : They laugh that win. [Aside.

Iago. 'Faith, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Cas. Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scored me ? § Well. [Aside.

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out : she is persuaded I
will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my
promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me ; now he begins the story. [Aside.

Cas. She was here even now ; she haunts me in every place.
I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Vene-

* Ignorant.

† *I. e.* the title of lieutenant.

‡ A common woman.

§ Have you cast up my reckoning ?

tians; and thither comes this bauble; by this hand, she falls thus about my neck;—

Oth. Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it.

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so haies, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!—

Oth. Now he tells, how she pluck'd him to my chamber: O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look where she comes.

Enter BIANCA.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew!* marry, a perfumed one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the whole work?—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There,—give it your hobby-horse: where-soever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca? how now? how now?

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief! [*Aside.*]

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may: an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit.*]

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. 'Faith I must, she'll rail in the streets else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. 'Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, come; Will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more.

[*Exit* CASSIO.]

Oth. How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O, Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman, your wife! she gave it to him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing:—A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live: No, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

* A polecat.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is:—So delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!—

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand, a thousand times:
And then, of so gentle a condition!*

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain: But yet the pity of it, Iago!—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes:—Cuckold me!

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again: this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And, for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker: You shall hear more by midnight. [A trumpet within.]

Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico, Come from the duke: and see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.

Lod. 'Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, Sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[Gives him a packet.†]

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[Opens the packet and reads.]

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior;
Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you: How does lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, Sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord
An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord?

Oth. *This fail you not to do, as you will—*

[Reads.]

Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much
To atone† them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My lord?

Oth. Are you wise?

* Disposition.

† Reconcile.

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be, the letter moved him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. By my troth, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed!

Des. My lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. How, sweet Othello?

Oth. Devil!

[*Striking her.*]

Des. I have not deserved this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believed in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw it: 'Tis very much;
Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil!

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls* would prove a crocodile:—
Out of my sight!

Des. I will not stay to offend you.

[*Going.*]

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:—
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress,——

Des. My lord?

Oth. What would you with her, Sir?

Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish, that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, Sir, weep;
And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—
Very obedient;—Proceed you in your tears.—
Concerning this, Sir,—O well-painted passion!
I am commanded home:—Get you away;
I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice;—Hence, avaunt!

[*Exit* DESDEMONA.]

Cassio shall have my place. And,—Sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together.

You are welcome, Sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkeys! [*Exit.*]

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
Call—all-in-all sufficient?—This the nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much changed.

Lod. Are his wits safe? Is he not light of brain?

Iago. He is that he is; I may not breathe my censure.
What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—
I would to heaven, he were.

Lod. What, strike his wife!

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; Yet 'would I knew,
That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use?

* Lets fall.

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him;
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech: Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry, that I am deceived in him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.

Oth. You have seen nothing then?

Emil. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

Emil. But then I saw no harm: and then I heard
Each syllable, that breath made up between them.

Oth. What, did they never whisper?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?

Emil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither:—go.—

[*Exit EMILIA.*]

She says enough:—yet she's a simple bawd,
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet-lock-and-key of villanous secrets:
And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I have seen her do't.

Re-enter EMILIA, with DESDEMONA.

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes;

Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. Some of your function, mistress;

[*To EMILIA.*]

Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;

Cough, or cry—hem, if any body come:

Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, despatch. [*Exit EMILIA.*]

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?

I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord ; your true
And loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself ;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee : therefore be double damn'd,
Swear—thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord ? with whom ? How am I false ?

Oth. O Desdemona !—away ! away ! away !

Des. Alas, the heavy day !—Why do you weep ?
Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord ?
If, haply, you my father do suspect,
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me ; if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleased heaven
To try me with affliction ; had he rain'd
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head ;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips ;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes ;
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience : but (alas !) to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at,—
O ! O !
Yet could I bear that too ; well, very well :
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart ;
Where either I must live, or bear no life ;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up ; to be discarded thence !
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in !—turn thy complexion there !
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim ;
Ay, there, look grim as hell !

Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay ; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee.—'Would thou hadst ne'er been
born !

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed ?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon ? What committed !
Committed !—O thou public commoner !
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed !
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks ;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it : What committed !—
Impudent strumpet !

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian :

If to preserve this vessel for my lord,
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be—not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is it possible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then ;

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

Re-enter EMILIA.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell ; You ! you ! ay, you !
We have done our course ; there's money for your pains ;
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel. [*Exit.*

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive ?—
How do you, madam ? how do you, my good lady ?

Des. 'Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord ?

Des. With whom ?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.

Des. Who is thy lord ?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none : Do not talk to me, Emilia ;
I cannot weep ; nor answer I have none,
But what should go by water. Pr'ythee to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember ;—
And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here is a change, indeed ! [*Exit.*

Des. 'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet.
How have I been behaved, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse ?

Re-enter EMILIA, with IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam ? How is it with you ?

Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks :
He might have chid me so ; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady ?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhored her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago ?

Iago. What name, fair lady ?

Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her, whore ; a beggar, in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet. *

* His drab.

Iago. Why did he so ?

Des. I do not know ; I am sure, I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep ; Alas, the day !

Emil. Has she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
'To be call'd—whore ! would it not make one weep ?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for it !

How comes this trick upon him ?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devised this slander ; I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man ; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him !

Emil. A halter pardon him ! and hell know his bones !
Why should he call her whore ? who keeps her company ?
What place ? what time ? what form ? what likelihood ?
'The Moor 's abused by some most villanous knave,
Some base, notorious knave, some scurvy fellow :—
O, heaven, that such companions * thou'dst unfold ;
And put in every honest hand a whip,
'To lash the rascal naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west !

Iago. Speak within door. †

Emil. O, fie upon him ! some such squire he was,
That turn'd your wit the seamy side ‡ without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool ; go to.

Des. O good Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again ?
Good friend, go to him ; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel :—
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed ;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form ;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorceinent,—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me ! Unkindness may do much ;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say, whore ;
It does abhor me, now I speak the word ;
'To do the act that might the addition § earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content : 'tis but his humour ;
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other,—

* Fellows.

‡ Inside out.

† Keep your tongue quiet.

§ Title.

Iago. It is but so, I warrant you.
Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
And the great messengers of Venice stay:
Go in, and weep not, all things shall be well.

[*Trumpets.*

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*

Enter RODERIGO.

• How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou doff'st* me with some device, Iago; and rather (as it seems to me now) keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it: Nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much; for your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With naught but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist: You have told me—she has received them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquittance, † but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: By this hand, I say, it is very scurvy; and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: If she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation: if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo; thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but, yet, I protest I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines ‡ for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason, and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

* Put'st me off.

† Requit.

‡ Racks.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be linger'd here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean—removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me do?

Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot, and thither will I go to him;—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one), you may take him at your pleasure: I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste; about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Another Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, Sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, Sir?—

O,—Desdemona,—

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant, I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there; look, it be done.

Des. I will, my lord.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO, LODOVICO, and Attendants.*]

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says, he will return incontinent;*

He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:
We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would, you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I; my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,—
Prythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one:—good father! how foolish are our minds!—

* Immediately.

If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd—Barbara;
She was in love; and he, she loved, proved mad,*
And did forsake her: she had a song of—willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it: That song, to-night,
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, despatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me, here.—

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. And he speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice, who would have walked bare-foot to Palestine, for a touch of his nether lip.

I.

Des. *The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,* [Singing.

Sing all a green willow;

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow:

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;

Sing willow, &c.

Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;

Lay by these:

Sing willow, willow, willow;

Pr'ythee, hie thee; he'll come anon.—

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

II.

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is it that knocks?

Emil. It is the wind.

Des. *I call'd my love, false love; but what said he then?*

Sing willow, &c.

If I court mo† women, you'll couch with mo men.

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;

Doth that bode weeping?

Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so.—O, these men, these men!—

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—

'That there be women who abuse their husbands

In such gross kind?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. Why, would not you?

Des. No; by this heavenly light!

* Inconstant.

† More.

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light;
I might do't as well i' the dark.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. The world is a huge thing: 'Tis a great price
For a small vice.

Des. Good troth, I think thou wouldst not.

Emil. By my troth, I think I should; and undo't, when I had
done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring; nor
for measures of lawn; nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor
any petty exhibition: but, for the whole world, — Why, who
would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch?
I should venture purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for the whole
world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and,
having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own
world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many
To the vantage, as would store the world they play'd for.
But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults,
If wives do fall: Say, that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or, say they strike us,
Or scant our former having* in despite;
Why, we have galls; and though we have some grace,
Yet we have some revenge. Let husbands know,
Their wives have sense † like them: they see, and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is; And doth affection breed it?
I think, it doth; Is't frailty, that thus errs?
It is so too: And have not we affections?
Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have?
Then, let them use us well: else, let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.

Des. Good night, good night: Heaven me such usage send,
Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend! [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

* Our former allowance of expense.

† Sensation.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take thy sword.

[Retires to a little distance.]

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he has given me satisfying reasons:—
'Tis but a man gone:—forth, my sword; he dies.

[Goes to his stand.]

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat* almost to the sense,†
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain: Live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd‡ from him,
As gifts to Desdemona;
It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril:
No, he must die:—But so, I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he;—Villain, thou diest.

[Rushes from his post, and makes a pass at CASSIO.]

Cas. That thrust had been my enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou think'st;
I will make proof of thine. [Draws and wounds RODERIGO.]

Rod. O, I am slain!

[IAGO rushes from his post, cuts CASSIO behind in the leg, and exit.]

Cas. I am maim'd for ever:—Help, ho! murder! murder!

[Falls.]

Enter OTHELLO, at a distance.

Oth. The voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. Hark! 'tis even so.

Cas. O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he:—O brave Iago, honest, and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
Thou teachest me,—Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your fate hies apace:—Strumpet, I come:
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.

[Exit OTHELLO.]

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO, at a distance.

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage? § murder! murder!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.

Cas. O, help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groans;—it is a heavy || night:

* Pimple.

† To the quick.

‡ Fished.

§ Passengers.

|| Thick, cloudy.

These may be counterfeits; let's think't unsafe
To come in to the cry, without more help.

Rod. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter IAGO, with a Light.

Lod. Hark!

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this, that cries on murder?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did you not hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here; for heaven's sake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same, indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!

Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cas. I think, that one of them is hereabout,

And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains!—

What are you there? come in, and give some help.

[*To LODOVICO and GRATIANO.*]

Rod. O, help me here.

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain! [*IAGO stabs RODERIGO.*]

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—

O! O! O!

Iago. Kill men i' the dark?—Where be these bloody thieves?

How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!

What may you be? are you of good, or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lod. He, Sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy; Here's Cassio hurt

By villains.

Gra. Cassio!

Iago. How is it, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!—

Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cried?

Iago. Who is't that cried?

Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!

O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry, to find you thus: I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter: So.—O, for a chair,

To bear him easily hence!

Bian. Alas, he faints:—O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.—
Patience awhile, good Cassio.—Come, come;
Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?
Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,
Roderigo? no:—Yes, sure; O heaven, Roderigo.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, Sir; did you know him?

Gra. Know him? ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!

Gra. Roderigo!

Iago. He, he, 'tis he:—O, that's well said;—the chair:

[*A chair brought in.*]

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress, [*To BIANCA.*]
Save you your labour. He that lies slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend: What malice was between you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago [*to BIANCA*]. What, look you pale?—O, bear him out
o' the air. [*CASSIO and RODERIGO are borne off.*]

Stay you, good gentlemen:—Look you pale, mistress?

Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?—

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon:—

Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;

Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,

Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter; what's the matter, husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark,
By Roderigo, and fellows that are scaped;
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night:—
What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house, but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

Emil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest.

As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I? foh! fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd:—
Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale.—

Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what has happ'd.—

Will you go on, I pray?—This is the night,

That either makes me, or fordoes* me quite.

[*Aside.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

* Undoes.

SCENE II.—*A Bedchamber: DESDEMONA in bed asleep.—
A light burning.*

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster. [*Takes off his sword.*
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light: *
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me:—but once put out thine,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital life again,
It needs must wither:—I'll smell it on the tree.— [*Kissing her.*
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more.—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after:—One more, and this the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: This sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes, where it doth love.—She wakes—

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,
Unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No,—Heaven forbid! †—I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then, heaven.

Have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Humph!

Des. And yet I fear you: for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll so: Why I should fear, I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

* *I. e.* of life.

† Forbid.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.—
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!

Des. I will so: What's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so loved, and gave thee,
Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul;
Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou'rt on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently:

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong conception,
That I do groan withal. Thou are to die.

Des. Then, Lord have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never loved Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his hand.
O perjured woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,—
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:*
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him:—Send for him hither,
And let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath—used thee.

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He'll not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.†

Des. My fear interprets then,—What, is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?

Des. O, banish me, my lord, kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet!

Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive,—

Des. But half an hour.

* A sacrifice atoning for thy crime.

† Has taken measures.

Oth. Being done,
There is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. [*He smothers her.*]

Emil. [*within*]. My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lord! my lord!

Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead? not yet quite dead?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—

So, so.

Emil. [*within*]. What ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Emil. [*within*]. O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you.

Oth. Yes;—'tis Emilia:—by-and-by.—She's dead.

'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death:

The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?

Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were't good?

I think, she stirs again:—No.—What's the best?

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:

My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife:

O, insupportable! O heavy hour!

Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse

Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe

Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. [*within*]. I do beseech you I may speak with you,
O, good my lord.

Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:—

Soft,—by-and-by:—Let me the curtains draw.—

Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?

[*Unlocks the door.*]

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. O, good my lord, yonder's foul murder done.

Oth. What? now?

Emil. But now, my lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;

She comes more near the earth than she was wont;

And makes men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young Venetian,
Call'd—Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!

And Cassio kill'd?

Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio killed? Then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

Emil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That! what?

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:—

Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!

Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O, who hath done
This deed?

Des. Nobody; I myself; farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord; O, farewell.

[*Dies.*

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Emil. Alas, who knows?

Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Emil. She said so; I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell;

'Twas I that kill'd her.

Emil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!

Oth. She turn'd to folly,* and she was a whore.

Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false; O, she was heavenly true!

Oth. Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else.

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity; Thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio.

Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first;
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman? I say, thy husband.

Emil. O mistress, villainy hath made mocks with love!—
My husband say, that she was false?

Oth. He, woman;

I say, thy husband: Dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart;
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha!

Emil. Do thy worst
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives:—Help! help! ho! help!
The Moor has kill'd my mistress; Murder! murder!

* Depravity.

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, *and* IAGO.

Mon. What is the matter?—How now, general?

Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false:
I know, thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain;
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him, she was false?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie:—
She false with Cassio?—Did you say with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress; Go to, charm your tongue.

Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak;
My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.

All. O heavens forbend!*

Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act!

Emil. Villany, villany, villany!

I think upon't,—I think,—I smell't;—O villany!

I thought so then; I'll kill myself for grief.—

O villany, villany!

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak;

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:—

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O! O! O!

[*Hanging over his wife.*]

Emil. Nay, lay thee down and roar;

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,

That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O, she was foul!

[*Rising.*]

I scarce did know you, uncle: There lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd:
I know, this act shows horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead;
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
'This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful: but yet Iago knows,
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love

* Forbid.

Which I first gave her ; I saw it in his hand ;
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Emil. O heaven ! O heavenly powers !

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out ;—I hold my peace, Sir ? no ;
No, I will speak as liberal * as the air ;
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not. [IAGO offers to stab his Wife.

Gra. Fie !

Your sword upon a woman ?

Emil. O thou dull Moor ! that handkerchief thou speak'st of
I found by fortune, and did give my husband ;
For often, with a solemn earnestness
(More than, indeed, belonged to such a trifle),
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villanous whore !

Emil. She gave it Cassio ! no, alas ; I found it,
And I did give 't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest.

Emil. By heaven, I do not ; I do not, gentlemen ;
O murd'rous coxcomb ! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife ? [IAGO stabs EMILIA, then runs out.

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder ?—Precious villain !

Gra. The woman falls, sure he has kill'd his wife.

Emil. Ay, ay ; O, lay me by my mistress' side !

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor.
Come, guard the door without ; let him not pass,
But kill him rather ; I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave. [Exeunt MONTANO and GRATIANO.

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword :—
But why should honour outlive honesty ?
Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady ?
Hark, canst thou hear me ? I will play the swan,
And die in music ;—*Willow, willow, willow.*—
Moor, she was chaste ; she loved thee, cruel Moor ;
So come my soul to bliss as I speak true :

So speaking as I think, I die,—I die.

[Dies.

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper ; †—
O, here it is :—Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. [within]. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear ;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

* Free.

† Hardened by being put red-hot into very cold water.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gra. What's the matter ?

Oth. Behold, I have a weapon ;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh : I have seen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop :—But, O vain boast !
Who can control his fate ? 'tis not so now. —
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd ;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd ? 'tis a lost fear ;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires :—Where should Othello go ?—
Now, how dost thou look now ? O ill-starr'd wench !
Pale as thy smock ! when we shall meet at compt,*
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl ?
Even like thy chastity.—
O cursed, cursed slave !—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight !
Blow me about in winds ; roast me in sulphur !
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire !—
O Desdemona ! Desdemona ! dead ?
Dead ? O ! O ! O !

*Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO, carried in a Chair, and
Officers with IAGO, prisoner.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man ?

Oth. That's he, that was Othello ; here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper ? bring the villain forth,

Oth. I look down towards his feet : †—but that's a fable :
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[OTHELLO wounds IAGO.]

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, Sir ; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither ; I'd have thee live ;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod. O thou Othello, that was once so good,
Fallen in the practice ‡ of a cursed slave,
What shall be said to thee ?

Oth. Why, anything :
An honourable murderer, if you will ;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath in part confess'd his villany :
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death ?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray you, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body ?

* Account.

† To see if his feet be cloven.

‡ By the stratagem.

Iago. Demand me nothing: What you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What? not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not: Here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;
And here, another: the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain!

Cas. Most heathenish, and most gross!

Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious caitiff!—
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber:
And he himself confess'd, but even now,
That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose.
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool! fool! fool!

Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,—
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me on the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: and even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his: You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state:—Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know it;
No more of that:—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one, that loved not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees

Their medicinal gum : Set you down this :
 And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,
 Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
 Beat a Venetian, and traduced the state,
 I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
 And smote him—thus.

[*Stabs himself.*]

Lod. O bloody period !

Gra. All, that's spoke, is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee ;—No way but this.

[*Falling upon DESDEMONA.*]

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.

[*Dies.*]

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon ;
 For he was great of heart.

Lod. O Spartan dog,
 More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea !
 Look on the tragic loading of this bed ;
 This is thy work : the object poisons sight ;—
 Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,
 And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
 For they succeed to you.—To you, lord governor,
 Remains the censure* of this hellish villain ;
 The time, the place, the torture,—O enforce it !
 Myself will straight aboard ; and, to the state,
 This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

[*To IAGO.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

* Judgment.

THE
LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

“ALL that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakspeare, is that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon—married and had children there—went to London, where he commenced actor, and wrote poems and plays—returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried.” Such is the ‘summary or brief chronicle of William Shakspeare,’ by one of his most crushing commentators, Mr. George Steevens. Later and more painstaking biographers,—Messrs. Collier, Charles Knight, Halliwell,—have, however, collected together, from all sorts of sources, materials with which they have severally constructed Lives of Shakspeare, ample as those of any contemporary poets, ampler than those of any contemporary dramatists. I will endeavour to compress into the present sketch the leading facts, which the labours of these gentlemen have been so laudably applied to gather.

The family of Shakspeare appears to have been diffused throughout Warwickshire long before the birth of him by whom that family has been rendered illustrious for all time. Who the soldier was upon whom the surname was first imposed for “valour and feats of arms,” or when he lived, we know not; but this we learn from the grant of arms to John Shakspeare, the poet’s father, that “his parent and great-grandfather, late antecessor, for his faithful and approved service to the late most prudent prince, King Henry VII. of famous memory, was advanced and rewarded with lands and tenements, given to him in those

parts of Warwickshire, where they have continued, by some descents, in good reputation and credit." John Shakspeare himself was the fourth in descent from this loyal servant, so royally rewarded, and both he and his immediate predecessors appear to have occupied the position of yeomen, or substantial farmers, at Snitterfield, a village near Stratford. By a marriage with Mary Arden, the youngest daughter of Robert Arden, of Wilmcote, in the parish of Aston Cantlow, also in Warwickshire, John Shakspeare at once augmented his means and aggrandized his position; for the damsel was heiress to her father's land in Wilmcote, called Asbies, a farm of about sixty acres, arable and pasture, with a house, and six pounds thirteen shillings and four pence in money; and she was the descendant of a family that dated back to the time of the Conqueror. Why John Shakspeare quitted Snitterfield does not appear; but it is certain that he went to reside at Stratford, as a tradesman, in or about the year 1551. What precise trade he pursued has been matter of infinite controversy; but he has been traced, by the research of Mr. Halliwell and others, in the various occupations of glover, wool-stapler, and dealer in malt and timber, and the probability would seem to be that his establishment in Stratford served principally as a mart for the produce of his farming, since we find, from a document in 1579, that at that time John Shakspeare continued his occupation as *yeoman*. His position at Stratford was, for many years, one of great respectability. The records of Stratford, as adduced by Mr. Charles Knight, show him to have gone through the whole regular course of municipal duty. In 1556 he was on the jury of the court leet; in 1557, an ale-taster; in 1558, a burgess; in 1559, a constable; in 1560, an *affeeror*; in 1561, a chamberlain; in 1565, an alderman, and in 1568, high bailiff. His worldly possessions were, in the aggregate, considerable, even before he augmented them by his marriage with Mary Arden, which took place, it is supposed, in 1557. The result of the union was eight children, of whom three died when quite young. William, the eldest of the sons, was born 23rd April, 1564, and the house in Henley-street, which tradition distinguishes as the place of his birth, still stands. The extent of education attained by our poet has been the subject of the most animated, though by no means animating, controversy: the argument on the one

side being, that Shakspeare knew "small Latin and less Greek;" while, on the other hand, it is insisted that he retained of his scholastic training more Latin and Greek than most men. Whatever the amount of the knowledge, it was acquired at the Free Grammar School of Stratford, which he entered about 1571, and which, according to Mr. Halliwell, he left about 1578, his father's circumstances at that period beginning so to fail him, that he needed the gratuitous assistance of his son's services at home. We have no space to develop John Shakspeare's decline and fall, but he appears never to have recovered the commercial position which, there is reason to suppose, he began to lose somewhere about 1578. He died in 1601, two years after having obtained from the Herald's College a grant of arms, in all probability at the instance of his then eminent son. It is morally certain that his latter days were not, at all events, days of destitution; William Shakspeare was not the man to let his father want. The first occupation of Shakspeare himself is matter of dispute. Old Aubrey says: "John Shakspeare was a butcher; and I have been told heretofore by some of the neighbours, that when he (*i.e.* William Shakspeare) was a boy he exercised his father's trade; but when he killed a calf he would doe it in a high style, and make a speech." The only Shakspeare who has been actually identified in any records with the trade of a butcher in this locality is a Thomas Shakspeare, who was a butcher at Warwick in 1610; but there certainly seems some ground for the supposition that John Shakspeare bound his son William apprentice to a butcher. There is, however, another tradition, reported with equal confidingness by Aubrey, which it is more agreeable to adopt, namely, that Shakspeare was, "in his younger years, a schoolmaster in the country;" which has been explained to mean that he was employed by the master of the Grammar School to aid him in the instruction of the juniors; and this supposition comes in aid of those who advocate the learning of the poet. One species of wisdom, at all events, he had not acquired up to the age of eighteen, at which, being in the year 1582, he married Anne Hathaway, the daughter of Richard Hathaway, a yeoman, occupying a cottage, which still stands, at Shottery, a village near Stratford. The fruit of this marriage was three children; Susanna, born May, 1583; and Hammet and Judith, twin-children, born 1585;

the son died in August, 1596; the two daughters survived their father. It has been conjectured that the union was not a happy one, principally on the ground that the wife was eight years older than the husband; but as Mr. Halliwell emphatically puts the matter, "for this opinion, not a fragment of direct evidence has been produced." Shakspeare seems to have lived at Stratford, somehow or other, for several years after his marriage. When it was that, "being naturally addicted to poetry and acting, he came up to London," as Aubrey sets forth, remains to be ascertained; but it seems probable that his emigration was hastened by a scrape in which some deer-poaching exploit involved him. "He had," says Mr. Rowe, "by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company, and amongst them some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge that ill-usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet is said to have been so very bitter that it redoubled the persecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time, and shelter himself in London." Mr. Charles Knight wont hear of any deer-stealing at all, but the simple case is that deer-poaching was at that time thought little more of, even among the respectable classes, than hare-poaching now by the country fellows. Sir Thomas Lucy is supposed to be the Justice Shallow of the comedies. It is unknown whether Shakspeare, in his journey to London was accompanied by his wife and children. Mr. De Quincy's theory is, that "after four years' conjugal discord," Shakspeare adopted the plan of solitary emigration to the metropolis, "in order to release himself from the humiliation of domestic feuds," a proposition altogether denounced by Mr. Charles Knight, who considers that Shakspeare had, of course, his family around him in London as well as in the country, and that his London life was not that of the ordinary and the tavern. Mr. De Quincy's theory certainly appears a merely gratuitous assumption; but on the other hand the probabilities are that when Shakspeare found himself impelled by adverse

circumstances to quit Stratford in search of better fortune, he would not charge himself on the way with the heavy burden of a family, however beloved, who could meanwhile remain much more commodiously and economically where they were, especially at a time when the journey to London from Stratford was a matter of some duration and considerable expense. It seems evident, as Mr. Halliwell observes, that the poet was always intimately associated with his native town, and never made a removal from it of a permanent character. As to the locality in London honoured by his residence, he is identified, in 1596, with a house in Southwark, near the Bear Garden. Shakspeare's *début* in the metropolis is stated by several biographers to have been in the humble capacity of horseholder. "I cannot forbear relating a story which Sir William Davenant told Mr. Betterton, who communicated it to Mr. Rowe; Rowe told it to Mr. Pope, and Mr. Pope told it to Dr. Newton, the late editor of Milton, and from a gentleman who heard it from him, 'tis here related." The story, floated in upon this tide of authority, runs thus: "Concerning Shakspeare's first appearance in the play-house, when he came to London, he was without money and friends, and being a stranger, he knew not to whom to apply, nor by what means to support himself. At that time, coaches not being in use, and as gentlemen were accustomed to ride to the play-house, Shakspeare, driven to the last extremity, went to the play-house door, and picked up a little money by taking care of gentlemen's horses who came to the play; he became eminent even in that profession, and was taken notice of for diligence and skill in it. He had soon more business than he himself could manage; and at last hired boys under him, who were known by the name of Shakspeare's boys. Some of the players, accidentally conversing with him, found him so acute and master of so fine a conversation, that, struck therewith, they introduced him and recommended him to the house, in which he was first admitted in a very low station, but he did not long remain so, for he soon distinguished himself, if not as an extraordinary actor, at least as a fine writer." The horse-holding portion of this tale may probably be dismissed with a passing smile; the introduction into the Blackfriars theatre is readily explained by the fact that the manager of that theatre, Richard Burbidge, was, as we are told by Lord South-

ampton, "of one county with Shakspeare, and indeed almost of one town." The position in which Shakspeare was received was probably that of servitor or apprentice, the nature of which may at once be seen from the following memorandum in Henslow's Manuscript Register, in which he states that he "hired as a covenant servant William Kendall, for two years, after the statute of Winchester, with two single pence, and he to give him for his said services every week of his playing in London, ten shillings, and in the country five shillings, for the which he covenanteth for the space of those two years to be ready at all times to play in the house (theatre) of the said Philip, and in no other, during the said term." William Shakspeare was not likely to remain very long a mere servitor, and in point of fact, Mr. Collier's researches among the Ellesmere papers, have furnished documentary proof that in November, 1589, he was already (it does not appear for how long before) a sharer in the theatre, that is, a person sharing in the daily profits of the representations. As to Shakspeare's histrionic powers, Aubrey reports that he "did act exceedingly well;" and the balance of evidence bears out the statement.

The first incontestable notice of Shakspeare by a contemporary writer is assigned by Mr. Halliwell to a tract published at the close of the year 1592, and the author of which is supposed by Mr. Collier to have been Henry Chettle, who, however, published it as *Greene's Groat's-worth of Wit, bought with a Million of Repentance*. In this lucubration, the author denounces to some brother dramatists "an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that, with his tiger's heart, wrapt in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you, and, being an absolute *Johannes factotum*, is, in his own conceit, the only Shake-scene in a country." Mr. Chettle being called over the coals for this and some other pleasantries of the like nature in the *Groat's-worth of Wit*, took occasion, after Greene's death, to publish an apology, the portion of which relating to Shakspeare runs thus: "The other, whom I did not at the time so much spare as since I wish I had,—that I did not, I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault, because myself have seen his demeanour, no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes. Besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of

dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, which approves his art." These allusions to Shakspeare prove how active he had been as early as 1592, and to what practical purpose, both as regards reputation and as regards commercial progress. What were the precise operations by which he laid the foundation of his worldly fortunes does not very clearly appear. There is no doubt, however, that one very large stone consisted of a munificent donation presented to him by Lord Southampton, in return for the dedication to that nobleman of *Venus and Adonis*. The donation assumes in Rowe's narrative the absurdly exaggerated form of a thousand pounds; but the amount may fairly be assumed to have been liberal, and, according to the statement of Sir William Davenant (who claimed to be Shakspeare's son, and to know all about him), it was given to the poet "in order to enable him to go through with a purchase which he (Lord Southampton) heard he had a mind to." The purchase so contemplated Mr. Collier considers to have been a share in the new playhouse, *The Globe*, then (1593) about to be erected as a summer theatre for the Lord Chamberlain's servants, the Blackfriars Theatre being their winter arena. In 1596, we find Shakspeare, in the capacity of *part owner* of the Blackfriars Theatre, putting down a sum of money towards the repairing of that theatre; and in the same year, Mr. Collier's research exhibits him, as occupant of a house in Southwark, signing, somewhat invidiously, a complaint to the authorities against Alleyn's Bear Garden. In 1597, the thriving actor, dramatist, and speculator, made his first investment in his native town, by purchasing New Place, one of the best houses in Stratford, "with two barns and two gardens, and their appurtenances," for £60, the exact date of the purchase, as produced by Mr. Halliwell, being *in the Easter Term, 13 Eliz. 1597*. In one of the two gardens set forth grew the mulberry-tree, planted by Shakspeare, and a scion of which now flourishes on the site of the parent stock. A mulberry-tree, planted by the hand of Shakspeare's royal Mistress, in the garden of a mansion in Cheyne-walk, Chelsea, now occupied by my friends the Handfords, has been more fortunate than Shakspeare's tree, for it remains in full and productive vigour. New Place, as occupied by Shakspeare, was demolished by a wretched man, one Rev. Francis Gastrell,

who unhappily came into the property somewhere about 1751. It was the same reverend iniquity who destroyed *the* mulberry-tree. In New Place, Shakspeare's family chiefly resided from 1597 to the time of his death; and Mr. Halliwell adduces, from the local records, various passages which exhibit Shakspeare himself as much there, and engaged, if not actually in agriculture, at least in negotiations of a kindred character. In fact, he appears to have omitted no honourable means of increasing his store. A subsidy roll of 1598, for example, quoted by Mr. Hunter, shows him to have been the holder of a house in the parish of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate; and as there are no indications that he ever lived in that locality, the probability is, that he had bought the lease of the premises as a speculation. The place was altogether out of the way of his occupation as actor, which he continued certainly up to 1603, in which year he was one of the principal performers in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*. It is probable that, upon the whole, the year 1604 may be assigned as the period at which he finally retired from the stage as actor, though his connection with it as owner and co-manager* continued some years longer. Old Aubrey tells us that "he was wont to go to his native country once a year;" it is likely that his journeys were more frequent, but whenever they occurred, we are informed by Anthony à Wood he always lodged at the sign of the Crown, in the Corn-market at Oxford,—a hostelry of which considerable portions still remain, and which at the time was kept by John Davenant, "a very grave and discreet citizen, who had to wife a very beautiful woman, and of a very good wit, and of conversation extremely agreeable." The son of this couple, Sir William Davenant, who was born March 1605-6, used, "when he was pleasant over a glass of wine with his most intimate friends, *e.g.* Sam Butler (author of *Hudibras*), &c., to say that it seemed to him that he wrote with the very spirit that Shakspeare wrote, and was contented enough to be thought his son." If there be no better basis for this *pleasantry* than the poet-laureate's conceit that he wrote like Shakspeare, the fair fame of Mrs. Davenant, and the morality of William Shakspeare, in the particular case, have been needlessly vindicated. Chirping old Aubrey, however, who is always

* It was probably in the capacity of manager that he found occasion to bring Ben Jonson forward.

ready to trump any imbecility, adds as clincher: "Now, by the way, his (Davenant's) mother had a very light report. In those days she was called a trader (prostitute)." The actual period at which Shakspeare permanently retired to Stratford appears to have been the year 1611. His means for accomplishing this retirement were ample; his shares in the Blackfriars and Globe Theatres alone are estimated by Messrs. Collier and Halliwell, from documents, to have produced him (about 1608) £366. 13s. 4d. per annum, besides his income from houses and lands, and from his writings. Mr. Ward, the rector of Stratford, in a diary written in 1662, states that Shakspeare, "in his elder days, lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year, and for that paid an allowance so large, that he spent at the rate of £1,000 a year, as I have heard." This estimate may be considered as much above the mark, as that of Malone, who computes Shakspeare's retiring income at £200 per annum, is probably below it. Shakspeare's will, of which a copy is given in its proper place, scarcely affords a satisfactory solution of the question; but, as Mr. Halliwell aptly suggests, a portion of the poet's property was perhaps employed before his death in making provisions for those members of his family who have been thought by some biographers to have been neglected by him in his will.

Mr. Ward, in the passage above extracted, speaks of Shakspeare as having in his elder days supplied the stage with two plays every year, impliedly from Stratford; but upon the supposition that he did not retire permanently to his "place of lordship in the country" until 1611, he must have written the bulk of his plays previous to that retirement. His sonnets were probably among his earliest productions; but when they were written, where, and to whom they were addressed, and of whom they discourse, are all matters of mystery. Mr. Halliwell conjectures several of them to have been composed at Stratford before his marriage, and to have been addressed to Anne Hathaway; and such may very well have been the case compatibly with Mr. Dyce's opinion, "after repeated perusals of the sonnets, that the greater number of them were composed in an assumed character, on different subjects, and at different times, for the amusement and probably at the suggestion of the author's intimate associates."

Venus and Adonis, which Shakspeare himself designates the "first heir of his invention," meaning no doubt his first production of weight, was published in 1593. This was followed, in 1594, by the publication of *Lucrece*, and these two poems seem to have been petted much more than the plays, not only by contemporary writers, but even by Shakspeare himself; at least if we may draw any conclusion to the purpose from the fact that these were his only productions in the publication of which he at all concerned himself. The circumstance may, indeed, be attributable to the greater anxiety on such a subject of a young man just feeling his way to fortune; but it has more probable connection with that utter indifference to fame which so singularly contrasts Shakspeare, in this particular, with Milton, and which occasioned him evidently to feel no concern whether his works were given to the world in a perfect or imperfect state. Even while in the enjoyment of his retirement at Stratford, he did not so much as take the trouble to collect his writings together, and it was not until seven years after his death that his plays were formed into a volume by two of his old associates. Milton, on the contrary, who was haunted from his youth upwards, with the thought of composing some great work which should live for ages, when his *Paradise Lost* was published, blind as he was, and trifling as was the emolument it brought him, caused the printing to be superintended with the most minute care, and corrected the orthography throughout on a system peculiarly his own.

The order in which the plays of Shakspeare were written will probably never be determined with precision; each biographer and each commentator, either from actual conscientious belief, the result of new discoveries, real or supposed, or simply by way of being original at all events, has framed a scheme of his own, more or less differing from that of his predecessors. As a matter of fact, Meres, a contemporary writer, shows that in 1598, Shakspeare, then thirty-four years of age, had written, at all events, twelve plays: viz., 1. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*; 2. *The Comedy of Errors*; 3. *Love's Labour Lost*; 4. *Love's Labour Won* (*All's Well that Ends Well*; or according to Halliwell, a separate play, now lost); 5. *Midsummer Night's Dream*; 6. *Merchant of Venice*; 7. *Richard II.*; 8. *Richard III.*; 9. *Henry IV.*; 10. *King John*; 11.

Titus Andronicus; 12. Romeo and Juliet. It can be further stated that Henry VI., Part I., had appeared before 1592; and that the first sketches of the Second and Third parts of Henry VI. had appeared in 1593; that the Merry Wives of Windsor was written in 1593, and that The Taming of the Shrew was acted at Henslow's Theatre in 1593. After 1598, we find Henry IV., Part II., *printed* 1600 (but believed by Halliwell to have been written before 1598); Henry V., *printed* 1600; Much Ado about Nothing, *printed* 1600; As You Like It, *entered at Stationers' Hall*, 1600; Twelfth Night, *acted in Middle Temple Hall*, 1602; Othello, *acted at Harefield*, July, 1602, but probably affirmed by Mr. Halliwell to have been written before 1600; Hamlet, *printed* 1603; Measure for Measure, *acted at Whitehall*, December 26, 1604; King Lear, *acted at Whitehall*, 1607; Troilus and Cressida *acted at Court*, before 1609; Pericles, *printed* 1609; The Tempest, *acted at Whitehall*, November 1, 1611; The Winter's Tale, *acted at Whitehall*, 5th November, 1611; Henry VIII., *acted* 1613. Macbeth, Cymbeline, Timon of Athens, Julius Cæsar, Antony and Cleopatra, and Coriolanus, are evidently the productions of Shakspeare's mature period; but their precise dates are uncertain.

"The latter part of Shakspeare's life," writes Mr. Rowe, "was spent as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. His pleasurable wit and good nature engaged him in the acquaintance and entitled him to the friendship of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Amongst them, it is a story almost still remembered in that country, that he had a particular intimacy with Mr. Combe, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and usury: it happened that in a pleasant conversation, amongst their common friends, Mr. Combe told Shakspeare in a laughing manner, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph, if he happened to outlive him; and since he could not know what might be said of him when he was dead, he desired it might be done immediately; upon which Shakspeare gave him these four lines:—

Ten in the hundred lies here engrav'd,
 'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not sav'd!
 If any man ask, who lies in this tomb?
 Oh! oh! quoth the devil, 'tis my John a Combe.

But the sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the man so severely that he never forgave it." Now these verses in themselves betray no asperity of feeling at all; Shakspeare's disposition, mild, gentle, and equable, seems to have even made him regard the failings of others, and even injuries done to himself, with forbearance, and in this particular instance the satire does not go beyond a jest, which certainly occasioned no lasting coolness, at all events, between the parties, for at his death in 1614, Mr. Combe left Shakspeare £5; and Shakspeare, when he himself died, bequeathed his sword to Mr. Thomas Combe.

Shakspeare died at New Place on April 23, 1616, aged fifty-two, and was buried in the chancel of Stratford church two days afterwards. His will, preserved in the Prerogative Office, London, is in the following terms, as finally corrected by him, the orthography only being here modernized:—

25th day of March, in 14th year of the reign of our Lord James, now king of England, &c. A.D. 1616.

THE WILL OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

In the name of God, Amen! I, William Shakspeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gentleman, in perfect health and memory, God be praised, do make and ordain this my last will and testament, in manner and form following: that is to say, first, I commend my soul into the hands of God my creator, hoping and assuredly believing, through the only merit of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth whereof it is made. Item, I give and bequeath unto my daughter Judith, one hundred and fifty pounds of lawful English money, to be paid unto her in manner and form following; that is to say, one hundred pounds in discharge of her marriage portion within one year after my decease, with consideration after the rate of two shillings in the pound for so long time as the same shall be unpaid to her after my decease, and the fifty pounds residue thereof upon her surrendering of or giving of such sufficient security as the overseers of this my will shall like of to surrender or grant all her estate and right, that shall descend or come unto her, after my decease, or that she now hath, of, in, or to one copyhold tenement, with the appurtenances, lying and being in Stratford-upon-Avon aforesaid, in the said county of Warwick, being parcel, or holden of the manor of Rowington, unto my daughter Susannah Hall, and her heirs for ever. Item, I give and bequeath unto my said daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds more, if she or any issue of her body be living at the end of three years next ensuing the day of the date of this my will, during which

time my executors are to pay her consideration from my decease according to the rate aforesaid; and if she die within the said term, without issue of her body, then my will is, and I do give and bequeath one hundred pounds thereof to my niece Elizabeth Hall, and the fifty pounds to be set forth by her executors during the life of my sister Joan Hart, and the use and profit thereof coming shall be paid to my said sister Joan; and after her decease the said fifty pounds shall remain amongst the children of my said sister, equally to be divided amongst them; but if my said daughter Judith be living at the end of the said three years, or any issue of her body, then my will is, and so I devise and bequeath the said hundred and fifty pounds to be set out by my executors and overseers for the best benefit of her and her issue, and the stock not to be paid unto her so long as she shall be married and covert baron; but my will is that she shall have the consideration yearly paid unto her during her life; and after her decease, the said stock and consideration to be paid to her children, if she have any, and if not, to her executors and assigns, she living the said term after my decease; provided that if such husband, as she shall at the end of the said three years be married unto, or at any time after, do sufficiently assure unto her and the issue of her body lands answerable to the portion by this my will given unto her, and to be adjudged so by my executors and overseers, then my will is, that the said 150*l.* shall be paid to such husband as shall make such assurance, to his own use. Item, I give and bequeath unto my said sister Joan 20*l.*, and all my wearing apparel, to be paid and delivered within one year after my decease; and I do will and devise unto her the house, with the appurtenances, in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her natural life, under the yearly rent of 12*d.* Item, I give and bequeath unto her three sons, William Hart, (Thomas) Hart, and Michael Hart, 5*l.* apiece, to be paid within one year after my decease. Item, I give and bequeath unto the said Elizabeth Hall all my plate, except my broad silver and gilt bowl, that I now have at the date of this my will. Item, I give and bequeath unto the poor of Stratford aforesaid, 10*l.*; to Mr. Thomas Combe, my sword; to Thomas Russell, Esq., 5*l.*; and to Francis Collins, of the borough of Warwick, in the county of Warwick, gentleman, 13*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, to be paid within one year after my decease. Item, I give and bequeath to Hamlett Sadler 26*s.* 8*d.*, to buy him a ring; to William Reynolds, gent., 26*s.* 8*d.*, to buy him a ring; to my godson William Walker, 20*s.* in gold; to Anthony Nash, gent., 26*s.* 8*d.*, and to Mr. John Nash, 26*s.* 8*d.*, and to my fellows John Hemynge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Candell, 26*s.* 8*d.* apiece, to buy them rings. Item, I give, will, bequeath, and devise unto my daughter Susannah Hall, for better enabling her to perform this my will, and towards the performance thereof, all that capital messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, in Stratford aforesaid, called the New Place, wherein I now dwell, and two messuages or tenements, with the appurtenances, situate, lying, and being in Henley Street, within the borough of Stratford aforesaid, and all my barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, and

hereditaments whatsoever, situate, lying, and being, or to be had, received, perceived, or taken within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and grounds of Stratford-upon-Avon, Old Stratford, Bush-opton, and Welcombe, or in any of them in the aforesaid county of Warwick. And also all that messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, situate, lying, and being in the Blackfriars, in London, near the Wardrobe;* and all other my lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever, to have and to hold, all and singular, the said premises with their appurtenances, unto the said Susannah Hall, for and during the term of her natural life, and after her decease, to the first son of her body, lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said first son, lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the second son of her body, lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said second son, lawfully issuing; and for default of such heirs, to the third son of the body of the said Susannah, lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said third son, lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, the same so to be and remain to the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons of her body, lawfully issuing, one after another, and to the heirs males of the said fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons, lawfully issuing, in such manner as it is before limited to be and remain to the first, second, and third sons of her body, and to their heirs males; and for default of such issue, the said premises to be and remain to my said niece Hall, and the heirs males of her body, lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to my daughter Judith and the heirs males of her body, lawfully issuing, and for default of such issue, to the right heirs of me the said William Shakspeare for ever. Item, I give unto my wife, my second best bed, with the furniture.† Item, I give and bequeath to my said daughter Judith, my broad silver-gilt bowl. All the rest of my goods, chattels, leases, plate, jewels, and household stuff whatsoever, after my debts and legacies are paid, and my funeral expenses discharged, I give, devise, and bequeath to my son-in-law John Hall, gent., and my daughter Susannah, his wife, whom I ordain and make executors of this last will and testament. And I do entreat and appoint the said Thomas Russell, Esq., and Francis Collins, gent., to be overseers hereof, and do revoke all former wills, and publish this to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof I have hereunto put my hand, the day and year first above written.

By me, WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

* This was a purchase so late as 1613. The house itself, "abutting upon a street leading down to Puddle Wharf, on the east part," is still pointed out near St. Andrew's Church.

† This bequest, so far from indicating small esteem on the part of the bequeather towards its object, was the ordinary mode, on the contrary, of expressing especial affection. As to her maintenance, Shakspeare's widow was provided for by a dower, without any mention in the will.

The memorial erected over the remains of Shakspeare is a flat stone, bearing this inscription :—

Good friend for Jesus sake forbear,
 'To digg the dust enclo'ased heare:
 Blest be ye. man y^t. spares thes stones,
 And curst be he y^t. moves my bones.

On the north wall of the chancel, about five feet from the floor, is erected a monument to Shakspeare, the work, before 1623, of Gerard Johnson, an eminent sculptor of that period, who has represented the bust of the poet with a cushion before him, a pen in the right hand, and the left resting upon a scroll. The bust was originally coloured, probably after life, the eyes being represented as light hazel, the hair and beard auburn, the dress a scarlet doublet, over which was a loose black gown without sleeves. In 1748 it was repainted, the old colours being faithfully imitated; but in 1793, Mr. Malone was permitted to perpetrate the monstrosity of having it all daubed over with white paint, by a common house-painter. Beneath the bust are inscribed these lines :—

JUDICIO PYLIUM, GENIO SOCRATEM, ARTE MARONEM,
 TERRA TEGIT, POPULUS MÆRET, OLYMPUS HABET.

STAY PASSENGER, WHY GOEST THOU BY SO FAST?
 READ IF THOU CANST, WHOM ENVIOUS DEATH HATH PLAST
 WITHIN THIS MONUMENT, SHAKSPEARE WITH WHOME
 QUICK NATURE DIDE; WHOSE NAME DOTTH DECK Y^s. TOMBE
 FAR MORE THEN COST; SITH ALL Y^t HE HATH WRITT,
 LEAVES LIVING ART, BUT PAGE, TO SERVE HIS WITT.

OBIIT ANO DOⁱ. 1616.

ÆTATIS 53, DIE 23 AP.

END OF VOL. IV.

