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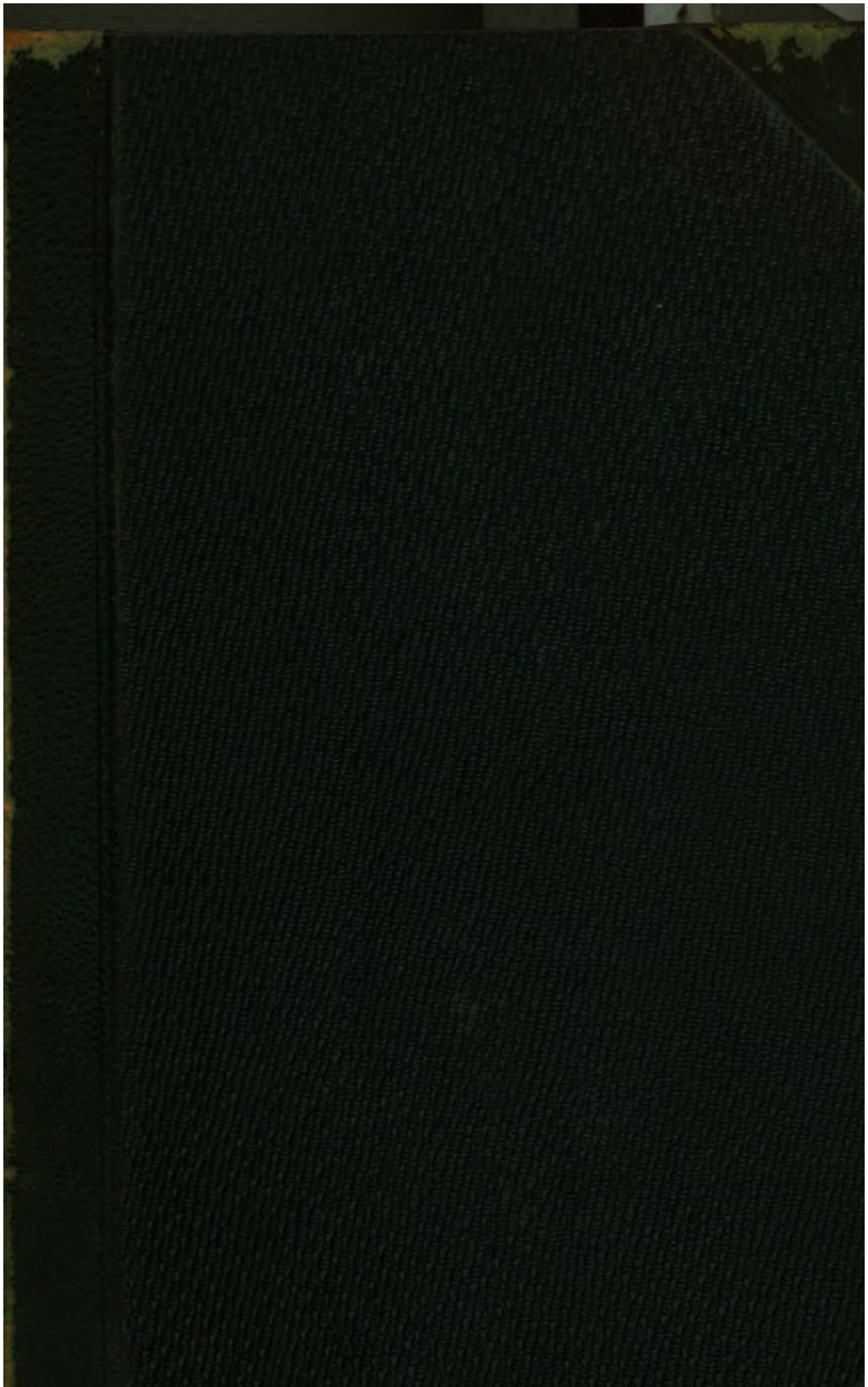
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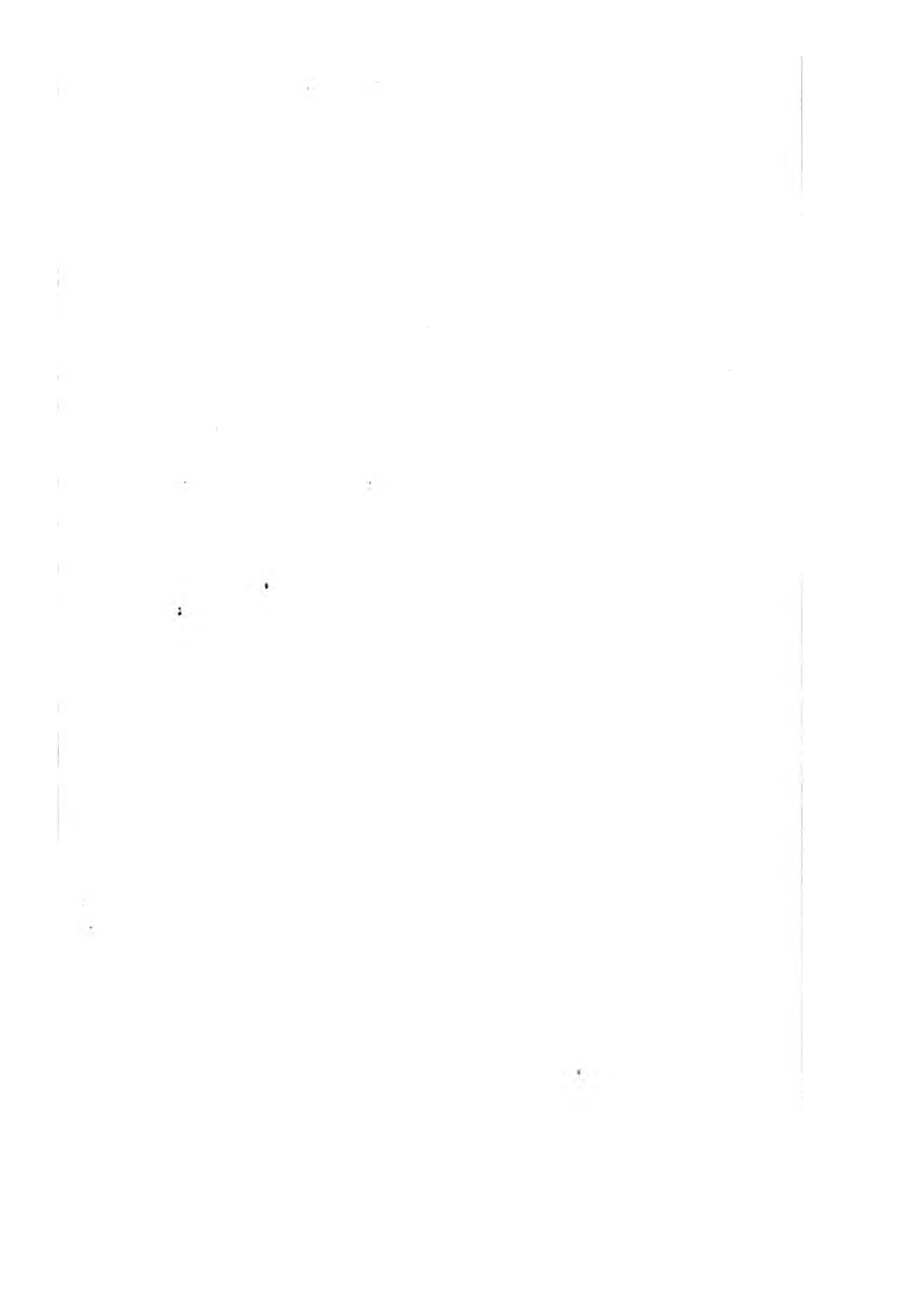


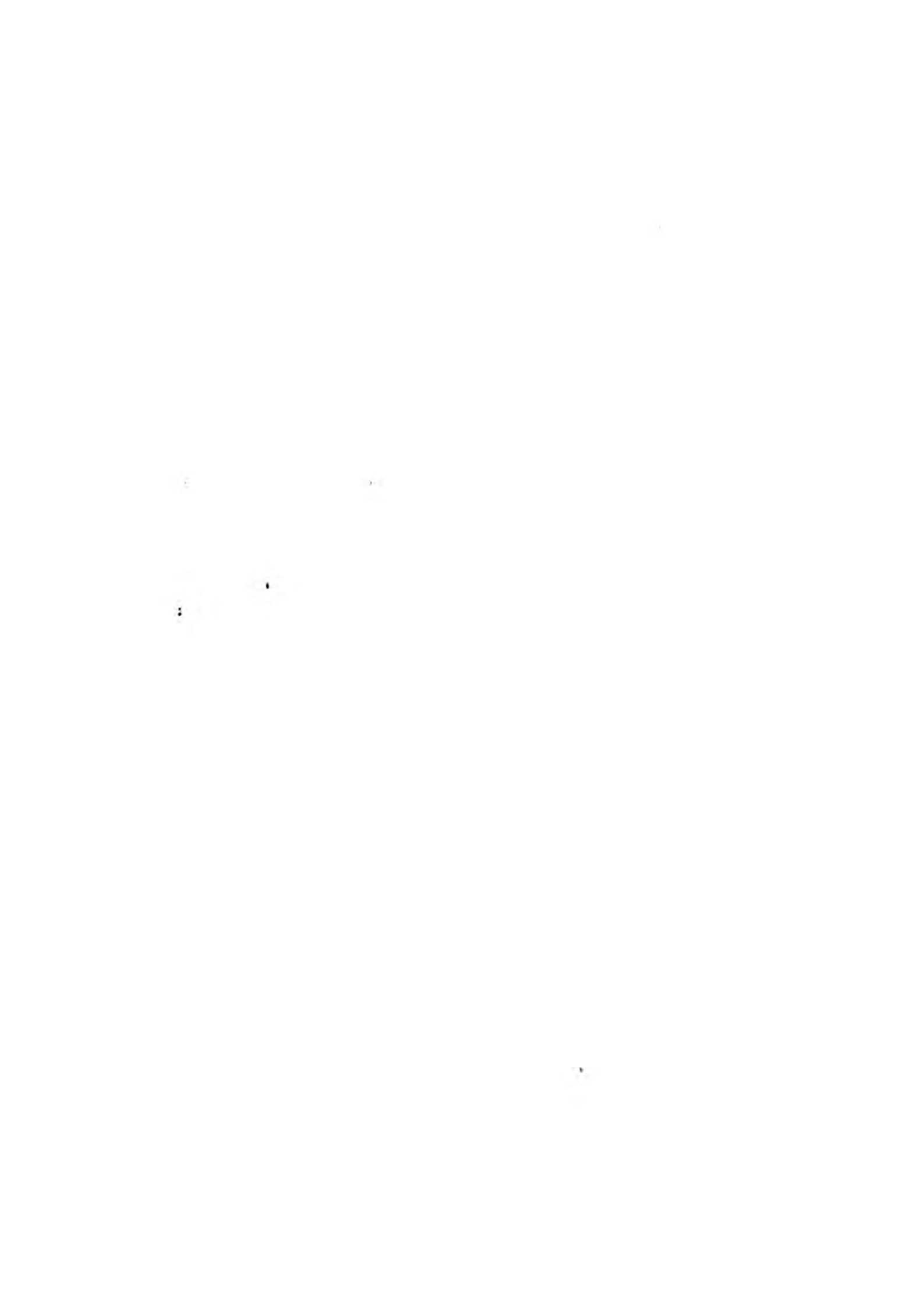
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THE
PLAYS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

ACCURATELY PRINTED
FROM THE TEXT OF THE CORRECTED COPIES
LEFT BY THE LATE
GEORGE STEEVENS, Esq., AND EDMOND MALONE, Esq.

WITH
MR. MALONE'S VARIOUS READINGS;
A SELECTION OF
EXPLANATORY AND HISTORICAL NOTES,
FROM THE MOST EMINENT COMMENTATORS;

A History of the Stage, and a Life of Shakspeare;

BY
ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F.S.A.

A NEW EDITION, IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOLUME VI.

CONTAINING
KING RICHARD III.
KING HENRY VIII.
TROIUS AND CRESSIDA.
TIMON OF ATHENS.
CORIOLANUS.

LONDON:

Printed for C. and J. Rivington; T. Egerton; J. Cuthell; Longman and Co.; T. Cadell; J. and W. T. Clarke; J. Booker; J. Booth; J. Richardson; J. M. Richardson; R. H. Evans; J. Mawman; R. Scholey; J. Bohn; R. Pheney; Baldwin and Co.; Baynes and Son; Newman and Co.; T. Tegg; Hamilton and Co.; J. Duncan; Whitmore and Fenn; Harding and Co.; W. Mason; G. Mackie; J. H. Bohte; G. B. Whittaker; Kingsbury and Co.; Hurst, Robinson, and Co.; Simpkin and Co.; J. Wicksteed; Smith, Elder, and Co.; T. Ward; J. Dowding; J. F. Setchel; and Saunders and Hodgson: also for Deighton and Sons, Cambridge; Wilson and Sons, York: for Stirling and Slade, A. Black, P. Brown, and J. Fairbairn, Edinburgh.

1826.

Miss F. Richardson?

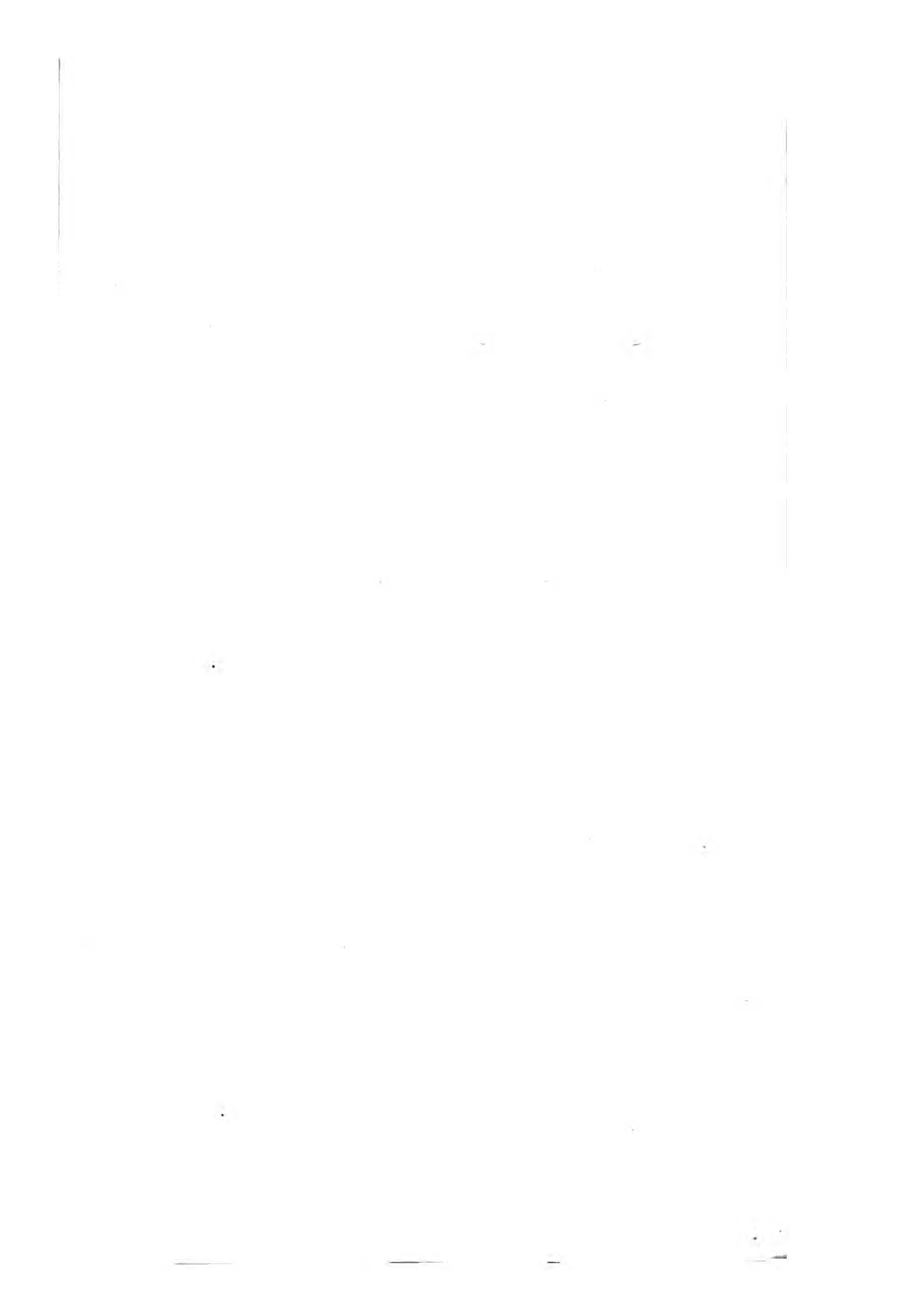


KING RICHARD' III.



VOL. VI.

B



THIS tragedy, though it is called the life and death of this prince, comprizes, at most, but the last eight years of his time; for it opens with George duke of Clarence being clapped up in the Tower, which happened in the beginning of the year 1477; and closes with the death of Richard at Bosworth field, which battle was fought on the 22d of August, in the year 1485. THEOBALD.

It appears that several dramas on the present subject had been written before Shakspeare attempted it. This play was first entered at Stationers' Hall by Andrew Wise, Oct. 20, 1597, under the title of *The Tragedie of King Richard the Third, with the Death of the Duke of Clarence*. Before this, viz. Aug. 15, 1586, was entered, *A tragical Report of King Richard the Third, a Ballad*. It may be necessary to remark that the words, *song, ballad, enterlude* and *play*, were often synonymously used. STEEVENS.

This play was written, I imagine, in the year 1593. *The Legend of King Richard III.* by Francis Seagars, was printed in the first edition of *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1559, and in that of 1575, and 1587, but Shakspeare does not appear to be indebted to it. In a subsequent edition of that book printed in 1610, the old legend was omitted, and a new one inserted, by Richard Niccols, who has very freely copied the play before us. In 1597, when this tragedy was published, Niccols, as Mr. Warton has observed, was but thirteen years old. *Hist. of Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 267.

The real length of time in this piece is fourteen years; not eight years, as Mr. Theobald supposed :) for the second scene commences with the funeral of king Henry VI. who, according to the received account, was murdered on the 21st of May, 1471. The imprisonment of Clarence, which is represented previously in the first scene, did not in fact take place till 1477-8.

It has been since observed to me by Mr. Elderton, (who is of opinion that Richard was charged with this murder by the Lancastrian historians without any foundation,) that "it appears on the face of the publick accounts allowed in the exchequer for the maintenance of king Henry and his numerous attendants in the Tower, that he lived to the 12th of June, which was twenty-two days after the time assigned for his pretended assassination; was exposed to the publick view in St. Paul's for some days, and interred at Chertsey with much solemnity, and at no inconsiderable expence." MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King EDWARD the Fourth.

EDWARD *Prince of Wales, afterwards* }
 K. Edward V. } *Sons to the King.*

RICHARD, *Duke of York.*

GEORGE, *Duke of Clarence,* }
RICHARD, *Duke of Gloster, af-* } *Brothers to the King.*
 terwards King Richard III. }

A young Son of Clarence.

HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, afterwards K. Henry VII.*

CARDINAL BOURCHIER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*

THOMAS ROTHERAM, *Archbishop of York.* JOHN MOR-
TON, *Bishop of Ely.*

Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

Duke of NORFOLK: Earl of SURREY, his Son.

Earl RIVERS, Brother to King EDWARD'S Queen:

Marquis of DORSET, and Lord GREY, her Sons.

Earl of OXFORD. Lord HASTINGS. Lord STANLEY.

Lord LOVEL.

Sir THOMAS VAUGHAN. Sir RICHARD RATCLIFF.

Sir WILLIAM CATESBY. Sir JAMES TYRREL.

Sir JAMES BLOUNT. Sir WALTER HERBERT.

Sir ROBERT BRAKENBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower.

CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a Priest. Another Priest.

Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.

ELIZABETH, Queen of King Edward IV.

MARGARET, Widow of King Henry VI.

Duchess of YORK, Mother to King Edward IV. Clarence,
and Gloster.

Lady ANNE, Widow of Edward Prince of Wales, Son to
King Henry VI.; afterwards married to the Duke of
Gloster.

A young Daughter of Clarence.

Lords, and other Attendants; two Gentlemen, a Pursui-
vant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers,
Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE, ENGLAND.

LIFE AND DEATH
OF
KING RICHARD III.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — London. *A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Gloster.

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;¹
And all the clouds, that lowr'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean bury'd.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.²
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;

¹ — *this sun of York* ;] Alluding to the cognizance of Edward IV. which was *a sun*, in memory of the *three suns*, which are said to have appeared at the battle which he gained over the Lancastrians at Mortimer's Cross.

² — *delightful measures*.] A *measure* was, strictly speaking, a court dance of a stately turn, though the word is sometimes employed to express dances in general.

And now, — instead of mounting barbed steeds,³
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries, —
 He capers⁴ nimbly in a lady's chamber,
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
 But I, — that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
 I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,⁵
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable,
 That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;
 Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away the time;
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
 And descant on mine own deformity;
 And therefore, — since I cannot prove a lover,⁶
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days, —
 I am determin'd to prove a villain,
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

³ — barbed *steeds*,] i. e. steeds caparisoned in a warlike manner. *Barbed*, however, may be no more than a corruption of *barded*. *Equus bardatus*, in the Latin of the middle ages, was a horse adorned with military trappings.

⁴ *He capers* —] War *capers*. This is poetical, though a little harsh; if it be York that capers, the antecedent is at such a distance, that it is almost forgotten.

⁵ *Cheated of feature by dissembling nature*,] By *dissembling* is not meant *hypocritical* nature, that pretends one thing, and does another; but nature that puts together things of a dissimilar kind, as a brave soul and a deformed body. *Feature* is used here, as in other pieces of the same age, for *beauty* in general.

⁶ *And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover*,] Shakspeare very diligently inculcates, that the wickedness of Richard proceeded from his deformity, from the envy that rose at the comparison of his own person with others, and which incited him to disturb the pleasures that he could not partake. JOHNSON.

Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,⁷
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
 To set my brother Clarence, and the king,
 In deadly hate the one against the other :
 And, if king Edward be as true and just,
 As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
 This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up ;
 About a prophecy, which says — that G
 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul ! here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day : What means this armed guard
 That waits upon your grace ?

Clar. His majesty,
 Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
 This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause ?

Clar. Because my name is — George.

Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours ;
 He should, for that, commit your godfathers : —
 O, belike, his majesty hath some intent,
 That you shall be new-christen'd in the Tower.
 But what's the matter, Clarence ? may I know ?

Cla. Yea, Richard, when I know ; for, I protest,
 As yet I do not : But, as I can learn,
 He hearkens after prophecies, and dreams ;
 And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
 And says — a wizard told him, that by G
 His issue disinherited should be ;
 And, for my name of George begins with G,
 It follows in his thought, that I am he :
 These, as I learn, and such like toys⁸ as these,
 Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

⁷ — inductions *dangerous*,] Preparations for mischief. The *in-*
duction is preparatory to the action of the play.

⁸ — *toys* —] Fancies, freaks of imagination.

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women: —

'Tis not the king, that sends you to the Tower;
My lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 'tis she,
That tempers him to this extremity.
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Antony Woodeville, her brother there,
That made him send lord Hastings to the Tower;
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.

Clar. By heaven, I think, there is no man secure,
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and mistress Shore.
Heard you not, what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what, — I think, it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself,⁹
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me;
His Majesty hath straitly given in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

Glo. Even so? an please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no treason, man; — We say, the king
Is wise, and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well struck in years; fair, and not jealous: —
We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip,
A bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;

⁹ *The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself,]* That is the queen and Shore.

† And the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks :
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have naught to do.

Glo. Naught to do with mistress Shore? I tell thee,
fellow,

He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glo. Her husband, knave: — Would'st thou betray
me?

Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me; and withal,
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will
obey.

Glo. We are the queen's abjects¹, and must obey.
Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatsoever you will employ me in, —
Were it, to call king Edward's widow — sister, —
I will perform it, to enfranchise you.
Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know, it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you:²
Mean time, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce; farewell.

[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, and *Guard.*

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence! — I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

† "And that the queen's," &c. — MALONE.

¹ — *the queen's* abjects,] The most servile of her subjects, who must of course obey all her commands.

² — *lie for you:*] i. e. be *imprisoned* in your stead. To *lie* was anciently to *reside*, as appears by many instances in these volumes.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!

Well are you welcome to this open air.

How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must;
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;
For they, that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.

Hast. More pity, that the eagle should be mew'd,³
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad, as this at home; —
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet⁴ long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person;
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit. HASTINGS.*]

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
Till George be pack'd with posthorse up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!

³ — *should be mew'd.*] A *mew* was the place of confinement where a hawk was kept till he had moulted.

⁴ — *an evil diet* —] i. e. a bad regimen.

For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter :
 What, though I kill'd her husband, and her father ?
 The readiest way to make the wench amends,
 Is — to become her husband, and her father :
 The which will I ; not all so much for love,
 As for another secret close intent,
 By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
 But yet I run before my horse to market :
 Clarence still breathes ; Edward still lives, and reigns ;
 When they are gone, then must I count my gains.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Another Street.

Enter the Corpse of King HENRY the Sixth, borne in an open Coffin, Gentlemen bearing Halberds, to guard it ; and Lady ANNE as Mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load, —
 If honour may be shrouded in a hearse, —
 Whilst I a while obsequiously lament⁵
 The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster. —
 Poor key-cold⁶ figure of a holy king !
 Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster !
 Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood !
 Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
 To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
 Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
 Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds !
 Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,

⁵ — obsequiously *lament* —] *Obsequious*, in this instance, means *funereal*.

⁶ — *key-cold* —] A key, on account of the coldness of the metal of which it is composed, was anciently employed to stop any slight bleeding. The epithet is common to many old writers.

I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes : —
 O, cursed be the hand, that made these holes !
 Cursed the heart, that had the heart to do it !
 Cursed the blood, that let this blood from hence !
 More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
 That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
 Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives !
 If ever he have child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view ;
 And that be heir to his unhappiness !⁷
 If ever he have wife, let her be made
 More miserable by the death of him,
 Than I am made by my young lord, and thee ! —
 Come, now, toward Chertsey with your holy load,
 Taken from Paul's to be interred there ;
 And, still as you are weary of the weight,
 Rest you, whiles I lament king Henry's corse.
 [*The Bearers take up the Corpse, and advance.*]

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
 To stop devoted charitable deeds ?

Glo. Villains, set down the corse ; or, by Saint Paul,
 I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

1 *Gent.* My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog ! stand thou when I command ;
 Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
 Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
 And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[*The Bearers set down the Coffin.*]

Anne. What, do you tremble ? are you all afraid ?

⁷ — to his unhappiness !] i. e. disposition to mischief.

Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
 And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil. —
 Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
 Thou had'st but power over his mortal body,
 His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble
 us not;

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
 Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclams.
 If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
 Behold this pattern of thy butcheries:⁸
 O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
 Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh!⁹
 Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
 For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
 From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;
 Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
 Provokes this deluge most unnatural. —

O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
 O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
 Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead,
 Or earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick;
 As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
 Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
 Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man;
 No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry. —

⁸ — pattern of thy butcheries:] *Pattern* is *instance*, or *example*.

⁹ — see! dead Henry's wounds

Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh!] It is a tradition very generally received, that the murdered body bleeds on the touch of the murderer. This was so much believed by Sir Kenelm Digby, that he has endeavoured to explain the reason.

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,¹
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst
make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair I should accuse myself.

Anne. And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excus'd;
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say, that I slew them not?

Anne. Why then, they are not dead;
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy soul's throat† thou liest; queen Mar-
garet saw
Thy murderous faulchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her sland'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt² upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this king?

¹ *Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,*] *Diffus'd infection of a man* may mean, thou that art as dangerous as a pestilence, that infects the air by its diffusion. *Diffus'd* may, however, mean *irregular*.

† "In thy foul throat," &c. — MALONE.

² *That laid their guilt* —] The crime of my brothers. He has just charged the murder of lady Anne's husband upon Edward.

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then, God grant me too,

Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed!

O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven that hath him.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me, that help to send him thither; For he was fitter for that place, than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place, but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so. — But, gentle lady Anne, —
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method;³ —
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck,
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy
life!

³ — a slower method;] As *quick* was used for *spritely*, so *slower* was put for *serious*.

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives, that loves you better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Here: [*She spits at him.*] Why
dost thou spit at me?

Anne. 'Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

Anne. 'Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear, —

† Not, when my father York and Edward wept,

To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,

When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him:

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,

Told the sad story of my father's death;

And twenty times made pause, to sob, and weep,

That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,

Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time,

† "No, when," &c. — MALONE.

My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear ;
 And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
 Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping,
 I never su'd to friend, nor enemy ;
 My tongue could never learn sweet soothing word ;
 But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
 My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[She looks scornfully at him.]

Teach not thy lip such scorn ; for it was made
 For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
 If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
 Lo ! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword ;
 Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
 And let the soul forth that adareth thee,
 I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
 And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[He lays his Breast open ; she offers at it with his Sword.]

Nay, do not pause ; for I did kill king Henry ;
 But 'twas thy beauty⁴ that provoked me.
 Nay, now despatch ; 'twas I that stabb'd young Ed-
 ward : — *[She again offers at his Breast.]*
 But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

[She lets fall the Sword.]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler : though I wish thy death,
 I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage :
 Speak it again, and, even with the word,
 This hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,
 Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love ;
 To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

⁴ *But 'twas thy beauty* —] Shakspeare countenances the observation, that no woman can ever be offended with the mention of her beauty. JOHNSON.

Anne. I would, I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in
My tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Then man
Was never true. †

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shall you know
Hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men,
I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take, is not to give. [*She puts on the Ring.*]

Glo. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-place:⁵
Where — after I have solemnly interr'd,
At Chertsey monast'ry, this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears, —
I will with all expedient duty see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent. —
Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.

† "Then never man was true." — MALONE.

⁵ — Crosby-place:] A house near Bishopsgate-street, belonging to the duke of Gloster, now Crosby-square, where part of the house is yet remaining.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve :
But, since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt* Lady ANNE, TRESSEL, and BERKLEY.

Glo. Take up the corse, sirs. †

Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Glo. No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming.

[*Exeunt the rest, with the Corse.*

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her, — but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by;
With God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her, — all the world to nothing!
Ha! †
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman, —
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet debase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt, and am mis-shapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,⁶

† "Sirs, take up the corse." — MALONE.

‡ — "all the world to nothing, ah!" — MALONE.

⁶ — a *beggarly denier*,] *A denier* is the twelfth part of a French *sous*, and appears to have been the usual request of a *beggar*.

I do mistake my person all this while :
 Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
 Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
 I'll be at charges for a looking-glass ;
 And entertain a score or two of tailors,
 To study fashions to adorn my body :
 Since I am crept in favour with myself,
 I will maintain it with some little cost.
 But, first, I'll turn yon' fellow in his grave ;
 And then return lamenting to my love. —
 Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
 That I may see my shadow as I pass. [Exit.

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, LORD RIVERS, and LORD GREY.

Riv. Have patience, madam ; there's no doubt, his
 majesty.

Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse :
 Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
 And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide of me ?

Grey. No other harm, but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly
 son,

To be your comforter, when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young ; and his minority
 Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
 A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be protector ?

Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet :
 But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and STANLEY.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!

Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

Q. Eliz. The countess Richmond, good my lord of Stanley,

To your good prayer will scarcely say — amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley?

Stan. But now, the duke of Buckingham, and I,
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! did you confer with him?

Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement
Between the duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn them⁷ to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. 'Would all were well! — But that will never
be; —

I fear, our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:—

⁷ — to warn them —] i. e. to summon.

Who art they, that complain unto the king,
 That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
 By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
 That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
 Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
 Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
 Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,⁸
 I must be held a rancorous enemy.
 Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
 But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
 By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace.

When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong? —
 Or thee? — or thee? — or any of your faction?
 A plague upon you all? His royal grace, —
 Whom God preserve better than you would wish! —
 Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
 But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.⁹

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter:
 The king, of his own royal disposition,
 And not provok'd by any suitor else;
 Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
 That in your outward actions shows itself,
 Against my children, brothers, and myself,
 Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather
 The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell; — The world is grown so bad,
 That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch:

⁸ ————— *Speak fair,*

Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,

Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,] An importation of artificial manners seems to have afforded our ancient poets a never-failing topick of invective.

⁹ ————— *with lewd complaints.*] *Lewd*, in the present instance, signifies *rude, ignorant*; from the Anglo-Saxon, *laewede*, a *laick*. Chaucer often uses the word *lewd*, both for a *laick* and an *ignorant* person.

Since every Jack became a gentleman,¹
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother
Gloster;

You envy my advancement and my friends;
God grant, we never may have need of you!

Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while great promotions †
Are daily given, to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. Eliz. By Him, that raised me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord; for——

Glo. She may, lord Rivers! — why, who knows not so?
She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not? She may, — ay, marry, may she, —

Riv. What, marry, may she?

Glo. What, marry, may she? marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:
I wis, your grandam had a worser match.

Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne

¹ *Since every Jack became a gentleman,*] This proverbial expression at once demonstrates the origin of the term *Jack* so often used by Shakspeare. It means one of the very lowest class of people, among whom this name is of the most common and familiar kind.

† “while many fair promotions” — MALONE.

Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs :
 By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,
 Of those gross taunts I often have endur'd.
 I had rather be a country servant-maid,
 Than a great queen, with this condition —
 To be so baited, scorn'd, and storm'd at : †
 Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, *behind*.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God I beseech
 thee !

Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.

Glo. What? threat you me with telling of the king?
 Tell him, and spare not : look, what I have said
 I will avouch, in presence of the king :
 I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'Tis time to speak, my pains ² are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil ! I remember them too well :
 Thou kill'dst my husband in the Tower.
 And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,
 I was a pack-horse in his great affairs ;
 A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
 A liberal rewarder of his friends ;
 To royalize ³ his blood, I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay †, and much better blood than his, or
 thine.

Glo. In all which time, you and your husband Grey,
 Were factious for the house of Lancaster ; —
 And, Rivers, so were you : — Was not your husband
 In Margaret's battle ⁴ at Saint Albans' slain ?
 Let me put in your minds, if you forget,

† "To be thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at." — MALONE.

² — *my pains* —] *My labours, my toils*.

³ — *royalize* —] i. e. to make royal.

† "Yea," — MALONE.

⁴ *Margaret's battle* —] is — *Margaret's army*.

What you have been ere now, and what your are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,
Ay, and forswore himself, — Which Jesu pardon! —

Q. Mar. Which God revenge!

Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown;
And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up:
I would to God, my heart were flint like Edward's,
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine;
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this
world,

Thou cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge, to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king;
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be? — I had rather be a pedlar:
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king;
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.

I can no longer hold me patient. — [*Advancing.*
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me:⁵
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?
If, not, that I being queen, you bow like subjects;
Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like rebels? —
Ah, gentle villain⁶, do not turn away!

⁵ — which you have pill'd from me;] To pill is to pillage.

⁶ Ah, gentle villain,] Gentle appears to be taken in its common
acceptation, but to be used ironically.

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?⁷

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd; That will I make, before I let thee go.

Glo. Wert thou not banished, on pain of death?

Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment, Than death can yield me here by my abode. A husband and a son, thou ow'st to me, — And thou, a kingdom; — all of you, allegiance: This sorrow that I have, by right is yours; And all the pleasures you usurp, are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee, — When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper, And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes; And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout, Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland; — His curses then from bitterness of soul Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee; And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.⁸

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed, to slay that babe, And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dor. No man but prophesy'd revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What were you snarling all, before I came, Ready to catch each other by the throat, And turn you all your hatred now on me? Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven, That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death, Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment, Could all but answer for that peevish brat?

⁷ — *what mak'st thou in my sight?*] An obsolete expression for — *what dost thou in my sight.*

⁸ — *hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.*] To *plague*, in ancient language, is to *punish*.

Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven? —
 Why, then give way, dull clouds to my quick curses! —
 Though not by war, by surfeit die your king!⁹
 As ours by murder, to make him a king!
 Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,
 For Edward, my son, that was prince of Wales,
 Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!
 Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
 Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
 Long may'st thou live, to wail thy children's loss;
 And see another, as I see thee now,
 Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
 Long die thy happy days before thy death;
 And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
 Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen! —
 Rivers, — and Dorset, — you were standers by, —
 And so wast thou, lord Hastings, — when my son
 Was stabb'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray him,
 That none of you may live your natural age,
 But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd
 hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt
 hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
 Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
 O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
 And then hurl down their indignation
 On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
 The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
 Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
 And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
 No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
 Unless it be while some tormenting dream
 Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!

⁹ — by surfeit die your king,] Alluding to his luxurious life.

Thou elvish-mark'd ¹, abortive, rooting hog! ²
 Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
 The slave of nature ³, and the son of hell!
 Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
 Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
 Thou rag of honour! thou detested —

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard!

Glo. Ha?

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,
 That thou had'st call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.

O, let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. 'Tis done by me; and ends in — Margaret.

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse against
 yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my for-
 tune!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider, ⁴
 Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
 Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
 The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me
 To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

¹ — *elvish-mark'd,*] The common people in Scotland, (as we learn from Kelly's *Proverbs*,) have still an aversion to those who have any natural defect or redundancy, as thinking them *mark'd* out for mischief.

² — *rooting hog!*] The expression is fine, alluding (in memory of her young son) to the ravage which hogs make, with the finest flowers, in gardens; and intimating that Elizabeth was to expect no other treatment for her sons. WARBURTON.

³ *The slave of nature,*] The expression is strong and noble, and alludes to the ancient custom of masters branding their profligate slaves; by which it is insinuated that his misshapen person was the mark that nature had set upon him to stigmatize his ill conditions.

⁴ — *bottled spider,*] A spider is called bottled, because, like other insects, he has a middle slender, and a belly protuberant. Richard's form and venom made her liken him to a spider.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantick curse ;
Lest, to thy harm, thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you ! you have all mov'd
mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your
duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects ;
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

Dor. Dispute not with her, she is lunatick.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquis, you are malapert :
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current ;
O, that your young nobility could judge,
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable !
They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them ;
And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry ; learn it, learn it, marquis.

Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more : But I was born so high,
Our aiery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade ; — alas ! —
alas ! —

Witness my son, now in the shade of death :⁵
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.

Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's nest :⁶ —

O God, that see'st it, do not suffer it ;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so !

Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me ;

⁵ *Witness my son, &c.*] Her distress cannot prevent her quibbling. It may be here remarked, that the introduction of Margaret in this place is against all historical evidence. She was ransomed and sent to France soon after Tewksbury fight, and there passed the remainder of her wretched life.

⁶ *Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's nest :*] An *aiery* is a hawk's or an eagle's nest.

Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
 And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.
 My charity is outrage, life my shame, —
 And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I kiss thy hand,
 In sign of league and amity with thee:
 Now fair befall thee, and thy noble house!
 Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
 Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
 The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
 And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
 O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog;
 Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he bites,
 His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
 Have not to do with him, beware of him;
 Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks on him;
 And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What does she say, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle
 counsel?

And sooth the devil that I warn thee from?
 O, but remember this another day,
 When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow;
 And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess. —
 Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
 And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit.*

Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine; I muse, why she's at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother;
 She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
 My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
 I was too hot to do some body good,

That is too cold in thinking of it now.
 Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
 He is frank'd up to fattening for his pains;⁷ —
 God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,
 To pray for them that have done scath to us.⁸

Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd; —
 For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself. [*Aside.*]

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you, —
 And for your grace, — and you, my noble lords.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come: — Lords, will you go with
 me?

Riv. Madam, we will attend upon † your grace.

[*Exeunt all but GLOSTER.*]

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
 The secret mischiefs that I set abroad,
 I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
 Clarence, — whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness, —
 I do bewep to many simple gulls;
 Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
 And tell them — 'tis the queen and her allies,
 That stir the king against the duke my brother.
 Now they believe it; and withal whet me
 To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
 But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,
 Tell them — that God bids us do good for evil:
 And thus I clothe my naked villainy
 With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ;
 And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

⁷ *He is frank'd up to fattening for his pains:]* A *frank* is an old English word for a *hog-sty* or *pen*. 'Tis possible he uses this metaphor to Clarence, in allusion to the crest of the family of York, which was a *boar*.

⁸ . — *done scath to us.] Scath is harm, mischief.*

† Mr. Malone omits *upon*.

Enter Two Murderers.

But soft, here come my executioners. —
How now, my hardy, stout resolved mates?
Are you now going to dispatch this thing?

1 *Murd.* We are, my lord; and come to have the
warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:

[*Gives the Warrant.*

When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,

Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;

For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,

May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1 *Murd.* Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers; be assur'd,

We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes
drop tears:⁹

I like you, lads; — about your business straight;

Go, go, despatch.

1 *Murd.* We will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in the Tower.

Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a christian faithful man,¹

⁹ *Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes drop tears:*] This, I believe, is a proverbial expression. STEEVENS.

¹ — *faithful man,*] Not an infidel.

I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you,
tell me.

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster:
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we look'd towards England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,²
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes,) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought, I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;

² — unvalued *jewels*,] *Unvalued* is here used for *invaluable*.

But smother'd it within my panting bulk,³
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick:
Who cry'd aloud, — *What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?*

And so he vanish'd: Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud, —
*Clarence is come, — false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence, —
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury; —
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments! —*
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done these things, —
That now give evidence against my soul, —
For Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites me —
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children! —
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

³ — *within my panting bulk,*] *Bulk* is often used by Shakspeare and his contemporaries for *body*.



KING RICHARD III.

CLAR. CLARENCE IS COME, ——— FALSE. FLEETING. PERJUR'D
CLARENCE,
THAT STABB'D ME IN THE FIELD BY TEWKSBURY.
SEIZE ON HIM. FURIES, TAKE HIM TO YOUR TORMENTS.
Act 1. Sc. 4.

London, Published by F. C & J. Rivington, and Partners. Feb^r 1823



Brak. I will, my lord; God give your grace good rest! — [*CLARENCE reposes himself on a Chair.*
Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the Two Murderers.

1 Murd. Ho! who's here?

Brak. What would'st thou, fellow? and how cam'st thou hither?

1 Murd. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

2 Murd. O, sir, 'tis better to be brief than tedious: — Let him see our commission †; talk no more.

[*A Paper is delivered to BRAKENBURY, who reads it.*

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver The noble duke of Clarence to your hands: — I will not reason what is meant hereby, Because I will be guiltless of the meaning. Here are the keys: — there sits the duke asleep: I'll to the king; and signify to him, That thus I have resign'd to you my charge. ‡

1 Murd. You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom: Fare you well. [*Exit BRAKENBURY.*

2 Murd. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 Murd. No; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

† "Show him our commission;" — MALONE.

‡ "my charge to you." — MALONE.

2 *Murd.* When he wakes ! why, fool, he shall never wake until the great judgment day.

1 *Murd.* Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him sleeping.

2 *Murd.* The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 *Murd.* What? art thou afraid?

2 *Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 *Murd.* I thought, thou had'st been resolute.

2 *Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

1 *Murd.* I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2 *Murd.* Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope †, this holy humour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1 *Murd.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 *Murd.* 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 *Murd.* Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

2 *Murd.* Come, he dies; I had forgot the reward.

1 *Murd.* Where's thy conscience now?

2 *Murd.* In the duke of Gloster's purse.

1 *Murd.* So, when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Murd.* 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few or none, will entertain it.

1 *Murd.* What, if it come to thee again?

2 *Murd.* I'll not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'Tis a blushing shame-faced spirit, that

† " my holy humour," &c. — MALONE.

mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man, that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 *Murd.* 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 *Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh.

1 *Murd.* I am strong-fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Murd.* Spoke like a tall fellow⁴, that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Murd.* Take him over the costard⁵ with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt, in the next room.

2 *Murd.* O excellent device! and make a sop of him.

1 *Murd.* Soft! he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Strike.

1 *Murd.* No, we'll reason⁶ with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

1 *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Murd.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 *Murd.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

⁴ *Spoke like a tall fellow,*] The meaning of *tall*, in old English, is *stout, daring, fearless, and strong*.

⁵ — *the costard* —] i. e. the *head*; a name adopted from an apple shaped like a man's head.

⁶ — *we'll reason* —] *We'll talk*.

Clar. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak !
Your eyes do menace me : Why look you pale ?
Who sent you hither ? Wherefore do you come ?

Both Murd. To, to, to, —

Clar. To murder me ?

Both Murd. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you ?

1 *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 *Murd.* Never, my lord ; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,
To slay the innocent ? What is my offence ?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me ?
What lawful quest⁷ have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge ? or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death ?
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death, is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope for any goodness, †
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me ;
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Murd.* And he, that hath commanded, is our king.

Clar. Erroneous vassal ! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder ; Wilt thou then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's ?
Take heed ; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on
thee,

⁷ *What lawful quest* —] *Quest* is *inquest* or *jury*.

† “ — as you hope to have redemption,” — MALONE.

For false forswearing, and for murder too :
Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow : and, with thy treacherous blade,
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2 *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law
to us,

When thou hast broke it in such dear ⁸ degree ?

Clar. Alas ! for whose sake did I that ill deed ?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake :

† He sends you not to murder me for this ;

For in that sin † he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,

O, know you, that he doth it publickly ;

Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm ;

He needs no indirect nor lawless course,

To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Murd.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,

When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet, ⁹

That princely novice ¹, was struck dead by thee ?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me ;

I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,

And I will send you to my brother Gloster ;

⁸ — *dear* —] This is a word of mere enforcement, and very frequently occurs, with different shades of meaning, in our author.

† “ Why, sirs, he sends,” &c. — MALONE.

‡ “ this sin” — MALONE.

⁹ — *springing*, — *Plantagenet*,] Blooming Plantagenet ; a prince in the *spring* of life.

¹ — *novice*,] *Youth* ; one yet *new* to the world.

Who shall reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 *Murd.* You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster hates
you.

Clar. O, no ; he loves me, and he holds me dear ;
Go you to him from me.

Both Murd. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship :
Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1 *Murd.* Ay, mill-stones ; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 *Murd.* Right, as snow in harvest.— Come, you de-
ceive yourself ;

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be ; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1 *Murd.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

2 *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die,
my lord.

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God, by murdering me : —
Ah, sirs, consider, he, that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 *Murd.* What shall we do ?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

1 *Murd.* Relent ! 'tis cowardly, and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish. —
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now, —
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you, —

Would not entreat for life? —

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;

O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,

Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,

As you would beg, were you in my distress.

A begging prince what beggar pities not?

2 *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.

1 *Murd.* Take that, and that; if all this will not do,

[*Stabs him.*]

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[*Exit, with the Body.*]

2 *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately despatch'd!

How fain, like Pilate would I wash my hands

Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter first Murderer.

1 *Murd.* How now? what mean'st thou, that thou
help'st me not?

By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have been.

2 *Murd.* I would he knew, that I had sav'd his brother!

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;

For I repent me that the duke is slain.

[*Exit.*]

1 *Murd.* So do not I; go, coward, as thou art. —

Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,

Till that the duke give order for his burial:

And when I have my meed, I will away;

For this will out, and then I must not stay.

[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.— *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King EDWARD, (led in sick,) Queen ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, and Others.

K. Edw. Why, so: — now have I done a good day's work; —

You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassy
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
† And more in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred², swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed, you dally not before your king;
Lest he, that is the supreme King of kings,
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this, —
Nor your son Dorset, — Buckingham, nor you; —
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

† "And now in peace," &c. — MALONE.

² Dissemble *not your hatred,*] i. e. do not *gloss* it over.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings; — I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I, and mine!

K. Edw. Dorset embrace him — Hastings, love lord
marquis.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I. [*Embraces DORSET.*]

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this
league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace, [*to the Queen,*] but with all duteous
love

Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love to you, or yours.

[*Embracing RIVERS, &c.*]

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart,
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good morrow to my sovereign king, and queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day: —
Brother, we have doné deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glo. A blessed labour my most sovereign liege. —

Among this princely heap, if any here,
 By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
 Hold me a foe;
 If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
 Have ought committed that is hardly borne
 By any in this presence, I desire
 To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
 'Tis death to me, to be at enmity;
 I hate it, and desire all good men's love, —
 First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
 Which I will purchase with my duteous service; —
 Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
 If ever any grudge were lodged between us; —
 Of you, lord Rivers, — and lord Grey, of you, —
 That all without desert have frown'd on me; —
 Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.
 I do not know that Englishman alive,
 With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
 More than the infant that is born to-night;
 I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holy-day shall this be kept hereafter:
 I would to God, all strifes were well compounded.
 My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
 To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
 To be so flouted in this royal presence?
 Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead?

[*They all start.*]

You do him injury, to scorn his corse.

K. Edw. Who knows not, he is dead! who knows
 he is?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord? and no man in the presence,
 But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
 And that a winged Mercury did bear;

Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried: —
God grant, that some, less noble, and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood, †
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

K. Edw. I pr'ythee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.

Stan. The forfeit³, sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day, a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,⁴
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd?
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,
And said, *Dear brother, live, and be a king?*
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments; and did give himself,

† — “but not in blood,” — MALONE.

³ *The forfeit,*] He means the *remission* of the forfeit.

⁴ *Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,*] This lamentation is very tender and pathetick. The recollection of the good qualities of the dead is very natural, and no less naturally does the king endeavour to communicate the crime to others.

All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
 All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
 Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
 Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
 But, when your carters, or your waiting-vassals,
 Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
 The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
 You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
 And I, unjustly too, must grant it you: —
 But for my brother, not a man would speak, —
 Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself
 For him, poor soul. — The proudest of you all
 Have been beholden to him in his life;
 Yet none of you would once plead for his life. —
 O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold
 On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this. —
 Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. O,
 Poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, HASTINGS, RIVERS,
 DORSET and GREY.]

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness! — Mark'd you not,
 How that the guilty kindred of the queen
 Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?
 O! they did urge it still unto the king:
 God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,
 To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your grace. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The same.

*Enter the Duchess of YORK, with a Son and Daughter
 of CLARENCE.*

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Duch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft? and beat your breast;
And cry — *O Clarence, my unhappy son!*

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us — orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins⁵, you mistake me both;
I do lament the sickness of the king.
As loath to lose him, not your father's death
It were lost sorrow, to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.
The king my uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will impórtune,
With earnest prayers all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love
you well:
Incapable and shallow innocents,⁶
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can: for my good uncle Gloster
Told me, the king provok'd to't by the queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you, my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

⁵ — *my pretty cousins,*] The duchess is here addressing her grand-children, but *cousin* was the term used in Shakspeare's time, by uncles to nephews and nieces, grandfathers to grandchildren, &c. It seems to have been used instead of our *kinsman*, and *kinswoman*, and to have supplied the place of both.

⁶ *Incapable and shallow innocents,*] *Incapable* is *unintelligent*.

Duch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, *distractedly*; RIVERS, and
DORSET *following her*.

Q. Eliz. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep?
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragick violence: —
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead. —
Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap? —
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images:⁷
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatch'd my husband from my arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I,
(Thine being but a moiety of my grief,)
To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries?

Son. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's death;
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

⁷ — his images:] The children by whom he was represented.

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd,
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being governed by the wat'ry moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence.

Duch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and
Clarence!

Q. Eliz. What stay had I, but Edward? and he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we, but Clarence? and he's gone.

Duch. What stays had I, but they? and they are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow, had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

Duch. Was never mother, had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs;
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I:
I for an Edward weep, so do not they:—
Alas! you three, on me, threefold distress'd,
Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeas'd,
That you take with unthankfulness his doing;
In common worldly things, 'tis called — ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires^s the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son: send straight for him,
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:

^s For it requires —] i. e. because.

Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS,
RATCLIFF, and *Others*.

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them. —
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not see your grace: — Humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee: and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glo. Amen; and make me die a good old man! —
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing;
I marvel, that her grace did leave it out. [*Aside.* †

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high swoln hearts,
But lately splinted, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my lord of Buck-
ingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green, and yet ungovern'd:
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,

† Both Steevens and Malone place *Aside* at the end of the preceding line, but surely it belongs to the third, if not to the whole speech.

And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope, the king made peace with all of us;
And the compáct is firm, and true, in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd:
Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam, — and you my mother, — will you go
To give your censures⁹ in this weighty business?

[*Exeunt all but BUCKINGHAM and GLOSTER.*

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home:
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story¹ we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet! — My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Street.

Enter Two Citizens, meeting.

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour: Whither away so
fast?

⁹ — *your censures* —] To *censure* formerly meant to *deliver an opinion*.

¹ *As index to the story* —] i. e. preparatory — by way of prelude.

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself:
Hear you the news abroad?

1 *Cit.* Yes; the king's dead.†

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better:
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good king Edward's
death?

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true; God help, the while!

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall
reign.

3 *Cit.* Woe to that land, that's govern'd by a child!

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government;
That, in his nonage, council under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the state, when Henry the sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3 *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends, God
wot;

For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politick grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and
mother.

3 *Cit.* Better it were, they all came by his father;
Or, by his father, there were none at all:
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster;
And the queen's sons, and brothers, haught and proud:

† "Yes, that the king is dead." MALONE.

And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their
cloaks;

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reason almost² with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so:
By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
The water swell before a boist'rous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 *Cit.* And so was I; I'll bear you company.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter the Archbishop of YORK, the young Duke of YORK,
Queen ELIZABETH, and the Duchess of YORK.*

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony-Strat-
ford;

And at Northampton they do rest to-night: †
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

² *You cannot reason almost* —] *To reason is to converse.*

† "Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton;

At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night." MALONE.

In both readings, historical truth is violated.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince;
I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say, my son of York
Hath almost over-ta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

Duch. Why, my young cousin? it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother; *Ay*, quoth my uncle Gloster,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

Duch. 'Good faith, 'good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretched'st thing, when he was young,
So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

Duch. I hope, he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,³
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee, let me
hear it.

York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Duch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast
born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Q. Eliz. A parlous boy⁴: Go to, you are too shrewd.

³ — been remember'd,] *To be remember'd* is, in Shakspeare, to have one's memory quick, to have one's thoughts about one.

⁴ *A parlous boy:*] *Parlous* is *keen, shrewd*.

Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger :
What news ?

Mess. Such news, my lord,
As grieves me to unfold.

Q. Eliz. How doth the prince ?

Mess. Well, madam, and in health.

Duch. What is thy news ?

Mess. Lord Rivers, and lord Grey, are sent to Pom-
fret,

With them sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Duch. Who hath committed them ?

Mess. The mighty dukes,
Gloster and Buckingham.

Q. Eliz. For what offence ?

Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd ;
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house !
The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind ;
Insulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and awless⁴ throne : —
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre !
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days ;
How many of you have mine eyes beheld ?
My husband lost his life to get the crown ;
And often up and down my sons were tost,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loss :
And being seated, and domestick broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves ; brother to brother,

⁴ — *aweless* —] Not producing awe, nor reverenced. To *jut upon* is to *encroach*.

Blood to blood, self 'gainst self: — O, preposterous
And frantick courage, end thy damned spleen:
Or let me die, to look on death no more!

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary. —
Madam, farewell.

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go,
[to the Queen.]

And thither bear your treasure and your goods.

For my part, I'll resign unto your grace

The seal I keep; And so betide to me,

As well I tender you, and all of yours!

Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *The same. A Street.*

*The Trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of WALES,
GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, Cardinal BOURCHIER, and
Others.*

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your
chamber.⁵

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a man,
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,

⁵ — to your chamber.] London was anciently called *Camera regis*. This title it began to have immediately after the Norman conquest.

Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart.
 Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous ;
 Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
 But look'd not on the poison of their hearts :
 God keep you from them, and from such false friends !

Prince. God keep me from false friends ! but they
 were none.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet
 you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his Train.

May. God bless your grace with health and happy
 days !

Prince. I thank you, good my lord ; — and thank you
 all. — [*Exeunt Mayor, &c.*]

I thought my mother, and my brother York,
 Would long ere this have met us on the way :
 Fye, what a slug is Hastings ! that he comes not
 To tell us, whether they will come, or no.

Enter HASTINGS.

Buck. And in good time, here comes the sweating
 lord.

Prince. Welcome my lord : What, will our mother
 come ?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
 The queen your mother, and your brother York,
 Have taken sanctuary : The tender prince
 Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
 But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fye ! what an indirect and peevish course
 Is this of hers ? — Lord cardinal, will your grace
 Persuade the queen to send the duke of York
 Unto his princely brother presently ?
 If she deny, — Lord Hastings, go with him,
 And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the duke of York,
Anon expect him here: But if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land,
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditional:⁶
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,⁷
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;
But sanctuary children, ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.—
Come on, lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you
may. [Exeunt Cardinal and HASTINGS.
Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day, or two,
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

⁶ *Too ceremonious, and traditional:] Ceremonious for superstitious; traditional for adherent to old customs.*

⁷ *Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,] That is, compare the act of seizing him with the gross and licentious practices of these times, it will not be considered as a violation of sanctuary, for you may give such reasons as men are used to admit.*

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place : —
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord ?

Glo. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place ;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince. Is it upon record ? or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it ?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd ;
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity, ⁸
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long.
[*Aside.*

Prince. What say you, uncle ?

Glo. I say, without charácters, fame lives long.
Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity, } [*Aside.*
I moralize two meanings in one word. ⁹ }

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man ;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live :
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror ;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham, —

Buck. What, my gracious lord ?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

⁸ *As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,*] *Retailed* means handed down from one to another.

⁹ *Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity, I moralize two meanings in one word.*] The *Vice* of the old moralities was a buffoon character, whose chief employment was to make the audience laugh, and one of the modes by which he effected his purpose was by double meanings, or playing upon words. In these moral representations, *Fraud*, *INIQUITY*, *Covetousness*, *Luxury*, *Gluttony*, *Vanity*, &c. were frequently introduced. The *formal Vice* perhaps means, the *shrewd*, the *sensible Vice*.

Glo. Short summer's lightly¹ have a forward spring.
[*Aside.*]

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the Cardinal.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke of York.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?

York. Well, my dread lord²; so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours; Too late he died³, that might have kept that title, Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O my lord, You said that idle weeds are fast in growth: The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then is he more beholden to you, than I.

Glo. He may command me, as my sovereign; But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, then, give me this dagger. †

Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give; And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it?

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

¹ — *lightly* —] Commonly, in ordinary course.

² — *dread lord* ;] The original of this epithet applied to kings has been much disputed. In some of our old statutes the king is called *Rex metuendissimus*. JOHNSON.

³ *Too late he died* ;] i. e. too lately, the loss is too fresh in our memory.

† "I pray you, uncle, give me," &c. — MALONE.

York. O then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts ;
In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly ⁴, were it heavier.

Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little lord ?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you call
me.

Glo. How ?

York. Little.

Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in talk ;—
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me :—
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me ;
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons !
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself :
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My gracious lord, will't please you pass along ? †
Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,
Will to your mother ; to entreat of her,
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord ?

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. ‡ Why, sir, what should you fear ?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost ;
My grandam told me, he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.

⁴ *I weigh it lightly, &c.*] i. e. I should still esteem it but a trifling gift, were it heavier, or perhaps, I'd *weigh it lightly*, — i. e. I could manage it, though it were heavier.

† " My lord, will't please," &c. — MALONE.

‡ " Why, what should you fear ?" — MALONE.

But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt* Prince, YORK, HASTINGS, Cardinal,
and Attendants.

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed⁵ by his subtle mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;⁶
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest. —
Come hither, gentle Catesby†, thou art sworn
As deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way; —
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? will not
he?

Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well then, no more but this: Go, gentle
Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,

⁵ *Was not incensed* —] i. e. *incited* or *suggested*.

⁶ — *capable* ;] here, as in many other places in these plays,
means intelligent, quick of apprehension.

† Mr. Malone omits "gentle."

Be thou so too; and so break off the talk,
 And give us notice of his inclination :
 For we to-morrow hold divided councils,⁷
 Wherein thyself shalt highly be employed.

Glo. Commend me to lord William : tell him, Catesby,
 His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
 To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle ;
 And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
 Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep ?

Cate. You shall, my lord.

Glo. At Crosby-place, there shall you find us both.

[*Exit* CATESBY.]

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
 Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots ?

Glo. Chop off his head, man ; — somewhat we will
 do : —

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
 The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables
 Whereof the king my brother was possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
 Come, let us sup betimes ; that afterwards
 We may digest our complots in some form. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Before Lord Hastings' House.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, — [*knocking.*]

Hast. [*within.*] Who knocks ?

⁷ — divided councils,] That is, a *private consultation, separate*
 from the known and public council.

Mess. One from lord Stanley. †

Hast. [*within.*] What is't o'clock?

Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep the tedious † nights?

Mess. So it should seem by that I have to say.

First, he commends him to your noble lordship.

Hast. And then, —

Mess. And then he sends you word, he dreamt
To-night the boar had rased off his helm :⁸
Besides, he says, there are two councils held ;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure, —
If, presently, you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord ;
Bid him not fear the separated councils :
His honour,⁹ and myself, are at the one ;
And, at the other, is my good friend Catesby ;
Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him, his fears are shallow, wanting instance :¹
And for his dreams — I wonder, he's so fond

† “ from the lord Stanley.” — MALONE.

‡ “ these tedious” — MALONE.

⁸ — *the boar had rased off his helm :*] By the *boar*, throughout this scene, is meant Gloster, who was called the *boar*, or the *hog*, from his having a *boar* for his cognizance, and one of the supporters of his coat of arms. STEEVENS.

⁹ *His honour,*] This was the usual address to noblemen in Shakspeare's time.

¹ — *wanting instance :*] That is, *wanting some example or act of malevolence*, by which they may be justified : or which, perhaps, is nearer to the true meaning, wanting any *immediate ground or reason*.

JOHNSON:

To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers :
 To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
 Were to incense the boar to follow us,
 And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase.
 Go, bid thy master rise and come to me ;
 And we will both together to the Tower,
 Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

Mess. I'll go my lord, and tell him what you say.

[*Exit.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord !

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby ; you are early stirring :
 What news, what news, in this our tottering state ?

Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord ;
 And, I believe, will never stand upright,
 Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How ! wear the garland ? dost thou mean the
 crown ?

Cate. Ay, my good lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my
 shoulders,
 Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
 But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it ?

Cate. Ay, on my life ; and hopes to find you forward
 Upon his party, for the gain thereof :
 And thereupon, he sends you this good news, —
 That, this same very day, your enemies,
 The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
 Because they have been still my adversaries :
 But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
 To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
 God knows I will not do it, to the death.

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind !

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence, —
 That they, who brought me in my master's hate,
 I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing, that yet think not on't.

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey; and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou, and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

Cate. The princes both make high account of you,—
For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aside.*]

Hast. I know, they do; and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My lord, good morrow; and good morrow, †
Catesby:—

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,¹
I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My lord, I hold my life as dear as yours; ‡
And never, in my life, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from
London,
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'er-cast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt;²
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

† "and" is omitted by Mr. Malone.

¹ — the holy rood,] i. e. the cross.

‡ "dear as you do yours;" — MALONE.

² — I misdoubt;] i. e. suspect it of danger.

Hast. Come, come, have with you. — Wot you what,
my lord?

To-day, the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth³, might better wear their
heads,

Than some that have accus'd them, wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.

[*Exeunt. STAN. and CATESBY.*]

How now, sirrah? how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet:
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;
But now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyself,)
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than ere I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your honour's good content!

Hast. Gramercy fellow: There, drink that for me.

[*Throwing him his Purse.*]

Purs. I thank your honour. [*Exit Pursuivant.*]

Enter a Priest.

Pr. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good sir John, with all my heart.
I am in your debt for your last exercise;⁴
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?

³ *They, for their truth,*] That is, with respect to their *honesty*.

⁴ — *exercise* ;] For attending him in private to hear his confession; or, perhaps it means only religious exhortation or lecture.

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.⁵

Hast. 'Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.

What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there:
I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. And supper too, although thou know'st it not.

[*Aside.*

Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Pomfret. *Before the Castle.*

*Enter RATCLIFF, with a Guard, conducting RIVERS,
GREY, and VAUGHAN, to Execution.*

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this, —
To-day, shalt thou behold a subject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Despatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!

Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard the second here was hack'd to death:

And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,

⁵ — shriving work in hand.] *Shriving work is confession.*

When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd she Hastings, then curs'd she
Buckingham,

Then curs'd she Richard: — O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!

And for my sister, and her princely sons, —
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true bloods,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!

Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is expiate.⁶

Riv. Come, Grey, — come, Vaughan, — let us here
embrace:

Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

London. *A Room in the Tower.*

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the Bishop of Ely,*
CATESBY, LOVEL, *and Others, sitting at a Table:*
Officers of the Council attending.

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is — to determine of the coronation:

In God's name, speak, when is the royal day?

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?

Stan. They are; and wants but nomination.⁷

Ely. To-morrow, then, I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward⁸ with the noble duke?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his
mind.

Buck. We know each other's faces: for our hearts, —

⁶ — *the hour of death is expiate.*] Perhaps, *fully completed*, and ended.

⁷ — *and wants but nomination.*] i. e. the only thing wanting, is appointment of a particular day for the ceremony.

⁸ — *inward* —] i. e. intimate, confidential.

He knows no more of mine, than I of yours :
 Nor I, of his, my lord, than you of mine :
 Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well ;
 But, for his purpose in the coronation,
 I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
 His gracious pleasure any way therein :
 But you, my noble lord, may name the time ;
 And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
 Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOSTER.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins, all, good morrow :
 I have been long a sleeper ; but, I trust,
 My absence doth neglect no great design,
 Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue⁹, my lord,
 William, lord Hastings, had pronounc'd your part, —
 I mean, your voice, — for crowning of the king.

Glo. Than my lord Hastings, no man might be bolder ;
 His lordship knows me well, and loves me well. † —
 My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
 I saw good strawberries¹ in your garden there ;
 I do beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.

[*Exit ELY.*

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

[*Takes him aside.*

⁹ *Had you not come upon your cue,*] This expression is borrowed from the theatre. The *cue*, *queue*, or *tail* of a speech, consists of the last words, which are the token for an entrance or answer. To *come on the cue*, therefore, is to come at the proper time.

† Here Mr. Malone interposes, "*Hast.* I thank your grace."

¹ *I saw good strawberries* —] The reason why the bishop was despatched on this errand, is not clearer in Holinshed, from whom Shakspeare adopted the circumstances, than in this scene, where it is introduced.

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business ;
 And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
 That he will lose his head, ere give consent,
 His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
 Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with you.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.*]

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
 To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden ;
 For I myself am not so well provided,
 As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord protector ? I have sent
 For these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this
 morning ;

There's some conceit or other ² likes him well,
 When he doth bid good-morrow with such spirit.
 I think, there's ne'er a man in Christendom,
 Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he ;
 For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
 By any likelihood he show'd to-day ?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended ;
 For, were he, he had shown it in his looks. † ,

Re-enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
 That do conspire my death with devilish plots
 Of damned witchcraft ; and that have prevail'd
 Upon my body with their hellish charms ?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
 Makes me most forward in this noble presence

² *There's some conceit or other —*] i. e. *pleasant idea or fancy.*

† Mr. Malone adds, "*Stan.* I pray God he be not, I say."

To doom the offenders: Whosoe'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil,
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord, —

Glo. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of ifs? — Thou art a traitor: —
Off with his head: — now, by Saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same. —
Lovel, and Catesby, look that it be done;
The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.

[*Exeunt Council, with GLOSTER and
BUCKINGHAM.*

Hast. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this:
Stanley did dream, the boar did rase his helm;
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly.
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,³
And startled, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I want the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies,
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

Cates. Despatch, my lord, the duke would be at
dinner;
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

³ *Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,*] To *stumble* was anciently esteemed a bad omen. The *housings* of a horse, and sometimes a horse himself, were anciently denominated a *foot-cloth*.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, despatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O, bloody Richard! — miserable England!
I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon. —
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head;
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The same. The Tower Walls.

*Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rusty Armour,
marvellous ill-favoured.*

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy
colour?

Murder thy breath in middle of a word, —
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion⁴: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?

Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along:

⁴ Intending *deep suspicion*:] i. e. pretending.

Enter the Lord Mayor and CATESBY.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him. — Lord mayor, —

Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.

Buck. Hark! hark! a drum.

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent for you, —

Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!

Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF, with HASTINGS's Head.

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff, and Lovel.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless[†] creature,
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted, —
I mean, his conversation[‡] with Shore's wife, —
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever liv'd. — Look you, my lord mayor,
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
(Were't not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it you,) the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house,
To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?

May. What! had he so?

[†] "harmless" — MALONE.

[‡] — *his conversation* —] i. e. familiar intercourse. The phrase *criminal conversation*, is yet in daily use.

Glo. What! think you we are Turks, or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death;
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons' safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;
And your good graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistress Shore.

Buck. Yet had we not determin'd he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning, hath prevented:
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Miscónstrue us in him, and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall
serve,
As well as I had seen, and heard him speak:
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
To avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you came too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit* Lord Mayor.]

Glo. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:—
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:

Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,
 Only for saying — he would make his son
 Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house,
 Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.
 Moreover urge his hateful luxury,
 And bestial appetite in change of lust;
 Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
 Even where his raging eye †, or savage heart,
 Without control, listed to make his prey.
 Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person: —
 Tell them, when that my mother went with child
 Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
 My princely father, then had wars in France;
 And, by just computation of the time,
 Found, that the issue was not his begot;
 Which well appeared in his lineaments,
 Being nothing like the noble duke my father:
 Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
 Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord: I'll play the orator,
 As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
 Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's
 castle;⁶

Where you shall find me well accompanied,
 With reverend fathers, and well-learned bishops.

Buck. I go; and, towards three or four o'clock,
 Look for the news that the Guild-hall affords.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.]

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw.⁷ —

† "lustful eye," — MALONE.

⁶ — to Baynard's castle;] It was originally built by Baynard, a nobleman, who (according to Stowe's account) came in with the conqueror. This edifice, which stood in Thames-street, has long been pulled down, though parts of its strong foundation are still visible at low water. The site of it is now a timber-yard.

⁷ — to doctor Shaw. —] Shaw and Penker were two popular preachers. — Instead of a pamphlet being published by the secretary

Go thou [*to CAT.*] to friar Penker; — bid them both
Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's castle.

[*Exeunt LOVEL and CATESBY.*]

Now will I in, to take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give notice, that no manner of person
Have, any time, recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

A Street.

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good lord Hastings;
ings;

Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together: —
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me;
The precedent^s was full as long a doing:
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while! — Who is so gross,
That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold, but says — he sees it not?

of the Treasury, to furnish the advocates for the administration of the day, with plausible topics of argument on great political measures, (the established mode of the present time,) formerly it was customary to publish the court creed from the pulpit at Saint Paul's Cross. As Richard now employed Dr. Shaw to support his claim to the crown, so, about fifteen years before, the great earl of Warwick employed his chaplain Dr. Goddard to convince the people that Henry VI. ought to be restored, and that Edward IV. was an usurper.

MALONE.

^s *The precedent* —] The original draft from which the engrossment was made.

Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealings must be seen in thought.⁹

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

The same. Court of Baynard's Castle.

Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, meeting.

Glo. How, now, how now? what say the citizens?

Buck. Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Buck. I did; with his contract with lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France;
The insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy, —
As being got, your father then in France;
And his resemblance, being not like the duke.
Withal, I did infer your lineaments, —
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind:
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing, fitting for your purpose,
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.
And, when my oratory grew to an end,
I bade them, that did love their country's good,
Cry — *God save Richard, England's royal king!*

Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;
But, like dumb statuas, or breathless stones, †

⁹ — *seen in thought,*] That is, seen in silence, without notice or detection.

† — “breathing stones,” — MALONE.

Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale.
 Which, when I saw, I reprehended them;
 And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence:
 His answer was — the people were not us'd
 To be spoke to, but by the recorder.
 Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again; —
Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;
 But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
 When he had done, some followers of mine own,
 At lower end o'the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
 And some ten voices cried, *God save king Richard!*
 And thus I took the vantage of those few, —
Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I;
This general applause, and cheerful shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard:
 And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they: Would they
 not speak?

Will not the mayor, then, and his brethren, come?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand, intend some fear;¹
 Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
 And look you, get a prayer-book in your hand,
 And stand between two churchmen, good my lord;
 For on that ground I'll make a holy descant;
 And be not easily won to our requests;
 Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go; and if you plead as well for them,
 As I can say nay to thee for myself,
 No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.²

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor
 knocks. [*Exit.* GLOSTER.

¹ — intend *some fear*.] Perhaps, *pretend*; though *intend* will stand in the sense of giving attention. JOHNSON.

² *As I can say nay to thee, &c.*] i. e. *if (says Richard) you speak for them as plausibly as I in my own person, or my own purposes, shall seem to deny your suit, there is no doubt but we shall bring all to a happy issue.*

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
I think, the duke will not be spoke withal. —

Enter, from the Castle, CATESBY.

Now, Catesby! what says your lord to my request?

Cate. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow, or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation:
And in no wordly suit would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke;
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight. [*Exit.*

Buck. Ah, ha! my lord, this prince is not an Edward!
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,³
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping, to engross⁴ his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof:
But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.

May. Marry, God defend, his grace should say us
nay!⁵

³ — *day-bed,*] i. e. a couch, or sofa.

⁴ — *to engross* —] to fatten, to pamper.

⁵ — *God defend, his grace should say us nay!*] This pious and courtly mayor was Edmund Shaw, brother to Dr. Shaw, whom Richard had employed to prove his title to the crown, from the pulpit at Saint Paul's Cross.

Buck. I fear, he will: Here Catesby comes again. —

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his grace?

Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before,
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return and tell his grace.

[*Exit CATESBY.*

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

*Enter GLOSTER in a Gallery above, between Two
Bishops. CATESBY returns.*

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergy-
men!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity:
And see a book of prayer in his hand;
True ornaments to know a holy man. —
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion, and right christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology;
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the city's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord; Would it might please
your grace,
On our entreaties to amend your fault!

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a christian land?

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestic,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
(Which here we waken to our country's good,)
The noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf⁶
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
Which to recure⁷, we heartly solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land:
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain:
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree, or your condition:

⁶ *And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulph —] Shoulder'd has the same meaning as rudely thrust into.*

⁷ *Which to recure,] To recure is to recover.*

If, not to answer, — you might haply think,
 Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
 To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
 Which fondly you would here impose on me ;
 If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
 So season'd with your faithful love to me,
 Then on the other side, I check'd my friends.
 Therefore, — to speak, and to avoid the first ;
 And then, in speaking not to incur the last, —
 Definitively thus I answer you.
 Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert
 Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
 First, if all obstacles were cut away,
 And that my path were even to the crown,
 As the ripe revenue and due of birth ;
 Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
 So mighty, and so many, my defects,
 That I would rather hide me from my greatness, —
 Being a bark to brook no mighty sea, —
 Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
 And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
 But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me ;
 (And much I need to help you ⁸, if need were ;)
 The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
 Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
 Will well become the seat of majesty,
 And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
 On him I lay what you would lay on me,
 The right and fortune of his happy stars, —
 Which, God defend, that I should wring from him !
Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace ;
 But the respects thereof are nice and trivial, ⁹
 All circumstances well considered.

⁸ *And much I need to help you,*] And I want much of the ability requisite to give you help, if help were needed.

⁹ — *are nice and trivial,*] *Nice* is generally used by Shakspeare in the sense of *minute, trifling, of petty import.*

You say, that Edward is your brother's son ;
 So say we too, but not by Edward's wife :
 For first he was contráct to lady Lucy,
 Your mother lives a witness to his vow ;
 And afterwards by substitute betroth'd
 To Bona, sister to the king of France.
 These both put by, a poor petitioner,
 A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
 A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
 Even in the afternoon of her best days,
 Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
 Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
 To base declension and loath'd bigamy ;¹
 By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
 This Edward, whom our manners call — the prince.
 More bitterly could I expostulate,
 Save that, for reverence to some alive,
 I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
 Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
 This proffer'd benefit of dignity :
 If not to bless us and the land withal,
 Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
 From the corruption of abusing time,
 Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord ; your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap those cares on me ?

I am unfit for state and majesty : —

I do beseech you, take it not amiss ;

I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it, — as in love and zeal,
 Loath to depose the child, your brother's son ;

¹ ——— *loath'd bigamy,*] *Bigamy*, by a canon of the council of Lyons, A. D. 1274, (adopted in England by a statute in 4 Edw. I.) was made unlawful and infamous. It differed from *polygamy*, or having two wives at once: as it consisted in either marrying two virgins successively, or once marrying a widow.

As well we know your tenderness of heart,
 And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,²
 Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
 And equally, indeed, to all estates, —
 Yet know, whe'r you accept our suit or no,
 Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
 But we will plant some other in your throne,
 To the disgrace and downfall of your house.
 And, in this resolution, here we leave you; —
 Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM and Citizens.

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit;
 If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
 Well, call them again; I am not made of stone,
 But penetrable to your kind entreaties, [*Exit* CATESBY.
 Albeit against my conscience and my soul. —

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM, and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham, — and sage†, grave men, —
 Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
 To bear her burthen, whe'r I will, or no,
 I must have patience to endure the load:
 But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
 Attend the sequel of your imposition,
 Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
 From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
 For God he knows, and you may partly see,
 How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title, —
 Long live king Richard, England's worthy king!

All. Amen.

² — *effeminate remorse,*] i. e. *pity.*

† “and you sage,” &c. — MALONE.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

Glo. Even when you please, since you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your grace;
And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again: —

[*To the Bishops.*

Farewell, good cousin! — farewell, gentle friends.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *Before the Tower.*

Enter, on one side, QUEEN ELIZABETH, Duchess of YORK, and Marquis of DORSET; on the other, ANNE, Duchess of GLOSTER, leading Lady MARGARET PLANTAGENET, Clarence's young Daughter.

Duch. Who meets us here? — my niece Plantagenet
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince. —
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! Whither away?

Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all together:

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes. —
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam: By your patience,

I may not suffer you to visit them ;
The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The king ! who's that ?

Brak. I mean, the lord protector.

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title !
Hath he set bounds between their love, and me ?
I am their mother, who shall bar me from them ?

Duch. I am their father's mother, I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother :
Then bring me to their sights ; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so ;
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit BRAKENBURY.*]

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on of two fair queens. —
Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,
[*To the Duchess of Gloster.*]

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder !
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

Anne. Despiteful tidings ! O unpleasing news !

Dor. Be of good cheer : — Mother, how fares your
grace ?

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone,
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels ;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children :
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.
Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead ;
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse, —
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam : —
 Take all the swift advantage of the hours ;
 You shall have letters from me to my son
 In your behalf, to meet you on the way :
 Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery ! —
 O my accursed womb, the bed of death ;
 A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
 Whose unavoyded eye is murderous !

Stan. Come, madam, come ; I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.—
 O, would to God, that the inclusive verge
 Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
 Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain !³
 Anointed let me be with deadly venom ;
 And die, ere men can say — God save the queen !

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory ;
 To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No ! why ? — When he, that is my husband
 now,
 Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse ;
 When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,
 Which issu'd from my other angel husband,
 And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd ;
 O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
 This was my wish, — *Be thou, quoth I, accurs'd,*
For making me, so young, so old a widow !
And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed ;
And be thy wife (if any be so mad)
More miserable by the life of thee,
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death !
 Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
 Even in so short a space, my woman's heart

³ *Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain !*] She seems to allude to the ancient mode of punishing a regicide, or any other egregious criminal, viz. by placing a crown of iron, heated red-hot, upon his head.

Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
 And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse :
 Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest ;
 For never yet one hour in his bed
 Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
 But with his timorous dreams⁴ was still awak'd.
 Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick ;
 And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu ; I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory !

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it !

Duch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide
 thee ; — [To DORSET.

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee ! —

[To ANNE.

Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee !

[To Q. ELIZABETH.

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me !

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.⁵

Q. Eliz. Stay yet ; look back, with me, unto the
 Tower. —

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
 Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls !

Rough cradle for such little pretty ones !

Rude ragged nurse ! old sullen play-fellow

For tender princes, use my babies well !

So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell. [Exeunt.

⁴ *But with his timorous dreams —*] 'Tis recorded by Polydore Virgil, that Richard was frequently disturbed by terrible dreams: this is therefore no fiction.

⁵ *And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.] Teen is sorrow.*

SCENE II.

A Room of State in the Palace.

Flourish of Trumpets. RICHARD, *as King upon his Throne*; BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, *a Page, and Others.*

K. Rich. Stand all apart. — Cousin of Buckingham, —

Buck. My gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,

And thy assistance, is king Richard seated: —

But shall we wear these glories for a day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last?

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,⁶
To try if thou be current gold, indeed: —

Young Edward lives; — Think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.

K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'Tis so: but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live, — true, noble prince! —
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull:
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead:
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

⁶ — now do I play the touch,] To *play the touch* is to represent the touchstone.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness
freezes :

Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die ?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, dear
lord,

Before I positively speak in this :

I will resolve your grace immediately.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.]

Cate. The king is angry ; see, he gnaws his lip.⁷

[*Aside.*

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,

[*Descends from his Throne.*

And unrespective boys⁸ ; none are for me,

That look into me with considerate eyes ;

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect. —

Boy, —

Page. My lord.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting gold
Would tempt into a close exploit⁹ of death ?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,

Whose humble means match not his haughty mind :

Gold were as good as twenty orators,

And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name ?

Page. His name, my lord, is — Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man ; Go, call him hither,
boy. — [Exit Page.]

The deep revolving witty¹ Buckingham

No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels :

⁷ — *see, he gnaws his lip.*] Several of our ancient historians observe, that this was an accustomed action of Richard, whether he was pensive or angry.

⁸ *And unrespective boys ;*] *Unrespective* is inattentive to consequences, *inconsiderate*.

⁹ — *close exploit* —] is secret act.

¹ — *witty* —] In this place signifies *judicious* or *cunning*. A *wit* was not at this time employed to signify a *man of fancy*, but was used for *wisdom* or *judgment*.

Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath? — well, be it so. —

Enter STANLEY.

How now, lord Stanley? what's the news?

Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad,
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close,²
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter: —
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him. —
Look, how thou dream'st! — I say again, give out,
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,³
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me. —

[*Exit CATESBY.*

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass: —
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye. —

Re-enter Page, with TYRREL.

Is thy name — Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

² *I will take order for her keeping close.*] i. e. I will take measures that shall oblige her to keep close.

³ — *it stands me much upon,*] i. e. it is of the utmost consequence to my designs.

Tyr. Please you ; but I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it ; two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon⁴ :
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet musick. Hark, come
hither, Tyrrel ;
Go, by this token : — Rise, and lend thine ear.

[*Whispers.*

There is no more but so : — Say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will despatch it straight.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Rich-
mond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he's your wife's son : — Well, look
to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd ;
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife ; if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just request ?

K. Rich. I do remember me, — Henry the sixth
Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king ! — perhaps —

⁴ — deal upon :] i. e. act upon. We should now say — deal
with ; but the other was the phraseology of our author's time.

Buck. My lord, ——

K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not at that
time,

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom, —

K. Rich. Richmond! — When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it — Rouge-mont: at which name I started;
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord, ——

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold
To put your grace in mind of what you promis'd me.

K. Rich. Well, but what is't o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke
Of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.⁵

Buck. Why, let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack⁶, thou keep'st the
stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whe'r you will, or no.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt King RICHARD and Train.*]

Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings; and be gone
To Brecknock⁷, while my fearful head is on. [Exit.

⁵ *Well, let it strike.*] This seems to have been a proverbial sentence.

⁶ *Because that, like a Jack,* —] An image, like those at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet Street, and at the market-houses at several towns in this kingdom, was usually called a *Jack of the clock-house*.

⁷ *To Brecknock,*] To the castle of Brecknock in Wales, where the duke of Buckingham's estate lay.

SCENE III.

*The same.**Enter TYRREL.*

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
 The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
 That ever yet this land was guilty of.
 Dighton, and Forrest, whom I did suborn
 To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
 Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
 Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
 Wept like two children, in their death's sad story.
O thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes,
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay:
Which once, quoth Forrest, almost chang'd my mind;
But, O, the devil, — there the villain stopp'd;
 When Dighton thus told on, — *we smothered*
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd. —
 Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse,
 They could not speak; and so I left them both,
 To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

Enter King RICHARD.

And here he comes: — All health, my sovereign lord!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel! am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
 Beget your happiness, be happy then,
 For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell, till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*]

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I penn'd up close;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond⁸ aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My lord, —

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou com'st in so
bluntly?

Cate. Bad news, my lord; Morton is fled to Rich-
mond;

And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welchmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
Come, — I have learn'd, that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor⁹ to dull delay;

⁸ — *the Bretagne Richmond* —] He thus denominates Richmond, because after the battle of Tewksbury he had taken refuge in the court of Francis II. duke of Bretagne, where by the procurement of king Edward IV. he was kept a long time in a kind of honourable custody.

⁹ — *fearful commenting*

Is leaden servitor —] Timorous thought and cautious disquisition are the dull attendants on delay.

Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:
 Then fiery expedition be my wing,
 Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
 Go, muster men: My counsel is my shield;
 We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter Queen MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
 And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
 Here in these confines slily have I lurk'd,
 To watch the waning of mine enemies.
 A dire induction¹ am I witness to,
 And will to France; hoping, the consequence
 Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
 Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret! who comes here?

Enter Queen ELIZABETH and the Duchess of YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
 My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
 If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
 And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
 Hover about me with your airy wings,
 And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for right²
 Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

¹ — *dire induction* —] *Induction* is preface, introduction, first part. It is so used by Sackville in our author's time.

² — *say, that right for right* —] Margaret now perhaps means to say, The right of me, an injured mother, whose son was slain at Tewksbury, has now operated as powerfully as that right which the death of Rutland gave you to divine justice, and has destroyed your children in their turn.

Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute, —
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle
lamb,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep³, when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal-living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,

[*Sitting down.*

Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou would'st as soon afford a grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here!
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn, but we?

[*Sitting down by her.*

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of seniority,⁴

And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.

If sorrow can admit society, [*Sitting down with them.*

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine: —

I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;

† I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him:

Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;

Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou help'st to kill him.

³ *When didst thou sleep, &c.*] That is, When, before the present occasion, didst thou ever sleep during the commission of such an action?

⁴ — *seniority,*] For *seniority.* JOHNSON.

† "I had a Henry," — MALONE.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard
kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy-work;
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves. —
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow⁵ with others' moan!

Duch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes;
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me, I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot⁶, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.
Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this tragick play,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;
Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,
And send them thither: But at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence: —
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, the dog is dead!

⁵ — her pew-fellow —] *Pew-fellow* seems to be *companion*.

⁶ *Young York he is but boot*,] *Boot* is that which is thrown in to mend a purchase.

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy, the time would
come,

That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my for-
tune;

I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;

The presentation of but what I was,

The flattering index of a direful pageant,⁷

One heav'd a high, to be hurl'd down below:

A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;

A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,

To be the aim of every dangerous shot;⁸

A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;

A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.

Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?

Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?

Who sues, and kneels, and says — God save the queen?

Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?

Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?

Decline all this⁹, and see what now thou art.

For happy wife, a most distressed widow;

For joyful mother, one that wails the name;

For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;

For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care:

For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me:

⁷ *The flattering index of a direful pageant,*] *Pageants* are dumb shows, and the poet meant to allude to one of these, the index of which promised a happier conclusion. The pageants then displayed on public occasions were generally preceded by a brief account of the order in which the characters were to walk. These indexes were distributed among the spectators, that they might understand the meaning of such allegorical stuff as was usually exhibited. The index of every book was anciently placed before the beginning of it.

⁸ ——— a *garish flag*,

To be the aim of every dangerous shot;] Alluding to the dangerous situation of those persons to whose care the standards of armies were entrusted. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Decline all this,*] i. e. run through all this from first to last.

For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one ;
 For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
 Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
 And left thee but a very prey to time ;
 Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
 Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
 Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow ?
 Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke ;
 From which even here I slip my wearied head,
 And leave the burden of it all on thee.
 Farewell, York's wife, — and queen of sad mischance, —
 These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay a while,
 And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day ;
 Compare dead happiness with living woe ;
 Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
 And he, that slew them, fouler than he is :
 Bettering thy loss makes the bad-causer worse ;
 Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull, O, quicken them with
 thine !

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce
 like mine. [Exit Q. MARGARET.]

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words ?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
 Airy succeeders of intestate joys,
 Poor breathing orators of miseries !
 Let them have scope : though what they do impart
 Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd : go with me,
 And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
 My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

[Drum, within.]

I hear his drum, — be copious in exclaims.

Enter King RICHARD, and his Train, marching.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Duch. O, she, that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden
crown,

Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,¹
And the dire death of my poor sons, and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother
Clarence?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

Duch. Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! — strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: Strike, I say. —

[*Flourish. Alarums.*]

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,²
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. O, let me speak.

K. Rich. Do, then; but I'll not hear.

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

¹ — that ow'd that crown,] i. e. that possessed it.

² — a touch of your condition,] A spice or particle of your temper or disposition.

Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou knowest it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
Tetchy³ and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and furious;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody;
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever grac'd me⁴ in thy company?

K. Rich. 'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour⁵, that
call'd your grace
To breakfast once, forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam. —
Strike up the drum.

Duch. I pr'ythee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Duch. Hear me a word,
For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore, take with thee my most heavy curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,

³ *Tetchy* —] Is touchy, peevish, fretful, ill-tempered.

⁴ *That ever grac'd me* —] To *grace* seems here to mean the same as to *bless*, to make happy. So, *gracious* is kind; and *graces* are favours. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *Humphrey Hour*,] I believe nothing more than a quibble was meant. In our poet's twentieth Sonnet we find a similar conceit; a quibble between *hues* (colours) and *Hughes*, (formerly spelt *Hewes*) the person addressed. MALONE.

Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st !
 My prayers on the adverse party fight ;
 And there the little souls of Edward's children
 Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
 And promise them success and victory.
 Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end ;
 Shame serves thy life⁶, and doth thy death attend.

[*Exit.*

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit
 to curse

Abides in me ; I say amen to her. [Going.

K. Rich. Stay, madam⁷, I must speak a word with
 you.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood,
 For thee to murder : for my daughters, Richard, —
 They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens ;
 And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd — Elizabeth,
 Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this ? O, let her live,
 And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty ;
 Slander myself, as false to Edward's bed ;
 Throw over her the veil of infamy ;
 So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
 I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

⁶ *Shame serves thy life.*] To *serve* is to *accompany*, servants being near the persons of their masters.

⁷ *Stay, madam.*] On this dialogue 'tis not necessary to bestow much criticism ; part of it is ridiculous, and the whole improbable.

JOHNSON.

I cannot agree with Dr. Johnson's opinion. I see nothing ridiculous in any part of this dialogue ; and with respect to probability, it was not unnatural that Richard, who by his art and wheedling tongue had prevailed on lady Anne to marry him in her heart's extremest grief, should hope to persuade an ambitious, and, as he thought her, a wicked woman, to consent to his marriage with her daughter, which would make her a queen, and aggrandize her family.

M. MASON.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say — she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoyd⁸ is the doom of destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoyd⁸ grace makes destiny :

My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,

If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak, as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed ; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kindred, freedom, life.

Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,

Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction :

Nó doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,

To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that still use⁹ of grief makes wild grief tame,

My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,

Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes ;

And I, in such a desperate bay of death,

Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling rest,

Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprize,

And dangerous success of bloody wars,

As I intend more good to you and yours,

Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd !

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,

To be discover'd, that can do me good ?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads ?

⁸ All unavoyd⁸, &c.] i. e. *unavoidable*.

⁹ — still use —] i. e. *constant use*.

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type¹ of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise² to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine?
So in the lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that, from my soul, I love thy
daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her
soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter, from thy
soul:

So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers;
And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be
her king?

K. Rich. Even he, that makes her queen; Who else
should be?

Q. Eliz. What, thou?

K. Rich. Even so †! What think you of
it, madam?

¹ *The high imperial type* —] *Type* is exhibition, show, display, or perhaps, *emblem*.

² *Canst thou demise* —] To *demise* is to *grant*, from *demittere*, to devolve a right from one to another.

† "I, even I; what think, &c." MALONE.

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,

A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave,
Edward, and York; then, haply, will she weep:
Therefore present to her, — as sometimes Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood, —
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way;
Unless thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her?

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose but
have thee, †

Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended;
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.

† "but hate thee," — MALONE.

A grandam's name is little less in love,
 Than is the doating title of a mother ;
 They are as children, but one step below,
 Even of your mettle, of your very blood ;
 Of all one pain, — save for a night of groans
 Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.³
 Your children were vexation to your youth,
 But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
 The loss, you have, is but — a son being king,
 And, by that loss, your daughter is made queen.
 I cannot make you what amends I would,
 Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
 Dorset, your son, that, with a fearful soul,
 Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
 This fair alliance quickly shall call home
 To high promotions and great dignity :
 The king, that calls your beauteous daughter, — wife,
 Familiarly shall call thy Dorset — brother ;
 Again shall you be mother to a king,
 And all the ruins of distressful times
 Repair'd with double riches of content.
 What ! we have many goodly days to see :
 The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
 Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl ;
 Advantaging their loan, with interest
 Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.
 Go, then, my mother, to thy daughter go ;
 Make bold her bashful years with your experience ;
 Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale ;
 Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
 Of golden sov'reignty ; acquaint the princess
 With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys ;
 And when this arm of mine hath châtised
 The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
 Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
 And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed ;

³ — bid like sorrow.] *Bid* is in the past tense from *bide*.

To whom I will retail my conquest won,⁴
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father's
brother

Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle?
Or, he that slew her brothers, and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still lasting
war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command, en-
treats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands, which the king's King
forbids.⁵

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title, ever, last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. As long as heaven, and nature, lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. As long as hell, and Richard, likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject low.

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loaths such sov'reignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then, in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Q. Eliz. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead;—
Too deep, and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

⁴ *To whom I will retail my conquest won,*] *To retail* is to hand down from one to another. Richard, in the present instance, means to say he will *transmit* the benefit of his victories to Elizabeth.

⁵ — *which the king's King forbids.*] Alluding to the prohibition in the Levitical law.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is
past.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings
break.

K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my
crown, —

Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear.

Q. Eliz. By nothing: for this is no oath.

Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour;
Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory:
If something thou would'st swear to be believ'd,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now by the world, —

Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death, —

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Then, by myself, —

Q. Eliz. Thyself is self-mis-us'd.

K. Rich. Why then, by God, — †

Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.

If thou had'st fear'd to break an oath by him,
The unity, the king thy brother made,
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain.
If thou had'st fear'd to break an oath by him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?

K. Rich. By the time to come.

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast;
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.

† "by heaven," — MALONE.

The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd,
 Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age :
 The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
 Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.
 Swear not by time to come ; for that thou hast
 Mis-us'd ere used, by times ill-us'd o'er past.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent !
 So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
 Of hostile arms ! myself myself confound !
 Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours !
 Day, yield me not thy light ; nor, night, thy rest !
 Be opposite all planets of good luck
 To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,
 Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
 I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter !
 In her consists my happiness, and thine ;
 Without her, follows to myself, and thee,
 Herself, the land, and many a christian soul,
 Death, desolation, ruin, and decay :
 It cannot be avoided, but by this ;
 It will not be avoided, but by this ;
 Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so,)
 Be the attorney of my love to her.
 Plead what I will be, not what I have been ;
 Not my deserts, but what I will deserve :
 Urge the necessity and state of times,
 And be not peevish found in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus ?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself, to be myself ?

K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong your-
 self.

Q. Eliz. But thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them :
 Where, in that nest of spicery, they shall breed
 Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will ?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go. — Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell.

[*Kissing her. Exit. Q. ELIZABETH.*

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing — woman!⁶
How now? what news?

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY following.

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back:
'Tis thought, that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the duke⁷ of
Norfolk: —

Ratcliff, thyself, — or Catesby; where is he?

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke.

Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither: Post to Salisbury;
When thou com'st thither, — Dull, unmindful villain,

[*To CATESBY.*

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?

Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness'
pleasure,

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby; — Bid him levy
straight

⁶ — *changing — woman!*] Such was the real character of this queen dowager, who would have married her daughter to king Richard, and did all in her power to alienate the marquis of Dorset, her son, from the earl of Richmond.

⁷ *Some light-foot friend, &c.*] Richard's precipitation and confusion is in this scene very happily represented by inconsistent orders, and sudden variations of opinion. JOHNSON.

The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cate. I go.

[*Exit.*

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?

K. Rich. Why, what would'st thou do there, before I go?

Rat. Your highness told me, I should post before.

Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what news with you?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing;

Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!
What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White liver'd runagate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? Is the sword unsway'd?
Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive, but we?
And who is England's king, but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welchman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty liege, therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then, to beat him back?

Where by thy tenants, and thy followers?
 Are they not now upon the western shore,
 Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: What do they in the
 north,

When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king:
 Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,
 I'll muster up my friends: and meet your grace,
 Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou would'st be gone to join with
 Richmond:

I will not trust you, sir.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
 You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;
 I never was, nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Well, go, muster men. But, hear you,
 leave behind

Your son, George Stanley; look your heart be firm,
 Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you.

[*Exit* STANLEY.]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
 As I by friends am well advertised,
 Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,
 Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
 With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in arms;
 And every hour more competitors^s
 Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

^s — *more competitors* —] That is, more opponents to us, or rather, *associates* with them.

Enter another Messenger.

3 *Mess.* My lord, the army of great Buckingham —

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death? *[He strikes him.]*

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

3 *Mess.* The news I have to tell your majesty,
Is, that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. O, I cry you mercy:
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

3 *Mess.* Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

4 *Mess.* Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord Marquis Dorset,
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
But this good comfort bring I to your highness, —
The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest:
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,
If they were his assistants, yea, or no;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party, he, mistrusting them,
Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.

K. Rich. March, on, march on, since we are up in
arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best news; That the earl of Richmond

Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder news, but yet they must be told.⁹

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury; while we reason
here,¹

A royal battle might be won and lost:—
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury;—the rest march on with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A Room in Lord STANLEY'S House.

*Enter STANLEY and Sir CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.*²

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:—
That, in the sty of this most bloody boar,
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold;
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that withholds my present aid.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Christ. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.

Stan. What men of name resort to him?

Christ. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, sir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, sir James Blunt,

⁹ — they *must be told.*] This was the language of Shakspeare's time, when the word *news* was often considered as plural.

¹ — *while we reason here,*] i. e. while we *talk* here.

² — *Sir Christopher Urswick.*] The person, who is called Sir Christopher here, and who has been styled so in the *Dramatis Personæ* of all the impressions, was Christopher Urswick, a bachelor in divinity; and chaplain to the countess of Richmond, who had intermarried with the lord Stanley. This priest, the history tells us, frequently went backwards and forwards, unsuspected, on messages betwixt the countess of Richmond, and her husband, and the young earl of Richmond, whilst he was preparing to make his descent on England. He was afterwards almoner to king Henry VII. and retired to Hackney, where he died in 1521.

And Rice-ap-Thomas, with a valiant crew;
 And many other of great fame and worth:
 And towards London do they bend their course,
 If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord; commend me to
 him;

Tell him the queen hath heartily consented
 He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
 These letters will resolve him of my mind.

Farewell.

[*Gives Papers to Sir CHRISTOPHER.*

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — Salisbury. *An open Place.*

Enter the Sheriff, and Guards, with BUCKINGHAM, led to Execution.

Buck. Will not king Richard let me speak with him?

Sher. No, my good lord: therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,
 Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
 Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
 By underhand corrupted foul injustice:
 If that your moody discontented souls
 Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
 Even for revenge, mock my destruction! —
 This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?

Sher. It is, my lord.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's dooms-
 day.

This is the day, which, in king Edward's time,
 I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
 False to his children, or his wife's allies:
 This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall

By the false faith of him whom most I trusted :
 This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul,
 Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.³
 That high All-seer which I dallied with,
 Hath turned my feigned prayer on my head,
 And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
 Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
 To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms :
 Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck, —
*When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
 Remember Margaret was a prophetess. —*
 Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame ;
 Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
 [Exeunt BUCKINGHAM, &c.]

SCENE II.

Plain near Tamworth.

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD,
 Sir JAMES BLUNT, Sir WALTER HERBERT, and Others,
 with Forces, marching.*

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
 Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
 Thus far into the bowels of the land
 Have we march'd on without impediment ;
 And here receive we from our father Stanley
 Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
 The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
 That spoil'd your summer fields, and fruitful vines,
 Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
 In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine

³ *Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.*] Hanmer has rightly explained it, the time to which the punishment of his wrongs was respited. *Wrongs* in this line means *wrongs* done, or injurious practices.

Lies now⁴ even in the center of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither, is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,
To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends for
fear;

Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name,
march:

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Bosworth Field.

Enter King RICHARD, and Forces; the Duke of NORFOLK, Earl of SURREY, and Others.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth
field. —

My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk, —

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; Ha! must
we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent: Here will I lie to-night;
[*Soldiers begin to set up the King's Tent.*]

⁴ Lies now —] i. e. sojourns.

But where, to-morrow? — Well, all's one for that. —
Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account:
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.
Up with the tent. — Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground; —
Call for some men of sound direction:⁵ —
Let's want no discipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter, on the other Side of the Field, RICHMOND, Sir
WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and other Lords.
Some of the Soldiers pitch RICHMOND's Tent.*

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow. —
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard. —
Give me some ink and paper in my tent; —
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit⁶ each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.
My lord of Oxford, — you, sir William Brandon, —
And you, sir Walter Herbert, stay with me:
The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment;⁷ —
Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent: —
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me;
Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
(Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done,)

⁵ *sound direction*:] True judgment; tried military skill.

⁶ *Limit* —] i. e. appoint.

⁷ — *keeps his regiment* ;] i. e. remains with it.

His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means⁸ to speak with
him,

And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come
gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;
In to my tent, the air is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the Tent.*]

*Enter, to his Tent, King RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF,
and CATESBY.*

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?

Cate. It's supper time, my lord;
It's nine o'clock.⁹

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night. —
Give me some ink and paper. —

What, is my beaver easier than it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Nor-
folk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [Exit.]

K. Rich. Ratcliff, —

Rat. My lord?

⁸ — make *some good means* —] i. e. adopt some convenient measure.

⁹ *It's nine o'clock.*] I think, we ought to read — *six* instead of *nine*, as in the quarto edition. A supper at so late an hour as *nine* o'clock, in the year 1485, would have been a prodigy. STEEVENS. Mr. Malone reads *six*, and "full supper time."

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night. —
Fill me a bowl of wine. — Give me a watch :¹ —
[To CATESBY.]

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow. —
Look that my staves² be sound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff, —

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Northum-
berland?³

Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time⁴, from troop to troop,
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. I am satisfied. † Give me a bowl of wine :
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have. —
So, set it down. ‡ — Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch §; leave me.
About the mid of night, come to my tent,
And help to arm me. — Leave me, I say.

[King RICHARD retires into his Tent. Exeunt
RATCLIFF and CATESBY.]

¹ — Give me a watch.] A watch has many significations, but I should believe that it means in this place not a sentinel, which would be regularly placed at the king's tent; nor an instrument to measure time, which was not used in that age; but a watch-light, a candle to burn by him; the light that afterwards burnt blue.

JOHNSON.

² Look that my staves —] Staves are the wood of the lances.

³ — the melancholy lord Northumberland?] Richard calls him melancholy, because he did not join heartily in his cause.

⁴ Cock-shut time,] i. e. twilight.

† "So, I am satisfied." — MALONE.

‡ "Set it down." — MALONE.

§ "Ratcliff, bid my," &c. — MALONE, A reading which he censured in his first edition.

RICHMOND'S *Tent opens, and discovers him and his Officers, &c.*

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm !

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law !
Tell me, how fares our loving mother ?

Stan. I, by attorney⁵, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good :
So much for that. — The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning ;
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes, and mortal-staring war.⁶
I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot,)
With best advantage will deceive the time,⁷
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms :
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother tender George
Be executed in his father's sight.
Farewell : The leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon ;
God give us leisure for these rites of love !
Once more, adieu : — Be valiant, and speed well !

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment :

⁵ — *by attorney,*] By deputation.

⁶ — *mortal-staring war,*] I suppose, by *mortal-staring war* is meant — *war that looks big, or stares fatally on its victims.*

STEEVENS.

⁷ *I, as I may,* —

With best advantage will deceive the time,] I will take the best opportunity to elude the dangers of this conjuncture.

I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap ;
 Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow, ⁸
 When I should mount with wings of victory :
 Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[*Exeunt* Lords, &c. with STANLEY.

O Thou ! whose captain I account myself,
 Look on my forces with a gracious eye ;
 Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
 That they may crush down with a heavy fall
 The usurping helmets of our adversaries !
 Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
 That we may praise thee in thy victory !
 To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
 Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes ;
 Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still ! [Sleeps.

*The Ghost of Prince EDWARD, Son to HENRY the Sixth,
 rises between the two Tents.*

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !

[*To* King RICHARD.

Think, how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth
 At Tewksbury ; Despair therefore, and die ! —
 Be cheerful, Richmond ; for the wronged souls
 Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf :
 King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost of King HENRY the Sixth rises.

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body

[*To* King RICHARD.

By thee was punched full of deadly holes :
 Think on the Tower, and me ; Despair, and die ;
 Harry the sixth bids thee despair and die. —
 Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror !

[*To* RICHMOND.

⁸ — peise me down to-morrow,] To peize, i. e. to weigh down, from peser, French.

Harry, that prophecy'd thou should'st be king,⁹
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep; Live, and flourish!

The Ghost of CLARENCE rises.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

[*To King RICHARD.*

I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword¹; Despair, and die!
Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,

[*To RICHMOND.*

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! Live, and flourish!

The Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN, rise.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

[*To King RICHARD.*

Rivers, that died at Pomfret! Despair, and die!

Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!

[*To King RICHARD.*

Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan; and with guilty fear,
Let fall thy lance! Despair, and die!—

[*To King RICHARD.*

All. Awake! and think, our wrongs in Richard's
bosom

[*To RICHMOND.*

Will conquer him; — awake, and win the day!

The Ghost of HASTINGS rises.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,

[*To King RICHARD.*

⁹ *Harry, that prophecy'd thou should'st be king,*] The prophecy, to which this allusion is made, is uttered in one of the parts of *Henry the Sixth*.

¹ *And fall thy edgeless sword:]* *Fall*, in the present instance, is a verb active, signifying *to drop*, or *let fall*.

And in a bloody battle end thy days !
 Think on lord Hastings ; and despair, and die ! —
 Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake !

[To RICHMOND.

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake !

The Ghosts of the Two young Princes rise.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower,
 Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
 And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death !
 Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die. —
 Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy ;
 Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy !
 Live, and beget a happy race of kings !
 Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of Queen ANNE rises.

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy
 wife,
 That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
 Now fills thy sleep with perturbations :
 To-morrow in the battle think on me,
 And fall thy edgeless sword ; Despair, and die ! —
 Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep ;
 [To RICHMOND.
 Dream of success and happy victory ;
 Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM rises.

Ghost. The first was I, that help'd thee to the crown ;
 [To King RICHARD.
 The last was I that felt thy tyranny :
 O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
 And die in terror of thy guiltiness !
 Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death ;
 Fainting, despair ; despairing, yield thy breath ! —

I died for hope², ere I could lend thee aid :

[To RICHMOND.

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd :
God, and good angels, fight on Richmond's side ;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[The Ghosts vanish. King RICHARD starts
out of his dream.

K. Rich. Give me another horse³, — bind up my
wounds, —

Have mercy Jesu ! — Soft ; I did but dream. —

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me ; —

The lights burn blue. — It is now dead midnight.

Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

What do I fear ? myself ? there's none else by :

Richard loves Richard ; that is, I am I.

Is there a murderer here ? No ; — Yes ; I am :

Then fly, — What, from myself ? Great reason : Why ?

Lest I revenge. What ? Myself on myself ?

I love myself. † Wherefore ? for any good,

That I myself have done unto myself ?

O, no : alas, I rather hate myself,

For hateful deeds committed by myself.

I am a villain : Yet I lie, I am not.

Fool, of thyself speak well : — Fool, do not flatter.

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,

And every tongue brings in a several tale,

And every tale condemns me for a villain.

Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree ;

Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree ;

All several sins, all us'd in each degree,

Throng to the bar, crying all, — Guilty ! guilty !

² *I died for hope,*] i. e. I died for wishing well to you.

³ *Give me another horse,*] There is in this, as in many of our author's speeches of passion, something very trifling, and something very striking. Richard's debate, whether he should quarrel with himself, is too long continued, but the subsequent exaggeration of his crimes is truly tragical. JOHNSON.

† "Alack ! I love myself." — MALONE.

I shall despair. — There is no creature loves me ;
 And, if I die, no soul will pity me : —
 Nay, wherefore should they ? since that I myself
 Find in myself no pity to myself.
 Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd
 Came to my tent : and every one did threat
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord, —

K. Rich. Who's there ?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord ; 'tis I. The early village cock
 Hath twice done salutation to the morn :
 Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream ! —
 What thinkest thou ? will our friends prove all true ?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich.

Ratcliff, I fear I fear, —

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
 Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
 Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
 Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
 It is not yet near day. Come, go with me ;
 Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
 To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt King RICHARD and RATCLIFF.*

RICHMOND *wakes.* *Enter OXFORD and Others.*

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Richm. 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,
 That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord ?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams
 That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
 Have I since your departure had, my lords.

Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,
 Came to my tent, and cried — On ! victory !
 I promise you, my heart is very jocund
 In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
 How far into the morning is it, lords ?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why then 'tis time to arm, and give direction. — [*He advances to the Troops.*]

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
 The leisure and enforcement of the time
 Forbids to dwell on : Yet remember this, —
 God, and our good cause, fight upon our side ;
 The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,
 Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces ;
 Richard except, those, whom we fight against,
 Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
 For what is he they follow ? truly, gentlemen,
 A bloody tyrant, and a homicide ;
 One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd ;
 One that made means to come by what he hath,
 And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him ;
 A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
 Of England's chair⁴, where he is falsely set ;
 One that hath ever been God's enemy :
 Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
 God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers ;
 If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
 You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain ;
 If you do fight against your country's foes,
 Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire ;
 If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
 Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors ;
 If you do free your children from the sword,
 Your children's children quit⁵ it in your age.
 Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,

⁴ *Of England's chair,*] England's *chair*, means England's *throne*.

⁵ — quit —] i. e. requite.

Advance your standards, draw your willing swords :
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt⁶
 Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face ;
 But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.
 Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully ;
 God, and Saint George⁷ ! Richmond and victory !

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter King RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants, and
 Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching
 Richmond ?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth : And what said Surrey
 then ?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was i'the right ; and so, indeed, it is.

[*Clock strikes.*

Tell the clock there. — Give me a calendar. —
 Who saw the sun to-day ?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine ; for, by the book,
 He should have brav'd the east⁸ an hour ago :

A black day will it be to somebody. —

Ratcliff. —

Rat. My lord ?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day ;
 The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
 I would, these dewy tears were from the ground.
 Not shine to-day ! Why, what is that to me,
 More than to Richmond ? for the self-same heaven,
 That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

⁶ — — *the ransom of my bold attempt* —] The *fine* paid by me in atonement for my rashness shall be my dead corse.

⁷ *God, and Saint George !*] *Saint George* was the common cry of the English soldiers when they charged the enemy.

⁸ — — *brav'd the east* —] i. e. made it splendid.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle; — Caparison my horse; —

Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power :

I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,

And thus my battle shall be ordered.

My forward shall be drawn out all in length,

Consisting equally of horse and foot;

Our archers shall be placed in the midst :

John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,

Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.

They thus directed, we ourself will follow †

In the main battle; whose puissance on either side

Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.

This, and Saint George to boot⁹! — What think'st thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.

This found I on my tent this morning.

[*Giving a Scroll.*]

K. Rich. *Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold,* [Reads.

For Dickon¹ thy master is bought and sold.

A thing devised by the enemy. —

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge :

Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,

Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe;

Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.

March on, join bravely, let us to't pell mell;

If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell. —

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?

† Mr. Malone omits *ourself*.

⁹ *This, and Saint George to boot!*] His protection over and above.

¹ — *Dickon thy master, &c.*] *Dickon* is the ancient familiarization of *Richard*. In the words — *bought and sold*, there is somewhat proverbial.

Remember whom you are to cope withal; —
 A sort of vagabonds², rascals, and run-aways,
 A scum of Bretagnes, and base lackey peasants,
 Whom their o'er-cloy'd country vomits forth
 To desperate ventures † and assur'd destruction.
 You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest; ‡
 You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,
 They would restrain the one, distain the other.
 And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,
 Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?
 A milk-sop, one that never in his life
 Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
 Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
 Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,
 These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
 Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
 For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves:
 If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
 And not these bastard Bretagnes, whom our fathers
 Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
 And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
 Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
 Ravish our daughters? — Hark, I hear their drum.
[Drum afar off.]
 Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
 Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
 Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
 Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!³ —

Enter a Messenger.

What says lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

² *A sort of vagabonds,*] i. e. a company, a collection.

† “adventures” — MALONE.

‡ “bring to you unrest;” — MALONE.

³ *Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!*] That is, fright the skies with the shivers of your lances. JOHNSON.

K. Rich. Off instantly with his son George's head. †

Nor. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh;
After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my
bosom :

Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Another part of the Field.

*Alarum: Excursions. Enter NORFOLK, and Forces, to
him CATESBY.*

Cate. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger;
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarum. Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Cate. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die:
I think, there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him: —
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! [Exeunt.]

† "Off with his son," &c. — MALONE.

Alarums. Enter King RICHARD and RICHMOND; and exeunt, fighting. Retreat, and flourish. Then enter RICHMOND, STANLEY, bearing the Crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.

Richm. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends;

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee!

Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say, amen, to all! —
But, tell me first †, is young George Stanley living?

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?

Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us;
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose with the red: —
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity! —
What traitor hears me, and says not, — amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire;
All this divided York and Lancaster,

† Mr. Malone omits *first*.

Divided, in their dire division. —
 O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
 The true succeeders of each royal house,
 By God's fair ordinance conjoin together !
 And let their heirs, (God, if thy will be so,)
 Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
 With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days !
 Abate the edge ⁴ of traitors, gracious Lord,
 That would reduce ⁵ these bloody days again,
 And make poor England weep in streams of blood !
 Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
 That would with treason wound this fair land's peace !
 Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again ;
 That she may long live here, God say — Amen !

[*Exeunt.* ⁶

⁴ Abate *the edge* —] To *abate*, is to lower, depress, subdue.

⁵ — *reduce* —] i. e. bring back ; an obsolete sense of the word.

⁶ This is one of the most celebrated of our author's performances ; yet I know not whether it has not happened to him as to others, to be praised most, when praise is not most deserved. That this play has scenes noble in themselves, and very well contrived to strike in the exhibition, cannot be denied. But some parts are trifling, others shocking, and some improbable. JOHNSON.

I agree entirely with Dr. Johnson in thinking that this play from its first exhibition to the present hour has been estimated greatly beyond its merit. From the many allusions to it in books of that age, and the great number of editions it passed through, I suspect it was more often represented and more admired than any of our author's tragedies. Its popularity perhaps in some measure arose from the detestation in which Richard's character was justly held, which must have operated more strongly on those whose grandfathers might have lived near his time ; and from its being patronized by the queen on the throne, who probably was not a little pleased at seeing king Henry VII. placed in the only favourable light, in which he could have been exhibited on the scene. MALONE.

I most cordially join with Dr. Johnson and Mr. Malone in their opinions ; and yet perhaps they have overlooked one cause of the success of this tragedy. The part of Richard is, perhaps, beyond all others variegated, and consequently favourable to a judicious performer. It comprehends, indeed, a trait of almost every species

of character on the stage. The hero, the lover, the statesman, the buffoon, the hypocrite, the hardened and repenting sinner, &c. are to be found within its compass. No wonder, therefore, that the discriminating powers of a Burbage, a Garrick, and a Henderson, should at different periods have given it a popularity beyond other dramas of the same author.

Yet the favour with which this tragedy is now received, must also in some measure be imputed to Mr. Cibber's reformation of it, which, generally considered, is judicious: for what modern audience would patiently listen to the narrative of Clarence's dream, his subsequent expostulation with the murderers, the prattle of his children, the soliloquy of the scrivener, the tedious dialogue of the citizens, the ravings of Margaret, the gross terms thrown out by the duchess of York on Richard, the repeated progress to execution, the superfluous train of spectres, and other undramatick incumbrances, which must have prevented the more valuable parts of the play from rising into their present effect and consequence? — The expulsion of languor, therefore, must atone for such remaining want of probability as is inseparable from an historical drama into which the events of fourteen years are irregularly compressed. STEEVENS.



KING HENRY VIII.



WE are unacquainted with any dramattick piece on the subject of Henry VIII. that preceded this of Shakspeare; and yet on the books of the Stationers' Company appears the following entry: "Nathaniel Butter] (who was one of our author's printers) Feb. 12, 1604. That he get good allowance for the enterlude of *King Henry VIII.* before he begin to print it; and with the warden's hand to yt, he is to have the same for his copy." Dr. Farmer, in a note on the epilogue to this play, observes, from Stowe, that Robert Greene had written somewhat on the same story. STEEVENS.

This historical drama comprizes a period of twelve years, commencing in the twelfth year of king Henry's reign, (1521,) and ending with the christening of Elizabeth in 1533. Shakspeare has deviated from history in placing the death of queen Katharine before the birth of Elizabeth, for, in fact, Katharine did not die till 1536.

King Henry VIII. was written, I believe, in 1603.

Dr. Farmer, in a note on the epilogue, observes from Stowe, that "Robert Greene had written something on this story;" but this, I apprehend, was not a play, but some historical account of Henry's reign, written not by Robert Greene, the dramattick poet, but by some other person. In the list of "authors out of whom Stowe's *Annals* were compiled," prefixed to the last edition printed in his life-time, quarto, 1605, Robert Greene is enumerated with Robert de Brun, Robert Fabian, &c. and he is often quoted as an authority for facts in the margin of the history of that reign. MALONE.

PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh ; things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear ;
The subject will deserve it. Such, as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those, that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree,
The play may pass ; if they be still, and willing,
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they,
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets ; or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,
Will be deceiv'd : for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is ¹, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,

¹ — *such a show*

As fool and fight is,] This is not the only passage in which Shakspeare has discovered his conviction of the impropriety of battles represented on the stage. He knew that five or six men with swords, gave a very unsatisfactory idea of an army, and therefore, without much care to excuse his former practice, he allows that a theatrical fight would destroy all *opinion of truth*, and leave him *never an understanding friend*. *Magnis ingenüis et multa nihilominus habituris simplex convenit erroris confessio*. Yet I know not whether the coronation shown in this play may not be liable to all that can be objected against a battle. JOHNSON.

(To make that only true we now intend, ²)
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and, as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make you : Think, ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living ; think, you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat,
Of thousand friends ; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery !
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

² (*To make that only true we now intend,*)] *To intend*, in our author, has sometimes the same meaning as to *pretend*, but this line is somewhat obscure.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King HENRY *the Eighth.*
CARDINAL WOLSEY. CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.
CAPUCIUS, *Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.*
CRANMER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*
DUKE of NORFOLK. DUKE of BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE of SUFFOLK. EARL of SURREY.
Lord Chamberlain. Lord Chancellor.
GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester.*
BISHOP of LINCOLN. LORD ABERGAVENNY. LORD SANDS.
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD. SIR THOMAS LOVELL.
SIR ANTHONY DENNY. SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.
Secretaries to Wolsey.
CROMWELL, *Servant to Wolsey.*
GRIFFITH, *Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.*
Three other Gentlemen.
DOCTOR BUTTS, *Physician to the King.*
Garter, *King at Arms.*
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
BRANDON, *and a Sergeant at Arms.*
Door-keeper of the Council-Chamber. Porter, and his man.
Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, *Wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.*

ANNE BULLEN, *her Maid of Honour, afterwards Queen.*
An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.

PATIENCE, *Woman to Queen Katharine.*

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows ; Women attending upon the Queen ; Spirits which appear to her : Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *chiefly in LONDON and WESTMINSTER ; once at KIMBOLTON.*

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, at one Door; at the other, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Lord ABERGAVENNY.

Buckingham.

GOOD morrow, and well met. How have you done,
Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace :
Healthful ; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde :³
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback ;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together ;

³ — *Guynes and Arde :*] Guynes then belonged to the English, and Arde to the French : they are towns in Picardy, and the valley of Ardren lay between them. *Arde* is *Ardres*, but both Hall and Holinshed write it as Shakspeare does.

Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have
weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: Men might say,
Till this time, pomp was single; but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders it's: To-day, the French,
All clinquant⁴, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain, India: every man, that stood,
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: Now this mask
Was cry'd incomparable: and the ensuing night
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye
Still him in praise; and, being present both,
'Twas said, they saw but one; and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure.⁵ When these suns
(For so they phrase them,) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believ'd.⁶

Buck. O, you go far.

⁴ *All clinquant,*] All *glittering*, all *shining*. Clarendon uses this word in his description of the Spanish *Juego de Toros*.

⁵ *Durst wag his tongue in censure,*] *Censure* for determination, of which had the noblest appearance.

⁶ *That Bevis was believ'd,*] The old romantick legend of Bevis of Southampton.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing ⁷
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function. ⁸

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element ⁹
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is free'd
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? ¹ I wonder
That such a keech ², can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

⁷ — *the tract of every thing, &c.*] The course of these triumphs and pleasures, however well related, must lose in the description part of that spirit and energy which were expressed in the real action.

⁸ — *the office did*

Distinctly his full function.] The commission for regulating this festivity was well executed, and gave exactly to every particular person and action the proper place. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *element* —] No initiation, no previous practices. *Elements* are the first principles of things, or rudiments of knowledge. The word is here applied, not without a *catachresis*, to a person.

¹ — *fierce vanities?*] *Fierce* is here, I think, used like the French *fier* for *proud*, unless we suppose an allusion to the mimical ferocity of the combatants in the tilt. JOHNSON.

² *That such a keech* —] A *keech* is a solid lump or mass. A cake of wax or tallow formed in a mould, is called yet in some places, a *keech*. There may, perhaps, be a singular propriety in this term of contempt. *Wolsey* was the son of a *butcher*, and in *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* a butcher's wife is called — *Goody Kech*.

Nor. Surely, sir,
 There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends :
 For, being not propp'd by ancestry, (whose grace
 Chalks successors their way,) nor call'd upon
 For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
 To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,
 Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
 The force of his own merit makes his way ;
 A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
 A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
 What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye
 Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
 Peep through each part of him : Whence has he that ?
 If not from hell, the devil is a niggard ;
 Or has given all before, and he begins
 A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
 Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
 Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
 Who should attend on him? He makes up the file ³
 Of all the gentry; for the most part such
 Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
 He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
 The honourable board of council out,
 Must fetch him in he papers. ⁴

Aber. I do know
 Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
 By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
 They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
 Have broke their backs with laying manors on them
 For this great journey. What did this vanity,

³ — the file —] That is, the list.

⁴ *Must fetch him in he papers.*] He *papers*, a verb; his own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the council, must fetch him in whom he papers down.

But minister communication of
A most poor issue? ⁵

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy, — That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd? ⁶

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace ⁷; and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried. ⁸

Nor. 'Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not

⁵ — *What did this vanity,*

But minister, &c.] What effect had this pompous show, but the production of a wretched conclusion. JOHNSON.

⁶ *The ambassador is silenc'd?] I understand this of the French ambassador residing in England, who, by being refused an audience, may be said to be silenc'd.* JOHNSON.

⁷ *A proper title of a peace ;] A fine name of a peace. Ironically.* JOHNSON.

⁸ *Our reverend cardinal carried.] To carry a business was at this time a current phrase for to conduct or manage it.*

A minister in his power: You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, it may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock,
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, (the Purse borne before him,) certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on BUCKINGHAM, and BUCKINGHAM on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?
Where's his examination?

1 Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

1 Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look.

[Exeunt WOLSEY and Train.]

Buck. This butcher's cur⁹ is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood.¹

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only,
Which your disease requires.

⁹ — *butcher's cur* —] Wolsey is said to have been the son of a butcher.

¹ *A beggar's book*

Out-worths a noble's blood.] That is, the literary qualifications of a bookish beggar are more prized than the high descent of hereditary greatness. This is a contemptuous exclamation very naturally put into the mouth of one of the ancient, unlettered, martial nobility. JOHNSON.

Buck. I read in his looks
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick²: He's gone to the king;
I'll follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first: Anger is like
A full hot horse; who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king:
And from a mouth of honour³ quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim,
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd:
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: We may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advis'd:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself:
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you: and I'll go along
By your prescription: — but this top-proud fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but

² *He bores me with some trick :*] He stabs or wounds me by some artifice or fiction.

³ — *from a mouth of honour* —] I will crush this base-born fellow, by the due influence of my rank, or say that all distinction of persons is at an end. JOHNSON.

From sincere motions ⁴,) by intelligence,
 And proofs as clear as founts in Júly, when
 We see each grain of gravel, I do know
 To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say't; and make my vouch as
 strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
 Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous,
 As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,
 As able to perform it: his mind and place
 Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,
 Only to show his pomp as well in France
 As here at home, suggests ⁵ the king our master
 To this last costly treaty, the interview,
 That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
 Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. 'Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning car-
 dinal

The articles o' the combination drew,
 As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified,
 As he cried, Thus let be: to as much end,
 As give a crutch to the dead: But our count-cardinal
 Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
 Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
 (Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
 To the old dam, treason,) — Charles the emperor,
 Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,
 (For 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came
 To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation:
 His fears were, that the interview, betwixt
 England and France, might, through their amity,
 Breed him some prejudice; for from this league

⁴ — *sincere motions,*] Honest indignation.

⁵ — *suggests —*] *Suggests,* for *excites.*

Peep'd harms that menac'd him : He privily
 Deals with our cardinal ; and, as I trow,
 Which I do well ; for, I am sure the emperor
 Paid ere he promis'd ; — whereby his suit was granted,
 Ere it was ask'd ; — but when the way was made,
 And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd ; —
 That he would please to alter the king's course,
 And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
 (As soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal
 Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
 And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
 To hear this of him ; and could wish, he were
 Something mistaken in't.⁶

Buck. No, not a syllable ;
 I do pronounce him in that very shape,
 He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON ; a Sergeant at Arms before him, and
 two or three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, sergeant ; execute it.

Serg. Sir,

My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
 Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
 Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
 Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
 The net has fall'n upon me ; I shall perish
 Under device and practice.⁷

Bran. I am sorry
 To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
 The business present : 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
 You shall to the Tower.

⁶ — *he were*

Something mistaken in't.] That is, that he were something different from what he is *taken* or supposed by you to be.

⁷ — *practice.*] i. e. unfair stratagem.

Buck. It will help me nothing,
To plead mine innocence; for that die is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things! — I obey. —
O my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company: — The king
[To ABERGAVENTNY.
Is pleas'd, you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd.

Brand. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Court, †
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor, —

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs of the plot: no more, I hope.

Brand. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Brand. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold: my life is spann'd already:^s
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun. — My lord, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

† "de la Car," — MALONE.

^s — my life is spann'd already:] My time is measured, the length
of my life is now determined.

SCENE II.

The Council-Chamber.

Cornets. Enter King HENRY, Cardinal WOLSEY, the Lords of the Council, Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, and Attendants. The King enters, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder.

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,⁹
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i'the level¹
Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it. — Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

The King takes his State. The Lords of the Council take their several places. The Cardinal places himself under the King's feet, on his right side.

A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. Enter the Queen, ushered by the Dukes of NORFOLK, and SUFFOLK: she kneels. The King riseth from his State, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us: — Half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power;
The other moiety, ere you ask is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

⁹ — and the best heart of it,] *Heart* is not here taken for the great organ of circulation and life, but, in a common and popular sense, for the most valuable or precious part.

¹ — stood i'the level,] To stand in the *level* of a gun is to stand in a *line with its mouth*, so as to be hit by the shot.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself; and, in that love,
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among them, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties: — wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,
(Whose honour heaven shield from soil!) even he
escapes not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear: for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger,
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

K. Hen. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation? — My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file²
Where others tell steps with me.

² — *front but in that file* —] i. e. I am merely on a level with
the rest, and step in the same line with them.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,
 You know no more than others: but you frame
 Things, that are known alike³; which are not wholesome
 To those which would not know them, and yet must
 Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
 Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
 Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,
 The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
 They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer
 Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen. Still exaction!
 The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
 Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
 In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
 Under your promis'd pardon." The subject's grief
 Comes through commissions, which compel from each
 The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
 Without delay; and the pretence for this
 Is nam'd, your wars in France: This makes bold mouths:
 Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
 Allegiance in them; their curses now,
 Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,
 That tractable obedience is a slave
 To each incensed will.⁴ I would, your highness
 Would give it quick consideration, for
 There is no primer business.⁵

K. Hen. By my life,
 This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
 I have no further gone in this, than by

³ *You know no more than others: &c.]* That is, you know no more than other counsellors; but you are the person who frame those things which are afterwards proposed, and known equally by all.

⁴ — *tractable obedience, &c.]* i. e. Things are now in such a situation, that resentment and indignation predominate in every man's breast over duty and allegiance.

⁵ *There is no primer business.]* No matter of state more urgent.

A single voice; and that not pass'd me, but
 By learned approbation of the judges.
 If I am traduc'd by tongues †, which neither know
 My faculties, nor person, yet will be
 The chronicles of my doing, — let me say,
 'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
 That virtue must go through. We must not stint⁶
 Our necessary actions, in the fear
 To cope⁷ malicious censurers; which ever,
 As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
 That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
 Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
 By sick interpreters, once weak ones⁸, is
 Not ours, or not allow'd⁹; what worst, as oft,
 Hitting a grosser quality¹, is cried up
 For our best act. If we shall stand still,
 In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
 We should take root here where we sit, or sit
 State statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
 And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
 Things done without example, in their issue
 Are to be feared. Have you a precedent
 Of this commission? I believe, not any.
 We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
 And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
 A trembling contribution! Why, we take,

† ——— “If I am

Traduced by ignorant tongues,” &c.—MALONE.

⁶ *We must not stint* —] To *stint* is here to *stop*, to *retard*.

⁷ *To cope* —] To engage with, to encounter. The word is still used in some counties.

⁸ — once *weak ones*,] *Once* is here used for *sometime*, or *at one time* or *other*.

⁹ *or not allow'd*;] Not approved.

¹ — *what worst, as oft*,

Hitting a grosser quality,] The worst actions of great men are commended by the vulgar, as more accommodated to the grossness of their notions. JOHNSON.

From every tree, lop², bark, and part o' the timber;
 And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
 The air will drink the sap. To every county,
 Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
 Free pardon to each man that has denied
 The force of this commission: Pray, look to't;
 I put it to your care.

Wol.

A word with you.

[*To the Secretary.*

Let there be letters writ to every shire,
 Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
 Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
 That, through our intercession, this revokement
 And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
 Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry, that the duke of Buckingham
 Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen.

It grieves many:

The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker,
 To nature none more bound; his training such,
 That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
 And never seek for aid out of himself.³

Yet see

When these so noble benefits shall prove
 Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
 They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
 Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
 Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
 Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
 His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,

² *From every tree, lop, —]* *Lop* is a substantive, and signifies the branches.

³ *And never seek for aid out of himself.]* Beyond the treasures of his own mind.

Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
 That once were his, and is become as black
 As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear
 (This was his gentleman in trust,) of him
 Things to strike honour sad. — Bid him recount
 The fore-recited practices: whereof
 We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what you,
 Most like a careful subject, have collected
 Out of the duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
 It would infect his speech, That if the king
 Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
 To make the scepter his: These very words
 I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
 Lord Aberga'ny; to whom by oath he menac'd
 Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
 This dangerous conception in this point.
 Not friended by his wish, to your high person
 His will is most malignant; and it stretches
 Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
 Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on:
 How grounded he his title to the crown,
 Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
 At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
 By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
 His confessor; who fed him every minute
 With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,

The duke being at the Rose ⁴, within the parish Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand What was the speech amongst the Londoners Concerning the French journey : I replied, Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidious, To the king's danger. Presently the duke Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed ; and that he doubted, 'Twould prove the verity of certain words Spoke by a holy monk : *that oft*, says he, *Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour To hear from him a matter of some moment : Whom after under the confession's seal He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke, My chaplain to no creature living, but To me, should utter, with demure confidence This pausingly ensu'd, — Neither the king, nor his heirs, (Tell you the duke) shall prosper : bid him strive To gain the love of the commonalty ; the duke Shall govern England.*

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants : Take good heed,
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul ! I say, take heed ;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on : —
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd ; and that 'twas dang'rous
for him,
To ruminate on this so far, until

⁴ *The duke being at the Rose, &c.]* This house was purchased about the year 1561, by Richard Hill, sometime master of the Merchant Tailors' company, and is now the Merchant Tailors' school, in Suffolk-lane.

It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
 It was much like to do: He answer'd, *Tush!*
It can do me no damage: adding further,
 That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
 The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovell's heads
 Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank⁵? Ah, ha!
 There's mischief in this man: — Canst thou say fur-
 ther?

Surv. I can, my liege.

K. Hen. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
 After your highness had reprov'd the duke
 About sir William Blomer, —

K. Hen. I remember,
 Of such a time: — Being my servant sworn,
 The duke retain'd him his. — But on; What hence?

Surv. *If, quoth he, I for this had been committed,*
As, to the Tower, I thought, — I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard: who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence; which, if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.

K. Hen. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
 And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend all!

K. Hen. There's something more would out of thee;
 What say'st?

Surv. After — *the duke his father, — with the knife, —*
 He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
 Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
 He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour

⁵ — so rank?] *Rank* weeds, are weeds grown up to great height
 and strength. *What, says the king, was he advanced to this pitch?*

Was, — Where he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us: by day and night,⁶
He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord SANDS.

Cham. Is it possible, the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?⁷

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o'the face⁸; but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold them, you would swear directly,
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.

⁶ — *by day and night,*] This, I believe, was a phrase anciently signifying — *at all times, every way, completely.* The king's words, however, by some criticks have been considered as an adjuration. I do not pretend to have determined the exact force of them.

STEEVENS.

⁷ *Is it possible, the spells of France should juggle*

Men into such strange mysteries?] i. e. those *fantastick manners* and *fashions* of the French, which had operated as *spells* or *enchantments*.

⁸ *A fit or two o'the face;*] A fit of the face is what we now term a *grimace*, an artificial cast of the countenance.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones; one
would take it,
That never saw them pace before, the spavin,
A springhalt⁹ reign'd among them.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they have worn out christendom. How now?
What news, sir Thomas Lovell.

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

Lov. 'Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I am glad, 'tis there; now I would pray our
monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions,) leave these remnants
Of fool, and feather¹, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance,
Pertaining thereunto, (as fights, and fireworks;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom,) renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches², and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men;
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,

⁹ A springhalt —] The *stringhalt*, or *springhalt*, is a disease incident to horses, which gives them a convulsive motion in their paces.

¹ — leave these remnants

Of fool, and feather,] An allusion to the feathers which were formerly worn by fools in their caps.

² — blister'd breeches,] i. e. breeches puff'd, swell'd out like blisters. The modern editors read — *holster'd* breeches, which has the same meaning.

They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them physick, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities !

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords ; the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies ;
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle them ! I am glad, they're
going ;
(For, sure, there's no converting of them ;) now,
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing ; and, by'r-lady,
Held† current musick too.

Cham. Well said, lord Sands ;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord ;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going ?

Lov. To the cardinal's ;
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true :
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies ; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us ;
His dews fall every where.

Cham. No doubt, he's noble ;
He had a black mouth, that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal ; in him,
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine :

† "Hold" — MALONE : but *held* in his first edition.

Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;³
Your lordship shall along: — Come, good sir Thomas,
We shall be late else: which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Presence-Chamber in York-Place.

Hautboys. A small Table under a State for the Cardinal,
a longer Table for the Guests. Enter, at one Door,
ANNE BULLEN, and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen,
as Guests; at another Door, enter Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all: This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry
As first-good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people. — O, my lord, you are tardy;

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, and Sir THOMAS
LOVELL.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

³ — *My barge stays* ;] The speaker is now in the king's palace at *Bridewell*, from which he is proceeding by water to York-place, (cardinal Wolsey's house) now Whitehall.

Cham. You are young, sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think, would better please them: By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!

Sands. I would, I were;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is ent'ring. — Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather: —
My lord Sands, you are one will keep them waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship. — By your leave, sweet ladies:
[Seats himself between ANNE BULLEN and
another Lady.

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[Kisses her.

Cham. Well, said, my lord. —
So, now you are fairly seated: — Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, attended; and takes his State.

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*]

Sands. Your grace is noble: —
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholden to you: cheer your neighbours. —
Ladies, you are not merry; — Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have them
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your ladyship; and pledge it, madam.
For 'tis to such a thing, —

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.

[*Drum and Trumpets within: Chambers discharged.*⁴

Wol. What's that?

⁴ — chambers *discharged.*] A *chamber* is a gun which stands erect on its breech. Such are used only on occasions of rejoicing, and are so contrived as to carry great charges, and thereby to make a noise more than proportioned to their bulk. They are called *chambers* because they are mere *chambers* to lodge powder; a *chamber* being the technical term for that cavity in a piece of ordnance which contains the combustibles. Some of them are still fired in the Park, and at the places opposite to the parliament-house when the king goes thither.

Cham. Look out there, some of you.

[Exit a Servant.

Wol.

What warlike voice?

And to what end is this? — Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you are privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now? what is't?

Serv.

A noble troop of strangers;

For so they seem: they have left their barge, and
landed;

And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol.

Good lord chamberlain,

Go, give them welcome, you can speak the French
tongue;

And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them,
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them: — Some attend him. —

*[Exit Chamberlain, attended. All arise,
and Tables removed.*

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you; — Welcome all.

*Hautboys. Enter the King, and twelve Others, as Maskers,
habited like Shepherds, with sixteen Torch-bearers;
ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly
before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they
pray'd

To tell your grace: — That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,

Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay
them

A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

[Ladies chosen for the Dance. The King chooses

ANNE BULLEN.

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O, beauty,
Till now I never knew thee. [Musick. Dance.

Wol. My lord, —

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell them thus much from me:
There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself: to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[CHAM. goes to the Company, and returns.

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.⁵

Wol. Let me see then. —

[Comes from his State.

By all your good leaves, gentlemen; — Here I'll make
My royal choice.

K. Hen. You have found him, cardinal:

[Unmasking.

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.⁶

⁵ — *take it.*] That is, take the chief place.

⁶ — *unhappily.*] That is, *unluckily, mischievously.*

Wol. I am glad,
 Your grace is grown so pleasant.
K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,
 Pr'ythee, come hither: What fair lady's that?
Cham. An't please your grace, sir Thomas Bullen's
 daughter,
 The viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.
K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one. — Sweet-
 heart,
 I were unmannerly, to take you out,
 And not to kiss you.⁷ — A health, gentlemen,
 Let it go round.
Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
 I'the privy chamber?
Lov. Yes, my lord.
Wol. Your grace,
 I fear, with dancing is a little heated.
K. Hen. I fear, too much.
Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
 In the next chamber.
K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one. — Sweet
 partner,
 I must not yet forsake you: — Let's be merry; —
 Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
 To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
 To lead them once again; and then let's dream
 Who's best in favour. — Let the musick knock it.
 [*Exeunt, with Trumpets.*]

⁷ *I were unmannerly, to take you out,
 And not to kiss you.*] A kiss was anciently the established fee of a
 lady's partner.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *A Street.*

Enter Two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 *Gent.* Whither away so fast?

2 *Gent.* O, — God save you!

Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.

1 *Gent.* I'll save you
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.

2 *Gent.* Were you there?

1 *Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.

2 *Gent.* Pray, speak, what has happen'd?

1 *Gent.* You may guess quickly what.

2 *Gent.* Is he found guilty?

1 *Gent.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon it.

2 *Gent.* I am sorry for't.

1 *Gent.* So are a number more.

2 *Gent.* But, pray, how pass'd it?

1 *Gent.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations,
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alledg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd
† To him brought *vivá voce*, to his face:
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Court,

† "To have brought," — MALONE.

Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 *Gent.* That was he,
That fed him with his prophecies?

1 *Gent.* The same.
All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but indeed, he could not:
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 *Gent.* After all this, how did he bear himself?

1 *Gent.* When he was brought again to the bar, —
to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment, — he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and, sweetly,
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

2 *Gent.* I do not think, he fears death.

1 *Gent.* Sure, he does not,
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2 *Gent.* Certainly,
The cardinal is the end of this.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: First, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

2 *Gent.* That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

1 *Gent.* At his return,
No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally; whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

2 *Gent.* All the commons

Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep : this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him, bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy; —

1 *Gent.* Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment; Tipstaves before him; the Axe with the edge towards him; Halberds on each side; with him, Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Sir NICHOLAS VAUX, Sir WILLIAM SANDS, and common People.

2 *Gent.* Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; Yet, heaven bear witness,
And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done, upon the premises, but justice:
But those, that sought it, I could wish more christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive them:
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven. — Lead on, o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, I can't take peace with: no black envy
Shall make my grave.⁸—Commend me to his grace;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him: May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace;
Then give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming; see, the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture, as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;
And with that blood will make them one day groan for't.

⁸ — *no black envy*

Shall make my grave.] Shakspeare, by this expression, meant no more than to make the duke say, *No action expressive of malice shall conclude my life.* The sense will then be, (whether quaintly or poetically expressed, let the reader determine) *no malicious action shall close my grave, i. e. attend the conclusion of my existence, or terminate my life; the last action of it shall not be uncharitable.*

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
 Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
 Flying for succour to his servant Bannister,
 Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
 And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
 Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying
 My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
 Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
 Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
 Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all
 That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
 For ever from the world. I had my trial,
 And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
 A little happier than my wretched father:
 Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—both
 Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most;
 A most unnatural and faithless service!
 Heaven has an end in all: Yet, you that hear me,
 This from a dying man receive as certain:
 Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,
 Be sure, you be not loose; for those you make friends,
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like water from ye, never found again
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
 Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the last hour
 Of my long weary life is come upon me.
 Farewell:
 And when you would say something that is sad,
 Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God forgive me!

[*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and Train.*]

1 *Gent.* O, this is full of pity!—Sir, it calls,
 I fear, too many curses on their heads,
 That were the authors.

2 *Gent.* If the duke be guiltless,
 'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
 Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
 Greater than this.

1 *Gent.* Good angels keep it from us !
Where may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

2 *Gent.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith⁹ to conceal it.

1 *Gent.* Let me have it ;
I do not talk much.

2 *Gent.* I am confident ;
You shall, sir : Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing, of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?

1 *Gent.* Yes, but it held not :
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor, straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 *Gent.* But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now : for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was ; and held for certain,
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her : To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately ;
As all think, for this business.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis the cardinal ;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 *Gent.* I think, you have hit the mark : But is't not
cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this ;
Let's think in private more.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁹ — *strong faith* —] Is great fidelity.

SCENE II.

An Ante-Chamber in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a Letter.

Cham. My lord,— The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and urnished. They were young and handsome ; and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out or London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission, and main power, took 'em from me ; with this reason, — His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king ; which stopped our mouths, sir.

I fear, he will, indeed : Well, let him have them :
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my good
Lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employed ?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause ?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so ;
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal :
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God, he do ! he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! For, now he has crack'd the
league

Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,
He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage:
And, out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce: a loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre:
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: And is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis
most true,

These news are every where; every tongue speaks them,
And every true heart weeps for't: All, that dare,
Look into these affairs, see this main end, —
The French king's sister: Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages; all men's honours
Lie in one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.¹

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings

¹ *Into what pitch he please.*] The mass must be fashioned into *pitch* or *height*, as well as into particular form. The meaning is, that the cardinal can, as he pleases, make high or low.

Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him, that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in;

And with some other business, put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:
My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;

The king hath sent me other-where: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.
[Exit Lord Chamberlain.]

NORFOLK opens a folding-door. The King is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.

K. Hen. Who is there? ha?

Nor. 'Pray God, he be not angry.

K. Hen. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust
yourselves

Into my private meditations?

Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate; in which, we come
To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen. You are too bold.

Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:

Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?—

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O, my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,

[To CAMPEIUS.]

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom;

Use us, and it: — My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.² [To WOLSEY.]

Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would, your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

K. Hen. We are busy; go.
[To NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.]

<i>Nor.</i> This priest has no pride in him?	}	[<i>Aside.</i>
<i>Suf.</i> Not to speak of;		
I would not be so sick though ³ , for his place:		
But this cannot continue.		
<i>Nor.</i> If it do,		
I'll venture one heave at him.†		
<i>Suf.</i> I another.		

[*Exeunt* NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.]

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean, the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices⁴; Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius;
Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

K. Hen. And, once more, in mine arms I bid him
welcome,

² ——— have great care

[*I be not found a talker.*] I take the meaning to be, *Let care be taken that my promise be performed, that my professions of welcome be not found empty talk.* JOHNSON.

³ — so sick though,] That is, *so sick* as he is proud.

† “one have at him.” — MALONE.

⁴ *Have their free voices;*] The construction is, have *sent* their free voices; the word *sent*, which occurs in the next line, being understood here.

And thank the holy conclave for their loves ;
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers'
loves,

You are so noble : To your highness' hand
I tender my commission ; by whose virtue,
(The court of Rome commanding,) — you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,
In the impartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be ac-
quainted

Forthwith, for what you come : — Where's Gardiner ?

Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best, she shall have ; and my
favour

To him that does best ; God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary ;
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit WOLSEY.*]

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand : much joy and favour to
you ;
You are the king's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

[*Aside.*]

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.

[*They converse apart.*]

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
In this man's place before him ?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man ?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envied him;
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still⁵; which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's christian care enough: for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[*Exit GARDINER.*]

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business:—
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O, my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,—
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

An Ante-Chamber in the Queen's Apartments.

Enter ANNE BULLEN, and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither;—Here's the pang that
pinches:
His highness having liv'd so long with her: and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her, — by my life,
She never knew harm-doing; — O now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,

⁵ *Kept him a foreign man still;*] Kept him out of the king's presence, employed in foreign embassies.

Still growing in a majesty and pomp, — the which
To leave is a thousand-fold more bitter, than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire, — after this process,
To give her the *avaunt*! ⁶ it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O' God's will! much better,
She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune⁷, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She's a stranger now again.⁸

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.⁹

Anne. By my troth, and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you
Have too a woman's heart: which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings: and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity

⁶ *To give her the *avaunt*!*] To send her away contemptuously; to pronounce against her a sentence of ejection.

⁷ *Yet, if that quarrel, fortune,*] Perhaps for *quarreller*.

⁸ — *stranger now again.*] Again an alien; not only no longer queen, but no longer an Englishwoman. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *our best having.*] That is, our best *possession*.

Of your soft cheveril¹ conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth, —

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth, — You would not be a
queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange: a three-pence bowed would
hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it: But, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: Pluck off a little;²
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!

I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What wer't worth to
know

The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,

Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming

¹ — *cheveril* —] Is kid skin, soft leather.

² — *Pluck off a little; &c.*] i. e. let us still further divest preferment of its glare, let us descend yet lower, and more upon a level with your own quality.

The action of good women : there is hope,
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen !

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke ; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender ;
More than my all is nothing ; nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd³, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities ; yet prayers, and wishes,
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness ;
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit,⁴
The king hath of you. — I have perus'd her well ;

[*Aside.*

Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king : and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this isle ? — I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.

Anne.

My honour'd lord.

[*Exit* Lord Chamberlain.

³ *More than my all is nothing, &c.*] More than my all is nothing, for my prayers and wishes are of no value, and yet prayers and wishes are all I have to return.

⁴ *I shall not fail, &c.*] I shall not omit to strengthen, by my commendation, the opinion which the king has formed.

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly,) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
For any suit of pounds: and you, (O fate!)
A very fresh-fish, here, (fye, fye upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.⁵
There was a lady once, ('tis an old story,)
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt⁶: — Have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect;
No other obligation: By my life,
That promises more thousands: Honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a duchess; — Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,

Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me,
To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: Pray, do not deliver
What here you have heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me?

[*Exeunt.*

⁵ — is it bitter? forty pence, no.] *Forty pence* was, in those days, the proverbial expression of a small wager, or a small sum. Money was then reckoned by *pounds*, *marks*, and *nobles*.

⁶ *For all the mud in Egypt:*] The fertility of Egypt is derived from the *mud* and slime of the Nile.

SCENE IV.

A Hall in Black-fryars.

Trumpets, Sennet⁷, and Cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them two Scribes in the habits of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY alone; after him, the Bishops of LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, and SAINT ASAPH; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman, bearing the Purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at Arms, bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars⁸; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then enter the King and Queen and their Trains. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place at some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; between them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The Crier and the rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

K. Hen. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,

⁷ — *Sennet*,] Dr. Burney (whose *General History of Musick* has been so highly and deservedly applauded) undertook to trace the etymology, and discover the certain meaning of this term, but without success. Mr. Malone thinks it was no more than a flourish, or sounding.

⁸ — *pillars*;] *Pillars* were some of the ensigns of dignity carried before cardinals.

And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so: — Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry king of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry king of England, &c.

K. Hen. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine queen of England, come into court.

Crier. Katharine queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;
And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable;
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,

Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
 With many children by you : If, in the course
 And process of this time, you can report,
 And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
 My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
 Against your sacred person, in God's name,
 Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up
 To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
 The king, your father, was reputed for
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent
 And unmatched wit and judgment : Ferdinand,
 My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
 The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
 A year before : It is not to be question'd
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them
 Of every realm, that did debate this business,
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful : Wherefore I humbly
 Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
 Be by my friends in Spain advis'd ; whose counsel
 I will implore ; if not ; i'the name of God,
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd !

Wol. You have here, lady,
 (And of your choice,) these reverend fathers ; men
 Of singular integrity and learning,
 Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
 To plead your cause : It shall be therefore bootless,
 That longer you desire the court ; as well
 For your own quiet, as to rectify
 What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
 Hath spoken well, and justly : Therefore, madam,
 It's fit this royal session do proceed ;
 And that, without delay, their arguments
 Be now produc'd, and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal, —
 To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam ?

Q. Kath.

Sir,

I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so,) certain,
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol.

Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge,⁹
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me, —
Which God's dew quench! — Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,
Refuse you for my judge: whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol.

I do profess,

You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: if it be known to him,
That I gainsay¹ my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. But if he know
That I am free of your report, he knows,

⁹ — and make my challenge,] *Challenge* is here a law term. The criminal, when he refuses a juryman, says — *I challenge him*. *Abhor* and *refuse* are also law terms.

¹ — gainsay —] i. e. deny.

I am not of your wrong: Therefore in him
It lies, to cure me: and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you; The which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble-
mouth'd;

You sign your place and calling², in full seeming,
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers: and your words,
Domesticks to you, serve your will, as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual: That again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curt'sies to the King, and offers to depart.*

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be try'd by it; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine queen of England, come into the
court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep
your way:

² *You sign your place and calling,]* To sign here is to show, to denote. By your outward meekness and humility, you show that you are of an holy order, but, &c.

When you are call'd, return. — Now the Lord help,
 They vex me past my patience! — pray you, pass on:
 I will not tarry: no, nor ever more,
 Upon this business, my appearance make
 In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt* Queen, GRIFFITH, and her other
 Attendants.

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate:
 That man i'the world, who shall report he has
 A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
 For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone,
 (If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
 Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government, —
 Obeying in commanding, — and thy parts
 Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,) ³
 The queen of earthly queens: — She is noble born;
 And, like her true nobility, she has
 Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
 In humblest manner I require your highness,
 That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
 Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and bound,
 There must I be unloos'd; although not there
 At once and fully satisfied ⁴,) whether ever I
 Did broach this business to your highness; or
 Laid any scruple in your way, which might
 Induce you to the question on't? or ever
 Have to you, — but with thanks to God for such
 A royal lady, — spake one the least word, might †

³ — *could speak thee out,*) had tongues capable of speaking *out* thy merits; i. e. of doing them extensive justice.

⁴ — *although not there*

At once *and fully satisfied,*) The sense, which is encumbered with words, is no more than this — I must be *loosed*, though when so *loosed*, I shall not be *satisfied* fully and *at once*; that is, I shall not be *immediately* satisfied. JOHNSON.

† “that might” — MALONE.

Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd; oft
The passages made toward it:⁵ — on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't, —
I will be bold with time, and your attention: —
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came; — give
heed to't: —

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador:
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage, 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: I'the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean, the bishop) did require a respite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advértise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sômetime our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,

⁵ *The passages made toward it:] i. e. closed, or fastened.*

I stood not in the smile of heaven ; who had
 Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
 If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
 Do no more offices of life to't, than
 The grave does to the dead : for her male issue
 Or died where they were made, or shortly after
 This world had air'd them : Hence I took a thought,
 This was a judgment on me ; that my kingdom,
 Well worthy the best heir o'the world, should not
 Be gladdened in't by me : Then follows, that
 I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
 By this my issue's fail : and that gave to me
 Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
 The wild sea⁶ of my conscience, I did steer
 Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
 Now present here together ; that's to say,
 I meant to rectify my conscience, — which
 I then did feel full sick, and yet not well, —
 By all the reverend fathers of the land,
 And doctors learn'd. — First, I began in private
 With you, my lord of Lincoln ; you remember
 How under my oppression I did reek,
 When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long ; be pleas'd yourself to say
 How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
 The question did at first so stagger me, —
 Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
 And consequence of dread, — that I committed
 The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt ;
 And did entreat your highness to this course,
 Which you are running here.

⁶ — hulling in
The wild sea —] That is, floating without guidance ; tossed here
 and there.

K. Hen. I then mov'd you,
 My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
 To make this present summons: — Unsolicited
 I left no reverend person in this court;
 But by particular consent proceeded,
 Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on:
 For no dislike i'the world against the person
 Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
 Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:
 Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
 And kingly dignity, we are contented
 To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
 Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
 That's paragon'd o'the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
 The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
 That we adjourn this court till further day:
 Mean while must be an earnest motion
 Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
 She intends unto his holiness. [*They rise to depart.*]

K. Hen. I may perceive, [*Aside.*]
 These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
 This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
 My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
 Pr'ythee return! with thy approach, I know,
 My comfort comes along. Break up the court:
 I say, set on.

[*Exeunt, in manner as they entered.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *Palace at Bridewell.**A Room in the Queen's Apartment.**The Queen, and some of her Women, at work.*

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench : my soul grows sad
with troubles ;
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst : leave working.

SONG.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing :
To his musick, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprung ; as sun, and showers,
There had been a lasting spring.*

*Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet musick is such art ;
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.*

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now ?

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.⁷

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me ?

⁷ *Wait in the presence.] i. e. in the presence chamber.*

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their
business

With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
They should be good men; their affairs as righteous:
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a house-
wife;

I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o'my conscience,
Deserves a corner: 'Would, all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, (so much I'am happy
Above a number,) if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,
Envy and base opinion set against them,⁸
I know my life so even: If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly; Truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est ergà te mentis integritas, regina
serenissima,*

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,

⁸ *Envy and base opinion set against them,]* I would be glad that my conduct were in some publick trial confronted with mine enemies, that envy and corrupt judgment might try their utmost power against me. JOHNSON.

As not to know the language I have liv'd in :
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspi-
cious ;

Pray, speak in English : here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake ;
Believe me, she has had much wrong : Lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble lady,

I am sorry, my integrity should breed,
(And service to his majesty and you,)
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses ;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow ;
You have too much, good lady : but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you ; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,

My lord of York, — out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace ;
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far,) —
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. To betray me. [*Aside.*

My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove so !)
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids ; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.

For her sake that I have been⁹, (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness,) good your graces,
Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause;
Alas! I am woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these
fears;

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England,
But little for my profit: Can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would, your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
He's loving, and most gracious; 'twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause;
For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge,
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. Th more shame for ye; holy men I
thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;

⁹ For her sake that I have been, &c.] For the sake of that royalty which I have heretofore possessed.

But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye :
 Mend them for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort ?
 The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady ?
 A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd ?
 I will not wish ye half my miseries,
 I have more charity : But say, I warn'd ye ;
 Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
 The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction ;
 You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing : Woe upon ye,
 And all such false professors ! Would ye have me
 (If you have any justice, any pity ;
 If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits,)
 Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me ?
 Alas ! he has banish'd me his bed already ;
 His love, too long ago : I am old, my lords,
 And all the fellowship I hold now with him
 Is only my obedience. What can happen
 To me, above this wretchedness ? all your studies
 Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long — (let me speak myself,
 Since virtue finds no friends,) — a wife, a true one ?
 A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory,)
 Never yet branded with suspicion ?
 Have I with all my full affections
 Still met the king ? lov'd him next heaven ? obey'd him ?
 Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him ?¹
 Almost forgot my prayers to content him ?
 And am I thus rewarded ? 'tis not well, lords.
 Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
 One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure ;
 And to that woman, when she has done most,
 Yet will I add an honour, — a great patience.

¹ — *superstitious to him ?*] That is, served him with superstitious attention ; done more than was required.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to : nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. 'Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it !
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady ?
I am the most unhappy woman living. —
Alas ! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes ?

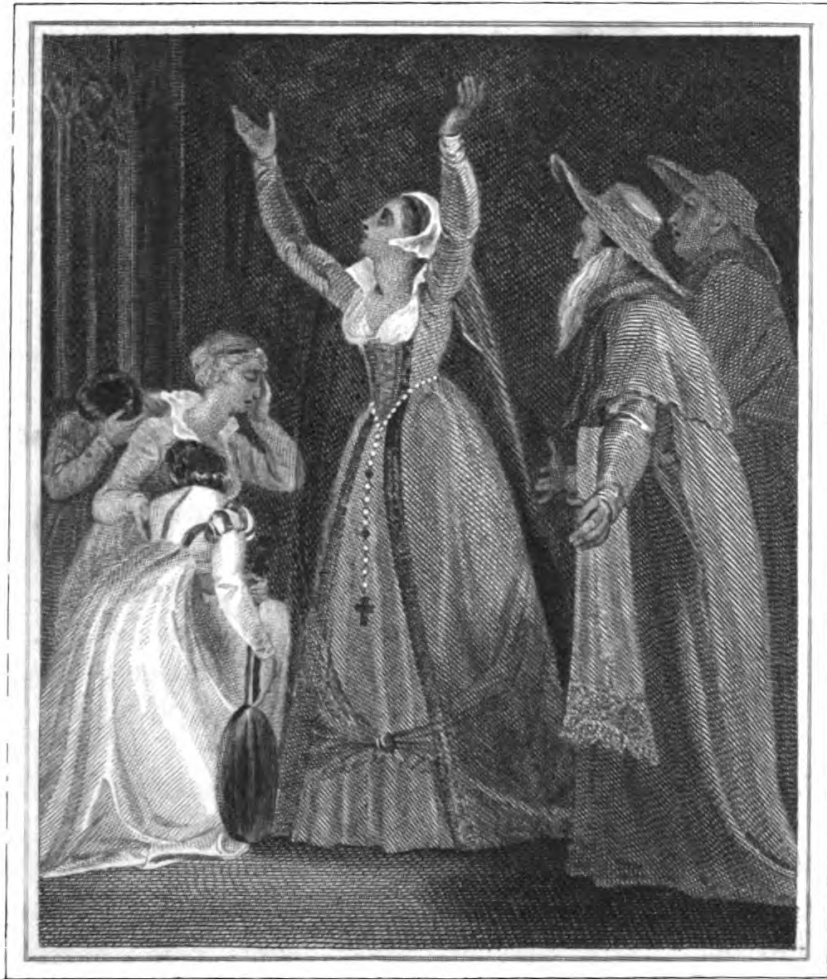
[*To her Women.*]

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope ; no kindred weep for me,
Almost, no grave allow'd me :— Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know, our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort : why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you ? alas ! our places,
The way of our profession is against it ;
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do ;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it ; but, to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm ; Pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your
virtues

With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you ;



KING HENRY VIII.

Q. KATH. ALAS! POOR WENCHES, WHERE ARE NOW YOUR FORTUNES
SHIPWRECKD UPON A KINGDOM, WHERE NO PITY,
NO FRIENDS, NO HOPE; NO KINDRED WEEP FOR ME:
ALMOST, NO GRAVE ALLOW'D ME

Act III. Sc. 1.

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Beware, you lose it not : For us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords : And, pray,
forgive me,
If I have used myself² unmannerly ;
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty :
He has my heart yet ; and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me : she now begs,
That little thought, when she sat footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Ante-chamber to the King's Apartment.

*Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, the Duke of SUFFOLK, the
Earl of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints
And force them³ with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them : If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers

² *If I have us'd myself—*] i. e. behaved myself.

³ *And force them—*] *Force* is *enforce, urge.*

Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me, I know;
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Gives way to us,) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true,
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings⁴
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I could wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o'the king: wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o'the divorce; For if
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*,
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the king this?

⁴ — *contrary proceedings*, —] Private practices opposite to his publick procedure.

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work ?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts,
And hedges, his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physick
After his patient's death; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. 'Would he had !

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord !
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the conjunction !⁵

Suf. My amen to't !

Nor. All men's.

Suf. There's order given for her coronation !
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted. — But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.⁶

Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The Lord forbid !

Nor. Marry, amen !

Suf. No, no ;
There be more wasps that buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause of the king unhandled; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The king cry'd ha ! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry, ha, louder !

⁵ *Trace the conjunction!*] To trace, is to follow.

⁶ *In it be memoriz'd.*] To memorize is to make memorable.

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions⁷; which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd, queen; but princess dowager,
And widow to prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and has ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it, an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.

The cardinal —

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the king?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bedchamber.

Wol. Look'd he o'the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently

He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance: You, he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?

⁷ *He is return'd, in his opinions;*] *Cranmer, says Suffolk, is returned in his opinions, i. e. with the same sentiments which he entertained before he went abroad, which (sentiments) have satisfied the king, together with all the famous colleges referred to on the occasion — Or perhaps the passage (as Mr. Tyrwhitt observes) may mean — He is return'd in effect, having sent his opinions, i. e. the opinions of divines, &c. collected by him.*

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me awhile. — [*Exit CROMWELL.*]

It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister : he shall marry her. —
Anne Bullen ! No : I'll no Anne Bullens for him :
There is more in it than fair visage. — Bullen !
No, we'll no Bullens. — Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome. — The marchioness of Pembroke !

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice !

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman ; a knight's
daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress ! the queen's queen ! —
This candle burns not clear ; 'tis I must snuff it ;
Then, out it goes. — What though I know her virtuous,
And well deserving ? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran ; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i'the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretick, an arch one, Cranmer ; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He's vex'd at something.

Suf. I would, 'twere something that would fret the
string,
The master-cord of his heart !

Enter the King, reading a Schedule ; and LOVELL.

Suf. The king, the king.

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion ! and what expence by the hour
Seems to flow from him ! How, i'the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together ! — Now, my lords ;
Saw you the cardinal ?

Nor. My lord, we have
 Stood here observing him : Some strange commotion
 Is in his brain : he bites his lip, and starts ;
 Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
 Then, lays his finger on his temple ; straight,
 Springs out into fast gait ; then stops again,
 Strikes his breast hard ; and anon, he casts
 His eye against the moon : in most strange postures
 We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be ;
 There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
 Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
 As I required ; And, wot you, what I found
 There ; on my conscience, put unwittingly ?
 Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing, —
 The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
 Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household ; which
 I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
 Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heaven's will ;
 Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
 To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think
 His contemplation were above the earth,
 And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
 Dwell in his musings ; but, I am afraid,
 His thinkings are below the moon ; not worth
 His serious considering.

*[He takes his seat, and whispers LOVELL, who
 goes to WOLSEY.]*

Wol. Heaven forgive me !
 Ever God bless your highness !

K. Hen. Good my lord,
 You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
 Of your best graces in your mind ; the which
 You were now running o'er ; you have scarce time
 To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
 To keep your earthly audit : Sure, in that

I deem you an ill husband : and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time ; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i'the state ; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well-saying !

K. Hen. 'Tis well said again ;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well :
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you :
He said, he did ; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart ; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean ?

Sur. The lord increase this business ! [*Aside.*]

K. Hen. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state ? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true :
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you ?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more, than could
My studied purposes requite ; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours ;—my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, fil'd with my abilities⁴: Mine own ends

⁴ Yet fil'd with my abilities:] My endeavours, though less than my desires, have fil'd, that is, have gone an equal pace with my abilities.

Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
 To the good of your most sacred person, and
 The profit of the state. For your great graces
 Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
 Can nothing render, but allegiant thanks;
 My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,
 Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
 Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen. Fairly answer'd;
 A loyal and obedient subject is
 Therein illustrated: The honour of it
 Does pay the act of it; as, i'the contrary,
 The foulness is the punishment. I presume
 That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
 My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
 On you, than any; so your hand, and heart,
 Your brain, and every function of your power,
 Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,⁹
 As 'twere in love's particular, be more
 To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,
 That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
 More than mine own; that am, have, and will be.¹
 Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
 And throw it from their soul; though perils did
 Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
 Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
 As doth a rock against the chiding flood,²
 Should the approach of this wild river break,
 And stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen. 'Tis nobly spoken:

⁹ — *notwithstanding that your bond of duty,*] Besides the general bond of duty, by which you are obliged to *be a loyal and obedient subject*, you owe a *particular* devotion of yourself to me, as your *particular* benefactor.

¹ — *that am, have, and will be.*] Perhaps the meaning is, *that, or, such a man*, I am, have *been*, and will *ever* be.

² — *against the chiding flood,*] i. e. the *resounding flood*.

Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
 For you have seen him open't. — Read o'er this;
[Giving him Papers.]
 And, after, this: and then to breakfast, with
 What appetite you have.

*[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal WOLSEY: the
 Nobles throng after him, smiling, and whispering.]*

Wol. What should this mean?

What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
 He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
 Leap'd from his eyes: So looks the chafed lion
 Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
 Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
 I fear, the story of his anger. — 'Tis so;
 This paper has undone me: — 'Tis the account
 Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
 For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
 And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
 Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
 Made me put this main secret in the packet
 I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
 No new device to beat this from his brains?
 I know, 'twill stir him strongly; Yet I know
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
 Will bring me off again. What's this — *To the Pope?*
 The letter, as I live, with all the business
 I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell!
 I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness:
 And, from that full meridian of my glory,
 I haste now to my setting. I shall fall
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
 And no man see me more.

Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the Earl of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To Asher-house³, my lord of Winchester's,⁴
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay,
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross them,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,
(I mean, your malice,) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded, — envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king,
(Mine, and your master,) with his own hand gave me:
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters patents: Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

³ To Asher-house,] *Asher* was the ancient name of *Esher*.

⁴ — my lord of Winchester's,] Shakspeare forgot that Wolsey was himself bishop of Winchester, unless he meant to say, you must confine yourself to that house which you possess as bishop of Winchester. Asher, near Hampton-Court, was one of the houses belonging to that bishop.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest;
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland;
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour;
† That I, in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou should'st feel
My sword i'the life-blood of thee else. — My lords,
Can you endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded^s by a piece of scarlet,

† "That in the way," &c. — MALONE.

^s To be thus jaded —] To be abused and ill treated, like a worthless horse: or perhaps to be ridden by a priest; — to have him mounted above us.

Farewell nobility ; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.⁶

Wol.

All goodness

Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur.

Yes, that goodness,

Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion ;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, against the king : your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious. —
My lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen, —
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life : — I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell⁷, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it !

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand :
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol.

So much fairer,

And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur.

This cannot save you :

I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles ; and out they shall.

⁶ *And dare us with his cap, like larks.*] It is well known that the hat of a cardinal is scarlet ; and that one of the methods of *daring* larks was by small mirrors fastened on scarlet cloth, which engaged the attention of these birds while the fowler drew his net over them.

⁷ *Worse than the sacring bell,*] The little bell which is rung to give notice of the *Host* approaching when it is carried in procession, as also in other offices of the Romish church, is called the *sacring* or *consecration* bell ; from the French word, *sacrer*.

Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir ;
I dare your worst objections : if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head. Have at
you.

First, that, without the king's assent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate ; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd ; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.⁸

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience,)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities ; to the mere undoing⁹
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are ;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,

⁸ *Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.*] This was certainly one of the articles exhibited against Wolsey, but rather with a view to swell the catalogue, than from any serious cause of accusation ; inasmuch as the archbishops Cranmer, Bainbrigge, and Warnham, were indulged with the same privilege.

⁹ — to the mere undoing —] *Mere* is absolute.

Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is, —
Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,¹ —
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection: — This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but WOLSEY.*

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, — when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, — nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;

¹ — of a *præmunire*,] It is almost unnecessary to observe that *præmunire* is a barbarous word used instead of *præmonere*.

I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
 Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
 There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,²
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again. —

Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
 A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
 I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
 I know myself now; and I feel within me
 A peace above all earthly dignities,
 A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
 I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
 These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
 A load would sink a navy, too much honour:
 O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad, your grace has made that right use
 of it.

Wol. I hope, I have: I am able now, methinks,
 (Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)
 To endure more miseries, and greater far,
 Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer
 What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
 Is your displeasure with the king.

² — and their ruin,] *Their ruin* is their displeasure, producing the downfall and *ruin* of him on whom it lights.

Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
 So good, so noble, and so true a master?
 Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
 With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord. —
 The king shall have my service; but my prayers
 For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me
 Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
 Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
 And, — when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of, — say, I taught thee;
 Say, Wolsey, — that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour, —
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
 By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
 Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
 Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king:
 And, — Pr'ythee, lead me in:
 There, take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
 And my integrity to heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal⁵

⁵ *Had I but serv'd my God, &c.*] This sentence was really uttered by Wolsey. But it was a strange sentence for him to utter, who was disgraced for the basest treachery to his king in the affair of the di-

I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *A Street in Westminster.*

Enter Two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 *Gent.* You are well met once again.

2 *Gent.* And so are you. †

1 *Gent.* You come to take your stand here, and behold
The lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2 *Gent.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;
This, general joy.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis well: The citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds;
As, let them have their rights, they are ever forward
In celebration of this day⁶ with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 *Gent.* Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2 *Gent.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?

1 *Gent.* Yes; 'tis the list
Of those, that claim their offices this day,

voice: but it shows how naturally men endeavour to palliate their crimes even to themselves.

† "So are you." — MALONE.

⁶ — this day —] i. e. *such a day as this*, a coronation day.

By custom of the coronation.

The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

2 *Gent.* I thank you, sir; had I not known those customs,

I should have been beholden to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1 *Gent.* That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance, and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage⁷ made of none effect:
Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.

2 *Gent.* Alas, good lady! —

[*Trumpets.*

The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A lively flourish of Trumpets: then, enter

1. *Two Judges.*
2. *Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.*
3. *Choristers singing.* [*Musick.*]
4. *Mayor of London bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and, on his head, a gilt copper crown.*

⁷ — the late marriage —] i. e. the marriage lately considered as a valid one.

5. *Marquis Dorset, bearing a scepter of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
6. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
7. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
8. *The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
9. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

2 *Gent.* A royal train, believe me.—These I know;—
Who's that, that bears the scepter?

1 *Gent.* Marquis Dorset.

And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 *Gent.* A bold brave gentleman: And that should † be
The duke of Suffolk.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis the same; high-steward.

2 *Gent.* And that my lord of Norfolk?

1 *Gent.* Yes.

2 *Gent.* Heaven bless thee!

[*Looking on the Queen.*

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on. —

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more, and richer, when he strains that lady:

I cannot blame his conscience.

† Mr. Malone omits *And*.

1 *Gent.* They, that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.

2 *Gent.* Those men are happy; and so are all, are
near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train,
Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.

1 *Gent.* It is; and all the rest are countesses.

2 *Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars in-
deed;

And, sometimes, falling ones.

1 *Gent.* No more of that.

[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of
Trumpets.*]

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?

3 *Gent.* Among the crowd i'the abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more; and I am stifled †
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 *Gent.* You saw
The ceremony?

3 *Gent.* That I did.

1 *Gent.* How was it?

3 *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people

† "and" is omitted by Mr. Malone.

Had the full view of, such a noise arose
 As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
 As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,
 (Doublets I think,) flew up; and had their faces
 Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
 I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
 That had not half a week to go, like rams⁸
 In the old time of war, would shake the press,
 And make them reel before them. No man living
 Could say, *This is my wife*, there; all were woven
 So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gent.* But, 'pray, what follow'd? †

3 *Gent.* At length her grace rose, and with modest
 paces

Came to the altar: where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,
 Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
 Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
 When by the archbishop of Canterbury
 She had all the royal makings of a queen;
 As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
 The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
 Laid nobly on her; which perform'd, the choir,
 With all the choicest musick of the kingdom,
 Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
 And with the same full state pac'd back again
 To York-place, where the feast is held.

1 *Gent.* Sir, you
 Must no more call it York-place, that is past;
 For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost;
 'Tis now the king's, and call'd — Whitehall.

3 *Gent.* I know it;
 But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
 Is fresh about me.

2 *Gent.* What two reverend bishops
 Were those that went on each side of the queen?

⁸ — *like rams* —] That is, like battering rams.

† "But, what follow'd?" — MALONE.

3 *Gent.* Stokesley and Gardiner: the one, of Winchester,
(Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary,)
The other, London.

2 *Gent.* He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 *Gent.* All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3 *Gent.* Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend. — The king
Has made him master o'the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.

2 *Gent.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests;
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.⁹

Kimbolton.

Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick; led between GRIF-
FITH and PATIENCE.

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O, Griffith, sick to death:
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden: Reach a chair; —

⁹ *Scene II.*] This scene is above any other part of Shakspeare's tragedies, and perhaps above any scene of any other poet, tender

So, — now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
 Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
 That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
 Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but, I think, your grace,
 Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
 If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,¹
 For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
 For after the stout earl Northumberland
 Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
 (As a man sorely tainted,) to his answer,
 He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
 He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads², he came to Leicester,
 Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
 With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
 To whom he gave these words, — *O father abbot,*
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye,
Give him a little earth for charity!
 So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
 Pursu'd him still; and, three nights after this,
 About the hour of eight, (which he himself
 Foretold should be his last,) full of repentance,
 Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
 He gave his honours to the world again,
 His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

and pathetick, without gods, or furies, or poisons, or precipices,
 without the help of romantick circumstances, without improbable
 sallies of poetical lamentation, and without any throes of tumultuous
 misery. JOHNSON.

¹ — *he stepp'd before me, happily,*

For my example.] Happily means, on this occasion, fortunately.

² — *with easy roads,] i. e. by short stages.*

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
 Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
 And yet with charity, — He was a man
 Of an unbounded stomach³, ever ranking
 Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
 Ty'd all the kingdom⁴: simony was fair play;
 His own opinion was his law: I'the presence
 He would say untruths; and be ever double,
 Both in his words and meaning: He was never,
 But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
 His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
 But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
 Of his own body he was ill, and gave
 The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
 Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
 We write in water. May it please your highness
 To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
 I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
 Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
 Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle,
 He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one;
 Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
 Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;
 But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
 And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
 (Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
 He was most princely: Ever witness for him

³ *Of an unbounded stomach,*] i. e. of unbounded *pride* or *haughtiness*.

⁴ — *one, that by suggestion*

Ty'd all the kingdom:] i. e. he was a man of an unbounded stomach, or pride, ranking himself with princes, and by suggestion to the king and the pope, he *ty'd*, i. e. limited, circumscribed, and set bounds to the liberties and properties of all persons in the kingdom.

Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
 Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
 Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
 The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
 His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
 And found the blessedness of being little:
 And, to add greater honours to his age
 Than man could give him, he died, fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
 No other speaker of my living actions,
 To keep mine honour from corruption,
 But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
 With thy religious truth, and modesty,
 Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him! —
 Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
 I have not long to trouble thee. — Good Griffith,
 Cause the musicians play me that sad note
 I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
 On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn Musick.

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down
 quiet,
 For fear we wake her; — Softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision. *Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head, at which, the other four make reverend court'sies; then the two, that held the garland, deliver the same to*

the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, (as it were by inspiration,) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The musick continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the musick leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Musick ceases.*]

Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,
And of an earthly cold? Mark you her eyes?

Grif. She is going, wench; pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace, —

Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour : go to, kneel.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon ;
My haste made me unmannerly : There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith : But this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt* GRIFFITH and Messenger.]

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord,
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me ?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace ; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you ;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late ;
'Tis like a pardon after execution :
That gentle physick, given in time, had cur'd me ;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness ?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do ! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom ! — Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away ?

Pat. No, madam.

[*Giving it to* KATHARINE.]

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves⁴, his young daughter:—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding;
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope, she will deserve well;) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long,
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I should not lie,) but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.
The last is, for my men;— they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me;—
That they may have their wages duly paid them,
And something over to remember me by;
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents:— And, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will;
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say, his long trouble now is passing

⁴ *The model of our chaste loves,] Model is image, or representative.*

Out of this world: tell him, in death I bless'd him,
 For so I will. — Mine eyes grow dim. — Farewell,
 My lord. — Griffith, farewell. — Nay, Patience,
 You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;
 Call in more women. — When I am dead, good wench,
 Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over
 With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
 I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
 Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
 A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
 I can no more. — [Exeunt, leading KATHARINE.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *A Gallery in the Palace.*

*Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with
 a Torch before him, met by Sir THOMAS LOVELL.*

Gard. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
 Not for delights; times to repair our nature
 With comforting repose, and not for us
 To waste these times. — Good hour of night, sir Thomas!
 Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gar. I did, sir Thomas; and left him at primero⁵
 With the duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
 Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

⁵ — *at primero* —] *Primero* and *Primavista*, two games at cards, H. I. *Primera*, *Primavista*. La *Primiere*, G. prime, f. *Prime veue*. *Primum*, et *primum visum*, that is, first, and first seen: because he that can show such an order of cards first, wins the game. *Minsheu's Guide into Tongues*, col. 575.

Gar. Not yet, sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter? It seems, you are in haste; an if there be No great offence belongs to't, give your friend Some touch of your late business⁶: Affairs, that walk (As, they say, spirits do,) at midnight, have In them a wilder nature, than the business That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you; And durst commend a secret to your ear Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour, They say in great extremity; and fear'd, She'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit, she goes with, I pray for heartily; that it may find Good time, and live: but for the stock, sir Thomas, I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir, — Hear me, sir Thomas: You are a gentleman Of mine own way⁷; I know you wise, religious: And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well, — 'Twill not, sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me, Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she, Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two The most remark'd i'the kingdom. As for Cromwell, — Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master O'the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir, Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,⁸ With which the time will load him: The archbishop

⁶ *Some touch of your late business:]* Some hint of the business that keeps you awake so late.

⁷ — *mine own way;*] Mine own opinion in religion.

⁸ *Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,]* Trade is the practised method, the general course.

Is the king's hand, and tongue; And who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,
Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think, I have
Incens'd the lords o'the council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is,
A most arch heretick⁹, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they moved,
Have broken with the king¹; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace
And princely care; foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him, (he hath commanded,
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented.² He's a rank weed, sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: Good night, sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord; I rest your servant.

Exeunt GARDINER and Page.

*As LOVELL is going out, enter the King, and the Duke
of SUFFOLK.*

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.—
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her

⁹ ——— *I have*

Incens'd the lords o'the council, that he is, &c.

A most arch heretick,] This passage, according to the old elliptical mode of writing, may mean — I have incens'd the lords of the council, *for* that he is, i. e. because.

¹ — broken *with the king;*] They have broken silence: told their minds to the king.

² *He be convented.] Convented is summoned, convened.*

What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st thou? ha!
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance
made
Almost each pang a death.

K. Hen. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!

K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles,
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that, which company
Will not be friendly to. †

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

K. Hen. Charles, good night. —
[*Exit SUFFOLK.*]

Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.

K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

K. Hen. 'Tis true: Where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Bring him to us.
[*Exit DENNY.*]

Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake;
I am happily come hither. [*Aside.*]

† "Would not," &c. — MALONE

Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.

K. Hen.

Avoid the gallery.

[LOVELL *seems to stay.*

Ha! — I have said. — Be gone.

What! —

[*Exeunt LOVELL and DENNY.*

Cran. I am fearful: — Wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

K. Hen. How now my lord? You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran.

It is my duty,

To attend your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen.

'Pray you, arise,

My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.

Come, you and I must walk a turn together;

I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me your
hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,

And am right sorry to repeat what follows:

I have, and most unwillingly, of late

Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,

Grievous complaints of you: which, being consider'd,

Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall

This morning come before us; where, I know,

You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,

But that, till further trial, in those charges

Which will require your answer, you must take

Your patience to you, and be well contented

To make your house our Tower: You a brother of us,³

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness

Would come against you.

Cran.

I humbly thank your highness;

And am right glad to catch this good occasion

Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff

³ — *You a brother of us, &c.]* You being one of the council, it is necessary to imprison you, that the witnesses against you may not be deterred.

And corn shall fly asunder : for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury ;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend : Give me thy hand, stand up ;
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy-dame,
What manner of man are you ? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers ; and to have heard you
Without indurance⁴, further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth, and honesty ;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person ; which I weigh not,⁵
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not how
Your state stands i'the world, with the whole world ?
Your enemies
Are many, and not small ; their practices
Must bear the same proportion : and not ever⁶
The justice and the truth o'the question carries
The due o'the verdict with it : At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you ? such things have been done.
You are potently oppos'd ; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,⁷
I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,

⁴ — *indurance*,] i. e. confinement, or perhaps, *delay*, *procras-*
tination.

⁵ *I weigh not*,] i. e. have no value for.

⁶ — *and not ever* —] *Not ever* is an uncommon expression, and
does not mean *never*, but *not always*.

⁷ — *Ween you of better luck*,] To *ween* is to *think*, to *imagine*.
Though now obsolete, the word was common to all our ancient
writers.

Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them; if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. — Look, the good man weeps!
He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear, he's true-hearted! and a soul
None better in my kingdom. — Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. — [*Exit CRANMER.*] He has
strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gent. [*within.*] Come back; What mean you?

Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners. — Now, good angels,
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: The God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her! — 'tis a girl,

Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen. Lovell, —

Enter LOVELL.

Lov. Sir.

K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the
queen. *[Exit King.]*

Lady. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll have
more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment.

I will have more, or scold it out of him.

Said I for this, the girl is like to him?

I will have more, or else unsay't; and now

While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

Lobby before the Council-Chamber.

Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-Keeper, &c. attending.

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentle-
man,

That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this? —
Hoa!

Who waits there? — Sure, you know me?

D. Keep. Yes, my lord;

But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait, till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran.

So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,

I came this way so happily : The king
Shall understand it presently. [Exit BUTTS.]

Cran. [*aside.*] 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician ; as he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me !
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace ! For certain,
This is of purpose lay'd, by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts ! I never sought their malice,)
To quench mine honour : they would shame to make me
Wait else at door ; a fellow counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter at a Window above ⁸, *the King and BUTTS.*

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight, —
K. Hen. What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think, your highness saw this many a day.

K. Hen. Body o'me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord :
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury ;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.

K. Hen. Ha ! 'Tis he, indeed :
Is this the honour they do one another ?
'Tis well, there's one above them yet. I had thought,
They had parted so much honesty among them,⁹
(At least, good manners,) as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.

⁸ — *at a window above,*] The suspicious vigilance of our ancestors contrived windows which overlooked the insides of chapels, halls, kitchens, passages, &c. Some of these convenient peepholes, may still be found in colleges, and such ancient houses as have not suffered from the reformations of modern architecture.

⁹ *They had parted, &c.*] We should now say — *They had shared, &c.* i. e. had so much honesty among them.

By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery :
 Let them alone, and draw the curtain close ;¹
 We shall hear more anon. —

Exeunt.

THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

Enter the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of SUFFOLK, Earl of SURREY, Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, and CROMWELL. The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand ; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of CANTERBURY. The rest seat themselves in order on each side. CROMWELL at the lower end, as secretary.

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary :
 Why are we met in council ?

Crom. Please your honours,
 The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it ?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there ?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords ?

Gar. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord archbishop
 And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.

[CRANMER approaches the Council-table.

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
 To sit here at this present, and behold
 That chair stand empty : But we all are men,
 In our own natures frail ; and capable
 Of our flesh, few are angels² : out of which frailty,

¹ — draw the curtain close ;] i. e. the curtain of the balcony, or upper stage, where the king now is.

² — and capable

Of our flesh, few are angels : &c.] If this passage means any thing, it may mean, few are perfect, while they remain in their mortal

And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
 Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
 Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
 The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chaplains,
 (For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions,
 Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies,
 And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
 My noble lords: for those, that tame wild horses,
 Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle;
 But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them,
 Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
 (Out of our easiness, and childish pity
 To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
 Farewell, all physick; And what follows then?
 Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
 Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,
 The upper Germany³, can dearly witness,
 Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
 Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
 And with no little study, that my teaching,
 And the strong course of my authority,
 Might go one way, and safely; and the end
 Was ever, to do well: nor is there living
 (I speak it with a single heart⁴, my lords,)
 A man, that more detests, more stirs against,
 Both in his private conscience, and his place,
 Defacers of a publick peace, than I do.
 'Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart.

capacity; i. e. while they are capable [in a condition] of being invested with flesh. — Mr. Malone reads thus:

“In our own natures, frail, incapable:
 Of our flesh,” &c.

³ *The upper Germany, &c.*] Alluding to the heresy of Thomas Muntzer, which sprung up in Saxony in the years 1521 and 1522.

⁴ — a single *heart*,] A heart void of duplicity or guile.

With less allegiance in it! Men, that make
 Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
 Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
 That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
 Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
 And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
 That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
 And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more
 moment,
 We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
 And our consent, for better trial of you,
 From hence you be committed to the Tower;
 Where, being but a private man again,
 You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
 More, than I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you,
 You are always my good friend; if your will pass,
 I shall both find your lordship judge and juror.
 You are so merciful: I see your end,
 'Tis my undoing: Love, and meekness, lord,
 Become a churchman better than ambition;
 Win straying souls with modesty again,
 Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
 Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
 I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,
 In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
 But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
 That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,^s
 To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
 By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,

^s — *your painted gloss, &c.*] Those that understand you, under this *painted gloss*, this fair outside, discover your empty talk and your false reasoning.

However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

Gar. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. 'Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord,— It stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us: Are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gar. What other
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome:
Let some o'the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i'the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Cham. This is the king's ring.⁶

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him?
'Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales, and informations,
Against this man, (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,)
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: Now have at ye.

Enter King, frowning on them; takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to
heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church

⁶ *This is the king's ring.*] It seems to have been a custom, begun probably in the dark ages, before literature was generally diffused, and before the regal power experienced the restraints of law, for every monarch to have a ring, the temporary possession of which invested the holder with the same authority as the owner himself could exercise. The production of it was sufficient to suspend the execution of the law; it procured indemnity for offences committed, and imposed acquiescence and submission on whatever was done under its authority. Instances abound in the history of almost every nation.

The chief aim of his honour ; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
That cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence ;
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach ; you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me ;
But, whatso'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody. —
Good man, [*to CRANMER,*] sit down. Now let me see
the proudest

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee :
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think his place becomes thee not.⁷

Sur. May it please your grace, —

K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought, I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom, of my council ; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title,)
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber door ? and one as great as you are ?
Why, what a shame was this ? Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves ? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom ; There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean ;
Which ye shall never have, while I live.

⁷ *Than but once think his place becomes thee not.*] Who dares to suppose that the place or situation in which he is, is not suitable to thee also ? who supposes that thou art not as fit for the office of a privy counsellor as he is ?

Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men,) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I am sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, If a prince
May be beholden to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
Be friends, for shame, my lords. — My lord of Can-
terbury,

I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be godfather⁸, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour; How may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your
spoons⁹; you shall have
Two noble partners with you; the old duchess of Nor-
folk,

⁸ *You must be godfather,*] Our prelates formerly were often employed on the like occasions. Cranmer was godfather to Edward VI.; archbishop Warham to Henry's eldest son by queen Katharine; and the bishop of Winchester to Henry himself.

⁹ — *you'd spare your spoons;*] It was the custom, long before the time of Shakspeare, for the sponsors at christenings to offer gilt spoons as a present to the child. These spoons were called *apostle spoons*, because the figures of the apostles were carved on the tops of the handles. Such as were at once opulent and generous, gave the whole twelve; those who were either more moderately rich or liberal, escaped at the expence of the four evangelists; or even sometimes contented themselves with presenting one spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any saint, in honour of whom the child received its name.

And lady marquis Dorset: Will these please you?
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart,
And brother-love, I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true
heart.

The common voice, I see, is verified.
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Canterbury*
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever. —
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Palace Yard.

Noise and Tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: Do
you take the court for Paris-garden?¹ ye rude slaves,
leave your gaping.²

[*Within.*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you
rogue: Is this a place to roar in? — Fetch me a dozen
crab-tree-staves, and strong ones; these are but switches
to them. — I'll scratch your heads: You must be seeing

¹ — *Paris-garden?*] This celebrated bear-garden on the bank-side was so called from *Robert de Paris*, who had a house and garden there in the time of King Richard II.

² — *gaping.*] i. e. *shouting* or *roaring*; a sense which this word has now almost lost.

christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible (Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons,) To scatter them, as 'tis to make them sleep On May-day morning; which will never be: We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not? How gets the tide in? As much as one sound cudgel of four foot (You see the poor remainder) could distribute, I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor sir Guy, nor Colbrand³, to mow them down before me: but, if I spared any, that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

[*Within.*] Do you hear, master porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy. — Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock them down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in?⁴ or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand: here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier

³ — sir Guy, nor Colbrand,] Of *Guy of Warwick* every one has heard. *Colbrand* was the Danish giant, whom Guy subdued at Winchester. Their combat is very elaborately described by Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*.

⁴ — *Moorfields to muster in?*] The train-bands of the city were exercised in Moorfields.

by his face⁵, for, o'my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: That fire-drake⁶ did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head⁷, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor⁸ once, and hit that woman, who cried out *clubs!*⁹ when I might see from far some forty trunchoneers draw to her succour, which were the hope of the Strand, where she was quartered: They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff with me, I defied them still; when suddenly a file of boys behind them, loose shot¹, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let them win the work²: The devil was amongst them, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse³,

⁵ — *he should be a brazier by his face,*] A *brazier* signifies a man that manufactures brass, and a reservoir for charcoal occasionally heated to convey warmth. Both these senses are understood.

JOHNSON.

⁶ — *That fire-drake* —] A *fire-drake* is both a serpent, anciently called a *brenning-drake*, or *diasps*, and a name formerly given to a *Will o'the Wisp*, or *ignis fatuus*. A *fire-drake* was likewise an artificial *fire-work*.

⁷ — *till her pink'd porringer fell off her head,*] Her *pink'd porringer* is her pink'd cap, which looked as if it had been moulded on a porringer.

⁸ *the meteor* —] The fire-drake, the brazier.

⁹ — *who cried out clubs!*] *Clubs!* was the outcry for assistance, upon any quarrel or tumult in the streets.

¹ — *loose shot,*] i. e. loose or random *shooters*.

² — *the work,*] A term of fortification. STEEVENS.

³ — *the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Lime-house,*]

their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of them in *Limbo Patrum*⁴, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles⁵, that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o'me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still too, from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves? — Ye have made a find hand, fellows.
There's a trim rabble let in: Are all these
Your faithful friends o'the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honour
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule them.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines, for neglect: You are lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bumbards⁶, when

Alliteration has given rise to many cant expressions, consisting of words *paired* together. Here we have cant names for the inhabitants of those places, who were notorious puritans, coined for the humour of the alliteration. In the mean time it must not be forgotten, that "precious *limbs*" was a common phrase of contempt for the puritans.

⁴ — *in Limbo Patrum,*] He means, in confinement. In *limbo*, continues to be a cant phrase, in the same sense, at this day. The *Limbus Patrum* is, properly, the place where the old fathers and patriarchs are supposed to be waiting for the resurrection.

⁵ — *running banquet of two beadles,*] A publick whipping. A *banquet*, in ancient language, did not signify either dinner or supper, but the desert after each of them.

⁶ — *here ye lie baiting of bumbards,*] A *bumbard* is an *ale-barrel*; to *bait bumbards* is to *tipple*, to *lie at the spigot*.

Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound ;
 They are come already from the christening :
 Go, break among the press, and find a way out
 To let the troop pass fairly ; or I'll find
 A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princes.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make
 your head ake.

Port. You i'the camblet, get up o'the rail ; I'll pick
 you o'er the pales else.⁷ [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

*The Palace.*⁸

Enter Trumpets, sounding ; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, Duke of NORFOLK, with his marshall's staff, Duke of SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing bowls⁹ for the christening gifts ; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the Child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady : then follows the Marchioness of DORSET, the other godmother, and Ladies. The Troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness¹, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth !

⁷ — *I'll pick you o'er the pales else,*] To pick is to pitch.

⁸ *The Palace.*] At Greenwich, where this procession was made from the church of the Friars.

⁹ — *standing-bowls* —] i. e. bowls elevated on feet or pedestals.

¹ *Heaven from thy endless goodness, &c.*] These words are not the invention of the poet, having been pronounced at the christening of Elizabeth.

Flourish. Enter King, and Train.

CRAN. [*kneeling.*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray; —
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop;
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Stand up, lord. —

[*The King kisses the Child.*]

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hands I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.
This royal infant, (heaven still move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness,
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed; Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd and fear'd: Her own shall bless her:
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,

And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows with her:
 In her days, every man shall eat in safety
 Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
 God shall be truly known; and those about her
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
 And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
 [Nor shall this peace sleep with her²: But as when
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
 Her ashes new create another heir,
 As great in admiration as herself;
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
 (When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,)
 Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
 And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
 That were the servants to this chosen infant,
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
 Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
 His honour, and the greatness of his name
 Shall be, and make new nations: He shall flourish,
 And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
 To all the plains about him:—Our children's children
 Shall see this, and bless heaven.]

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.]

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,

² [*Nor shall this peace sleep with her: &c.*] These lines, to the interruption by the king, seem to have been inserted at some revisal of the play, after the accession of king James. If the passage, included in crotches, be left out, the speech of Cranmer proceeds in a regular tenour of prediction, and continuity of sentiments: but, by the interposition of the new lines, he first celebrates Elizabeth's successor, and then wishes he did not know that she was to die; first rejoices at the consequence, and then laments the cause. Our author was at once politick and idle; he resolved to flatter James, but neglected to reduce the whole speech to propriety; or perhaps intended that the lines inserted should be spoken in the action, and omitted in the publication, if any publication was ever in his thoughts. Mr. Theobald has made the same observation. JOHNSON.

An aged princess ; many days shall see her,
 And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
 'Would I had known no more ! but she must die,
 She must, the saints must have her ; yet a virgin,
 A most unspotted lily shall she pass
 To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Hen. O lord archbishop,
 Thou hast made me now a man ; never, before
 This happy child, did I get any thing :
 This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
 That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
 To see what this child does, and praise my Maker. —
 I thank ye all, — To you, my good lord mayor,
 And your good brethren, I am much beholden ;
 I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
 And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords ;
 Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
 She will be sick else. This day, no man think
 He has business at his house ; for all shall stay,
 This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

³ The play of *Henry the Eighth* is one of those which still keeps possession of the stage by the splendour of its pageantry. The coronation, about forty years ago, drew the people together in multitudes for a great part of the winter.* Yet pomp is not the only merit of this play. The meek sorrows and virtuous distress of Katharine have furnished some scenes, which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakspeare comes in and goes out with Katharine. Every other part may be easily conceived and easily written. JOHNSON.

* Chetwood says that, during one season, it was exhibited seventy five times.

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here: Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frightened with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
They'll say, 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry, — *that's witty!*
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we are like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we show'd them⁴; If they smile,⁵
And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while

⁴ — *such a one we show'd them*;] In the character of Katharine.

JOHNSON.

⁵ — *if they smile, &c.*] Though it is very difficult to decide whether short pieces be genuine or spurious, yet I cannot restrain myself from expressing my suspicion that neither the Prologue nor Epilogue to this play is the work of Shakspeare; *non vultus, non color*. It appears to me very likely that they were supplied by the friendship or officiousness of Jonson, whose manner they will be perhaps found exactly to resemble. There is yet another supposition possible: the Prologue and Epilogue may have been written after Shakspeare's departure from the stage, upon some accidental revival of the play, and there will then be reason for imagining that the writer, whoever he was, intended no great kindness to him, this play being recommended by a subtle and covert censure of his other works. There is, in Shakspeare, so much of *fool and fight*;

“ ——— the fellow,

“ In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,”

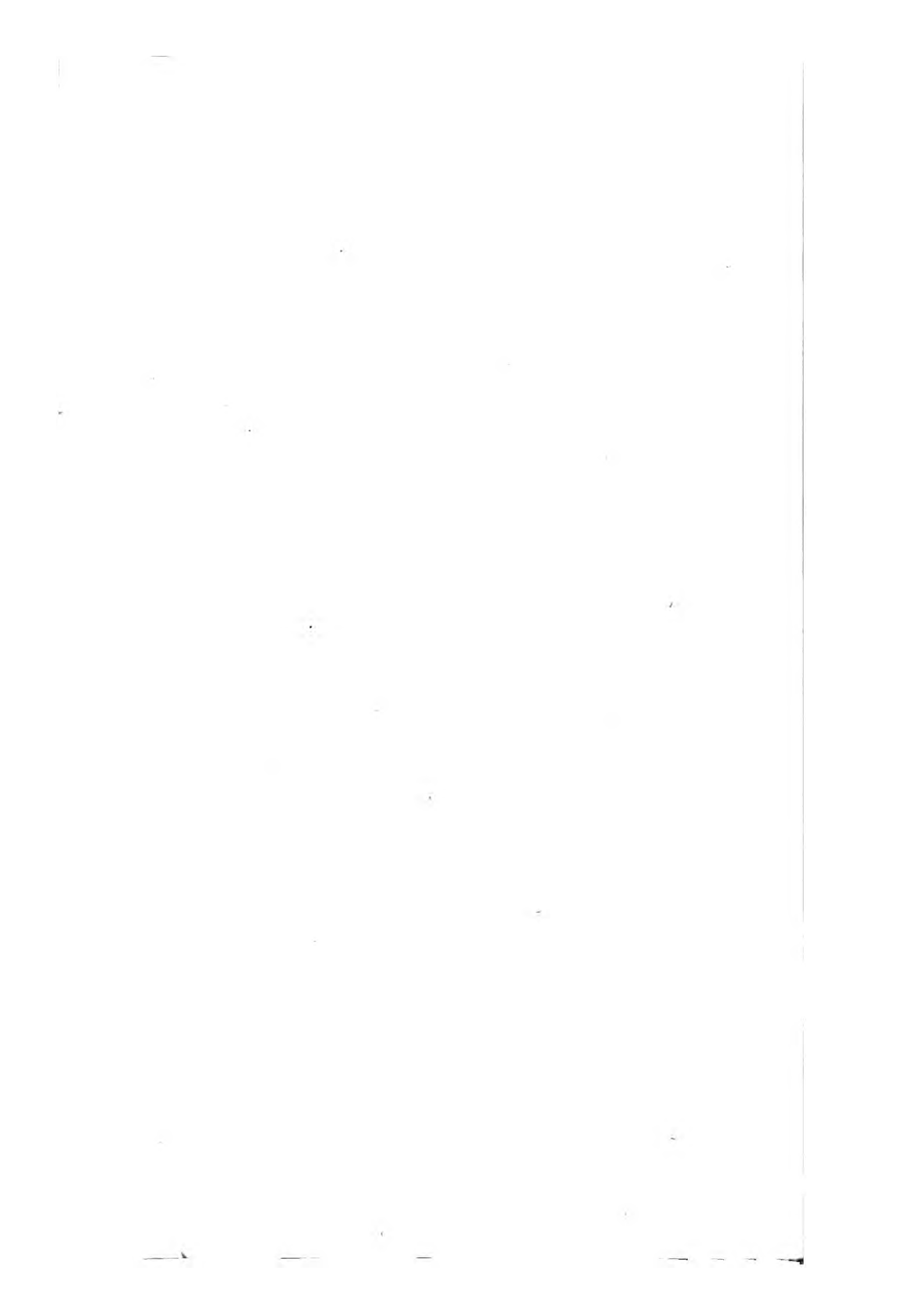
appears so often in his drama, that I think it not very likely that he would have animadverted so severely on himself. All this, however, must be received as very dubious, since we know not the exact date of this or the other plays, and cannot tell how our author might have changed his practice or opinions.

All the best men are ours ; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.

The historical dramas are now concluded, of which the two parts of *Henry the Fourth*, and *Henry the Fifth*, are among the happiest of our author's compositions; and *King John*, *Richard the Third*, and *Henry the Eighth*, deservedly stand in the second class. Those whose curiosity would refer the historical scenes to their original, may consult Holinshed, and sometimes Hall: from Holinshed Shakspeare has often inserted whole speeches, with no more alteration than was necessary to the numbers of his verse. To transcribe them into the margin was unnecessary, because the original is easily examined, and they are seldom less perspicuous in the poet than in the historian.

To play histories, or to exhibit a succession of events by action or dialogue, was a common entertainment among our rude ancestors upon great festivities. The parish clerks once performed at Clerkenwell a play which lasted three days, containing *The History of the World*. JOHNSON.





TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

VOL. VI.

8



THE story was originally written by Lollius, an old Lombard author, and since by Chaucer. POPE.

Mr. Pope (after Dryden) informs us, that the story of *Troilus and Cressida* was originally the work of one Lollius, a Lombard; (of whom Gascoigne speaks in *Dan Bartholmewe his first Triumph*: "Since Lollius and Chaucer both, make doubt upon that glose,") but Dryden goes yet further. He declares it to have been written in Latin verse, and that Chaucer translated it. Lollius was a historiographer of Urbino in Italy. Shakspeare received the greatest part of his materials for the structure of this play from the *Troye Boke* of Lydgate. Lydgate was not much more than a translator of Guido of Columpna, who was of Messina in Sicily, and wrote his *History of Troy* in Latin, after Dictys Cretensis, and Dares Phrygius, in 1287. On these, as Mr. Warton observes, he engrafted many new romantick inventions, which the taste of his age dictated, and which the connection between Grecian and Gothick fiction easily admitted; at the same time comprehending in his plan the Theban and Argonautic stories from Ovid, Statius, and Valerius Flaccus. Guido's work was published at Cologne in 1477, again 1480: at Strasburgh, 1486, and *ibidem*, 1489. It appears to have been translated by Raoul le Feure, at Cologne, into French, from whom Caxton rendered it into English in 1471, under the title of his *Recuyel, &c.*; so that there must have been yet some earlier edition of Guido's performance than I have hitherto seen or heard of, unless his first translator had recourse to a manuscript.

Guido of Columpna is referred to as an authority by our own chronicler Grafton. Chaucer had made the loves of Troilus and Cressida famous, which very probably might have been Shakspeare's inducement to try their fortune on the stage.—Lydgate's *Troye Boke* was printed by Pynson, in 1513. In the books of the Stationers' Company, anno 1581, is entered "A proper ballad, dialogue-wise, between *Troilus and Cressida*." Again, Feb. 7, 1602: "The booke of *Troilus and Cressida*, as it is acted by my Lo. Chamberlain's men." The first of these entries is in the name of Edward White, the second in that of M. Roberts. Again, Jan. 28, 1608, entered by Rich. Bonian and Hen. Whalley, "A booke called the history of *Troilus and Cressida*." STEEVENS.

The entry in 1608-9 was made by the booksellers for whom this play was published in 1609. It was written, I conceive, in 1602.

MALONE.

Before this play of *Troilus and Cressida*, printed in 1609, is a bookseller's preface, showing that first impression to have been before the play had been acted, and that it was published without Shakspeare's knowledge, from a copy that had fallen into the bookseller's hands. Mr. Dryden thinks this one of the first of our author's plays: but, on the contrary, it may be judged, from the

fore-mentioned preface, that it was one of his last; and the great number of observations, both moral and politick, with which this piece is crowded more than any other of his, seems to confirm my opinion. POPE.

We may learn, from this preface, that the original proprietors of Shakspeare's plays thought it their interest to keep them unprinted. The author of it adds, at the conclusion, these words: "Thank fortune for the 'scape it hath made among you, since, by the grand possessors' wills, I believe you should rather have prayed for them, than have been prayed," &c. By the *grand possessors*, I suppose, were meant *Heming* and *Condell*. It appears that the rival play-houses at that time made frequent depredations on one another's copies. In the Induction to *The Malcontent*, written by Webster, and augmented by Marston, 1606, is the following passage: —

"I wonder you would play it, another company having interest in it.

"Why not *Malevole* in folio with us, as *Jeronimo* in decimo sexto with them? They taught us a name for our play; we call it *One for another*."

Again, T. Heywood, in his preface to *The English Traveller*, 1633: "Others of them are still retained in the hands of some actors, who think it against their peculiar profit to have them come in print."

STEEVENS.

Notwithstanding what has been said by a *late editor*, [Mr. Capell,] I have a copy of the *first folio*, including *Troilus and Cressida*. Indeed, it was at first either *unknown* or *forgotten*. It does not, however, appear in the *list* of the plays, and is thrust in between the *histories* and the *tragedies*, without any enumeration of the pages, except, I think, on one leaf only. It differs entirely from the copy in the *second folio*. FARMER.

I have consulted at least *twenty copies* of the *first folio*, and *Troilus and Cressida* is not wanting in any of them. STEEVENS.

PREFACE

TO THE QUARTO EDITION OF THIS PLAY, 1609.

A never Writer to an ever Reader. Neues.

Eternal reader, you have heere a new play, never stal'd with the stage, never clapper-claw'd with the palmes of the vulger, and yet passing full of the palme comicall; for it is a birth of your [r. *that*] braine, that never under-tooke any thing commicall, vainely: and were but the vaine names of commedies changde for the titles of commodities, or of playes for pleas; you should see all those grand censors, that now stile them such vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their gravities: especially this authors commedies that are so fram'd to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, shewing such a dextertie and power of witte, that the most displeas'd with playes, are pleas'd with his commedies. And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings, as were never capable of the witte of a commedie, coming by report of them to his representations, have found that witte there, that they never found in them-selves, and have parted better-wittied than they came: feeling an edge of witte set upon them, more than ever they dreamd they had braine to grind it on. So much and such savored salt of witte is in his commedies, that they seeme (for their height of pleasure) to be borne in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this: and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, (for so much as will make you thinke your testerne well bestowd,) but for so much worth, as even poore I know to be stuf in it. It deserves such a labour, as well as the best commedy in Terence or Plautus. And beleeve this, that when hee is gone, and his commedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the perill of your pleasures losse, and judgments, refuse not, nor like this the lesse, for not being sullied with the smoaky breath of the multitude; but thanke fortune for the 'scape it hath made amongst you: since by the grand possessors' wills I believe you should have prayd for them, [r. *it*] rather than beene prayd. And so I leave all such to bee pray'd for (for the states of their wits healths) that will not praise it. *Vale.*

PROLOGUE.

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous¹, their high blood chaf'd
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war : Sixty and nine that wore
Their crowns regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia : and their vow is made,
To ransack Troy ; within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps : and that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come ;
And the deep drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage : now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions : Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenorides, with massy staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,²
Sperr up the sons of Troy.³
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard :— And hither am I come,
A prologue arm'd⁴, — but not in confidence.

¹ *The princes orgulous,*] *Orgulous*, i. e. proud, disdainful. *Orgueilleux*, Fr.

² — fulfilling bolts,] To *fulfill*, in this place, means to fill till there be no room for more. In this sense it is now obsolete.

³ *Sperr up the sons of Troy.*] To *sperre*, or *spar*, from the old Teutonick word *speren*, signifies to *shut up*, *defend by bars*, &c.

⁴ *A prologue arm'd,*] I come here to speak the prologue, and come

Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our argument, —
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt⁵ and firstlings of those broils,
'Ginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

in armour; not defying the audience, in confidence of either the author's or actor's abilities, but merely in a character suited to the subject, in a dress of war, before a warlike play.

⁵ — *the vaunt* —] i. e. the *avant*, what went before.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PRIAM, *King of Troy :*

HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PARIS,
DEIPHOBUS,
HELENUS,

} *his Sons.*

ÆNEAS,
ANTENOR,

} *Trojan Commanders.*

CALCHAS, *a Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks.*

PANDARUS, *Uncle to Cressida.*

MARGARELON, *a bastard Son of Priam.*

AGAMEMNON, *the Grecian General :*

MENELAUS, *his Brother.*

ACHILLES,
AJAX,
ULYSSES,
NESTOR,
DIOMEDES,
PATROCLUS,

} *Grecian Commanders.*

THERSITES, *a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.*

ALEXANDER, *Servant to Cressida.*

*Servant to Troilus ; Servant to Paris ; Servant to
Diomedes.*

HELEN, *Wife to Menelaus.*

ANDROMACHE, *Wife to Hector.*

CASSANDRA, *Daughter to Priam ; a Prophetess.*

CRESSIDA, *Daughter to Calchas.*

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, TROY, and the Grecian Camp before it.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — Troy. *Before Priam's Palace.*

Enter TROILUS armed ; and PANDARUS.

Troilus.

CALL here my varlet¹, I'll unarm again :
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within ?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field ; Troilus, alas ! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended ?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their
strength,

Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant ;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder² than ignorance ;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this : for my
part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He, that
will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

¹ — *my varlet,*] This word anciently signified a servant or footman to a knight or warrior.

² — *fonder* —] i. e. more weak, or foolish.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the word — hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench³ at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts, —
So, traitor! when she comes! — When is she thence?

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee, — When my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain;
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm,)
Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's, (well, go to,) there were no more comparison between the women. — But, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her, — But I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit; but —

Tro. O, Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus, —
When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad.

³ *Doth lesser blench* —] To *blench* is to shrink, start, or fly off.

In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, She is fair;
 Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
 Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
 Handlest in thy discourse, O; that her hand,
 In whose comparison all whites are ink,
 Writing their own reproach; To whose soft seizure
 The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
 Hard as the palm of ploughman!⁴ This thou tell'st me,
 As true thou tell'st me, when I say — I love her;
 But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
 Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
 The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends⁵ in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus! how now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not, an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I, she is not fair?

⁴ — and spirit of sense

Hard as the palm of ploughman!] In comparison with Cressida's hand, says he, *the spirit of sense*, the utmost degree, the most exquisite power of sensibility, which implies a soft hand, since the sense of touching, as Scaliger says in his *Exercitations*, resides chiefly in the fingers, is hard as the callous and insensible palm of the ploughman.

⁵ — she has the mends —] *She may make the best of a bad bargain.* This is a proverbial saying.

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Tro. Pandarus, —

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus, —

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[*Exit PANDARUS. An Alarum.*]

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
 When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
 I cannot fight upon this argument;
 It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
 But, Pandarus — O gods, how do you plague me!
 I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;
 And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,
 As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
 Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
 What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
 Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
 Between our Ilium, and where she resides,
 Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
 Ourself, the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,
 Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not afield?

Tro. Because not there; This woman's answer sorts,⁶
 For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Æneas?

⁶ — *sorts,*] i. e. fits, suits, is congruous.

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*]

Æne. Hark! what good sport is out of town to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if *would I might*, were *may*. —
But, to the sport abroad; — Are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Street.

Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
He chid Andromache and struck his armourer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,⁷
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes, this: There is among the
Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him, Ajax.

Cres. Good; And what of him?

⁷ — *husbandry in war.*] *Husbandry* means economical prudence.
Troilus alludes to Hector's early rising.

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men; unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions⁸; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours, that his valour is crushed into folly⁹, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an attain, but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair¹: He hath the joints of every thing; but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say, he yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do you

⁸ — *their particular additions*;] Their peculiar and characteristic qualities or denominations.

⁹ — *that his valour is crushed into folly*,] To be *crushed into folly*, is to be *confused* and mingled with *folly*, so as that they make one mass together.

¹ — *against the air*:] Is a phrase equivalent to another now in use — *against the grain*. The French say — *à contrepoil*.

talk of? — Good morrow, Alexander. — How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was Hector armed, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there is Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector?

Do you know a man, if you see him?

Cres. Ay; if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he were, —

Cres. So he is.

Pan. — 'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself. — 'Would 'a were himself? Well, the gods are above; Time must friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well, — I would, my heart were in her body! — No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities; —

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess,) — Not brown neither.

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then, Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief, Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek², indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into the compassed window³, — and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

² — a merry Greek,] *Græcari*, among the Romans, signified to play the reveller. The expression occurs in many old English books.

³ — compassed window,] The *compassed window* is the same as the *bow window*.

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetick may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young; and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?⁹

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him; — she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin, —

Cres. Juno have mercy! — How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then; — But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus, —

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i'the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin! — Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But, there was such laughing; — Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

⁹ — so old a lifter?] The word *lifter* is used for a *thief*. We still call a person who plunders shops, a *shop-lifter*. *Hlifthus*, in the Gothick language, signifies a *thief*.

Cres. But there was a more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes; — Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, *Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. *One and fifty hairs*, quoth he, *and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.* Jupiter! quoth she, *which of these hairs is Paris my husband?* *The forked one*, quoth he, *pluck it out, and give it him.* But, there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.¹

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. [*A Retreat sounded.*]

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? Good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we

¹ — *that it passed.*] i. e. that it went beyond bounds.

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may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

ÆNEAS passes over the Stage.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Æneas; Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you; But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

ANTENOR passes over.

Pan. That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o'the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person: — When comes Troilus? — I'll show you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.²

HECTOR passes over.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; There's a fellow! — Go thy way, Hector! — There's a brave man, niece. — O brave Hector! — Look, how he looks! there's a countenance: Is't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good — Look you what hacks are on his helmet? look you yonder, do you see? look you there! there's no jesting: there's

² — *the rich shall have more.*] The allusion is to the word *noddy*, which, as now, did, in our author's time, and long before, signify a *silly fellow*, and may, by its etymology, signify likewise *full of nods*. Cressida means that a *noddy shall have more nods*. Of such remarks as these is a comment to consist! JOHNSON.

laying on; take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

PARIS passes over.

Pan. Swords? any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By God's lid, it does one's heart good: — Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece; Is't not a gallant man too, is't not? — Why, this is brave now. — Who said, he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! 'would I could see Troilus now! — you shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who's that?

HELENUS passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus, — I marvel, where Troilus is: — That's Helenus; — I think he went not forth to-day: — That's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no; — yes, he'll fight indifferent well: — I marvel, where Troilus is! — Hark; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus? — Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus: 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece! — Hem — Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry.

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him; — O brave Troilus! — Look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's; And how he looks, and how he goes! — O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter

a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris! — Paris is dirt to him; and I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Forces pass over the Stage.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i'the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well? — Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pye³, — for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.⁴

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too; if I cannot ward what I would

³ — *no date in the pye,*] To account for the introduction of this quibble, it should be remembered that *dates* were an ingredient in ancient pastry of almost every kind.

⁴ — *at what ward you lie.*] A metaphor from the art of defence.

not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter TROILOUS' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come: *[Exit Boy.]*

I doubt, he be hurt. — Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle, —

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token — you are a bawd. —

[Exit PANDARUS.]

Words, vows, griefs, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
 He offers in another's enterprize:
 But more in Troilus thousand fold I see
 Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
 Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
 Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:
 That she belov'd knows nought, that knows not this —
 Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
 That she was never yet, that ever knew
 Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:
 Therefore this maxim out of love I teach, —
 Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:⁵
 Then though my heart's content⁶ firm love doth bear,
 Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. *[Exit.]*

⁵ *Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:*] The meaning of this obscure line seems to be — “Men, after possession, become our commanders: before it, they are our suppliants.”

⁶ — *my heart's content* —] *Content* for *capacity*, or perhaps for *consent*.

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp. Before Agamemnon's Tent.

*Trumpets. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES,
MENELAUS, and Others.*

Agam. Princes,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gav'st surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd⁷ and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;

⁷ — *affin'd* —] i. e. joined by affinity.

And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply⁸
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk?
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: Where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide,
In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,⁹
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade¹, Why, then, the thing of
courage,²
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And, with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
Returns to chiding³ fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon, —
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all

⁸ — *Nestor shall apply* —] Perhaps Nestor means, that he will attend particularly to, and consider, Agamemnon's latest words.

⁹ — *by the brize,*] The *brize* is the *gad* or *horse-fly*.

¹ *And flies fled under shade,*] i. e. And flies are fled under shade.

² — *the thing of courage,*] It is said of the tiger, that in storms and high winds he rages and roars most furiously.

³ *Returns to chiding* —] *Chiding* is noisy, clamorous.

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Should be shut up, — hear what Ulysses speaks.

Besides the applause and approbation

The which, — most mighty for thy place and sway, —

[To AGAMEMNON.

And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life, —

[To NESTOR.

I give to both your speeches, — which were such,

As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece

Should hold up high in brass; and such again,

As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,

Should with a bond of air (strong as the axletree

On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears

To his experienc'd tongue⁴, — yet let it please both, —

Thou great, — and wise, — to hear Ulysses speak.⁵

Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of less expect⁵

That matter needless, of importless burden,

Divide thy lips; than we are confident,

When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,

We shall hear musick, wit, and oracle.

⁴ — *speeches, — which were such,*
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air —
— knit all the Greekish ears

To his experienc'd tongue,] Ulysses begins his oration with praising those who had spoken before him, and marks the characteristic excellencies of their different eloquence, — strength, and sweetness, which he expresses by the different metals on which he recommends them to be engraven for the instruction of posterity. The speech of Agamemnon is such that it ought to be engraven in brass, and the tablet held up by him on the one side, and Greece on the other, to show the union of their opinion. And Nestor ought to be exhibited in silver, uniting all his audience in one mind by his soft and gentle elocution. Brass is the common emblem of strength, and silver of gentleness. We call a soft voice a *silver* voice, and a persuasive tongue, a *silver* tongue. To *hatch* is a term of art for a particular method of engraving. *Hacher*, to cut, Fr. JOHNSON. The commentators differ in some respects from this explanation.

⁵ — *expect —]* *Expect for expectation*

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.

The specialty of rule⁶ hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,⁷
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this center,⁸
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad: But, when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?
What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate⁹
The unity and married calm of states

⁶ *The specialty of rule* —] The particular rights of supreme authority.

⁷ *When that the general is not like the hive,*] The meaning is, — *When the general is not to the army like the hive to the bees, the repository of the stock of every individual, that to which each particular resorts with whatever he has collected for the good of the whole, what honey is expected?* what hope of advantage? The sense is clear, the expression is confused. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *the planets, and this center,*] By *this center*, Ulysses means the earth itself, not the center of the earth. According to the system of Ptolemy, the earth is the center round which the planets move.

⁹ — *deracinate* —] i. e. force up by the roots.

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Quite from their fixture? O, when degree is shak'd,
 Which is the ladder of all high designs,
 The enterprize is sick! How could communities,
 Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,¹
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,²
 The primogenitive and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
 But by degree, stand in authentick place?
 Take but degree away, untune that string,
 And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
 In mere³ oppugnancy: The bounded waters
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
 And make a sop of all this solid globe:
 Strength should be lord of imbecility,
 And the rude son should strike his father dead:
 Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong,
 (Between whose endless jar justice resides,)
 Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
 Then every thing includes itself in power,
 Power into will, will into appetite;
 And appetite, an universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power,
 Must make perforce an universal prey,
 And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
 Follows the choking.
 And this neglect of degree it is,
 That by a pace⁴ goes backward, with a purpose
 It hath to climb.⁵ The general's disdain'd

¹ — *brotherhoods in cities,*] Corporations, companies, *confraternities*.

² — *dividable shores,*] i. e. divided.

³ — *mere* —] *Mere* is absolute.

⁴ *That by a pace* —] That goes backward *step by step*.

⁵ — *with a purpose*

It hath to climb.] With a design in each man to aggrandize himself, by slighting his immediate superior.

By him one step below ; he, by the next ;
 That next, by him beneath : so every step,
 Exemplified by the first pace that is sick
 Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
 Of pale and bloodless emulation :⁶
 And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
 Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
 Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
 The fever whereof all our power⁷ is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
 What is the remedy ?

Ulyss. The great Achilles, — whom opinion crowns
 The sinew and the forehead of our host, —
 Having his ear full of his airy fame,
 Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
 Lies mocking our designs : With him, Patroclus
 Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
 Breaks scurril jests ;
 And with ridiculous and awkward action
 (Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,)
 He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
 Thy topless deputation⁸ he puts on ;
 And, like a strutting player, — whose conceit
 Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
 To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
 'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,⁹ —
 Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming¹

⁶ — *bloodless emulation* :] An emulation not vigorous and active, but malignant and sluggish.

⁷ — *our power* —] i. e. our army.

⁸ *Thy topless deputation*, —] *Topless* is that which has nothing *topping* or *overtopping* it ; supreme ; sovereign.

⁹ *'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage*,] The galleries of the theatre, in the time of our author, were sometimes termed *the scaffolds*.

¹ — *o'er-wrested seeming* —] i. e. wrested beyond the truth.

He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
 'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unsquar'd,²
 Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,
 Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
 The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
 From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
 Cries — *Excellent!* — 'Tis Agamemnon *just*. —
Now play me Nestor; — hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being 'drest to some oration.

That's done; — as near as the extremest ends
 Of parallels³: as like as Vulcan and his wife:
 Yet good Achilles still cries, *Excellent!*
 'Tis Nestor *right!* *Now play him me, Patroclus,*
Arming to answer in a night alarm.

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
 Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,
 And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
 Shake in and out the rivet; — And at this sport,
 Sir Valour dies; cries, *O! — enough, Patroclus; —*
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion,
 All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
 Severals and generals of grace exact,
 Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
 Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
 Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
 As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
 (Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
 With an imperial voice,) many are infect.
 Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head

² — *unsquar'd,*] i. e. unadapted to their subject, as stones are unfitted to the purposes of architecture, while they are yet *unsquar'd*.

³ — *as near as the extremest ends*

Of parallels:] The *parallels* to which the allusion seems to be made, are the parallels on a map. As like as east to west.

In such a rein⁴, in full as proud a place
 As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
 Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
 Bold as an oracle; and sets Thersites
 (A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint,⁵)
 To match us in comparisons with dirt;
 To weaken and discredit our exposure,
 How rank soever rounded in with danger.⁶

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
 Count wisdom as no member of the war;
 Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
 But that of hand: the still and mental parts, —
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
 When fitness calls them on; and know, by measure⁷
 Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight, —
 Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:
 They call this — bed-work, mappery, closet-war:
 So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
 For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
 They place before his hand that made the engine:
 Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
 By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
 Makes many Thetis' sons. [Trumpet sounds.]

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Men. From Troy.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this

Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray?

⁴ — bears his head

In such a rein,] That is, holds up his head as haughtily. We still say of a girl, *she bridles*.

⁵ — *whose gall coins slanders like a mint,*] i. e. as fast as a mint coins money.

⁶ *How rank soever rounded in with danger.*] A rank weed is a high weed.

⁷ — *by measure* —] i. e. "by means of their observant toil."

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears.

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks^s
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How?

Æne. Ay ;

I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus :
Which is that god in office, guiding men ?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon ?



Agam. This Trojan scorns us ; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels ; that's their fame in peace ;
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords, and Jove's accord

^s *A stranger to those most imperial looks* —] And yet this was the seventh year of the war. Shakspeare, who so wonderfully preserves character, usually confounds the customs of all nations, and probably supposed that the ancients (like the heroes of chivalry) fought with beavers to their helmets. So, in the fourth Act of this play Nestor says to Hector :

“ But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
“ I never saw till now.”

Shakspeare might have adopted this error from the wooden cuts to ancient books, or from the illuminators of manuscripts, who never seem to have entertained the least idea of habits, manners, or customs more ancient than their own. There are books in the British Museum of the age of King Henry VI. ; and in these the heroes of ancient Greece are represented in the very dresses worn at the time when the books received their decorations.

Nothing so full of heart.⁹ But peace, Æneas,
 Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
 The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
 If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:
 But what the repining enemy commends,
 That breath fame blows †; that praise, sole pure, tran-
 scends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately, that comes from
 Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:
 I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
 To set his sense on the attentive bent,
 And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;
 It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
 That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
 He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
 Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;—
 And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
 What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
 A prince call'd Hector, (Priam is his father,)
 Who in this dull and long-continued truce¹

⁹ ——— *they have galls, &c.*] This is not very intelligible, but perhaps the speaker meant to say, that *when they have the accord of Jove on their side, nothing is so courageous as the Trojans.*

† "follows" — MALONE, and so in Steevens' last edition, but, I suspect, erroneously. C.

¹ ——— *long-continued truce* —] Of this long *truce* there has been no notice taken; in this very Act it is said, that *Ajax coped Hector yesterday in the battle.* Here we have another proof of Shakspeare's falling into inconsistencies, by sometimes adhering to, and sometimes deserting, his original.

Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
 And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
 If there be one among the fair'st of Greece,
 That holds his honour higher than his ease;
 That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
 That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
 That loves his mistress more than in confession,²
 (With truant vows to her own lips he loves,)
 And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
 In other arms than hers, — to him this challenge.
 Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
 Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
 He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
 Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
 And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
 Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
 To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
 If any come, Hector shall honour him;
 If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
 The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth
 The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas;
 If none of them have soul in such a kind,
 We left them all at home: But we are soldiers;
 And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
 That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
 If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
 That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
 When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now:
 But, if there be not in our Grecian host
 One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
 To answer for his love, Tell him from me, —
 I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
 And in my vantbrace³ put this wither'd brawn;

² — more than in confession,] *Confession for profession.*

³ *And in my vantbrace* —] An armour for the arm, *avantbras.*

And meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world; His youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR.*]

Ulyss. Nestor, —

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.⁴

Nest. What is't?

Ulyss. This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication, make no strain,⁵
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya, — though, Apollo knows,

⁴ *Be you my time, &c.*] i. e. be you to my present purpose what time is in respect of all other schemes, viz. a ripener and bringer of them to maturity.

⁵ *And, in the publication, make no strain,*] i. e. make no difficulty, no doubt.

'Tis dry enough, — will, with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest.

Yes,

It is most meet; Whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring those honours off,
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: And trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action: for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling⁶
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks⁷
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; Who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directed by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech; —
Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,

⁶ — *scantling* —] that is, a *measure, proportion*. The carpenter cuts his wood to a certain *scantling*.

⁷ — *small pricks* —] Small *points compared* with the volumes, or perhaps indexes, which were, in Shakspeare's time, often *prefixed* to books.

The lustre of the better shall exceed,
 By showing the worse first. Do not consent,
 That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
 For both our honour and our shame, in this,
 Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
 Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
 But he already is too insolent;
 And we were better parch in Africk sun,
 Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
 Should he 'scape Hector fair: If he were foil'd,
 Why, then we did our main opinion⁸ crush
 In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
 And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
 The sort⁹ to fight with Hector: Among ourselves,
 Give him allowance for the better man,
 For that will physick the great Myrmidon,
 Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall
 His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
 If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
 We'll dress him up in voices: If he fail,
 Yet go we under our opinion¹ still
 That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
 Our project's life this shape of sense assumes, —
 Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,
 Now I begin to relish thy advice;
 And I will give a taste of it forthwith
 To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
 Two curs shall tame each other; Pride alone
 Must tarre the mastiffs on², as 'twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*

⁸ — *our main opinion* —] is, our general estimation or character.

⁹ *The sort* —] i. e. the lot.

¹ — *under our opinion* —] Here again *opinion* means character.

² *Must tarre the mastiffs on,*] *Tarre*, an old English word, signifying to provoke or urge on.

ACT II.³

SCENE I. — *Another Part of the Grecian Camp.*

Enter AJAX and THERSITES.

Ajax. Thersites, —

Ther. Agamemnon — how if he had boils? full, all over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites, —

Ther. And those boils did run? — Say so, — did not the general run, then? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog, —

Ther. Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel then. *[Strikes him.]*

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o'thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou strikest me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation, —

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the

³ *Act II.*] This play is not divided into Acts in any of the original editions.

loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say the proclamation, —

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou shouldest strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!⁴

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers⁵ with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur! [Beating him.

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!⁶

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego⁷ may tutor thee: Thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here put to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold⁸ among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me⁹, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [Beating him.

⁴ *Cobloaf!*] A crusty, uneven, gibbous loaf, is in some counties called by this name.

⁵ — pun thee into shivers —] *Pun* is in the midland counties the vulgar and colloquial word for — pound.

⁶ *Thou stool for a witch!*] In one way of trying a *witch*, they used to place her on a chair or stool, with her legs tied across, that all the weight of her body might rest upon her seat; and by that means, after some time, the circulation of the blood would be much stopped, and her sitting would be as painful as the wooden horse. GREY.

⁷ — an assinego —] A *he-ass*.

⁸ — thou art bought and sold —] This was a proverbial expression.

⁹ *If thou use to beat me,*] i. e. if thou continue to beat me, or make a practice of beating me.

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus?

How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, who-soever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater*¹ is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax, — who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, — I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax —

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[AJAX offers to strike him, ACHILLES interposes.

Ther. Has not so much wit —

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

¹ — *his pia mater, &c.*] The *pia mater* is a membrane that protects the substance of the brain.

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall ——

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl, go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary²; Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even so? — a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses, and old Nestor, — whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes, — yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth; To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me³, shall I?

² —— *is beaten voluntary*:] i. e. voluntarily. Shakspeare often uses adjectives adverbially.

³ —— *when Achilles' brach bids me*,] The commentators are not agreed on the meaning of this word, some referring it to a species of dog, and some to an ornament called a *broche*, or *broach*.

SCENE II. TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 297

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaimed through all our host:

That Hector, by the first hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare
Maintain — I know not what; 'tis trash: Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwise,
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you: — I'll go learn more of it.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and
HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks;
Deliver Helen, and all damage else —
As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war, —
Shall be struck off: — Hector, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
As far as toucheth my particular, yet,
Dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out — *Who knows what follows?*
Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety,

Surety secure ; but modest doubt is call'd
 The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
 To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go :
 Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
 Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,⁴
 Hath been as dear as Helen ; I mean of ours :
 If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
 To guard a thing not ours ; not worth to us,
 Had it our name, the value of one ten ;
 What merit's in that reason, which denies
 The yielding of her up ?

Tro. Fye, fye, my brother !
 Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
 So great as our dread father, in a scale
 Of common ounces ? will you with counters sum
 The past-proportion of his infinite ?⁵
 And buckle-in a waist most fathomless,
 With spans and inches so diminutive
 As fears and reasons ? fye, for godly shame !

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
 You are so empty of them. Should not our father
 Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
 Because your speech hath none, that tells him so ?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,
 You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your rea-
 sons :

You know, an enemy intends you harm ;
 You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,
 And reason flies the object of all harm :
 Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
 A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
 The very wings of reason to his heels ;
 And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
 Or like a star dis-orb'd ? — Nay, if we talk of reason,

⁴ — many thousand dismes,] *Disme*, Fr. is the tithe, the tenth.

⁵ *The past-proportion of his infinite ?*] i. e. *that greatness to which no measure bears any proportion.*

Let's shut our gates and sleep: Manhood and honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their
thoughts

With this cramm'd reason; reason and respect⁶
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is attributive⁷
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment: How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour:
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd them: nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve,⁸
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath with full consent⁹ bellied his sails;

⁶ — *reason and respect,*

Make livers pale, &c.] Respect is caution, a regard to consequences.

⁷ *And the will dotes, that is attributive —] i. e. the will dotes that attributes or gives the qualities which it affects; that first causes excellence, and then admires it.*

⁸ — *unrespective sieve,] that is, unto a common voider.*

⁹ *Your breath with full consent —] Your breaths all blowing together; your unanimous approbation.*

The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
 And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
 And, for an old aunt¹, whom the Greeks held captive,
 He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
 Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.
 Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
 Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
 Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
 And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
 If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went,
 (As you must needs, for you all cry'd — *Go, go,*)
 If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
 (As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
 And cry'd — *Inestimable!*) why do you now
 The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
 And do a deed that fortune never did,²
 Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
 Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;
 That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
 But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
 That in their country did them that disgrace,
 We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*within.*] Cry, Trojans.

Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
 And I will fill them with prophetick tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

¹ *And, for an old aunt,*] Priam's sister, Hesione, whom Hercules, being enraged at Priam's breach of faith, gave to Telamon, who by her had Ajax.

² *And do a deed that fortune never did,*] i. e. act with more inconstancy and caprice than ever did fortune.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our fire-brand brother, Paris³, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra's mad; her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste⁴ the goodness of a quarrel,
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious.⁵ For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity⁶
As well my undertakings, as your counsels:

³ *Our fire-brand brother,*] Hecuba, when pregnant with Paris, dreamed she should be delivered of a burning torch.

⁴ — *distaste,*] Corrupt; change to a worse state.

⁵ *To make it gracious.*] i. e. to set it off; to show it to advantage.

⁶ — *convince of levity* —] This word, which our author frequently employs in the obsolete sense of — to *overpower*, *subdue*, seems, in the present instance, to signify — *convict*, or subject to the charge of levity.

But I attest the gods, your full consent⁷
 Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
 All fears attending on so dire a project.
 For what, alas, can these my single arms?
 What propugnation is in one man's valour,
 To stand the push and enmity of those
 This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
 Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
 And had as ample power as I have will,
 Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
 Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
 Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
 You have the honey still, but these the gall;
 So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
 The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
 But I would have the soil of her fair rape
 Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
 What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
 Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
 Now to deliver her possession up,
 On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,
 That so degenerate a strain as this,
 Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
 There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
 Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
 When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
 Whose life were ill-bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
 Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
 Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
 The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well;
 And on the cause and question now in hand
 Have gloz'd⁸,—but superficially; not much

⁷ — your full consent —] Your unanimous approbation.

⁸ Have gloz'd,] Have commented.

Unlike young men, whom Aristotle⁹ thought
 Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
 The reasons, you allege, do more conduce
 To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
 Than to make up a free determination
 'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure, and revenge,
 Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
 Of any true decision. Nature craves,
 All dues be render'd to their owners; Now
 What nearer debt in all humanity,
 Than wife is to the husband? if this law
 Of nature be corrupted through affection;
 And that great minds, of partial indulgence¹
 To their benumbed wills², resist the same;
 There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
 To curb those raging appetites that are
 Most disobedient and refractory.
 If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king, —
 As it is known she is, — these moral laws
 Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
 To have her back return'd: Thus to persist
 In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
 But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
 Is this, in way of truth³; yet, ne'ertheless,
 My spritely brethren, I propend to you
 In resolution to keep Helen still;
 For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
 Upon our joint and several dignities.

⁹ — *Aristotle* —] Let it be remembered, as often as Shakspeare's anachronisms occur, that errors in computing time were very frequent in those ancient romances which seem to have formed the greater part of his library.

¹ — of *partial indulgence* —] i. e. *through* partial indulgence.

² — *benumbed wills*,] That is, inflexible, immoveable, no longer obedient to superior direction.

³ *Is this, in way of truth*;] Though considering *truth* and *justice* in this question, this is my opinion; yet as a question of honour, I think on it as you. JOHNSON.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design :
 Were it not glory that we more affected
 Than the performance of our heaving spleens,⁴
 I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
 Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
 She is a theme of honour and renown ;
 A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds ;
 Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
 And fame, in time to come, canonize us :⁵
 For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
 So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
 As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
 For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
 You valiant offspring of great Priamus. —
 I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
 The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
 Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits :
 I was advértis'd, their great general slept,
 Whilst emulation⁶ in the army crept ;
 This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. How now, Thersites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it

⁴ — *the performance of our heaving spleens,*] the execution of spirit and resentment.

⁵ — *canonize us :*] The hope of being *registered as a saint*, is rather out of its place at the Trojan war.

⁶ — *emulation* —] that is, envy, factious contention. *Emulation* is now never used in an ill sense; but Shakspeare meant to employ it so.

thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! would, it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he rail'd at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles, — a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*⁷; if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons⁸, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil, envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites? good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldest not have slipped out of my contemplation: but it is no matter; Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction⁹ till thy death: then if she, that lays thee out,

⁷ — *the serpentine craft of thy Caduceus;*] The wand of Mercury is wreathed with *serpents*.

⁸ — *without drawing their massy irons,*] That is, *without drawing the swords to cut their web*. They use no means but those of violence. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Let thy blood be thy direction* —] Thy *blood* means, thy passions; thy natural propensities.

says — thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; The heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where? — Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles: — Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites; Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayest tell, that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline¹ the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man. — Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool, to serve such a fool: and Patroclus is a fool positive.

¹ — decline —] Deduce the question from the first case to the last.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover. — It suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here.

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and
AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody: — Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is, a cuckold, and a whore: A good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry *serpigo* on the subject! and war, and lechery, confound all! [*Exit.*

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him, that we are here. He shent our messengers²; and we lay by Our appertainments, visiting of him: Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think We dare not move the question of our place, Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him. [*Exit.*

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent; He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: But, why, why? let him show us a cause. — A word, my lord.

[*Takes* AGAMEMNON *aside.*

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

² *He shent our messengers:]* i. e. rebuked, rated.

Ulyss. No; you see, he is his argument, that has his argument; Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish, than their faction: But it was a strong composure, a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say — he is much sorry, If any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness, and this noble state,³ To call upon him; he hopes, it is no other, But, for your health and your digestion sake, An after-dinner's breath.⁴

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus; — We are too well acquainted with these answers: But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot outfly our apprehensions. Much attribute he hath; and much the reason Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues, — Not virtuously on his own part beheld, — Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss; Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him, We come to speak with him: And you shall not sin, If you do say — we think him over-proud, And under-honest; in self-assumption greater, Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself

³ — noble state,] i. e. the stately train of attending nobles whom you bring with you.

⁴ — breath,] *Breath*, in the present instance, stands for *breathing*, i. e. exercise.

Here tend the savage strangeness⁵ he puts on ;
 Disguise the holy strength of their command,
 And underwrite⁶ in an observing kind⁷
 His humorous predominance ; yea, watch
 His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if
 The passage and whole carriage of this action
 Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this ; and add,
 That, if he overhold his price so much,
 We'll none of him ; but let him, like an engine
 Not portable, lie under this report —
 Bring action hither, this cannot go to war :
 A stirring dwarf we do allowance give⁸
 Before a sleeping giant ; — Tell him so.

Patr. I shall ; and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,
 We come to speak with him. — Ulysses, enter.

[*Exit* ULYSSES.

Ajax. What is he more than another ?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much ? Do you not think, he thinks
 himself a better man than I am ?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say — he
 is ?

Agam. No, noble Ajax ; you are as strong, as valiant,
 as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether
 more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud ? How doth pride
 grow ? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your vir-
 tues the fairer. He that is proud, eats up himself :
 pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chro-

⁵ — tend the savage strangeness —] i. e. shyness, distant beha-
 viour. To tend, is to attend upon.

⁶ — underwrite —] To subscribe, in Shakspeare, is to obey.

⁷ — in an observing kind —] i. e. in a mode religiously atten-
 tive.

⁸ — allowance give —] Allowance is approbation.

nicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. And yet he loves himself: Is it not strange?

[*Aside.*]

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important: Possess'd he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself: What should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it⁹
Cry — *No recovery.*

Agam. Let Ajax go to him. —
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam;¹

⁹ — *the death-tokens of it* —] Alluding to the decisive spots appearing on those infected by the plague.

¹ — *with his own seam* ;] *Swine-seam*, in the North, is *hog's-lard*.

And never suffers matter of the world
 Enter his thoughts, — save such as do revolve
 And ruminatè himself, — shall he be worshipp'd
 Of that we hold an idol more than he?
 No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
 Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
 Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
 As amply titled as Achilles is,
 By going to Achilles:
 That were to enlard his fat-already pride;²
 And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
 With entertaining great Hyperion.
 This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;
 And say in thunder — *Achilles, go to him.*

Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.

[*Aside.*

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!

[*Aside.*

Ajax. If I go to him, with my arm'd fist I'll pash
 him³

Over the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride:⁴

Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth⁵ that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow, ——

Nest. How he describes

Himself! [*Aside.*

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. The raven

Chides blackness. [*Aside.*

Ajax. I will let his humours blood.

² *That were to enlard, &c.*] This is only the well-known proverb — *Grease a fat sow, &c.* in a more stately dress.

³ —— *I'll pash him* —] i. e. strike him with violence.

⁴ —— *pheeze his pride* :] To *pheeze* is to *comb* or *curry*.

⁵ *Not for the worth* —] Not for the value of all for which we are fighting.

Agam. He'll † be physician, that should be the patient. [Aside.]

Ajax. An all men
Were o'my mind, —

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion. [Aside.]

Ajax. He should not bear it so,
He should eat swords first: shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [Aside.]

Ulyss. He'd have ten shares. [Aside.]

Ajax. I'll knead him, I will make him supple: —

Nest. He's not yet thorough warm: force him⁶ with praises:

Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. [Aside.]

Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike. [To AGAMEMNON.]

Nest. O noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.
Here is a man — But 'tis before his face;
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous⁷, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter⁸ thus with us!
I would, he were a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice
Were it in Ajax now —

Ulyss. If he were proud?

Dio. Or covetous of praise?

† "He will be the" — MALONE.

⁶ — force him —] i. e. stuff him. *Farcir*, Fr.

⁷ He is not emulous,] *Emulous*, in this instance, and perhaps in some others, may well enough be supposed to signify — *jealous of higher authority*.

⁸ — that shall palter —] That shall juggle with us, or fly from his engagements.

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne?

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and, for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield⁹
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which like a bourn¹, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor, —
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise; —
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war;
Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow,
We must with all our main of power stand fast:
And here's a lord, — come knights from east to west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

⁹ *Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield* —] i. e. yield his *titles*, his celebrity for strength. *Addition*, in legal language, is the title given to each party, showing his degree, occupation, &c. as esquire, gentleman, yeoman, merchant, &c.

Our author here, as usual, pays no regard to chronology. Milo of Croton lived long after the Trojan war.

¹ — *like a bourn*,] A *born* is a boundary, and sometimes a rivulet dividing one place from another.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
 Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.
 [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. — Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.

Pan. Friend! you! pray you, a word: Do not you follow the young lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. 'Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope, I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace. [*Musick within.*]

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles: — What musick is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir; it is musick in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love musick.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, sir: Marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul, —

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen; Could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seeths.

Serv. Soddan business! there's a stewed phrase, indeed!

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen. — Fair prince, here is good broken musick.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again: you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance: — Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir, —

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well, said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.²

² — *in fits.*] i. e. now and then, by fits; or perhaps a quibble is intended. A *fit* was a part or division of a song, sometimes a strain in musick, and sometimes a measure in dancing.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen: — My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me. — But (marry) thus my lord, — My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus —

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord, —

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to: — commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody; If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i'faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words: no, no. — And, my lord, he desires you, that, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus, —

Pan. What says my sweet queen, — my very very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord, —

Pan. What says my sweet queen? — My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide³; come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say — Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

³ — *you are wide*;] i. e. wide of your mark; a common exclamation when an archer missed his aim.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy? — Come, give me an instrument. — Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For, oh, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe:

The shaft confounds,

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry — Oh! oh! they die!

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!

So dying love lives still:

Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? — Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field, to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-night, † but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something; — you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen. — I long to hear how they sped to-day. — You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen.

[*Exit.*

[*A Retreat sounded.*

Par. They are come from field: let us to Priam's hall, To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd, Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel, Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris: Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty, Give us more palm in beauty than we have; Yea, over-shines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee.

[*Exeunt.*

† "To-day," — STEEVENS, edit. 1793, 15 vol.

SCENE II.

The same. Pandarus' Orchard.

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant, meeting.

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. O, here he comes. — How now, how now?

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. *[Exit Servant.]*

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i'the orchard, I'll bring her straight.
[Exit PANDARUS.]

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense; What will it be,
When that the watry palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain: — she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow.

[*Exit PANDARUS.*

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom: My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse; And all my powers do their bestowing lose, Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby. — Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me. — What, are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i'the fills⁴. — Why do you not speak to her? — Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress⁵. How now, a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel⁶, for all the ducks i'the river: go to, go to.

⁴ — *i'the fills.*] That is, in the shafts. *Fill* is a provincial word used in some counties for *thills*, the shafts of a cart or waggon.

⁵ *So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress.*] The allusion is to *bowling*. What we now call *the jack*, seems, in Shakspeare's time, to have been termed the *mistress*. A bowl that kisses *the jack*, or *mistress*, is in the most advantageous situation. *Rub on* is a term at the same game.

⁶ *The falcon as the tercel*—] Pandarus means, that he'll match his niece against her lover for any bett. The *tercel* is the *male hawk*; by the *falcon* we generally understand the *female*.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds : but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's — *In witness whereof the parties interchangeably* — Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire. [*Exit* PANDARUS.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus?

Cres. Wished, my lord? — The gods grant! — O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils cherubims; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady, — that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion

shall have a praise in present : we will not name desert, before his birth ; and, being born, his addition shall be humble.⁷ Few words to fair faith : Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth⁸ ; and what truth can speak truest, no truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord ?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still ? have you not done talking yet ?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that ; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me : Be true to my lord : if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages ; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too ; our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant, being won : they are burs, I can tell you ; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart : —

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win ?

Cres. Hard to seem won ; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever — Pardon me ; —
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.

⁷ — *his addition shall be humble.*] We will give him no high or pompous titles. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth ;*] i. e. shall be *only* a mock for his truth. Even malice (for such is the meaning of the word *envy*) shall not be able to impeach his truth, or attack him in any other way, except by ridiculing him for his constancy.

I love you now ; but not, till now, so much
 But I might master it : — in faith, I lie ;
 My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
 Too headstrong for their mother : See, we fools !
 Why have I blabb'd ? who shall be true to us,
 When we are so unsecret to ourselves ?
 But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not ;
 And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man ;
 Or that we women had men's privilege
 Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue ;
 For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
 The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
 Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
 My very soul of counsel : Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet musick issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me :
 'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss :
 I am asham'd ; — O heavens ! what have I done ? —
 For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid ?

Pan. Leave ! an you take leave till to-morrow morn-
 ing, —

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady ?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun
 Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try :
 I have a kind of self resides with you :
 But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
 To be another's fool. I would be gone : —
 Where is my wit ? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak, that speak so
 wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than
 love ;
 And fell so roundly to a large confession,

To angle for your thoughts: But you are wise;
Or else you love not; For to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you,)
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me, —
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match⁹ and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.¹

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,²
Wants similes, truth tir'd with iteration, —
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the center, —
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentick author to be cited,³

⁹ *Might be affronted with the match* —] I wish "my integrity might be met and matched with such equality and force of pure unmingled love." JOHNSON.

¹ *And simpler than the infancy of truth.*] This is fine; and means, "Ere truth, to defend itself against deceit in the commerce of the world, had, out of necessity, learned worldly policy."

² — *compare,*] i. e. comparison.

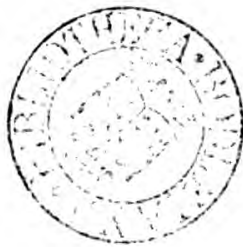
³ *As truth's authentick author to be cited,*] Troilus shall crown the verse, as a man to be cited as the authentick author of truth, as one whose protestations were true to a proverb.



TROILUS & CRESSIDA

TRO. TRUE SWAINS IN LOVE SHALL, IN THE WORLD TO COME,
APPROVE THEIR TRUTHS BY TROILUS: *Act III. Sc. 2.*

London. Published by F. C. & J. Rivington and Partners Feb^r 1823.



As true as Troilus shall crown up⁴ the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When water drops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said — as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll be
the witness. — Here I hold your hand; here, my
cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since
I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all
pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after
my name, call them all — Pandars; let all constant
men to be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all
brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber
and a bed, which bed, because it shall not speak of your
pretty encounters, press it to death: away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this geer!

[*Exeunt.*]

⁴ — crown up —] i. e. conclude it.

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp.

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR,
AJAX, MENELAUS, *and* CALCHAS,

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; séquest'ring from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What would'st thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you, (often have you thanks therefore,)
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied: But this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest^s in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,

^s — such a wrest —] *Wrest* is an instrument for tuning the harp by *drawing up* the strings.

And he shall buy my daughter ; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.⁶

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither ; Calchas shall have
What he requests of us. — Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange :
Withal, bring word — if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge : Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake ; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt.* DIOMEDES and CALCHAS.]

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their Tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i'the entrance of his tent : —
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot ; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him :
I will come last : 'Tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausible eyes are bent, why turn'd on him :
If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink ;
It may do good : pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride ; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along ; —
So do each lord ; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me ?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles ? would he aught with us ?

⁶ *In most accepted pain.*] i. e. *Her presence*, says Calchas, *shall strike off*, or recompense the service I have done, even in those labours which were most accepted. JOHNSON.

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON and NESTOR.]

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

[*Exit* MENELAUS.]

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too.

[*Exit* AJAX.]

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not
Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings, but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour, †
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy

† "riches, and favour," — MALONE.

At ample point all that I did possess,
 Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
 Something not worth in me such rich beholding
 As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
 I'll interrupt his reading. —
 How now, Ulysses?

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son?

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here
 Writes me, That man — how dearly ever parted,⁷
 How much in having, or without, or in, —
 Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
 Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
 As when his virtues shining upon others
 Heat them, and they retort that heat again
 To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
 The beauty that is borne here in the face
 The bearer knows not, but commends itself
 To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself,
 (That most pure spirit of sense,) behold itself,
 Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
 Salutes each other with each other's form.
 For speculation turns not to itself,
 Till it hath travell'd, and is married there
 Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
 It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
 Who, in his circumstance⁸, expressly proves —
 That no man is the lord of any thing,
 (Though in and of him there be much consisting,)
 Till he communicate his parts to others:
 Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
 Till he behold them form'd in the applause

⁷ — *how dearly ever parted,*] *However excellently endowed, with however dear or precious parts enriched or adorned.*

⁸ — *in his circumstance,*] *In the detail or circumduction of his argument.*

Where they are extended ; which, like an arch, reverberates

The voice again ; or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this ;
And apprehended here immediately

The unknown Ajax.⁹

Heavens, what a man is there ! a very horse ;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things
there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use !
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth ! Now shall we see to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do !

How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes !
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness !
To see these Grecian lords ! — why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder ;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it : for they pass'd by me,
As misers do by beggars ; neither gave to me
Good word, nor look : What, are my deeds forgot ?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingrattitudes :
Those scraps are good deeds past : which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done : Perséverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright : To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail

⁹ *The unknown Ajax.*] Ajax, who has abilities, which were never brought into view or use. JOHNSON.

In monumental mockery. Take the instant way ;
 For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
 Where one but goes abreast : keep then the path ;
 For emulation hath a thousand sons,
 That one by one pursue : If you give way,
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
 Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
 And leave you hindmost ; —
 Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
 O'er-run and trampled on : Then what they do in present,

Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours :
 For time is like a fashionable host,
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand ;
 And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
 Grasps-in the comer : Welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was ;
 For beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating time.
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, —
 That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
 Though they are made and moulded of things past ;
 And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
 More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.¹

The present eye praises the present object :
 Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
 That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax ;

¹ *And give to dust, that is a little gilt,*

More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.] *Dust a little gilt* means, ordinary performances ostentatiously displayed and magnified by the favour of friends and that admiration of novelty which prefers "new-born gawds" to "things past." *Gilt o'er-dusted* means, splendid actions of preceding ages, the remembrance of which is weakened by time.

Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
 Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
 And still it might; and yet it may again,
 If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,
 And case thy reputation in thy tent;
 Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
 Made emulous missions² 'mongst the gods themselves,
 And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
 I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
 The reasons are more potent and heroical:
 'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
 With one of Priam's daughters.³

Achil. Ha! known?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
 The providence that's in a watchful state,
 Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;
 Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
 Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,
 Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
 There is a mystery (with whom relation
 Durst never meddle⁴) in the soul of state;
 Which hath an operation more divine,
 Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to:
 All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
 As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
 And better would it fit Achilles much,

² *Made emulous missions* —] This means the descent of deities to combat on either side; an idea which Shakspeare very probably adopted from Chapman's translation of Homer. In the fifth Book, Diomed wounds Mars, who on his return to heaven is rated by Jupiter for having interfered in the battle. This disobedience is the *faction* which I suppose Ulysses would describe. STEEVENS.

³ — *one of Priam's daughters.*] Polyxena, in the act of marrying whom, he was afterwards killed by Paris.

⁴ — (*with whom relation*

Durst never meddle) —] There is a secret administration of affairs, which no *history* was ever able to discover. JOHNSON.

SCENE III. TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 333

To throw down Hector, than Polyxena :
 But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
 When fame shall in our islands sound her trump ;
 And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing —
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win ;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
 Farewell, my lord : I as your lover speak ;
 The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

[*Exit.*

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you :
 A woman impudent and mannish grown
 Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
 In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this ;
 They think, my little stomach to the war,
 And your great love to me, restrains you thus :
 Sweet, rouse yourself ; and the weak wanton Cupid
 Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
 And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
 Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector ?

Patr. Ay ; and, perhaps, receive much honour by
 him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake ;
 My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O, then beware ;
 Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves :
 Omission to do what is necessary⁵
 Seals a commission to a blank of danger ;
 And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
 Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus :
 I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
 To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
 To see us here unarm'd : I have a woman's longing,

⁵ *Omission to do, &c.] By neglecting our duty we commission or enable that danger of dishonour, which could not reach us before to lay hold upon us. JOHNSON.*

An appetite that I am sick withal,
 To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
 To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
 Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd!

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an hostess, that hath no arithmetick but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politick regard⁶, as who should say — there were wit in this head, an 'twould out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i'the combat, he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said, *Good morrow*, Ajax; and he replies, *Thanks*, Agamemnon. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He is grown a very land fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Ther-sites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence; let

⁶ — *with a politick regard,*] *With a sly look.*

SCENE III. TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 335

Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him,— I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax.

Ther. Humph!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles, —

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you, to invite Hector to his tent!

Ther. Humph!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus. What musick will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure none; unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.⁷

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.⁸

⁷ — to make catlings on.] A *catling* signifies a small lute-string made of *catgut*.

⁸ — the more capable creature,] The more *intelligent* creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd ;
And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear
again, that I might water an ass at it ! I had rather be
a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — Troy. *A Street.*

*Enter at one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant, with a Torch ;
at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIO-
MEDES, and Others, with Torches.*

Par. See, ho ! who's that there ?

Dei. 'Tis the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person ? —

Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too. — Good morrow, lord
Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas ; take his hand :
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told — how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question⁹ of the gentle truce :
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm ; and so long, health :

⁹ *During all question* —] *Question* means intercourse, interchange
of conversation.

But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward. — In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize: — Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most spiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of. —
What business, lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know
not.

Par. His purpose meets you¹; 'Twas to bring this
Greek

To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enfrèed Antenor, the fair Cressid;
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us: I constantly do think,
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,)
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore; I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you;
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

¹ *His purpose meets you;*] I bring you his meaning and his orders.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all. [*Exit.*

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship, —
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself, or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike:
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her soilure,)
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour,)
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;²
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors;
Both merits pois'd³, each weighs nor less nor more;
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country: Hear me, Paris. —
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain; since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well, —
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

² — a flat tamed piece;] i. e. a piece of wine out of which the spirit is all flown.

³ Both merits pois'd, &c.] The sense appears to be this: the merits of either are sunk in value, because the contest between them is only for a strumpet.

SCENE II.

The same. Court before the House of Pandarus.

Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants empty of all thought!

Cres. Good morrow then.

Tro. 'Pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you aweary of me?

Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she
stays,
As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Pr'ythee, tarry; —
You men will never tarry. —

O foolish Cressid! — I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's
one up.

Pan. [*within.*] What, are all the doors open here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life, —

Pan. How now, how now? how go maidenheads? —
Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? — let her say what:
what have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er
be good,
Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchia†!
hast not slept to-night? would he not, a
naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

[Knocking.

Cres. Did I not tell you? — 'would he were knock'd
o'the head! —

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see. —
My lord, come you again into my chamber:
You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such
thing. —

[Knocking.

How earnestly they knock! pray you, come in;
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. [*going to the door.*] Who's there? what's the
matter? will you beat down the door? How now?
what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good-morrow, lord, good-morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth, I
knew you not: what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him;
It doth import him much, to speak with me.

† "capocchio!" — MALONE.

SCENE II. TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 341

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn: — For my own part, I came in late: What should he do here?

Æne. Who! — nay, then: —
Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware:
You'll be so true to him, to be false to him:
Do not you know of him, yet go fetch him hither: †
Go.

As PANDARUS is going out, enter TROILUS.

Tro. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you, My matter is so rash⁴: There is at hand Paris your brother, and Deiphobus, The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith, Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour, We must give up to Diomedes' hand The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy: They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt TROILUS and ÆNEAS.*

Pan. I'st possible? no sooner got, but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would, they had broke's neck!

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now? what is the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

† Mr. Malone gives part of this dialogue as prose.

⁴ — *matter is so rash*:] My business is so *hasty* and so abrupt.

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord gone?

Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cres. O the gods! — what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'Would thou had'st ne'er been born! I knew, thou would'st be his death: — O poor gentleman! — A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees, I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods! — I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father; I know no touch of consanguinity;⁵ No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me, As the sweet Troilus. — O you gods divine! Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood, If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death, Do to this body what extremes you can; But the strong base and building of my love Is as the very center of the earth, Drawing all things to it. — I'll go in, and weep.

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks;

Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

[*Exeunt.*

⁵ *I know no touch of consanguinity;*] Touch of consanguinity is sense or feeling of relationship.

SCENE III.

The same. Before Pandarus' House.

*Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR,
and DIOMEDES.*

Par. It is great morning⁶; and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon: — Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk in to her house;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*

Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help! —
Please you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in Pandarus' House.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it: How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross:
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

⁶ — *great morning*;] *Grand jour*; a Gallicism.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes. — Ah sweet ducks!

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him.*]

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too: *O heart*, — as the goodly saying is, —

—— *o heart, o heavy heart,*

Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,

By friendship, nor by speaking.

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it. — How now, lambs?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the blest gods — as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities — take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrazures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath;
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,

With distinct breath and consign'd kisses⁷ to them,
 He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
 And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
 Distasted with the salt of brokentears.⁸

Æne. [*within.*] My lord! is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius so
 Cries, *Come!* to him that instantly must die, —
 Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or
 my heart will be blown up by the root?

[*Exit* PANDARUS.]

Cres. I must then to the Greeks?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!
 When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of
 heart, —

Cres. I true! how now? what wicked deem⁹ is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
 For it is parting from us:
 I speak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee;
 For I will throw my glove to death¹ himself,
 That there's no maculation in thy heart:
 But, *be thou true*, say I, to fashion in
 My sequent protestation; be thou true,
 And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
 As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.

⁷ — consign'd kisses —] *Consign'd* means *sealed*; from *con-*
signo, Lat.

⁸ Distasted with the salt of broken tears.] i. e. of tears to which
 we are not permitted to give full vent, being interrupted and sud-
 denly torn from each other. The poet was probably thinking of
broken sobs, or *broken slumbers*.

⁹ — what wicked deem —] *Deem* (a word now obsolete) sig-
 nifies, *opinion*, *surmise*.

¹ For I will throw my glove to death —] That is, I will challenge
 death himself in defence of thy fidelity.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens! — be true, again?

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love;
The Grecian youths are full of quality;
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature
 flowing,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelty may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,)
Makes me afraid.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain then!
In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt², nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cres. Do you think, I will?

Tro. No.

But something may be done, that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æne. [*within.*] Nay, good my lord, —

Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Par. [*within.*] Brother Troilus!

² — the high lavolt,] The *lavolta* was a dance.

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Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.

Cres. My lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;³
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is — plain, and true, — there's all the reach of it.

Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS, *and*
DIOMEDES.

Welcome, sir Diomed! here is the lady,
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port⁴, lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
And, by the way, possess thee what she is.⁵
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilium.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.

³ — *catch mere simplicity*;) The meaning, I think, is, *while others*, by their art, gain high estimation, I, by honesty, obtain a plain simple approbation. JOHNSON.

⁴ *At the port*,] The *port* is the *gate*.

⁵ — *possess thee what she is*.] I will *make thee fully understand*. This sense of the word *possess* is frequent in our author.

I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus
Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message,
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust⁶: And know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: To her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say — be't so,
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour, — no.

Tro. Come, to the port. — I'll tell thee, Diomed, †
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head. —
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS, CRESSIDA, and DIOMED.

[*Trumpet heard.*

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field with
him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels;
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and single chivalry.

[*Exeunt.*

⁶ — *my lust*:] *Lust* is *inclination, will.*

† "I tell thee, Diomed," — MALONE.

SCENE V.

The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.

Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and Others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment⁷ fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek⁸
Out-swell the colick of puff'd Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector. *[Trumpets sound.*

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMED, with CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid?

Dio. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

⁷ — in appointment —] *Appointment* is preparation.

⁸ — *bias cheek* —] Swelling out like the bias of a bowl. The idea is taken from the puffy cheeks of the winds, as represented in ancient prints, maps, &c.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular ;
'Twere better, she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel : I'll begin. —
So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady :
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now :
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment ;
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns !
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss ; — this, mine ;
Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim !

Patr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir : — Lady, by your leave.

Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive ?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cres. I'll make my match to live,⁹
The kiss you take is better than you give ;
Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cres. You're an odd man ; give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady ? every man is odd.

Cres. No, Paris is not ; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o'the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn. —
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you ?

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, beg then.

⁹ *I'll make my match to live,*] Perhaps this means — *I'll lay my life.*

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Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word; — Ill bring you to your father.

[DIOMED leads out CRESSIDA.]

Nest. A woman of quick sense,

Ulyss. Fye, fye upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,

Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out

At every joint and motive¹ of her body.

O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,

That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,²

And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts

To every ticklish reader! set them down

For sluttish spoils of opportunity,³

And daughters of the game.

[Trumpet within.]

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam.

Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, armed; ÆNEAS, TROILUS, and other
Trojans, with Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! what shall be
done

To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose,

A victor shall be known? will you, the knights

Shall to the edge of all extremity

Pursue each other; or shall they be divided

By any voice or order of the field?

Hector bade ask.

Agam.

Which way would Hector have it?

¹ — motive —] *Motive*, for part that contributes to motion.

² *That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,*] A *coasting welcome*, is a conciliatory welcome; that makes silent *advances* before the tongue has uttered a word.

³ — *sluttish spoils of opportunity,*] Corrupt wenches, of whose chastity every opportunity may make a prey. JOHNSON.

Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know this;—
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;⁴
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:⁵
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden battle then? — O, I perceive you.

Re-enter DIOMED.

Agam. Here is sir Diomed: — Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath⁶; the combatants being kin,
Half stints⁷ their strife before their strokes begin.

[AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists.]

⁴ *Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;*] Shakspeare's thought is not exactly deduced. Nicety of expression is not his character. The meaning is plain: "Valour (says Æneas) is in Hector greater than valour in other men, and pride in Hector is less than pride in other men. So that Hector is distinguished by the excellence of having pride less than other pride, and valour more than other valour." JOHNSON.

⁵ *This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:*] Ajax and Hector were cousin-germans.

⁶ — a breath;] i. e. a breathing, a slight exercise of arms.

⁷ — stints —] i. e. stops.

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight ;
 Not yet mature, yet matchless ; firm of word ;
 Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue ;⁸
 Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd :
 His heart and hand both open, and both free ;
 For what he has, he gives ; what thinks, he shows ;
 Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
 Nor dignifies an impair thought⁹ with breath :
 Manly as Hector, but more dangerous ;
 For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes¹
 To tender objects ; but he, in heat of action,
 Is more vindicative than jealous love :
 They call him Troilus ; and on him erect
 A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
 Thus says Æneas ; one that knows the youth
 Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
 Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.²

[*Alarum.* HECTOR and AJAX fight.]

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own !

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st ;

Awake thee !

Agam. His blows are well dispos'd : — there, Ajax !

Dio. You must no more. [Trumpets cease.]

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more : —
 Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
 A cousin-german to great Priam's seed ;

⁸ — *deedless in his tongue ;*] i. e. no boaster of his own deeds.

⁹ — *an impair thought —*] A thought unsuitable to the dignity of his character.

¹ — *Hector — subscribes —*] that is, *yields, gives way.*

² — *thus translate him to me.*] Thus *explain his character.*

The obligation of our blood forbids
 A gory emulation 'twixt us twain :
 Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,
 That thou could'st say — *This hand is Grecian all,*
And this is Trojan ; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy ; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds-in my father's ; by Jove multipotent,
 Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish member
 Wherein my sword had not impressure made
 Of our rank feud : But the just gods gainsay,
 That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
 My sacred aunt³, should by my mortal sword
 Be drain'd ! Let me embrace thee, Ajax :
 By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms ;
 Hector would have them fall upon him thus :
 Cousin, all honour to thee !

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector :

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man :
 I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
 A great addition⁴ earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus⁵ so mirable
 (On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes
 Cries, *This is he,*) could promise to himself
 A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
 What further you will do.

³ *My sacred aunt,*] It is remarkable that the Greeks give to the uncle the title of Sacred, *ἅγιος*. And this circumstance may tend to establish the opinion, that this play was not the entire composition of Shakspeare, to whom the Grecism before us was probably unknown.

⁴ *A great addition* —] i. e. denomination.

⁵ *Not Neoptolemus* —] My opinion is, that by Neoptolemus the author meant Achilles himself; and remembering that the son was Pyrrhus Neoptolemus, considered Neoptolemus as the *nomen gentilitium*, and thought the father was likewise Achilles Neoptolemus.

Hect. We'll answer it ;
The issue is embracement : — Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
(As seld' I have the chance,) I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish, and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me :
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part ;
Desire them home. — Give me thy hand, my cousin ;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name ;
But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms ! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy ;
But that's no welcome : Understand more clear,
What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion ;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious⁶ Agamemnon.

Agam. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.

[To TROILUS.]

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greet-
ing ; —

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer ?

Men. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks !

⁶ — most imperious —] *Imperious* and *imperial* had formerly the same signification.

Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;⁷
 Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:
 She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
 Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
 Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen thee,
 As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
 Despising many forfeits and subduements,
 When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i'the air,
 Not letting it decline on the declin'd;⁸

That I have said to some my standers-by,

Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!

And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
 When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
 Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen;
 But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
 I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,⁹
 And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
 But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
 Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee:
 And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
 That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time: —
 Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in conten-
 tion,
 As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha!

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
 Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time —

⁷ *the untraded oath;*] A singular oath not in common use.

⁸ — *the declin'd;*] The *declin'd* is the *fallen*.

⁹ — *thy grandsire;*] Laomedon.

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue :
My prophecy is but half his journey yet ;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you :
There they stand yet : and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood : The end crowns all ;
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome :
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou ! —
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee ;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.¹

Hect. Is this Achilles ?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee : let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief ; I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er ;
But there's more in me, than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye ?

¹ And quoted joint by joint.] To quote is to observe.

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his
body

Shall I destroy him? whether there, there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: Answer me, heavens!

Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: Stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,²
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag.
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never —

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin; —
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.³

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field;
We have had pelting wars⁴, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

² — that stithied *Mars his helm*.] A *stith* is an *anvil*, and from hence the verb *stithied* is formed.

³ — the *general state*, I fear,

Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.] Ajax treats Achilles with contempt, and means to insinuate that he was afraid of fighting with Hector. "You may every day (says he) have enough of Hector, if you choose it; but I believe the whole state of Greece will scarcely prevail on you to engage with him."

⁴ — pelting *wars*.] i. e. petty, inconsiderable ones.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow, do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive⁵ we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure, and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him. —
Beat loud the tabourines⁶, let the trumpets blow
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all but TROILUS and ULYSSES.*]

Tro. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night:
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there,
That wails her absence?

Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth. [*Exeunt.*]

⁵ — convive —] To *convive* is to *feast*.

⁶ *Beat loud the tabourines,*] *Tabourines* are small drums.

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *The Grecian Camp. Before ACHILLES' Tent.*

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow. —
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why thou picture of what thou seemest, and
idol of idiot worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box⁷, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, Adversity⁸! and what need these
tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy: I profit not by thy
talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why his masculine whore. Now the rotten
diseases of the south, the guts-griping ruptures, ca-
tarrhs, loads o'gravel i'the back, lethargies, cold palsies,
raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders

⁷ *The surgeon's box,*] In this answer Thersites quibbles upon the
word *tent*.

⁸ *Well said, Adversity!*] *Adversity*, in this instance, signifies *contra-*
riety. The reply of Thersites has been studiously *adverse* to the
drift of the question urged by Patroclus.

full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i'the palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivelled fee simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleive silk⁹, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies; diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch egg!¹

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.

Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;

A token from her daughter, my fair love;

Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep

An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:

Fall, Greeks: fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay;

My major vow lies here, this I'll obey. —

Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;

This night in banquetting must all be spent. —

Away, Patroclus. [*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.]

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain,
these two may run mad; but if with too much brain,
and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen.
Here's Agamemnon, — an honest fellow enough, and
one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as

⁹ — *thou idle immaterial skein of sleive silk,*] All the terms used by Thersites of Patroclus, are emblematically expressive of flexibility, compliance, and mean officiousness.

¹ *Finch egg!*] A finch's egg is remarkable gaudy; but of such terms of reproach it is difficult to pronounce the true signification.

ear-wax: And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull, — the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg, — to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing: he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew², a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be Menelaus, — I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus. — Hey-day! spirits and fires!³

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, *and* DIOMED, *with lights.*

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;

There, where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet Menelaus. †

² — a fitchew,] i. e. a *polecat*.

³ — *spirits and fires!*] This Thersites speaks upon the first sight of the distant lights.

† "sweet lord Menelaus." MALONE.

Ther. Sweet draught: Sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink,
sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night,
And welcome, both to those that go, or tarry.

Agam. Good night.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS.]

Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,
The tide whereof is now. — Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes
To Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company.

[*Aside to* TROILUS.]

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so good night.

[*Exit* DIOMED; ULYSSES and TROILUS
following.]

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt* ACHIL. HECTOR, AJAX, and NEST.]

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a
most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he
leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend
his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound⁴; but
when he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is prodi-
gious⁵, there will come some change; the sun borrows
of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will
rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they
say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Cal-
chas' tent: I'll after. — Nothing but lechery! all incon-
tinent varlets! [*Exit.*]

⁴ — *he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound;*] If a hound gives his mouth, and is not upon the scent of the game, he is by sportsmen called a *babler* or *brabler*.

⁵ — *prodigious,*] i. e. portentous, ominous.

SCENE II.

The same. Before Calchas' Tent.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [*within.*] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed. — Calchas, I think. — Where's your daughter?

Cal. [*within.*] She comes to you.

*Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after them
THERSITES.*

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid, come forth to him!

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian! — Hark! a word
with you. [*Whispers.*]

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her
cliff⁶; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulyss. List!

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

⁶ — *her cliff,*] that is, her *key.* *Clef,* French.

Dio. Nay, then, —

Cres. I'll tell you what:

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are for-
sworn. —

Cres. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me
do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be — secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cres. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan?

Cres. Diomed, —

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cres. Hark! one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness!

Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray
you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms; this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Now, good my lord, go off:
You flow to great destruction; come, my lord.

Tro. I pr'ythee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience; come.

Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell, and all hell's tor-
ments,

I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth that grieve thee?

O wither'd truth!

Ulyss. Why, how now, lord?

Tro. By Jove,

I will be patient.

Cres. Guardian! — why, Greek!

Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.⁷

Cres. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?
You will break out.

Tro. She strokes his cheek!

Ulyss. Come, come.

Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:

There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience: — stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and
potatoe finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery,
fry!

Dio. But will you then?

Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cres. I'll fetch you one. [Exit.

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not, my lord;
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!

Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.⁸

Tro. O beauty! where's thy faith?

Ulyss. My lord, —

Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.

Cres. You look upon that sleeve; Behold it well. —
He loved me — O false wench! — Give't me again.

Dio. Whose was't?

⁷ — *palter.*] i. e. shuffle, behave with duplicity.

⁸ — *keep this sleeve.*] The custom of wearing a lady's *sleeve* for a favour, is of ancient date, but the sleeve given in the present instance was the sleeve of *Troilus*. It may be supposed to be an ornamented cuff, such, perhaps, as was worn by some of our young nobility at a tilt, in Shakspeare's age.

Cres. No matter †, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens: — Well said, whetstone.

Dio. I shall have it.

Cres. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cres. O, all you gods? — O pretty pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee. — Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Tro. I did swear patience.

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith you shall
not;

I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this; Whose was it?

Cres. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cres. 'Twas one's that loved me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,⁹
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; — And yet it is
not;

I will not keep my word.

† "It is no matter," — MALONE.

⁹ *By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,*] i. e. the stars which she points to.

Dio. Why then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go: — One cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you,
pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cres. Ay, come: O Jove!
Do come: — I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cres. Good night. I pr'ythee, come. —

[*Exit* DIOMEDES.]

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;
But with my heart the other eye doth see.
Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind:
What error leads, must err; O then conclude,
Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.

[*Exit* CRESSIDA.]

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she said, My mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we then?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But, if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.¹

¹ *I cannot conjure, Trojan.]* that is, I cannot raise spirits in the form of Cressida.

Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but
now.

Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!²
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn criticks³ — apt, without a theme,
For depravation, — to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our
mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?

Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:

If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,⁴
This was not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself!
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt⁵; this is, and is not, Cressid!
Within my soul there doth commence a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate⁶
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;

² — for *womanhood!*] i. e. for the sake of womanhood.

³ *To stubborn criticks* —] *Critick* has here, probably, the signification of *cynick*.

⁴ *If there be rule in unity itself,*] If it be true that one individual cannot be two distinct persons.

⁵ — *where reason can revolt*

Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

Without revolt;] The words *loss* and *perdition* are used in their common sense, but they mean the *loss* or *perdition* of *reason*.

⁶ — *a thing inseparate* —] i. e. the plighted troth of lovers. Troilus considers it *inseparable*, or at least that it ought never to be broken.

And yet the spacious breadth of this division
 Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
 As is Arachne's broken woof, to enter.
 Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
 Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
 Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
 The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;
 And with another knot, five-finger-tied,⁷
 The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
 The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
 Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus⁸ be half attach'd
 With that which here his passion doth express?

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
 In characters as red as Mars his heart
 Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy
 With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
 Hark, Greek; As much as I do Cressid love,
 So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
 That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;
 Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
 My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,
 Which shipmen do the hurricano call
 Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
 Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
 In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
 Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.⁹

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
 Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
 And they'll seem glorious.

⁷ — *knot, five-finger-tied,*] A knot tied by giving her hand to Diomed.

⁸ *May worthy Troilus* —] Can Troilus really feel, on this occasion, half of what he utters? A question suitable to the calm Ulysses. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *concupy.*] A cant word, formed by our author from *concupiscence*.

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Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince: — My courteous lord,
adieu: —

Farewell, revolted fair! — and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!¹

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS, ÆNEAS, and ULYSSES.

Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed! I
would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode.
Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of
this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond,
than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still,
wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion: A burn-
ing devil take them. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Troy. *Before Priam's Palace.*

Enter HECTOR *and* ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

¹ — and wear a castle on thy head! i. e. defend thy head with
armour of more than common security.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,²
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, it is true.

Heci. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish³ vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose⁴, that makes strong the vow:
But vows, to every purpose, must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man⁵
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life. —

² — dear *petition*,] *Dear*, on this occasion, seems to mean, *important, consequential*.

³ — *peevish* —] i. e. foolish.

⁴ *It is the purpose*,] The mad prophetess speaks here with all the coolness and judgment of a skilful casuist. "The essence of a lawful vow, is a lawful purpose, and the vow of which the end is wrong, must not be regarded as cogent." JOHNSON.

⁵ — dear *man* —] *Valuable* man.

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit CASSANDRA.*

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness,
youth,

I am to-day i'the vein of chivalry:

Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,

And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,

I'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy,

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion⁶, than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me
for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.⁷

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now? how now?

Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fye, savage, fye!

Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.

⁶ *Which better fits a lion,*] The traditions and stories of the darker ages abounded with examples of the lion's generosity. Upon the supposition that these acts of clemency were true, Troilus reasons not improperly, that to spare against reason, by mere instinct of pity, became rather a generous beast than a wise man.

⁷ *You bid them rise, and live.*] Shakspeare seems not to have studied the Homeric character of Hector, whose disposition was by no means inclined to clemency.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Tro. Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon⁸ my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with Priam.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee — that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.

Hect. Æneas is a field;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. But thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect⁹; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

⁸ — *with fiery truncheon* —] We have here but a modern Mars. Antiquity acknowledges no such ensign of command as a *truncheon*. The spirit of the passage, however, is such as might atone for a greater impropriety.

⁹ — *shame respect*;] i. e. disgrace the respect I owe you, by acting in opposition to your commands.

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Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you :
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit* ANDROMACHE.]

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O, farewell dear Hector.

Look, how thou diest ! look, how thy eye turns pale !
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents !
Hark how Troy roars ! how Hecuba cries out !
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth !
Behold, destruction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless anticks, one another meet,
And all cry — Hector ! Hector's dead ! O Hector !

Tro. Away ! — Away ! —

Cas. Farewell. — Yet, soft : — Hector, I take my
leave :

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*]

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim :
Go in, and cheer the town : we'll forth, and fight ;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell : the gods with safety stand about thee !

[*Exeunt severally* PRIAM and HECTOR.
Alarums.]

Tro. They are at it ; hark ! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

As TROILUS *is going out, enter, from the other side,*
PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord ? do you hear ?

Tro. What now ?

Pan. Here's a letter from yon' poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson ptisick, a whoreson rascally ptisick
so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl ; and

what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o'these days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were cursed¹, I cannot tell what to think on't. — What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart; [*Tearing the Letter.*
The effect doth operate another way. —
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together. —
My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.

Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-masterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, on † a sleeveless errand. O'the other side, The policy of those crafty swearing rascals, — that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses, — is not proved worth a blackberry: — They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will

¹ — *cursed,*] i. e. under the influence of a malediction, such as mischievous beings have been supposed to pronounce upon those who had offended them. STEEVENS.

† “of a sleeveless,” &c. — MALONE.

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not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism^a, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here come sleeve, and t'other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS *following*.

Tro. Fly not; for, should'st thou take the river Styx, I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian! — Now for thy whore, Trojan! now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

[*Exeunt* TROILUS and DIOMEDES, *fighting*.

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek, art thou for Hector's match?

Art thou of blood, and honour?

Ther. No, no: — I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee; — live. [Exit.

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; But a plague break thy neck, for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [Exit.

^a — to proclaim barbarism,] To set up the authority of ignorance, to declare that they will be governed by policy no longer.

SCENE V.

*The same.**Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant.*

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;
 Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
 Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
 Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
 And am her knight by proof.

Serv.

I go, my lord.

[*Exit* Servant.]*Enter AGAMEMNON.*

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus
 Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon
 Hath Doreus prisoner;
 And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,³
 Upon the pashed⁴ corpses of the kings
 Epistrophus and Cedius: Polixenes is slain;
 Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;
 Patroclus ta'en or slain; and Palamedes
 Sore hurt and bruis'd: the dreadful sagittary
 Appals our numbers; haste we, Diomed,
 To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
 And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame. —
 There is a thousand Hectors in the field:

³ — *waving his beam,*] i. e. his lance like a weaver's beam, as Goliath's spear is described.

⁴ — *pashed* —] i. e. bruised, crushed.

Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,
 And there lacks work ; anon, he's there afoot,
 And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls⁵
 Before the belching whale ; then is he yonder,
 And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
 Fall down before him, like the mower's swath :⁶
 Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes ;
 Dexterity so obeying appetite,
 That what he will, he does ; and does so much,
 That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes ! great Achilles
 Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance ;
 Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
 Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
 That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd come to him,
 Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
 And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
 Roaring for Troilus ; who hath done to-day
 Mad and fantastick execution ;
 Engaging and redeeming of himself,
 With such a careless force, and forceless care,
 As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
 Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus ! *[Exit.*

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector ?

⁵ — *scaled sculls* —] *Sculls* are great numbers of fishes swimming together. *Scaled* means here dispersed, put to flight.

⁶ — *the mower's swath* :] *Swath* is the quantity of grass cut down by a single stroke of the mower's scythe.

Come, come, thou boy-queller⁷, show thy face;
 Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
 Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax. What would'st thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou should'st have my office

Ere that correction: — Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O traitor Diomed; — turn thy false face, thou traitor,

And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.⁸

Tro. Come both, you cogging Greeks⁹; have at you both. [*Exeunt fighting.*]

⁷ — *boy-queller,*] i. e. murderer of a boy.

⁸ — *I will not look upon.*] That is, (as we should now speak,) I will not be a *looker-on*.

⁹ — *you cogging Greeks;*] This epithet has no particular propriety in this place, but the author had heard of *Græcia mendax*.

JOHNSON.

Surely the epithet had propriety, in respect of Diomedes at least, who had defrauded him of his mistress. Troilus bestows it on both,

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee: — Ha! — Have at thee, Hector.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
Be happy, that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*

Hect. Fare thee well: —
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee. — How now, my brother?

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him¹; I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off: — Fate, hear me what I say!
I reckon not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in sumptuous Armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark: —

unius ob culpam. A fraudulent man, as I am told, is still called, in the North, a *gainful Greek*. Cicero bears witness to this character of the ancient Greeks: "Testimoniorum religionem et fidem nunquam ista natio coluit."

Again: "Græcorum ingenia ad fallendum parata sunt."

STEEVENS.

¹ — carry *him*;] i. e. prevail over him.

No? wilt thou not? — I like thy armour well;
 I'll frush it², and unlock the rivets all,
 But I'll be master of it: — Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
 Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

The same.

Enter ACHILLES, *with* Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
 Mark what I say. — Attend me where I wheel:
 Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
 And when I have the bloody Hector found,
 Empale him with your weapons round about;
 In fellest manner execute your arms.³
 Follow me, sins, and my proceedings eye: —
 It is decreed — Hector the great must die. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

The same.

Enter MENELAUS *and* PARIS, *fighting*: *then* THER-
 SITES.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it:
 Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my
 double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has
 the game: — 'ware horns, ho!

[*Exeunt* PARIS *and* MENELAUS.]

² *I'll frush it,*] The word *frush* I never found elsewhere, nor understand it. Sir T. Hanmer explains it, to *break* or *bruize*. JOHNSON.

³ — *execute your arms.*] To *execute their arms* is to employ them; to put them to use.

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too: I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Another part of the Field.

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done: I'll take good breath:
Rest, sword: thou hast thy fill of blood and death!

[*Puts off his Helmet, and hangs his Shield
behind him.*

Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail and dark'ning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek.

[*HECTOR falls.*

So, Ilion, fall thou next; now, Troy, sink down;
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone. —

On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.

[*A Retreat sounded.*]

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
 And, stickler like⁴, the armies separates.

My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would have fed,
 Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed. —

[*Sheaths his sword.*]

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;

Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

The same.

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIO-
 MEDES, and Others, marching. *Shouts within.*

Agam. Hark! Hark! what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums.

[*Within.*] Achilles!

Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is — Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;

Great Hector was as good a man as he.

Agam. March patiently along: — Let one be sent
 To pray Achilles see us at our tent. —

If in his death the gods have us befriended,

Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

⁴ *And, stickler-like,]* *Sticklers* are arbitrators, judges, or, as called in some places, sidesmen. At every wrestling in Cornwall, before the *games* begin, a certain number of *sticklers* are chosen, who regulate the proceedings, and determine every dispute. *Stickler* (*stic-kle-er*) is immediately from the verb *stickle*, to interfere, to take part with, to busy one's self in any matter.

SCENE XI.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter ÆNEAS and Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho ! yet are we masters of the field :
Never go home ; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector ?—The gods forbid !

Tro. He's dead ; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.—
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed !
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy !
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on !

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not, that tell me so :
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death ;
But dare all imminence, that gods and men,
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone !
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba ?
Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
Go into Troy, and say there—Hector's dead :
There is a word will Priam turn to stone ;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth ; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away :
Hector is dead ; there is no more to say.
Stay yet ;—You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight⁵ upon our Phrygian plains,

⁵ ——— *pight* —] i. e. pitched, fixed. The obsolete preterite and participle passive of to *pitch*.

Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you!—And thou, great siz'd
coward!

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.—
Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.⁶

[*Exeunt ÆNEAS and Trojans.*]

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side,
PANDARUS.

Pan. But, hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker lackey! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live, aye, with thy name.

[*Exit TROILUS.*]

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones!—O
world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despis'd!
O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a'
work, and how ill requited! Why should our en-
deavour be so loved, and the performance so loathed?
what verse for it? what instance for it?—Let me
see:—

⁶ ——— with comfort go:

Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.] This couplet affords a full and natural close of the play; and though I once thought differently, I must now declare my firm belief that Shakspeare designed it should end here, and that what follows is either a subsequent and injudicious restoration from the elder drama, mentioned in p. 391., or the nonsense of some wretched buffoon, who represented Pandarus. When the hero of the scene was not only alive, but on the stage, our author would scarce have trusted the conclusion of his piece to a subordinate character, whom he had uniformly held up to detestation. It is still less probable that he should have wound up his story with a stupid outrage to decency, and a deliberate insult on his audience.—But in several other parts of this drama I cannot persuade myself that I have been reading Shakspeare.

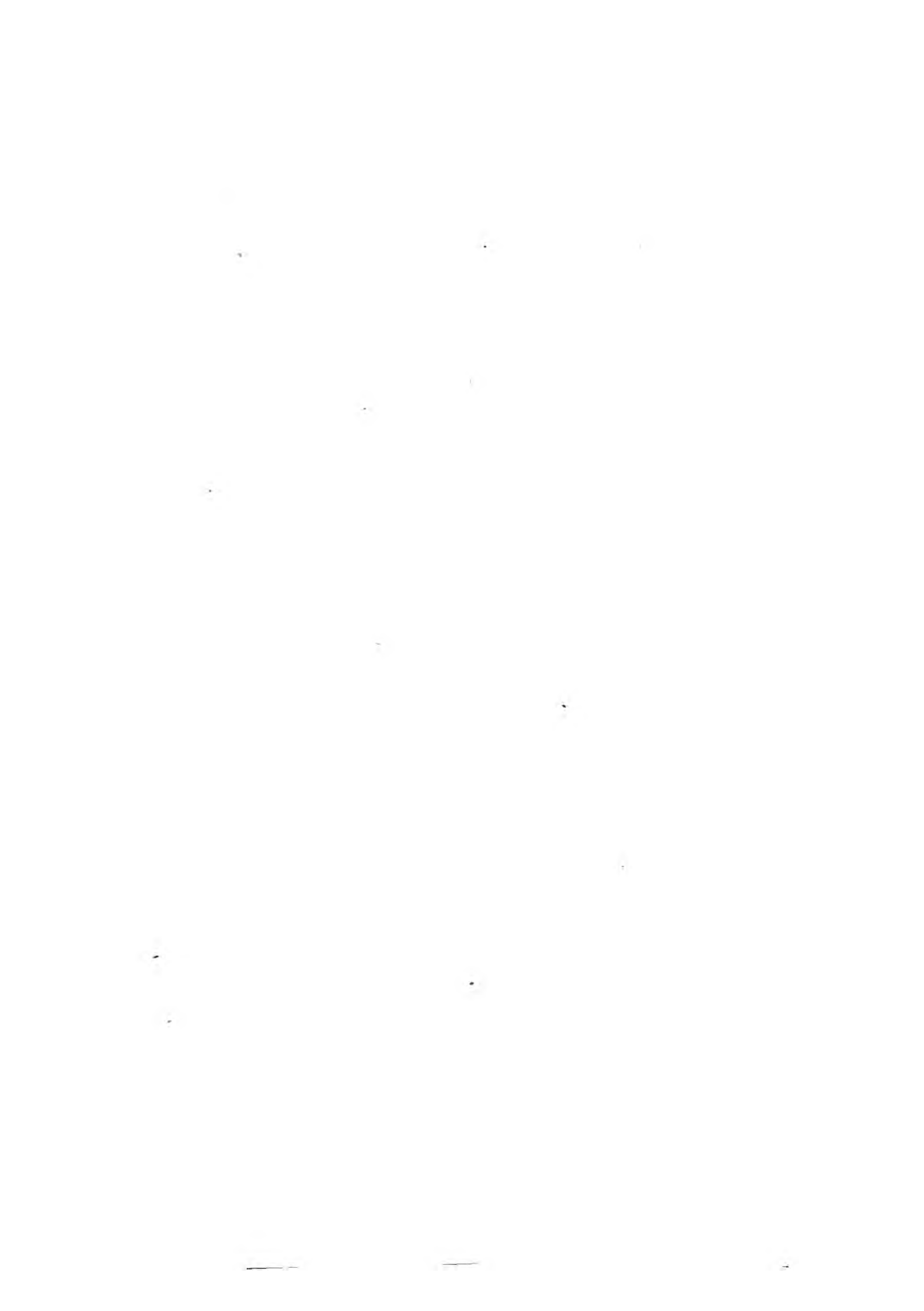
Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
 Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting :
 And being once subdued in armed tail,
 Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail. —
 Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall,
 Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall :
 Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
 Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
 Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
 Some two months hence my will shall here be made :
 It should be now, but that my fear is this, —
 Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss :
 Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases ;
 And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases.

[*Exit.*⁷

⁷ This play is more correctly written than most of Shakspeare's compositions, but it is not one of those in which either the extent of his views or elevation of his fancy is fully displayed. As the story abounded with materials, he has exerted little invention ; but he has diversified his characters with great variety, and preserved them with great exactness. His vicious characters disgust but cannot corrupt, for both Cressida and Pandarus are detested and contemned. The comick characters seem to have been the favourites of the writer : they are of the superficial kind, and exhibit more of manners than nature ; but they are copiously filled and powerfully impressed. Shakspeare has in his story followed, for the greater part, the old book of Caxton, which was then very popular ; but the character of Thersites, of which it makes no mention, is a proof that this play was written after Chapman had published his version of Homer. JOHNSON.





TIMON OF ATHENS.

THE story of the Misanthrope is told in almost every collection of the time, and particularly in two books, with which Shakspeare was intimately acquainted; the *Palace of Pleasure*, and the *English Plutarch*. Indeed from a passage in an old play, called *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, I conjecture that he had before made his appearance on the stage. FARMER.

The passage in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, or *Pasquil and Katherine*, 1601, is this:

“Come, I'll be as sociable as *Timon of Athens*.”

But the allusion is so slight, that it might as well have been borrowed from Plutarch or the novel.

Mr. Strutt the late engraver, to whom our antiquaries are under no inconsiderable obligations, had in his possession a MS. play on this subject. It appears to have been written, or transcribed, about the year 1600. There is a scene in it resembling Shakspeare's banquet given by Timon to his flatterers. Instead of *warm water* he sets before them *stones painted like artichokes*, and afterwards beats them out of the room. He then retires to the woods, attended by his faithful steward, who (like Kent in *King Lear*) has disguised himself to continue his services to his master. Timon in the last act is followed by his fickle mistress, &c. after he was reported to have discovered a hidden treasure by digging. The piece itself (though it appears to be the work of an academick) is a wretched one. The *personæ dramatis* are as follows:

“The actors' names.

- “Timon.
- “Laches, his faithful servant.
- “Eutrapelus, a dissolute young man.
- “Gelasimus, a citty heyre.
- “Pseudocheus, a lying travailer.
- “Demeas, an orator.
- “Philargurus, a covetous churlish ould man.
- “Hermogenes, a fidler.
- “Abyssus, a usurer.
- “Lollo, a cuntrey clowne, Philargurus sonne.
- “Stilpo, }
- “Speusippus, } Two lying philosophers.
- “Grunnio, a lean servant of Philargurus.
- “Obba, Tymon's butler.
- “Pædio, Gelasimus page.
- “Two serjeants.
- “A sailor.
- “Caiimela, Philargurus daughter.
- atte, her prattling nurse.

“SCENE, Athens.”

STEEVENS.

Shakspeare undoubtedly formed this play on the passage in Plutarch's *Life of Antony* relative to Timon, and not on the twenty-eighth novel of the first volume of Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*; because he is there merely described as "a man-hater, of a strange and beastly nature," without any cause assigned; whereas Plutarch furnished our author with the following hint to work upon; "Antonius forsook the citie, and companie of his friendes, — saying, that he would lead Timon's life, because he had the like wrong offered him, that was offered unto Timon; and for the unthankfulness of those he had done good unto, and whom he tooke to be his friendes, he was angry with all men, and would trust no man."

To the manuscript play mentioned by Mr. Steevens, our author, I have no doubt, was also indebted for some other circumstances. Here he found the faithful steward, the banquet-scene, and the story of Timon's being possessed of great sums of gold which he had dug up in the woods: a circumstance which he could not have had from Lucian, there being then no translation of the dialogue that relates to this subject.

Spon says, there is a building near Athens, yet remaining, called *Timon's Tower*.

Timon of Athens was written, I imagine, in the year 1610.

MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

TIMON, *a noble Athenian.*

LUCIUS,
LUCULLUS, } *Lords, and Flatterers of Timon.*
SEMPRONIUS,

VENTIDIUS, *one of Timon's false Friends.*

APEMANTUS, *a churlish Philosopher.*

ALCIBIADES, *an Athenian General.*

FLAVIUS, *Steward to Timon.*

FLAMINIUS,
LUCILIUS, } *Timon's Servants.*
SERVILIUS,

CAPHIS,
PHILOTUS, } *Servants to Timon's Creditors.*
TITUS,
LUCIUS,
HORTENSIUS,

*Two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Isidore; two
of Timon's Creditors.*

Cupid and Maskers. Three Strangers.

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian. A Page. A Fool.

PHRYNIA,¹ } *Mistresses to Alcibiades.*
TIMANDRA,

*Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and
Attendants.*

SCENE, ATHENS; and the Woods adjoining.

¹ *Phrynia,*] (or, as this name should have been written by Shakespeare, *Phryne,*) was an Athenian courtesan so exquisitely beautiful, that when her judges were proceeding to condemn her for numerous and enormous offences, a sight of her bosom (which, as we learn from Quintilian, had been artfully denuded by her advocate,) disarmed the court of its severity, and secured her life from the sentence of the law. STEEVENS.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

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. Ay, that's well known:
But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magick of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd 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 fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,¹
To an untirable and continue goodness:
He passes.²

¹ — breath'd, as it were,] *Breathed* is *inured* by constant practice; so trained as not to be wearied. To *breathe* a horse, is to exercise him for the course. JOHNSON.

² *He passes.*] i. e. exceeds, 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 estimate³: But, for that —

Poet. *When we for recompense⁴ have prais'd 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 rapt, 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.⁵ 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

³ — *touch the estimate*:] Come up to the price.

⁴ *When we for recompense, &c.*] We must here suppose the poet busy in reading in his own work; and that these three lines are the introduction of the poem addressed to Timon, which he afterwards gives the painter an account of. WARBURTON.

⁵ — *and, like the current, flies*

Each bound it chafes.] This jumble of incongruous images seems to have been designed, and put into the mouth of the poetaster, that the reader might appreciate his talents: his language therefore should not be considered in the abstract.

† Mr. Malone omits *And*.

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 strife⁶
 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, shap'd out a man,
 Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
 With amplest entertainment : My free drift
 Halts not particularly⁷, but moves itself
 In a wide sea of wax⁸ : no levell'd malice⁹
 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 unbolt¹ to you.
 You see how all conditions, how all minds,
 (As well of glib and slippery creatures, as

⁶ — *artificial strife* —] *Strife* is the contest of art with nature.

⁷ *Halts not particularly,*] My design does not stop at any single character. JOHNSON.

⁸ *In a wide sea of wax :*] Anciently they wrote upon waxen tables with an iron style.

⁹ — *no levell'd malice, &c.*] To *level* is to *aim*, to point the shot at a mark. Shakspeare's meaning is, my poem is not a satire written with any particular view, or *levelled* at any single person ; I fly like an eagle into the general expanse of life, and leave not, by any private mischief, the trace of my passage.

¹ *I'll unbolt* —] I'll open, I'll explain. JOHNSON.

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-fac'd flatterer²
 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 thron'd: The base o'the mount
 Is rank'd with all deserts³, all kind of natures,
 That labour on the bosom of this sphere
 To propagate their states⁴: 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 conceiv'd to scope.⁵
 This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
 With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
 Bowing his head against the steepy mount
 To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
 In our condition.⁶

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on:
 All those which were his fellows but of late,
 (Some better than his value,) on the moment

² — *glass-fac'd flatterer* —] That shows in his look, as by reflection, the looks of his patron. JOHNSON.

³ — *rank'd with all deserts*,] *Cover'd with ranks* of all kinds of men. JOHNSON.

⁴ *To propagate their states*:] To advance or improve their various conditions of life. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *conceiv'd to scope*.] Properly imagined, appositely, to the purpose. JOHNSON.

⁶ *In our condition*.] *Condition* for art.

Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
 Rain sacrificial whisperings⁷ in his ear,
 Make sacred even his stirrop, and through him
 Drink the free air.⁸

Pain. Ay, marry what of these?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of
 mood,

Spurns down her late belov'd, 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,⁹
 That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune †
 More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
 To show lord Timon, that mean eyes¹ 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?

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.

⁷ *Rain sacrificial whisperings* —] i. e. whisperings of officious servility, the *incense* of the worshipping parasite to the patron as to a god.

⁸ — *through him*

Drink *the free air.*] That is, breathe only with his permission.

⁹ *A thousand moral paintings I can show,*] Shakspeare seems to intend in this dialogue to express some competition between the two great arts of imitation. Whatever the poet declares himself to have shown, the painter thinks he could have shown better.

† "blows of fortune's" — MALONE.

¹ — *mean eyes* —] i. e. inferior spectators.

‡ Mr. Malone omits *to him.*

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 ransome;
And, being enfranchis'd, 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!² [*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Old. Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely good father.

Old. Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd 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 inclin'd to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
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,

² — *your honour!*] The common address to a lord in our author's time was *your honour*, which was indifferently used with *your lordship*.

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:³
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 serv'd 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 ow'd to you!⁴

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and old Athenian.*]

³ *Therefore he will be, Timon:*] The thought is closely expressed, and obscure: but this seems the meaning: "If the man be honest, my lord, for that reason he will be so in this; and not endeavour at the injustice of gaining my daughter without my consent." WARBURTON.

⁴ ——— *Never may*

That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you!] The meaning is, let me never hence-

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 trafficks 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 meer satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclaw me quite.⁵

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 masters⁶: 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?

forth consider any thing that I possess, but as *owed* or due to you; held for your service, and at your disposal. JOHNSON.

⁵ — unclaw *me quite*.] To *unclaw* is to *unwind* a ball of thread. To *unclaw* a man, is to draw out the whole mass of his fortunes.

⁶ *Are prized by their masters*:] are rated according to the esteem in which their possessor is held. JOHNSON.

† — “the wearing it.” MALONE.

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We will bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow; †
When thou art Timon's dog⁷, 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 knowest, 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?

† "Stay thou for thy good morrow;" — MALONE.

⁷ *When thou art Timon's dog,*] Apemantus means to say, that Timon is not to receive a gentle good morrow from him till that shall happen which never will happen; till Timon is transformed to the shape of his dog, and his knavish followers become honest men. Stay for thy good morrow, says he, till I be gentle, which will happen at the same time when thou art Timon's dog, &c. i. e. never.

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou should'st, 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^s, 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 flattered, is worthy o'the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'st 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.

^s *Not so well as plain-dealing,*] Alluding to the proverb: "Plain dealing is a jewel, but they that use it die beggars."

Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the gods will not !

Mer. If traffick do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffick'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.⁹

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.¹

Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd 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.*

⁹ — *all of companionship.*] This expression does not mean barely that they all belong to one company, but that *they are all such as Alcibiades honours with his acquaintance, and sets on a level with himself.*

¹ — *The strain of man's bred out Into baboon and monkey.*] Man is exhausted and degenerated ; his *strain* or lineage is worn down into a monkey. JOHNSON.

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. Should'st 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 requests 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 meed², but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.³

1 *Lord.* The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

² — no meed,] *Meed*, which in general signifies reward or recompense, in this place seems to mean *desert*.

³ *All use of quittance.*] i. e. all the customary returns made in discharge of obligations.

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 Musick. 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 pleas'd 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 deriv'd 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. ⁴

Ven. A noble spirit.

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on
TIMON.*

† "it hath pleas'd the gods to remember" — MALONE.

⁴ — [*Faults that are rich, are fair.*] The faults of rich persons, and which contribute to the increase of riches, wear a plausible appearance, and as the world goes are thought fair, but they are faults notwithstanding.

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony
Was but devis'd 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. Fye, 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 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

† Mr. Malone omits *that*.

‡ "thine apperil," — MALONE.

§ *I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I should*

Ne'er flatter thee.] The meaning is, — I could not swallow thy
meat, for I could not pay for it with flattery; and what was given
me with an ill-will would stick in my throat. JOHNSON.

In one man's blood ⁶; 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 prov'd.
 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 ⁷; 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 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'S 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;*

⁶ — so many dip their meat

In one man's blood;] The allusion is to a pack of hounds trained to pursuit by being gratified with the blood of an animal which they kill, and the wonder is that the animal on which they are feeding *cheers them* to the chase. JOHNSON.

⁷ *My lord, in heart*;] That is, *my lord's health with sincerity*.

*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 might'st 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.⁸

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 title⁹ 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.¹ 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 :

† A corruption of *dit* for *do it*.

⁸ — *for ever perfect.*] Arrived at the perfection of happiness.

⁹ — *that charitable title* —] *Charitable* signifies, dear, endearing.

¹ — *I confirm you.*] I fix your characters firmly in my own mind.

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!² Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks; to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weapest 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 mov'd 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

² *O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born!*] Tears being the effect both of joy and grief, supplied our author with an opportunity of conceit, which he seldom fails to indulge. Timon, weeping with a kind of tender pleasure, cries out, *O joy, e'en made away, destroyed, turned to tears, before it can be born, before it can be fully possessed.* JOHNSON.

To gratulate thy plenteous bosom : The ear,
Taste, touch, smell, all pleas'd from thy table rise ;
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all ; let them have kind admittance :

Musick, make their welcome. [*Exit* CUPID.]

1 Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you are belov'd.

Musick. *Re-enter* CUPID, with a Masque of Ladies as Amazons, with Lutes in their Hands, dancing, and playing.

Apem. Heyday, 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.³
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves ;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again,
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 ?⁴
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,

³ *Like madness is the glory of this life,*

As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root.] Apemantus means to say, that the glory of this life was *just as much madness* in the eye of reason, as the pomp appeared to be, when compared to the frugal repast of a philosopher.

⁴ — *of their friends' gift ?]* Given them by their friends.

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;⁵
I am to thank you for it.

1 *Lady.* My lord, you take us even at the best.⁶

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.⁷

'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind;⁸

That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.⁹

[*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

⁵ —— *mine own device;*] The mask appears to have been designed by Timon, to surprize his guests.

⁶ —— *even at the best.*] i. e. "You have conceived the fairest of us."

⁷ —— *he'd be cross'd then, an he could.*] i. e. he will then too late wish that it were possible to undo what he had done: he will in vain lament that I did not [*cross* or] *thwart* him in his career of prodigality.

⁸ —— *had not eyes behind;*] To see the miseries that are following her. JOHNSON.

⁹ —— *for his mind.*] For nobleness of soul. JOHNSON.

Entreat you, honour me so much, as to
Advance this jewel; ¹
Accept it, 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:
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 receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.

¹ _____ to
Advance *this jewel*;) To prefer it; to raise it to honour by
wearing it. JOHNSON.

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 shew 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 forc'd 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 lik'd 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,

† "O, I beseech you," — MALONE.

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.² — 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 becks³, 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 brib'd too, there would be none left

To rail upon thee; and then thou would'st sin the faster.

Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou

Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly:⁴

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 musick. [*Exit.*

Apem. So; —

Thou'lt not hear me now, — thou shalt not then, I'll lock

² *All to you.*] i. e. all good wishes, or all happiness to you.

³ *Serving of becks,*] *Beck* means a salutation made with the head. To *serve a beck* is to offer a salutation.

⁴ *Will give away thyself in paper shortly:*] i. e. be ruined by his securities entered into.

Thy heaven⁵ 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;
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can found his state in safety.⁶ 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 monies; be not ceas'd⁷
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when —

⁵ *Thy heaven* —] By his *heaven* he means *good advice*; the only thing by which he could be saved.

⁶ ——— *no reason*
Can found his state in safety.] *Reason* cannot find his fortune to have any *safe* or solid *foundation*.

⁷ ——— *be not ceas'd* —] i. e. stopped.

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 aspect,
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 expence,
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.⁸

† All nestling birds, in quite an unfledged state, are so called in Cheshire, and, perhaps, elsewhere.

⁸ ——— *Never mind*

Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.] Nothing can be worse, or more obscurely expressed; and all for the sake of a wretched rhyme.

What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel :
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fye, fye, fye, fye !

Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of ISIDORE and VARRO.

Caph. Good even⁹, 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 discharg'd !

Var. Serv. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,¹
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 awak'd by great occasion,
To call upon his own : and humbly prays you,

But of this mode of expression conversation affords many examples :
"I was always to be blamed, whatever happened." "I am in the
lottery, but I was always to draw blanks."

⁹ *Good even,*] *Good even*, or, as it is sometimes less accurately
written, *Good den*, was the usual salutation from *noon*, the moment
that good morrow became improper.

¹ — *we'll forth again,*] i. e. to hunting, from which diversion,
we find by Flavius's speech, he was just returned. It may be here
observed, that in our author's time it was the custom to hunt as well
after dinner as before.

That with your other noble parts you'll suit,²
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,
I pr'ythee, 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 ;

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES and Lords.

I'll wait upon you instantly. — Come hither, pray you,

[*To* FLAVIUS.

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke 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. [Exit TIMON.

Flav. I pray, draw near.
[Exit FLAVIUS.

² *That with your other noble parts you'll suit,*] i. e. that you will behave on this occasion in a manner consistent with your other noble qualities.

† "date-broken bonds," — MALONE.

*Enter APEMANTUS and a Fool.*³

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.

Apem. No; 'tis to thyself. — Come away.

[*To the Fool.*

Isid. Serv. [*to VAR. SERV.*] 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 ask'd 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

³ *Enter Apemantus and a Fool.*] I suspect some scene to be lost, in which the entrance of the fool, and the page that follows him, was prepared by some introductory dialogue, in which the audience

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 whore-master, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

was informed that they were the fool and page of Phrynia, Timandra, or some other courtezán, upon the knowledge of which depends the greater part of the ensuing jocularities. JOHNSON.

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 Servant.*

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 expence,
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leisures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance, some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister,⁴
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts,

⁴ — made your minister,] The construction is: — And made that unaptness your minister.

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 much⁵, 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-lov'd lord, †
 Though you hear now, (too late !) yet now's a time,⁶
 The greatest of your having lacks a half
 To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, 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 ?⁷

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.

⁵ *Return so much,*] He does not mean *so great* a sum, but a certain sum, as it might happen to be. Our author frequently uses this kind of expression.

† "My lov'd lord," — MALONE.

⁶ *Though you hear now, (too late !) yet now's a time,*] i. e. Though I tell you this at too late a period, perhaps, for the information to be of any service to you, yet late as it is, it is necessary that you should be acquainted with it. It is evident, that the steward had very little hope of assistance from his master's friends.

⁷ — *and at length*

How goes *our reckoning* ?] How will you be able to subsist in the time intervening between the payment of the present demands (which your whole substance will hardly satisfy) and the claim of future dues, for which you have no fund whatsoever ; and finally on the settlement of all accounts in what a wretched plight will you be ?

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 offices⁸ have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders: when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,⁹
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 villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly have I given.¹

⁸ — our offices —] i. e. the apartments allotted to culinary purposes, the reception of domesticks, &c.

⁹ — a wasteful cock,] Of the various explanations of the commentators, the following appears most intelligible. A *wasteful cock* is what we now call a *waste pipe*; a pipe which is continually running, and thereby prevents the overflow of cisterns, and other reservoirs, by carrying off their superfluous water. This circumstance served to keep the idea of Timon's unceasing prodigality in the mind of the steward, while its remoteness from the scenes of luxury within the house, was favourable to meditation.

¹ *No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;*

Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.] Every reader must rejoice in this circumstance of comfort which presents itself to Timon, who, although beggar'd through want of prudence, consoles himself with reflection that his ruin was not brought on by the pursuit of guilty pleasures. STEEVENS.

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 argument¹ 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,²

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
 Deserv'd this hearing,) bid 'em send o'the instant
 A thousand talents to me.

¹ *And try the argument* —] The licentiousness of our author forces us often upon far-fetch'd expositions. *Arguments* may mean *contents*, as the *arguments* of a book; or *evidences* and *proofs*.

JOHNSON.

² — *crown'd*,] i. e. dignified, adorned, made respectable.

† Mr. Malone omits *ho!*

‡ "Lord Lucullus?" — Mr. Malone omits *lord*.

Flav. I have been bold,
(For that I knew it the most general way,)³
To them to use their 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 fall⁴, 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, intending⁵ other serious matters
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,⁶
With certain half-caps⁷, 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 cak'd, '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; ingeniously⁸ 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,

³ — *I knew it the most general way,*] *General* is not speedy, but *compendious*, the way to try many at a time.

⁴ — *at fall,*] i. e. *at an ebb.*

⁵ — *intending —*] is *regarding*, *turning their notice* to other things. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *and these hard fractions,*] Flavius, by *fractions*, means *broken hints*, *interrupted sentences*, *abrupt remarks*.

⁷ — *half-caps,*] A *half-cap* is a *cap* slightly moved.

⁸ — *ingeniously —*] *Ingenious* was anciently used instead of *ingenuous*.

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 free⁹ itself, it thinks all others so. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *The same. A Room in Lucullus's 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. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver bason and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectfully¹ 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?

⁹ — *free* —] is *liberal*, not parsimonious.

¹ — *very* respectfully —] i. e. respectfully.

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 his²; 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 solidares³ 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;

² — honesty is his;] *Honesty* here means *liberality*.

³ — three solidares —] I believe this coin is from the mint of the poet. STEEVENS.

And we alive, that liv'd? ⁴ 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? ⁵ O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! ⁶ This slave
Unto his honour ⁷, 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!
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! ⁸ [*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 ⁹, though we are

⁴ *And we alive, that liv'd?*] i. e. And we who were alive then, alive now. As much as to say, *in so short a time.*

⁵ *It turns in less than two nights?*] Alluding to the turning or acescence of milk. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *passion!*] i. e. suffering.

⁷ *Unto his honour,*] The modern editors read — *Unto this hour,* which seems preferable.

⁸ — *his hour!*] i. e. the hour of sickness. *His* for *its*.

⁹ *We know him for no less,*] To *know*, in the present, and several other instances, is used by our author for — *to acknowledge.*

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. Fye 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 show'd 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,¹
I should not urge it half so faithfully.²

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 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

¹ *If his occasion were not virtuous,*] i. e. if he did not want it for a good use.

² — *half so faithfully.*] *Faithfully* for *servently*.

His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in
 My knowing, Timon has 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,³
 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,⁴
 So much I love his heart: But, I perceive,
 Men must learn now with pity to dispense:
 For policy sits above conscience.

[*Exeunt.*

³ — *in respect of his,*] *In respect of his fortune:* what Lucius denies to Timon is in proportion to what Lucius possesses, less than the usual alms given by good men to beggars. JOHNSON.

⁴ *I would have put my wealth into donation,*

And the best half should have return'd to him,] i. e. the best half of my wealth should have been the *reply* I would have made to Timon: I would have *answered* his requisition with the best half of what I am worth.

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in Sempronius's 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,
They have all been touch'd⁵, 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 over⁶; Must I take the cure upon me?
He has much disgrac'd 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.

⁵ *They have all been touch'd,*] That is, *tried*, alluding to the *touchstone*.

⁶ — *His friends, like physicians,*
Thrive, *give him over*;] i. e. "His friends, like physicians, thrive by his bounty and fees, and either *relinquish, and forsake him*, or give his case up as desperate."

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 courage⁷ 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
 politick; he cross'd himself by't: and I cannot think,
 but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear.⁸
 How fairly this lord strives to appear foul? takes vir-
 tuous copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot
 ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire.

Of such a nature is his politick 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.⁹

[*Exit.*

⁷ — *such a courage* —] Such an ardour, such an eager desire.

⁸ *The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politick, he crossed himself by't: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear.*] Of the various conjectures on this passage, the following seems most probable: — *The devil did not know what he was about* [how much his reputation for wickedness would be diminished] *when he made man crafty and interested; he thwarted himself by it;* [by thus raising up rivals to contend with him in iniquity, and at length to surpass him;] *and I cannot but think that at last the enormities of mankind will rise to such a height, as to make even Satan himself, in comparison, appear* (what he would least of all wish to be) *spotless and innocent.* MALONE.

⁹ *keep his house.*] i. e. keep within doors for fear of duns.

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.

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.

Lev. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed 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 weary of this charge¹, the gods can witness :

I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

1 Van. 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.

¹ *I am weary of this charge,*] That is, of this *commission*, of this *employment*.

² *Else, surely, his had equall'd.*] The meaning of this passage may be, *Your master, it seems, had more confidence in lord Timon than mine, otherwise his* (i. e. my master's) *debt* (i. e. the money due to him from Timon) *would certainly have been as great as your master's* (i. e. as the money which Timon owes to your master); that is, my master being as rich as yours, could and would have advanced Timon as large a sum as your master has advanced him, if he (my master) had thought it prudent to do so.

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?

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 th' 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.

† "If 'twill not serve," — MALONE.

*Enter SERVILIUS.*³

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 wond'rously 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 oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
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.

³ *Enter Servilius.*] It may be observed that Shakspeare has un-
skilfully filled his Greek story with Roman names. JOHNSON:

† "Derive much," — MALONE; who prints this speech as prose.

Tit. Knock me down with 'em⁴: cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord, ——

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, ——

Tit. 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.

⁴ *Knock me down with 'em:*] Timon quibbles. They present their written *bills*; he catches at the word, and alludes to the *bills* or battle-axes, which the ancient soldiery carried, and were still used by the watch in Shakspeare's time.

† "Ullorxa all:" — MALONE; who does not explain the meaning of this strange word.

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.

[*Excunt.*]

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,⁵
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,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe:

⁵ — *setting his fate aside,*] i. e. putting this action of his, which was pre-determined by fate, out of the question.

And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent.⁶
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox,⁷
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 breathe⁸ ; 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 threatenings ? 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

⁶ *And with such sober and unnoted passion*

He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent, &c.] The sense of this passage, (however perversely expressed on account of rhyme,) may be this : " He managed his anger with such sober and unnoted *passion* [i. e. *suffering*, forbearance,] before *it* was spent, [i. e. before that disposition to endure the insult he had received, was exhausted,] that it seemed as if he had been only engaged in supporting an argument he had advanced in conversation.

⁷ *You undergo too strict a paradox,]* You undertake a paradox too hard.

⁸ — *that man can breathe,]* i. e. can utter.

Abroad⁹? 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;¹
 But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.²
 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 Lacædemon, and Byzantium,
 Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 *Sen.* What's that?

Alcib. Why, I say, my lord, h'as 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?

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.

⁹ ————— what make we

Abroad?] *What do we, or what have we to do in the field?*

† "the fellow, — MALONE.

¹ — *sin's extremest gust;*] *Gust* means *rashness*. The allusion may be to a sudden *gust of wind*. So we say, it was done in a sudden *gust of passion*.

² — *by mercy, 'tis most just.*] i. e. *I call mercy herself to witness, that defensive violence is just.* JOHNSON.

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
 My 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,³
 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,⁴
 He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt* Senators.]

³ — *I should prove so base,*] *Base* for dishonoured.

⁴ *And, not to swell our spirit,*] i. e. not to put ourselves into any
 tumour of rage, take our definitive resolution.

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
 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.

Musick. 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 honour-
 able lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring^s, 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

† Mr. Malone omits *ha!*

^s Upon that were my thoughts tiring.] A hawk, I think, is said to
tire, when she amuses herself with pecking a pheasant's wing, or any
 thing that puts her in mind of prey. To *tire* upon a thing, is there-
 fore, to be *idly employed upon it.* JOHNSON.

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 musick 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.⁶ —

Come, bring in all together.

2 Lord. All covered dishes!

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.⁷

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 another: 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

⁶ — your better remembrance.] i. e. your good memory: the comparative for the positive degree.

⁷ Here's a noble feast toward.] i. e. in a state of readiness.

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 lag⁸ 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.⁹ 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 villainy. 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,¹
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks,²
Of man, and beast, the infinite malady³
Crust you quite o'er! — What, dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physick first — thou too, — and thou; —
[Throws the Dishes at them, and drives them out.

⁸ — *the common lag* —] The *fag-end* of a web of cloth is, in some places, called the *lag-end*.

⁹ *Is your perfection.*] Your *perfection* is the *highest of your excellence*.

¹ — *time's flies*, Flies of a season. JOHNSON.

² — *minute-jacks*!] A *minute-jack* is what was called formerly a *Jack of the clock-house*; an image whose office was the same as one of those at St. Dunstan's church, in Fleet-street.

³ — *the infinite malady.*] Every kind of disease incident to man and beast.

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?

2 *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. [Exit.

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 filths⁴
 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 lin'd crutch from the old limping sire,
 With it beat out his brains ! piety, and fear,
 Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
 Domestick awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
 Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
 Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
 Decline to your confounding contraries,⁵
 And yet confusion⁶ live — Plagues, incident to men,
 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 liberty⁷
 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 détestable town !
 Take thou that too, with multiplying banns !⁸
 Timon will to the woods ; where he shall find
 The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.

⁴ — *general filths* —] i. e. common sewers.

⁵ — *confounding contraries,*] i. e. contrarieties whose nature it is to *waste* or *destroy* each other.

⁶ — *yet confusion* —] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *let confusion*.

⁷ — *liberty* —] *Liberty* is here used for *libertinism*.

⁸ — *multiplying banns !*] i. e. accumulated curses. *Multiplying* for *multiplied* : the *active* participle with a *passive* signification.

The gods confound (hear me, you 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 FLAVIUS⁹, with Two or Three Servants.*

1 *Ser.* 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 *Ser.* 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.

⁹ *Enter Flavius,*] Nothing contributes more to the exaltation of Timon's character than the zeal and fidelity of his servants. Nothing but real virtue can be honoured by domesticks ; nothing but impartial kindness can gain affection from dependants.



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,
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake out 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 wretchedness¹ 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,²
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 accurs'd,
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

¹ *O, the fierce wretchedness* —] *Fierce* is here used for *hasty, precipitate*.

² — *Strange, unusual blood,*] *Strange, unusual blood,* may mean *strange, unusual disposition*.

Supply his life, or that which can command it.
 I'll follow, and enquire him out :
 I'll ever 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 orb³
 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.⁴
 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,

³ — *below thy sister's orb* —] that is, the moon's, this *sublunary* world.

⁴ ————— *Not nature,*

To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,

But by contempt of nature.] Mr. M. Mason observes, that this passage "but by the addition of a single letter may be rendered clearly intelligible ; by merely reading *natures* instead of *nature*." The meaning will then be — "Not even beings reduced to the utmost extremity of wretchedness, can bear good fortune, without contemning their fellow-creatures."

† "deny't that lord ;" —

So are they all; for every grize of fortune⁵
 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 villainy. Therefore be abhorr'd
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
 His semblable, yea himself, Timon disdains:
 Destruction fang mankind⁶! — 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.⁷ Roots, you clear heavens!⁸
 Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul, fair;
 Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, va-
 liant.

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 accurs'd;
 Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; 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.⁹ Come, damned earth,

⁵ — for every grize of fortune —] Grize for step or degree.

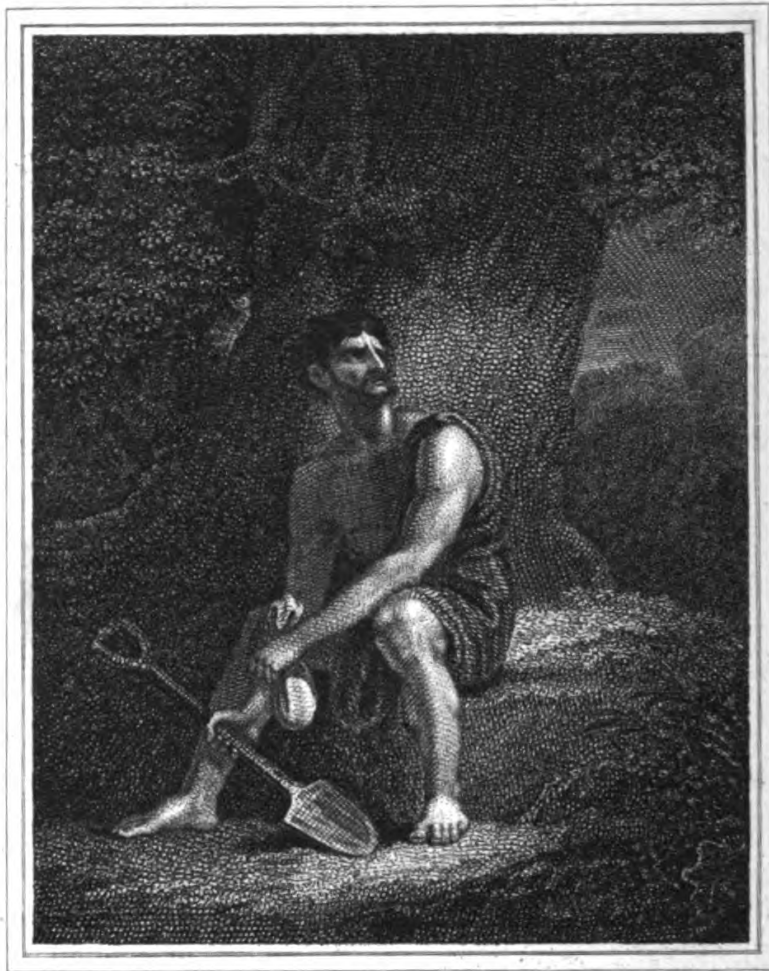
⁶ fang mankind!] i. e. seize, gripe.

⁷ — no idle votarist.] No insincere or inconstant supplicant.
 Gold will not serve me instead of roots.

⁸ — you clear heavens!] This may mean either ye cloudless
 skies, or ye deities exempt from guilt.

⁹ To the April day again.] The April day does not relate to the
 widow, but to the other diseased female, who is represented as the





TIMON OF ATHENS

TIM. _____ HA. A DRUM : THOUGHT QUICK
BUT YET. ILL BURY THEE : THOUGHT GO. STRONG THIEF.
WHEN GOUTY KEEPERS OF THEE CANNOT STAND.
Act IV. Sc. 3.

London. Published by F. C. & J. Rivington and Partners Feb? 1828.

Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
 Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
 Do thy right nature.¹ — [*March afar off.*] — Ha! a
 drum? — Thou'rt quick,²
 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.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!

outcast of an hospital. She it is whom gold embalms and spices to
 the *April day* again: i. e. gold restores her to all the *freshness and
 sweetness* of youth.

¹ *Do thy right nature.*] Lie in the earth where nature laid thee.

² — *Thou'rt quick,*] Thou hast life and motion in thee.

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 promise³, 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
Voic'd 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

³ ————— *If*

Thou wilt not promise, &c.] that is, however thou may'st act,
since thou art a man, hated man, I wish thee evil.

In my penurious band ; I have heard, and griev'd,
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 pr'ythee, 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
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-vic'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 an 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 bastard⁴, whom the oracle

† "But set them down" — MALONE.

⁴ — *bastard*,] An allusion to the tale of Œdipus.

Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
 And mince it sans remorse: Swear against objects;⁵
 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.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou
 giv'st me,
 Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse
 upon thee!

Phr. & 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 conditions⁶: 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. & Timan. Well, more gold; — What then? —
 Believ't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

⁵ *Swear against objects;*] *Against objects* is, against objects of charity and compassion.

⁶ *I'll trust to your conditions:*] I will trust to your inclinations, or rather vocations.

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,
 Nor sound his quillet's shrilly⁷: hoar the flamen,⁸
 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,⁹
 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!¹

Phr. & 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 spok'st well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

⁷ *Nor sound his quillet's shrilly:]* Quillet's are subtilties.

⁸ — hoar the flamen,] This may mean, — Give the flamen the hoary leprosy.

⁹ — that his particular to foresee,] The metaphor is apparently incongruous, but the sense is good. To foresee his particular, is to provide for his private advantage, for which he leaves the right scent of publick good.

¹ And ditches grave you all!] To grave is to entomb. The word is now obsolete, though sometimes used by Shakspeare and his contemporary authors.

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, PHRYNIA,
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,²
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,³
With all the abhorred births below crisp⁴ 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;⁵
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

² Whose — *infinite breast* —] means *whose boundless surface*.

³ — *eyeless venom'd worm,*] The serpent, which we, from the smallness of his eyes, call *the blind-worm*, and the Latins, *cæcilia*.

⁴ — *below crisp heaven* —] i. e. curled, bent, hollow.

⁵ *Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plow-torn leas;*] The sense is this: *O nature! cease to produce men, ensear thy womb;* but if thou wilt continue to produce them, at least cease to pamper them: *dry up thy marrows*, on which they fatten with *unctuous morsels*, thy *vines*, which give them *liquorish draughts*, and thy *plow-torn leas*.

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? Plague! plague!

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 diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.⁶
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 gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid welcome,
To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just,
That thou turn rascal; had'st 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 out-liv'd 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,

⁶ — the cunning of a carper.] i. e. the insidious art of a critick.

To the conflicting elements expos'd,
 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 !⁷

Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
 To castigate thy pride, 'twere well : but thou
 Dost it enforcedly ; thou'dst courtier be again,
 Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
 Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before :⁸
 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.⁹
 Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

⁷ *What a knave too?*] Timon had just called Apemantus *fool*, in consequence of what he had known of him by former acquaintance ; but when Apemantus tells him that he comes to *vex him*, Timon determines that to *vex* is either *the office of a villain or a fool* ; that to *vex by design* is *villainy*, to *vex without design* is *folly*. He then properly asks Apemantus whether he takes delight in *vering*, and when he answers, *yes*, Timon replies, — *What ! a knave too?* I before only knew thee to be a *fool*, but now I find thee likewise a *knave*.

JOHNSON.

⁸ — *is crown'd before :*] Arrives sooner at *high wish* ; that is, at the *completion of its wishes*. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Worse than the worst, content.*] Best states contentless have a wretched being, a being worse than that of the worst states that are content. JOHNSON.

Tim. Not by his breath¹, 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 us², from our first swath³, proceeded
 The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
 To such as may the passive drugs of it⁴
 Freely command, thou would'st have plung'd thyself
 In general riot; melted down thy youth
 In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
 The icy precepts of respect⁵, 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;⁶
 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 should'st thou hate
 men?

¹ — *by his breath,*] By his *breath* means in our author's language, by his *voice* or *speech*, and so in fact by his sentence. Shakspeare frequently uses the word in this sense. It has been twice used in this play.

² *Hadst thou, like us,* —] There is in this speech a sullen haughtiness, and malignant dignity, suitable at once to the lord and the man-hater. The impatience with which he bears to have his luxury reproached by one that never had luxury within his reach, is natural and graceful. JOHNSON.

³ — *first swath,*] From infancy. *Swath* is the dress of a newborn child.

⁴ — *passive drugs of it* —] or *drudges*.

⁵ — *precepts of respect,*] “The icy precepts of *respect*” mean the cold admonitions of *cautious prudence*, that deliberately weighs the consequences of every action.

⁶ — *than I could frame employment;*] i. e. frame employment *for*. Shakspeare frequently writes thus.

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! be gone! —
 If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
 Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.⁷

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 would'st thou have to Athens?

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 ly'st o'nights, Timon?

⁷ *Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.*] Dryden has quoted two verses of Virgil to show how well he could have written satires. Shakspeare has here given a specimen of the same power by a line bitter beyond all bitterness, in which Timon tells Apemantus, that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemns. I have heard Mr. Burke commend the subtilty of discrimination with which Shakspeare distinguishes the present character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom to vulgar eyes he would now resemble.

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 would'st 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^s; in thy rags thou knewest 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
should'st 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 would'st thou do with the world,
Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Would'st 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

^s — for too much curiosity;] i. e. for too much finical delicacy.

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 should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn⁹, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou would'st be killed by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou would'st be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion¹; and thy defence, absence. What beast could'st 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 could'st please me with speaking to me, thou might'st 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.

⁹ — *the unicorn, &c.*] The account given of the unicorn is this: that he and the lion being enemies by nature, as soon as the lion sees the unicorn he betakes himself to a tree: the unicorn in his fury, and with all the swiftness of his course, running at him, sticks his horn fast in the tree, and then the lion falls upon him and kills him.

¹ — *were remotion;*] i. e. removal from place to place; or perhaps, *remoteness.*

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.²

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 does kill me, that thou art alive;

I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou would'st 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 grave-stone 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, lov'd, 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,

² *Thou art the cap, &c.]* The *top*, the *principal*. The remaining dialogue has more malignity than wit. JOHNSON.

To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!³
 Think thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
 Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
 May have the world in empire!

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 re-
 serve 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.

³ — O thou touch of hearts!] Touch, for touchstone.

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 briars 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.⁴ 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,
 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 composture⁵ 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

⁴ *In limited professions.*] Regular, orderly professions.

⁵ — *by a composture* —] i. e. composition, compost.

I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!

Amen. [TIMON retires to his Cave.

3 *Thief*. He has almost charmed 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 despis'd 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!⁶
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
How rarely does it meet⁷ with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd⁸ to love his enemies:
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me, than those that do!⁹
He has caught me in his eye: I will present

⁶ *What an alteration of honour has*

Desperate want made!] An alteration of honour, is an alteration of an honourable state to a state of disgrace.

⁷ *How rarely does it meet*—] How curiously; how happily.

⁸ *When man was wish'd*—] i. e. recommended.

⁹ *Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo*

Those that would mischief me, than those that do!] It is plain, that in this whole speech *friends* and *enemies* are taken only for those who *profess friendship* and *profess enmity*; for the *friend* is supposed not to be more kind, but more dangerous than the *enemy*. The sense is, *Let me rather woo or caress those that would mischief, that profess to mean me mischief, than those that really do me mischief,*

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.

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.¹ Let me behold

under false professions of kindness. The Spaniards, I think, have this proverb : *Defend me from my friends, and from my enemies I will defend myself.* This proverb is a sufficient comment on the passage.

JOHNSON.

† "Thou'rt a man," — MALONE.

¹ ——— *It almost turns*

My dangerous nature wild.] To turn wild, is to distract. An appearance so unexpected, says Timon, *almost turns my savageness to distraction.*

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 might'st 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 plac'd 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 thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy :
 But thus conditioned ; Thou shalt build from men ;²
 Hate all, curse all : show charity to none ;
 But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,

† “ You perpetual,” &c. — MALONE.

² — from men ;] Away from human habitations.

Ere thou relieve the beggar : give to dogs
 What thou deny'st 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.

Flav. O, let me stay,
 And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st
 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 ru-
 mour 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
 straggling 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. There-
 fore, '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

† " Debts wither them to nothing : " — MALONE.

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.³ To promise is most courtly and fashionable : performance is a kind of will, or 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.

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,

³ — the deed of saying is quite out of use.] The doing of that which we have said we would do, the accomplishment and performance of our promise, is, except among the lower classes of mankind, quite out of use.

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 liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n 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 rapt, 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 counterfeit⁴

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-natur'd 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.

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 assur'd,
That he's a made-up villain.⁵

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well ; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies :
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,⁶

⁴ — a counterfeit —] A *portrait* was so called in our author's time.

⁵ — a made-up villain.] That is, a villain that adopts qualities and characters not properly belonging to him ; a hypocrite ; or a *made-up* villain may mean, a *complete*, a *finished* villain.

⁶ — in a draught,] That is, in the *jakes*.

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 would'st 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 fram'd 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,
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,⁷
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 publick 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 sorrowed render,⁸
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;⁹

⁷ — *with one consent of love,*] With one united voice of affection.

⁸ — *sorrowed render,*] *Render* is *confession*.

⁹ *Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;*] The speaker means, a recompense that shall more than counterpoise their offences, though weighed with the most scrupulous exactness.

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;
Surprize 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 power¹, 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,
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 whittle² in the unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before

¹ Allow'd *with absolute power*,] *Allowed is licensed, privileged, uncontrolled.*

² *There's not a whittle*,] A *whittle* is still in the midland counties the common name for a pocket clasp knife, such as children use. Chaucer speaks of a Sheffield *thwittell*.

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 sickness³
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 bruit⁴ 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,⁵

³ — *My long sickness* —] The disease of life begins to promise me a period.

⁴ — *bruit* —] i. e. report, rumour.

⁵ — *in the sequence of degree,*] Methodically, from highest to lowest.

From high to low throughout, that whoso pleases
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;
† Which once a day with his embossed froth⁶
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.⁷

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?

† "Whom once" — MALONE.

⁶ — embossed *froth*, —] *Embossed froth*, is swollen froth; from *bosse*, Fr. a tumour.

⁷ *In our dear peril.*] *Dear*, in Shakspeare's language, is *dire*, *dreadful*, but may, in the present instance, signify *immediate*, or *imminent*.

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 oppos'd,
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 mov'd.

Enter Senators from TIMON.

1 Sen. Here come our brothers.

3 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. [*Excunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Woods. TIMON'S Cave, and a Tomb-stone seen.

Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON.

Sold. 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 read⁸; the character

⁸ *I cannot read, &c.]* There is something elaborately unskillful in the contrivance of sending a soldier, who cannot read, to take the

I'll take with wax :
 Our captain hath in every figure skill ;
 An ag'd interpreter, though young in days :
 Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
 Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [Exit.

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 travers'd arms⁹, and breath'd
 Our sufferance vainly : Now the time is flush,¹
 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,

epitaph in wax, only that it may close the play by being read with more solemnity in the last scene. JOHNSON.

⁹ — travers'd arms,] Arms across.

¹ — the time is flush,] A bird is *flush* when his feathers are grown, and he can leave the nest. *Flush* is *mature*.

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.

Sen. So did we woo
 Transformed Timon to our city's love,
 By humble message, and by promis'd 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 receiv'd your griefs: nor are they such
 That 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 hearts². 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 loaths,) take thou the destin'd 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 square³, 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,

² *Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess*

Hath broke their hearts.] Shame in excess, (i. e. extremity of shame) that they wanted cunning, (i. e. that they were not wise enough not to banish you) hath broke their hearts.

³ — *not square.*] Not regular, not 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 rampir'd 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;⁴
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 meaning⁵, — not a man
Shall pass his quarter⁶, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedied, to your publick 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;

† "altogether." MALONE.

⁴ — uncharged ports;] *uncharged* means *unattacked*.

⁵ — to atone your fears

With my more noble meaning,] i. e. to *reconcile* them to it.

⁶ — not a man

Shall pass his quarter,] Not a soldier shall quit his station, or be let loose upon you; and, if any commits violence, he shall answer it regularly to the law.

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 flow⁷, 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.⁸

Let our drums strike.

[*Exeunt.*⁹

⁷ *our brain's flow,*] *Our brain's flow is our tears.*

⁸ *leech.*] i. e. physician.

⁹ The play of *Timon* is a domestick tragedy, and therefore strongly fastens on the attention of the reader. In the plan there is not much art, but the incidents are natural, and the characters various and exact. The catastrophe affords a very powerful warning against that ostentatious liberality, which scatters bounty, but confers no benefits, and buys flattery, but not friendship. JOHNSON.



CORIOLANUS.



THIS play I conjecture to have been written in the year 1610.

It comprehends a period of about four years, commencing with the secession to the *Mons Sacer* in the year of Rome 262, and ending with the death of Coriolanus, A. U. C. 266. MALONE.

The whole history is exactly followed, and many of the principal speeches exactly copied, from the Life of Coriolanus in *Plutarch*.

POPE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, *a noble Roman.*

TITUS LARTIUS, }
COMINIUS, } *Generals against the Volscians.*

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *Friend to Coriolanus.*

SICINIUS VELUTUS, }
JUNIUS BRUTUS, } *Tribunes of the People.*

Young MARCIUS, *Son to Coriolanus.*

A Roman Herald.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *General of the Volscians.*

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

A Citizen of Antium.

Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, *Mother to Coriolanus.*

VIRGILIA, *Wife to Coriolanus.*

VALERIA, *Friend to Virgilia.*

Gentlewoman attending Virgilia.

*Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lic-
tors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius,
and other Attendants.*

*SCENE, partly in ROME; and partly in the Territories
of the Volscians and Antiates.*

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — Rome. *A Street.*

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

1 *Citizen.*

BEFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.

Cit. Speak, speak. [*Several speaking at once.*

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

Cit. Resolved, resolved.

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

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

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

Cit. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good¹: What authority surfeits on, would relieve us; If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it

¹ 1 *Cit.* *We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good:]*
Good is here used in the mercantile sense.

were wholesome, we might guess, they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear²: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. — Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes³: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

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

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

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

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 *Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end; though soft conscienc'd men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You must in no way say, he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other

² — *but they think, we are too dear:*] They think that the charge of maintaining us is more than we are worth.

³ *Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes:*] It is plain that, in our author's time, we had the proverb, *as lean as a rake*. Of this proverb the original is obscure. *Rake* now signifies a *dissolute man*, a man worn out with disease and debauchery. But the signification is, I think, much more modern than the proverb. *Rækel*, in Islandick, is said to mean a *cur-dog*, and this was probably the first use among us of the word *rake*; *as lean as a rake* is, therefore, as lean as a dog too worthless to be fed.

side o'the city is risen : Why stay we prating here ? to the Capitol.

Cit. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft ; who comes here ?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

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

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

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand ? Where go you

With bats and clubs ? The matter ? Speak, I pray you.

1 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate ; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths ; they shall know, we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves ?

1 *Cit.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them Against the Roman state ; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder, than can ever Appear in your impediment : For the dearth, The gods, not the patricians, make it ; and Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack, You are transported by calamity Thither where more attends you ; and you slander The helms o'the state, who care for you like fathers, When you curse them as enemies.

1 *Cit.* Care for us ! — True, indeed ! — They ne'er

cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers: repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wond'rous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To scale't a little more.⁴

1 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale⁵: but, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it: —
That only like a gulph it did remain
I'the midst o'the body, idle and inactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments⁶
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate⁷, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered, —

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

Men. Sir, I shall tell you. — With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs⁸, but even thus,

⁴ — *I will venture*

To scale't a little more.] *To scale* is to *disperse*. The word is still used in the North. The sense of the old reading is, Though some of you have heard the story, I will spread it yet wider, and diffuse it among the rest.

⁵ — *disgrace with a tale*:] *Disgraces* are *hardships, injuries*.

⁶ — *where the other instruments* —] *Where* for *whereas*.

⁷ — *participate*.] Here means *participant*, or *participating*.

⁸ *Which ne'er came from the lungs*.] With a smile not indicating pleasure, but contempt.

(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak,) it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly⁹
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

1 *Cit.* Your belly's answer: What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabrick, if that they ——

Men. What then? —
'Fore me, this fellow speaks! — what then? what then?

1 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o'the body, ——

Men. Well, what then?
1 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;
If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little,)
Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1 *Cit.* You are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd.
*True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body: But if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, — to the seat o'the brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,¹
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,*

⁹ —— even so most fitly ——] i. e. exactly.

¹ —— the cranks and offices of man,] Cranks are windings.

*From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live : And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, (this says the belly), mark me, —*
1 *Cit.* Ay, sir ; well, well.

Men. *Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each ;
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flower of all,
And leave me but the bran.* What say you to't ?

1 *Cit.* It was an answer : How apply you this ?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members : For examine
Their counsels, and their cares ; digest things rightly,
Touching the weal o'the common ; you shall find,
No publick benefit, which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves. — What do you think ?
You, the great toe of this assembly ? —

1 *Cit.* I the great toe ? Why the great toe ?

Men. For that being one o'the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost :
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run
Lead'st first, to win some vantage. —
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs ;
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
The one side must have bale.² — Hail, noble Marcius !

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks. — What's the matter, you dissentious
rogues,
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs ?

1 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter

² *The one side must have bale.] Bale is an old Saxon word, for misery or calamity.*

Beneath abhorring. — What would you have, you curs,
 That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
 The other makes you proud. He that trusts you,
 Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
 Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,
 Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
 Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
 To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
 And curse that justice did it³. Who deserves greatness,
 Deserves your hate: and your affections are
 A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
 Which would increase his evil. He that depends
 Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
 And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
 With every minute you do change a mind;
 And call him noble, that was now your hate,
 Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
 That in these several places of the city
 You cry against the noble senate, who,
 Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
 Would feed on one another? — What's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
 The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say?
 They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
 What's done i'the Capitol: who's like to rise,
 Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and give
 out
 Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
 And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
 Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's grain
 enough?

³ ——— Your virtue is,

To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,

And curse that justice did it.] i. e. Your virtue is to speak well
 of him whom his own offences have subjected to justice; and to rail
 at those laws by which he whom you praise was punished.

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,⁴
 And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry⁵
 With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
 As I could pick my lance.⁶

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
 For though abundantly they lack discretion,
 Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
 What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolved: Hang 'em!
 They said, they were an hungry; sigh'd forth pro-
 verbs; —

That, hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must eat;
 That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods sent not
 Corn for the rich men only: — With these shreds
 They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
 And a petition granted them, a strange one,
 (To break the heart of generosity,⁷
 And make bold power look pale,) they threw their caps
 As they would hang them on the horns o'the moon,
 Shouting their emulation.⁸

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
 Of their own choice: One's Junius Brutus,

⁴ — *their ruth,*] i. e. their pity, compassion. Fairfax and Spenser often use the word. Hence the adjective — *ruthless* which is still current.

⁵ — *I'd make a quarry* —] Mr. Steevens asserts, that *quarry* means *game* pursued or killed, and supports that opinion by a passage in Massinger's *Guardian*: and from thence, perhaps, the word was used to express a heap of slaughtered persons.

⁶ — *pick my lance.*] i. e. *pitch* it.

⁷ — *the heart of generosity,*] To give the final blow to the *nobles*. *Generosity* is *high birth*.

⁸ *Shouting their emulation.*] *Emulation*, in the present instance, perhaps, signifies *faction*. *Shouting their emulation*, may mean, *expressing the triumph of their faction by shouts*. *Emulation*, in our author, is sometimes used in an unfavourable sense, and not to imply an honest contest for superior excellence.

Sicinius Velutus, and I know not — 'Sdeath !
 The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
 Ere so prevail'd with me : it will in time
 Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
 For insurrection's arguing.⁹

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments !

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius ?

Mar. Here : What's the matter ?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't ; then we shall have means to
 vent

Our musty superfluity : — See, our best elders.

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

1 Sen. Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us ;
 The Volces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
 Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.

I sin in envying his nobility :
 And were I any thing but what I am,
 I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

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

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

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is,
 And I am constant. — Titus Lartius, thou

⁹ For insurrection's arguing.] For insurgents to debate upon.

Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face :
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred!
1 Sen. Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on :
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.¹

Com. Noble Lartius!
1 Sen. Hence! To your homes, be gone.
[*To the Citizens.*

Mar. Nay, let them follow:
The Volces have much corn; take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners: — Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth²: pray, follow.

[*Exeunt Senators, COM. MAR. TIT. and
MENEN. Citizens steal away.*

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

Bru. He has no equal.

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

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

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird³ the
gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him: he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.⁴

¹ *Right worthy you priority.*] You being right worthy of precedence.

² — *Your valour puts well forth.*] That is, You have in this mutiny shown fair blossoms of valour.

³ — *to gird* —] To sneer, to gibe.

⁴ *The present wars devour him: he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.*] He is grown too proud to be so valiant, may signify, his pride is such as not to deserve the accompaniment of so much valour.

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

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims, —
In whom already he is well grac'd, — cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, *O, if he
Had borne the business!*

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.⁵

Bru. Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the despatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than in singularity,⁶ he goes
Upon his present action.

Bru. Let's along. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Corioli. *The Senate-House.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and certain Senators.

1 *Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,

⁵ *Of his demerits rob Cominius.*] *Merits* and *demerits* had anciently the same meaning.

⁶ *More than in singularity, &c.*] After what fashion, *beside that in which his own singularity of disposition invests him*, he goes into the field.

That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?

What ever hath † been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think,
I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [*Reads.*

*They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east, or west: The dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius, your old enemy,
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,)
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.*

1 *Sen.* Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
They needs must show themselves; which in the
hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in many towns⁷, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2 *Sen.* Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands:
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before us, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find
They have not prepar'd for us.

† "whatever have been" — MALONE.

⁷ To take in many towns,] To take in is here, as in many other places, to subdue.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more.
Some parcels of their powers are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall never strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

1 *Sen.* Farewell.

2 *Sen.* Farewell.

All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Rome. *An Apartment in Marcius' House.*

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

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way⁸; when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I, — considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir, — was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with

⁸ — *when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way;*] i. e. attracted the attention of every one towards him.

oak.⁹ I tell thee, daughter; — I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

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

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: — Had I a dozen sons, — each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, — I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

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

Vir. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him:
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus, —
Come on, you cowards, you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome: His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping¹, forth he goes;
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

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

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy: The breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords' contending. — Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*

⁹ — *brows bound with oak.*] The crown given by the Romans to him that saved the life of a citizen, which was accounted more honourable than any other.

¹ *With his mail'd hand then wiping,*] i. e. his hand covered or armed with mail.

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

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

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and her Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam, —

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What, are you sewing here? A fine spot,² in good faith. — How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his school-master.

Val. O'my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O'my troth, I looked upon him o'Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again: and over and over he comes, and up again; caught it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammocked it!³

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.⁴

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

² *A fine spot,*] This expression, (whatever may be the precise meaning of it,) is still in use among the vulgar; "You have made a fine spot of work of it," being a common phrase of reproach to those who have brought themselves into a scrape.

³ — mammocked it!] To *mammock* is to cut to pieces, or to tear.

⁴ *A crack, madam,*] *Crack* signifies a boy child.

Val. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fye, you confine yourself most unreasonably; Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun, in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would, your cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is: — The Volces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, she would: — Fare you well then. — Come, good sweet lady. — Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o'door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must not.
I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Before Corioli.

Enter, with Drums and Colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news: — A wager they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell, nor give him: lend you him,
I will,

For half a hundred years. — Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work;
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends⁵! — Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a Parley. Enter, on the Walls, some Senators, and Others.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1 *Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he,

⁵ — fielded friends /] i. e. our friends who are in the field of battle.

That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

[*Alarums afar off.*]

Are bringing forth our youth : We'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up : our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes ;
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off ;

[*Other Alarums.*]

There is Aufidius ; list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it !

Lart. Their noise be our instruction. — Ladders, ho !

The Volces enter and pass over the Stage.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields. — Advance, brave

Titus :

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath. — Come on, my
fellows ;

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

*Alarum, and exeunt Romans and Volces, fighting. The
Romans are beaten back to their trenches. Re-enter
MARCIVS.*

All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome ! — you herd of — Boils and
plagues

Plaster you o'er ; that you may be abhorr'd
Further than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile ! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat ? Pluto and hell !
All hurt behind ; backs red, and faces pale

With flight and agued fear ! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you : look to't : Come on ;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another Alarum. The Volces and Romans re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volces retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the Gates.

So, now the gates are ope : Now prove good seconds :
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers : mark me, and do the like.

[*He enters the Gates, and is shut in.*

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardiness ; not I.

2 *Sol.*

Nor I.

3 *Sol.*

See, they

Have shut him in.

[*Alarum continues.*

All.

To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius ?

All.

Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters : who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd-to their gates ; he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart.

O noble fellow !

Who, sensible⁶, outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up ! — Thou art left, Mar-
cius :

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes ; but, with thy grim looks, and

⁶ *Who, sensible,]* *Sensible* is here, having *sensation*.

The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.

1 *Sol.* Look, sir.

Lart. 'Tis Marcus : †
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[*They fight, and all enter the City.*

SCENE V.

Within the Town. A Street.

Enter certain Romans, with Spoils.

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on't ! I took this for silver.

[*Alarum continues still afar off.*

Enter MARCIUS, and TITUS LARTIUS, with a Trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachm ! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up : — Down with
them. —

And hark, what noise the general makes ! — To him : —
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans : Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city ;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

† " O, 'tis Marcus : " — MALONE.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not
My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius! — [*Exit* MARCIUS.
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind: Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Near the Camp of Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS and Forces, retreating.

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought: we are
come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Now cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends: — The Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own;
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice! — Thy news?

Condemning some to death, and some to exile ;
 Ransoming him, or pitying⁸, threat'ning the other ;
 Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
 Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
 To let him slip at will.

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

Mar. Let him alone,
 He did inform the truth : But for our gentlemen,
 The common file, (A plague ! — Tribunes for them !)
 The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
 From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you ?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell ? I do not think —
 Where is the enemy ? Are you lords o'the field ?
 If not, why cease you till you are so ?

Com. Marcius,
 We have at disadvantage fought, and did
 Retire, to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle ? Know you on which side
 They have plac'd their men of trust ?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
 Their hands in the vaward are the Antiates,
 Of their best trust : o'er them Aufidius,
 Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
 By all the battles wherein we have fought,
 By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
 We have made to endure friends, that you directly
 Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates :
 And that you not delay the present⁹ ; but,
 Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,
 We prove this very hour.

⁸ *Ransoming him, or pitying,*] i. e. *remitting his ransom.*

⁹ *And that you not delay the present ;*] *Delay,* for let slip.

SCENE VII.

The Gates of Corioli.

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a Guard upon Corioli, going with a Drum and Trumpet toward COMINIUS and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant, a Party of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded: keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
Those centuries¹ to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: If we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us. —
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

A Field of Battle between the Roman and the Volscian Camps.

Alarum. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike;
Not Africk owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy: Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

¹ *Those centuries —*] i. e. companies consisting each of a hundred men.

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd; 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me mask'd: for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,²
Thou should'st not 'scape me here. —

[*They fight, and certain Volces come to the aid
of AUFIDIUS.*

Officious, and not valiant — you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds.³

[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by MARCIUS.*

SCENE IX.

The Roman Camp.

*Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter at
one side, COMINIUS, and Romans; at the other side,
MARCIUS, with his Arm in a Scarf, and other Ro-
mans.*

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,

² *That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,*] *Whip* might an-
ciently be used, as *crack* is now, to denote any thing peculiarly
boasted of; as — the *crack* house in the county — the *crack* boy of
a school, &c. Modern phraseology, perhaps, has only passed from
the *whip* to the *crack* of it. STEEVENS.

³ — *you have sham'd me*

[*In your condemned seconds.*] i. e. *You have, to my shame, sent
me help, which I must condemn as intrusive, instead of applauding it
as necessary.*

(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done,) before our army hear me.

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

Com. Should they not,^s
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,) of all
The treasure, in this field achiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

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

[*A long Flourish. They all cry, Marcus!*
Marcus! cast up their Caps and Lances:
COMINIUS and LARTIUS stand bare.

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
I'the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
An overture for the wars! No more, I say;
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
Or foil'd some debile wretch, — which without note,
Here's many else have done, — you shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you

^s *Should they not,*] That is, *not be remembered.*

(Like one that means his proper harm,) in manacles,
 Then reason safely with you. — Therefore, be it known,
 As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
 Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
 My noble steed known to the camp, I give him,
 With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
 For what he did before Corioli, call him,
 With all the applause and clamour of the host,
 CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS. —
 Bear the addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.*]

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash.

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
 Whether I blush, or no: Howbeit, I thank you:
 I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,
 To undercrest your good addition,
 To the fairness of my power.⁹

Com. So, to our tent:
 Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
 To Rome of our success. — You, Titus Lartius,
 Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
 The best¹, with whom we may articulate,²
 For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

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

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

⁹ To undercrest your good addition,

To the fairness of my power.] I understand the meaning to be, to illustrate this honourable distinction you have conferred on me by fresh deservings to the extent of my power. To *undercrest*, I should guess, signifies properly, to wear beneath the crest as a part of a coat of arms. The name or title now given seems to be considered as the crest; the promised future achievements as the future additions to that coat. HEATH.

¹ *The best,*] The chief men of Corioli.

² — with whom we may articulate,] i. e. enter into articles.

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!
Where he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter forgot:—
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries: 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

The Camp of the Volces.

*A Flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, bloody,
with Two or Three Soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en!

1 Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition?—

I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volce, be that I am.— Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I'the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;
And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.— By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his; Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't, it had: for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,

(True sword to sword,) I'll potch at him some way;³
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

1 *Sol.* He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: My valour's
poison'd,
With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself⁴; nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick: nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury⁵, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard⁶, even there
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the city;
Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that must
Be hostages for Rome.

1 *Sol.* Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended⁷ at the cypress grove:
I pray you,
('Tis south the city mills⁸,) bring me word thither

³ — *I'll potch at him some way;*] Mr. Heath reads — *poach*; but *potch*, to which the objection is made as no English word, is used in the midland counties for a *rough, violent push*.

⁴ — *for him*
Shall fly out of itself:] To mischief him, my valour should *deviate* from its own native generosity. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *nor sleep, nor sanctuary, &c.*
Embarquements *all of fury, &c.*] The word, in the old copy, is spelt *embarquements*, and, as Cotgrave says, meant not only an *embarkation*, but an *embargoing*. *The rotten privilege and custom* that follow, seem to favour this explanation, and therefore the old reading may well enough stand, as an *embargo* is undoubtedly an *impediment*. STEEVENS.

⁶ *At home, upon my brother's guard,*] In my own house, with my brother posted to protect him.

⁷ — *attended* —] i. e. waited for.

⁸ (*'Tis south the city mills,*)] Mr. Tyrwhitt would read for mills, *a mile*, but Mr. Steevens observes that Shakspeare is seldom careful about such little improprieties. Corio-

How the world goes; that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

1 *Sol.*

I shall, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. — Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Trib. Well sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor †, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Coriolanus speaks of *our divines*, and *Menenius* of *graves in the holy churchyard*. It is said afterwards, that *Coriolanus* talks like a *knell*; and *drums*, and *Hob*, and *Dick*, are with as little attention to time or place, introduced in this tragedy.

† "poor in," — MALONE.

Men. This is strange now : Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o'the right hand file ? Do you ?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured ?

Men. Because you talk of pride now, — Will you not be angry ?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter ; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience : give your disposition the reins, and be angry at your pleasures ; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud ?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone ; for your helps are many ; or else your actions would grow wondrous single : your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride : O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks,⁹ and make but an interior survey of your good selves ! O, that you could !

Bru. What then, sir ?

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

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of al-laying Tyber in't ; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint : hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion : one that converses more with the buttock of the night¹, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter ; and spend my ma-

⁹ — *towards the napes of your necks.*] With allusion to the fable, which says, that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbour's faults, and another behind him, in which he stows his own. JOHNSON.

¹ — *one that converses more, &c.*] Rather a late lier down than an early riser. JOHNSON.

lice in my breath: Meeting two such weals-men as you are (I cannot call you Lycurguses,) if the drink you give me, touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say, your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell, you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it, that I am known well enough too. What harm can your bisson conspectuities² glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

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

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs³; you wear out a good wholesome forenoon⁴, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejoin the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience. — When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the cholick, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are.

² — bisson conspectuities,] *Bisson*, blind.

³ — for poor knaves' caps and legs:] That is, for their obeisance showed by bowing to you.

⁴ — you wear out a good, &c.] It appears from this whole speech that Shakspeare mistook the office of *præfectus urbis* for the tribune's office.

When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[BRUTUS and SICINIUS retire to the back of the Scene.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, &c.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

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

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

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

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

Two Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

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

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

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

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiric tick, and, to this preservative, of no better

report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

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

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—Brings 'a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

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

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?⁵

Vol. Good ladies, let's go:—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

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

Men. Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, wow.

Men. True; I'll be sworn they are true:—Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships! [*to the tribunes, who come forward.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I'the shoulder, and i'the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i'the body.

⁵ — possessed of this?] *Possessed*, in our author's language, is fully informed.

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

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

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

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him
He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears;
Death, that dark spirit, in's nery arm doth lie;
Which being advanc'd, declines⁶; and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken Garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli' gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows, Coriolanus: —

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [*Flourish.*]

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;

Pray now, no more.

Com. Look sir, your mother, —

Cor. O!

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods

For my prosperity. [*Kneels.*]

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;

My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and

By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,

What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?

But O, thy wife —

⁶ Which being advanc'd, declines;] Volumnia, in her boasting strain, says, that her son to kill his enemy, has nothing to do but to lift his hand up and let it fall. JOHNSON.

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!⁷
 Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
 That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
 Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
 And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.

[*To VALERIA.*]

Vol. I know not where to turn:—O welcome home;
 And, welcome, general;—And you are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,
 And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy: Welcome:
 A curse begin at very root of his heart,
 That is not glad to see thee!—You are three
 That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
 We have some old crab-trees, here at home, that will not
 Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:
 We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
 The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours:
 [*To his Wife and Mother.*]

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
 The good patricians must be visited;
 From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
 But with them change of honours.

Vol. I have lived
 To see inherited my very wishes,
 And the buildings of my fancy: only there
 Is one thing wanting, which, I doubt not, but
 Our Rome will cast upon thee.

⁷ *My gracious silence, hail!*] i. e. "My *beauteous* silence," or my "silent grace." *Gracious* seems to have had the same meaning formerly that *graceful* has at this day.

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol.

[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before.*
The Tribunes remain.

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacl'd to see him; Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture⁸ lets her baby cry,
While she chats him; the kitchen malkin⁹ pins
Her richest lockram¹ 'bout her reechy neck,²
Clambering the walls to eye him; Stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens³
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station:⁴ our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
Were slyly crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

⁸ *Into a rapture* —] *Rapture*, a common term at that time used for a fit, simply. So, *to be rap'd*, signified, *to be in a fit*.

⁹ — *the kitchen malkin* —] *Malkin* is properly the diminutive of *Mal* (Mary); as *Wilkin*, *Tomkin*, &c. In Scotland, pronounced *Maukin*; it signifies a hare. *Grey malkin* (corruptly *grimalkin*) is a cat. The *kitchen malkin* is just the same as the *kitchen Madge* or *Bess*: the scullion. RITSON.

¹ *Her richest lockram, &c.*] *Lockram*, was some kind of cheap linen.

² — *her reechy neck,*] *Reechy* is greasy, sweaty.

³ — *seld-shown flamens,* —] i. e. priests who *seldom* exhibit themselves to publick view. *Seld* is often used by ancient writers for *seldom*.

⁴ — *a vulgar station:*] i. e. a common standing-place, such as is distinguished by no particular convenience.

Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin, and end⁵; but will
Lose those that he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we stand,
But they, upon their ancient malice, will
Forget, with the least cause, these his new honours;
Which that he'll give them, make as little question
As he is proud to do't.⁶

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i'the market-place, nor on him put
The napless⁷ vesture of humility;
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it, rather
Than carry it, but by the suit o'the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.

⁵ *From where he should begin, and end;*] Our author means, though he has expressed himself most licentiously, he cannot carry his honours temperately from where he should begin *to where he should end*. The word *transport* includes the ending as well as the beginning. He cannot begin to carry his honours, and conclude his journey, *from the spot where he should begin, and to the spot where he should end*.

⁶ *As he is proud to do't.*] *Proud to do*, is the same as, *proud of doing*. *As* means here, as *that*.

⁷ *The napless vesture* —] By *napless*, Shakspeare means *thread-bare*.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills;⁸
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people⁹, in what hatred
He still hath held them; that, to his power¹, he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Disproportioned their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their provand²
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall teach the people, (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak: The matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs³ and handkerchiefs,

⁸ *It shall be to him then, as our good wills;*] The word — *wills* is here a verb; and as our "*good wills*" means, "as our advantage" requires.

⁹ — suggest *the people,*] i. e. *prompt* them.

¹ — *to his power,*] i. e. as far as his power goes, to the utmost of it.

² — *their provand* —] So the old copy, and rightly, though all the modern editors read *provender*.

³ *Matrons flung their gloves* —

Ladies — their scarfs —] Here our author has attributed some

Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
 As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
 A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts:
 I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol;
 And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
 But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. The Capitol.

Enter Two Officers, to lay Cushions.

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here: How many stand for consulships?

2 *Off.* Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, let's them plainly see't.

of the customs of his own age to a people who were wholly unacquainted with them. Few men of fashion in his time appeared at a tournament without a lady's favour upon his arm: and sometimes when a nobleman had tilted with uncommon grace and agility, some of the fair spectators used to *fling a scarf* or glove "upon him as he pass'd." Mr. Malone reads "flung gloves."

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he waved⁴ indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite.⁵ Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country: And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those⁶ who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted⁷, without any further deed to heave† them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him: he is a worthy man: Make way, they are coming.

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

Men. Having determin'd of the Volces, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,

⁴ — *he waved* —] That is, *he would have waved indifferently.*

⁵ — *their opposite.*] That is, their adversary.

⁶ — *as those,*] That is, as the ascent of those.

⁷ — *supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted, &c.*] *Bonnetter*, Fr. is to pull off one's cap. So, in the academick style, to *cap* a fellow, is to take off the cap to him.

† "to have" — MALONE.

To gratify his noble service, that
 Hath thus stood for his country: Therefore, please you,
 Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
 The present consul, and last general
 In our well-found successes, to report
 A little of that worthy work perform'd
 By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
 We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
 With honours like himself.

1 Sen. Speak, good Cominius.

Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
 Rather our state's defective for requital,
 Than we to stretch it out.⁸ Masters o'the people,
 We do request your kindest ears; and, after,
 Your loving motion toward the common body,⁹
 To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
 Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
 Inclunable to honour and advance
 The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
 We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
 A kinder value of the people, than
 He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off;¹
 I would you rather had been silent: Please you
 To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly:
 But yet my caution was more pertinent,
 Than the rebuke you give it.

⁸ — and make us think,

Rather our state's defective for requital,

Than we to stretch it out.] i. e. Rather say that our means are too defective to afford an adequate reward for his services, than suppose our wishes to stretch out those means are defective.

⁹ *Your loving motion toward the common body,]* Your kind interposition with the common people.

¹ *That's off, that's off ;]* That is, that is nothing to the purpose.

Men. He loves your people ;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow. —

Worthy Cominius, speak. — Nay, keep your place.

[CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away.]

1 Sen. Sit, Coriolanus ; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon ;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words dis-bench'd you not.

Cor. No, sir : yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not : But, your people,
I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i'the sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [Exit CORIOLANUS.]

Men. Masters o'the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,²
(That's thousand to one good one,) when you now see,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it? — Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice : the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly. — It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver : if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome³, he fought
Beyond the mark of others : our then dictator,

² — *how can he flatter,*] The reasoning of Menenius is this :
How can he be expected to practise flattery to others, who abhors it
so much, that he cannot hear it even when offered to himself?

³ *When Tarquin made a head for Rome,*] When Tarquin, who had
been expelled, raised a power to recover Rome.

Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
 When with his Amazonian chin⁴ he drove
 The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
 An o'er-press'd Roman, and i'the consul's view
 Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
 And struck him on his knee⁵: in that day's feats,
 When he might act the woman in the scene,⁶
 He prov'd best man i'the field, and for his meed
 Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
 Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
 And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
 He lurch'd all swords o'the garland.⁷ For this last,
 Before and in Corioli, let me say,
 I cannot speak him home: He stopp'd the fliers;
 And, by his rare example, made the coward
 Turn terror into sport: as waves before †
 A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
 And fell below his stem: his sword (death's stamp)
 Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
 Was timed with dying cries⁸: alone he enter'd

⁴ — *his Amazonian chin* —] i. e. his chin on which there was no beard.

⁵ *And struck him on his knee* :] This does not mean that he gave Tarquin a blow on the knee, but gave him such a blow as occasioned him to fall on his knee.

⁶ *When he might act the woman in the scene,*] It has been more than once mentioned, that the parts of women were, in Shakspeare's time, represented by the most smooth-faced young men to be found among the players. But here is a great anachronism. There were no theatres at Rome for the exhibition of plays for about two hundred and fifty years after the death of Coriolanus.

⁷ *He lurch'd all swords o'the garland.*] To *lurch*, in Shakspeare's time, signified to win a maiden set at cards, &c. "To lurch all swords of the garland," therefore was, to gain from all other warriors the wreath of victory, with ease, and incontestable superiority.

† "as weeds before" — MALONE.

⁸ — *every motion*

Was timed with dying cries.] The cries of the slaughtered regularly followed his motion, as musick and a dancer accompany each other.

The mortal gate⁹ o'the city, which he painted
 With shunless destiny, aidless came off,
 And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
 Corioli, like a planet: Now all's his:
 When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
 His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit
 Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
 And to the battle came he; where he did
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
 'Twere a perpetual spoil: and, till we call'd
 Both field and city ours, he never stood
 To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1 Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honours¹
 Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at;
 And look'd upon things precious, as they were
 The common muck o'the world; he covets less
 Than misery² itself would give; rewards
 His deeds with doing them; and is content
 To spend the time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble;
 Let him be call'd for.

1 Sen. Call for Coriolanus. †

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
 To make thee consul.

⁹ *The mortal gate* —] The gate that was made the scene of death.

¹ *He cannot but with measure fit the honours* —] That is, no honour will be too great for him; he will show a mind equal to any elevation.

² *Than misery* —] *Misery* for avarice; because a *miser* signifies avaricious.

† Mr. Malone omits *for*.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.

Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you
Let me o'erleap that custom ; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage : please you,
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices ; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't : —
Pray you, go fit you to the custom ; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.³

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

Bru. Mark you that ?

Cor. To brag unto them, — Thus I did, and thus ; —
Show them the unaking scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only : —

Men. Do not stand upon't. —
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them⁴ ; — and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour !

[*Flourish.* Then exeunt Senators.]

³ *Your honour with your form.*] *Your form*, may mean the form which custom prescribes to you.

⁴ *We recommend to you, tribunes of the people, Our purpose to them ;*] We entreat you, tribunes of the people, to recommend and enforce to the plebeians, what we propose to them for their approbation ; namely, the appointment of Coriolanus to the consulship.

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent! He will require them,

As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. The Forum.

Enter several Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

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

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

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once, when we stood up † about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their

† "for once we stood up," &c. — MALONE.

consent of one direct way should be at once to all points o'the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedged up in a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:— You may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay altogether, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars: wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

[*Exeunt.*

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

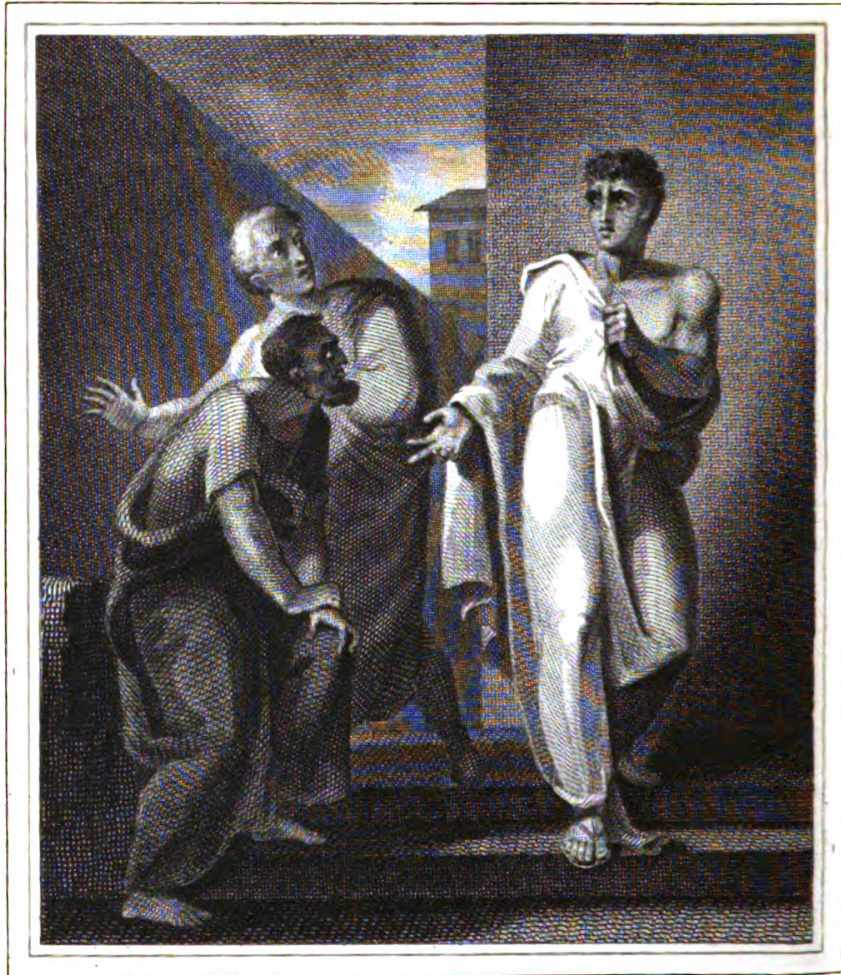
Cor.

What must I say?—

I pray, sir, — Plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace: — Look, sir; — my
wounds; —

I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.





CORIANUS

COR. NO, SIR

'T WAS NEVER MY DESIRE YET, TO TROUBLE
THE POOR WITH BEGGING.

Act 2 Sc. 3.

London. Published by F. C. & J. Rivington, and Partners, Feb^r 1823.

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

Cor. Think upon me ? Hang 'em !
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by them.⁴

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

Enter Two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean. — So, here comes a brace.
You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

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

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 Cit. Your own desert ?

Cor. Ay, not
Mine own desire.

1 Cit. How ! not your own desire ?

Cor. No, sir :

'Twas never my desire yet,
To trouble the poor with begging.

1 Cit. You must think, if we give you any thing,
We hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o'the consulship ?

1 Cit. The price is, sir, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly !

Sir, I pray, let me ha't : I have wounds to show you,
Which shall be yours in private. — Your good voice,
sir :

What say you ?

⁴ *I would they would forget me, like the virtues*

Which our divines lose by them.] i. e. I wish they would forget me as they do those virtuous precepts, which the divines preach up to them, and lose by them, as it were, by their neglecting the practice.

2 *Cit.* You shall have it, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir : —

There is in all two worthy voices begg'd : —

I have your alms ; adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again, — But 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt Two Citizens.*]

Enter Two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

3 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma ?

3 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends ; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them ; 'tis a condition they account gentle : and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly : that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

4 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend ; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge⁵ with showing

⁵ *I will not seal your knowledge —*] I will not strengthen or complete your knowledge. The seal is that which gives authenticity to a writing.

them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!

[*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices! —

Better it is to die, better to starve,
 Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
 Why in this wolvisish gown should I stand here,
 To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
 Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't: —
 What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
 The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
 And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
 For truth to over-peer, — Rather than fool it so,
 Let the high office and the honour go
 To one that would do thus. — I am half through;
 The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter Three other Citizens.

Here come more voices, —

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
 Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
 Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
 I have seen, and heard of; for your voices, have
 Done many things, some less, some more: your voices:
 Indeed, I would be consul.

5 Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

6 Cit. Therefore let him be consul: The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen. —

God save thee, noble consul! [Exeunt Citizens.]

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS, and SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice : Remains,
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd :
The people do admit you ; and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where ? at the senate-house ?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I then change these garments ? †

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do ; and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company. — Will you along ?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* CORIOL. and MENEN.]

He has it now ; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds : Will you dismiss the people ?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters ? have you chose this man ?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods, he may deserve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, sir : To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly,
He flouted us down-right.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not
mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,
He us'd us scornfully : he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds received for his country.

† Mr. Malone omits *then*.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

Cit. No; no man saw 'em.
[*Several speak.*]

3 *Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he could show
in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
I would be consul, says he: *aged custom*,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore: When we granted that,
Here was, — *I thank you for your voices*, — *thank you*, —
Your most sweet voices: — *now you have left your voices*,
I have no further with you: — Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see't?⁶
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd, — When he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I'the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency, and sway o'the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for; so his gracious nature
Would think upon you⁷ for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd

⁶ — ignorant to see't?] Were you ignorant to see it, is, did you want knowledge to discern it?

⁷ Would think upon you —] Would retain a grateful remembrance of you, &c.

Either his gracious promise, which you might,
 As cause had call'd you up, have held him to ;
 Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
 Which easily endures not article
 Tying him to aught ; so, putting him to rage,
 You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
 And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
 He did solicit you in free contempt,⁸
 When he did need your loves ; and do you think,
 That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
 When he hath power to crush ? Why, had your bodies
 No heart among you ? Or had you tongues, to cry
 Against the rectorship of judgment ?

Sic. Have you,
 Ere now, deny'd the asker ? and, now again,
 On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
 Your su'd-for tongues ?

3 Cit. He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 Cit. And will deny him :
 I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 Cit. I twice five hundred, and their friends to
 piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly ; and tell those friends —
 They have chose a consul, that will from them take
 Their liberties ; make them of no more voice
 Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
 As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble ;
 And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
 Your ignorant election : Enforce his pride.⁹
 And his old hate unto you : Besides, forget not
 With what contempt he wore the humble weed :

⁸ — *free contempt;*] That is, with contempt open and unrestrained.

⁹ — *Enforce his pride;*] Object his pride, and enforce the objection.

How in his suit he scorn'd you : but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,¹
Which gibingly, † ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. *Lay*
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections : and that, your minds
Pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul : Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued : and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o'the Marcians ; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king :
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither ;
And Censorinus, darling of the people,
And nobly nam'd so, being censor twice, ‡
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances : but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,²

¹ — *his present portance,*] i. e. carriage.

† "Most gibingly," — MALONE.

‡ "twice censor," — MALONE.

² *Scaling his present bearing with his past,*] That is, *weighing his past and present behaviour.*

That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done't,
(Harp on that still,) but by our putting on:³
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

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

Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.⁴

Sic. To the Capitol:
Come; we'll be there before the stream o'the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *The same. A Street.*

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

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was, which caus'd
Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon us again.

³ — by our putting on:] i. e. incitation.

⁴ — observe and answer

The vantage of his anger.] Mark, catch, and improve the opportunity, which his hasty anger will afford us.

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

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me⁵; and did curse
Against the Volces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword:
That, of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. — Welcome home.

[To LARTIUS.]

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o'the common mouth. I do despise them;
For they do prank them in authority,⁶
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to

Go on: no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

⁵ On safe-guard he came to me;] i. e. with a convoy, a guard appointed to protect him.

⁶ — prank them in authority,] Plume, deck, dignify themselves.

Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the commons?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

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

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd? —

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues? — What are your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:
Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot:

The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them since?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yon clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow-tribune.

Sic. You show too much of that,
For which the people stir: If you will pass

To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd: — Set on. — This
palt'ring

Becomes not Rome⁸; nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely⁹
I'the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again; —

Men. Not now, not now.

1 Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will. — My nobler friends,

I crave their pardons: —

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves¹: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion², insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and scat-
ter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

⁸ — *This palt'ring*

Becomes not Rome;] That is, this trick of dissimulation; this shuffling.

⁹ — *rub, laid falsely, &c.*] *Falsely* for *treacherously*.

¹ — *let them*

Regard me as I do not flatter, and

Therein behold themselves:] Let them look in the mirror which I hold up to them, a mirror which does not flatter, and see themselves. JOHNSON.

² *The cockle of rebellion,*] *Cockle* is a weed which grows up with the corn.

I *Sen.* No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay, against those meazels,³
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o'the people,

As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well,

We let the people know't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind,

That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain! —

Hear you this Triton of the minnows⁴? mark you
His absolute *shall*?

Com. 'Twas from the canon.⁵

Cor. *Shall!*

O good, but most unwise patricians, why,
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
The horn and noise o'the monsters, wants not spirit
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,

³ — meazels,] *Mesell* is used in *Pierce Plowman's Vision*, for a leper.

⁴ — minnows?] A minnow is one of the smallest river fish, called in some counties a *pink*.

⁵ 'Twas from the canon.] Was contrary to the established rule; it was a form of speech to which he has no right; but Mr. Mason thinks these words imply the very reverse.

And make your channel his? If he have power,
 Then vail your ignorance⁶: if none, awake
 Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
 Be not as common fools; if you are not,
 Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
 If they be senators: and they are no less,
 When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste
 Most palates theirs.⁷ They choose their magistrate;
 And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
 His popular *shall*, against a graver bench
 Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
 It makes the consuls base: and my soul akes,
 To know, when two authorities are up,
 Neither supreme, how soon confusion
 May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
 The one by the other.

Com. Well — on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
 The corn o'the store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd
 Sometime in Greece, —

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. (Though there the people had more absolute
 power,) I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
 The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
 One, that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
 More worthier than their voices. They know, the corn

⁶ *Then vail your ignorance:] If this man has power, let the ignorance that gave it him vail or bow down before him.*

⁷ — *You are plebeians, If they be senators: and they are no less, When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste Most palates theirs.]* Perhaps the meaning is, the plebeians are no less than senators, when, the voices of the senate and the people being blended together, the predominant state of the compound smacks more of the populace than the senate.

Was not our recompense ; resting well assur'd
 They ne'er did service for't : Being press'd to the war,
 Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
 They would not thread the gates⁸ : this kind of service
 Did not deserve corn gratis : being i'the war,
 Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
 Most valour, spoke not for them : The accusation
 Which they have often made against the senate,
 All cause unborn, could never be the native⁹
 Of our so frank donation. Well, what then ?
 How shall this bosom multiplied¹ digest
 The senate's courtesy ? Let deeds express
 What's like to be their words : — *We did request it ;
 We are the greater poll, and in true fear
 They gave us our demands : —* Thus we debase
 The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
 Call our cares, fears : which will in time break ope
 The locks o'the senate, and bring in the crows
 To peck the eagles. —

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more :

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
 Seal what I end withal ! — This double worship, —
 Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
 Insult without all reason ; where gentry, title, wisdom
 Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
 Of general ignorance, — it must omit
 Real necessities, and give way the while
 To unstable slightness : purpose so barr'd, it follows,
 Nothing is done to purpose : Therefore, beseech you, —

⁸ *They would not thread the gates : —*] That is, *pass* them. We yet say, to *thread* an alley.

⁹ — *could never be the native —*] *Native* is here not natural birth, but *natural parent*, or *cause of birth*. JOHNSON.

¹ — *this bosom multiplied —*] This *multitudinous* bosom ; the bosom of that great monster, the people.

You that will be less fearful than discreet;
 That love the fundamental part of state,
 More than you doubt the change of't²; that prefer
 A noble life before a long, and wish
 To jump a body³ with a dangerous physick
 That's sure of death without it, — at once pluck out
 The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
 The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour
 Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
 Of that integrity which should become it;
 Not having the power to do the good it would,
 For the ill which doth control it.

Bru. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
 As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee! —
 What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
 On whom depending, their obedience fails
 To the greater bench; In a rebellion,
 When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
 Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
 Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,
 And throw their power i'the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The Ædiles, ho! — Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people; [*exit BRUTUS.*] in whose
 name, myself
 Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,

² *More than you doubt the change of't;*] To doubt is to fear. The meaning is, You whose zeal predominates over your terrors; you who do not so much fear the danger of violent measures, as wish the good to which they are necessary, the preservation of the original constitution of our government.

³ *To jump a body* —] Thus the old copy. To jump anciently signified to jolt, to give a rude concussion to any thing. To jump a body may therefore mean, to put it into a violent agitation or commotion.

A foe to the public weal : Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat !

Sen. & Pat. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens.

*Re-enter BRUTUS, with the Ædiles, and a rabble of
Citizens.*

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he, that would

Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, Ædiles.

Cit. Down with him, down with him !

[*Several speak.*

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons !

[*They all bustle about CORIOLANUS.*

Tribunes, patricians, citizens ! — what ho ! —

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens !

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

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

Sic. Hear me, people ; — Peace.

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

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

Men. Fye, fye, fye !

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

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

Sic. What is the city, but the people ?

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

Cit. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat ;
To bring the roof to the foundation ;
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

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

Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him ;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him.

Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ædi. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent : — Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No ; I'll die here.

[*Drawing his Sword.*

There's some among you have beheld me fighting ;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword ; — Tribunes, withdraw
a while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help, help Marcius! help,
You that be noble: help him, young, and old!

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[*In this Mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and
the People, are all beat in.*]

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away,
All will be naught else.

2 Sen. Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast;

We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

1 Sen. The gods forbid!

I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself: Begone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians, (as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they are not,
Though carv'd i'the porch o'the Capitol,) —

Men. Be gone;

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.⁴

Cor. On fair ground,

I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself

Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two tri-
bunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabrick. — Will you hence,

⁴ *One time will owe another.*] The meaning seems to be, One time will compensate for another. Our time of triumph will come hereafter: time will be in our debt, will owe us a good turn, for our present disgrace. Let us trust to futurity.

Before the tag return?⁵ whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.

Men. Pray you, begone:
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.
[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and
Others.]

1 *Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [A noise within.
Here's goodly work!

2 *Pat.* I would they were a-bed!

Men. I would they were in Tyber! — What, the ven-
geance,
Could he not speak them fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the Rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes, —

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the publick power,
Which he so sets at nought.

⁵ *Before the tag return?*] The lowest and most despicable of the populace are still denominated by those a little above them, *Tag, rag, and bobtail.*

1 *Cit.* He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

Cit. He shall, sure on't.

[*Several speak together.*

Men. Sir, —†

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry, havock, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it, that you
Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak : —
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults : —

Sic. Consul ! — what consul ?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He a consul !

Cit. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good
people,

I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two ;
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then ;
For we are peremptory, to despatch
This viperous traitor : to eject him hence,
Were but one danger ; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death ; therefore it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children⁶ is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own !

† " Sir, sir," — MALONE.

⁶ Towards her deserved children —] *Deserved, for deserving.*

Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it easy.
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country:
And, what is left, to lose it by his country:
Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,
A brand to the end o'the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.⁷

Bru. Merely awry⁸: When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was? †

Bru. We'll hear no more: —
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so, —

Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our Ædiles smote? ourselves resisted? — Come: —

Men. Consider this; — He has been bred i'the wars

⁷ *This is clean kam.*] i. e. Awry. So Cotgrave interprets, *Tout va à contrepoil*, *All goes clean kam*. Hence a *cambrel* for a crooked stick, or the bend in a horse's hinder leg. The Welsh word for *crooked* is *kam*.

⁸ *Merely awry:*] i. e. absolutely.

† Mr. Malone places a full point here, yet allows that an interrogation is implied.

Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
 In bouted language; meal and bran together
 He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
 I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
 Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
 (In peace) to his utmost peril.

1 Sen. Noble tribunes,
 It is the humane way: the other course
 Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
 Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
 Be you then as the people's officer:—
 Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place:— We'll attend you
 there:

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
 In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you:—
 Let me desire your company. [*To the Senators.*] He
 must come,

Or what is worst will follow.

1 Sen. Pray you, let's to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in Coriolanus's House.

Enter CORIOLANUS, and Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
 Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
 Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
 That the precipitation might down stretch
 Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
 Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

1 *Pat.* You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse⁹, my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance¹ stood up
To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you;

[*To VOLUMNIA.*

Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

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

Cor. Let go.

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

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS, and Senators.

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

1 *Sen.* There's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

⁹ *I muse,*] that is, *I wonder, I am at a loss.*

¹ — *my ordinance* —] *My rank.*

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

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

Cor. What must I do ?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well,
What then ? what then ?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them ? — I cannot do it to the gods ;
Must I then do't to them ?

Vol. You are too absolute ;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. ² I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I'the war do grow together : Grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush !

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, (which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war ; since that to both
It stands in like request ?

Cor. Why force you ³ this ?

² *You are too absolute ;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak.]* Except in cases of urgent necessity,
when your resolute and noble spirit, however commendable at other
times, ought to yield to the occasion.

³ *Why force you —]* Why urge you.

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
 To the people; not by your own instruction,
 Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you to, †
 But with such words that are but roted in
 Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
 Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.⁴
 Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
 Than to take in a town⁵ with gentle words,
 Which else would put you to your fortune, and
 The hazard of much blood. —
 I would dissemble with my nature, where
 My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd,
 I should do so in honour: I am in this,
 Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
 And you will rather show our general lowts⁶
 How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,
 For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
 Of what that want⁷ might ruin.

Men. Noble lady! —
 Come, go with us; speak fair; you may salve so,
 Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
 Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
 Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
 And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them,)
 Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business
 Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
 More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,
 Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,

† "prompts you," — MALONE.

⁴ — *bastards, and syllables*

Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.] I read: "*Of no alliance;*" therefore *bastards*. Yet *allowance* may well enough stand, as meaning *legal right, established rank, or settled authority*. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Than to take in a town* —] To subdue or destroy.

⁶ — *our general lowts* —] Our common clowns.

⁷ — *that want* —] The want of their loves.

Now humble, as the ripest mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: Or, say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power, and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, all their hearts were yours: †
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free.
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go, and be rul'd: although, I know, thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i'the market-place: and, sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will:
Pr'ythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce?⁸
Must I

With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this single plot⁹ to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,

† Mr. Malone omits *all*.

⁸ — *my unbarb'd sconce?*] *Unbarbed sconce* is *untrimmed* or *unshaven head*.

⁹ — *single plot* —] i. e. piece, portion; applied to a piece of earth, and here elegantly transferred to the body, carcase.

And throw it against the wind. — To the market-place: —
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son: as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't:
Away my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum¹, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
The babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks²; and school-boys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrop, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms! — I will not do't:
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness³; for I mock at death

¹ *Which quired with my drum,*] Which played in concert with my drum.

² *Tent in my cheeks;*] To tent is to take up residence.

³ _____ let

Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear

Thy dangerous stoutness;] This is obscure. Perhaps, she means:
— Go, do thy worst; let me rather feel the utmost extremity that
thy pride can bring upon us, than live thus in fear of thy dangerous
obstinacy. JOHNSON.

With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me :
But owe⁴ thy pride thyself.

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

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*

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

Cor. The word is, mildly : — Pray you, let us go :
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

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

SCENE III.

The same. The Forum.

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power : If he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy⁵ to the people ;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed. —

⁴ — owe —] i. e. own.

⁵ — envy —] i. e. malice, hatred.

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come ?

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied ?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll ?

Æd. I have ; 'tis ready, here.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes ?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither :
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so*
I'the right and strength o'the commons, be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them
If I say, fine, cry *fine* ; if death, cry *death* ;
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i'the truth o'the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go about it. —

[Exit Ædile.]

Put him to choler straight : He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction⁶ : Being once chaf'd, he cannot

⁶ — and to have his worth

[Of contradiction:] He has been used to have his *worth*, or (as we should now say) his *pennyworth* of contradiction ; his full quota, or proportion.

Be rein'd again to temperance ; then he speaks
 What's in his heart : and that is there, which looks
 With us to break his neck.⁷

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS. COMINIUS, Senators,
and Patricians.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
 Will bear the knave by the volume.⁸ — The honour'd
 gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
 Supplied with worthy men ! plant love among us !
 Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
 And not our streets with war !

1 Sen. Amen, amen !

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. List to your tribunes ; audience : Peace, I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say. — Peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present ?
 Must all determine here ?

Sic. I do demand,
 If you submit you to the people's voices,
 Allow their officers, and are content
 To suffer lawful censure for such faults
 As shall be prov'd upon you ?

Cor. I am content.

⁷ — *which looks*

With us to break his neck.] The tribune seems to mean — The sentiments of Coriolanus's heart are our coadjutors, and look to have their share in promoting his destruction.

⁸ *Will bear the knave by the volume.*] i. e. would bear being called a knave as often as would fill out a volume.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says, he is content :
The warlike service he has done, consider ;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i'the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches with briars,
Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier : Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.⁹

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again ?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then : 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd office¹, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical ;
For which, you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How ! Traitor ?

Men. Nay ; temperately : Your promise.

Cor. The fires i'the lowest hell fold in the people !
Call me their traitor ! — Thou injurious tribune !
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd² as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people ?

⁹ *Rather than envy you.*] Rather than import ill will to you.

¹ — *season'd office,*] All *office established and settled by time*, and made familiar to the people by long use.

² — *clutch'd* —] i. e. grasp'd.

Cit. To the rock with him ; to the rock with him ! †

Sic. Peace.

We need not put new matter to his charge :
 What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
 Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
 Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
 Those whose great power must try him ; even this,
 So criminal, and in such capital kind,
 Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath
 Serv'd well for Rome, ——

Cor. What do you prate of service ?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You ?

Men. Is this
 The promise that you made your mother ?

Com. Know,
 I pray you, ——

Cor. I'll know no further :
 Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
 Vagabond exile, flaying ; Pent to linger
 But with a grain a day, I would not buy
 Their mercy at the price of one fair word ;
 Nor check my courage for what they can give,
 To have't with saying, Good morrow.

Sic. For that he has
 (As much as in him lies) from time to time
 Envied against the people³, seeking means
 To pluck away their power ; has now at last
 Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
 Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
 That do distribute it : In the name o'the people,
 And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
 Even from this instant, banish him our city ;

† "To the rock ; to the rock with him !" — MALONE.

³ *Envied against the people,*] i. e. behaved with signs of hatred to the people.

In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates : P'the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so,
It shall be so ; let him away : he's banish'd,
And so it shall be. †

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common
friends ; —

Sic. He's sentenc'd ; no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak :
I have been consul, and can show from Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate⁴, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins ; then if I would
Speak that —

Sic. We know your drift : Speak what ?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people, and his country :
It shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs !⁵ whose breath I hate
As reek o'the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you ;
And here remain with your uncertainty !
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts !
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair ! Have the power still
To banish your defenders ; till, at length,

† " And it shall be so." — MALONE.

⁴ *My dear wife's estimate,*] I love my country beyond the rate at
which I value my dear wife

⁵ *You common cry of curs !]* *Cry* here signifies a *troop* or *pack*.

Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,)⁶
 Making not reservation of yourselves,
 (Still your own foes,) deliver you, as most
 Abated captives⁷, to some nation
 That won you without blows ! Despising,
 For you, the city, thus I turn my back :
 There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS,
 Senators, and Patricians.

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone !

Cit. Our enemy's banish'd ! he is gone ! Hoo ! hoo !

[*The People shout, and throw up their Caps.*

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
 As he hath follow'd you, with all despite ;
 Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
 Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come, let us see him out at gates ; come : —
 The gods preserve our noble tribunes ! — Come.

[*Exeunt.*

⁶ — *Have the power still*

To banish your defenders ; till, at length,

Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,) &c.] Still retain the power of banishing your defenders, till your undiscerning folly, which can foresee no consequences, leave none in the city but yourselves, who are always labouring your own destruction.

It is remarkable, that, among the political maxims of the speculative Harrington, there is one which he might have borrowed from this speech. *The people, says he, cannot see, but they can feel.* It is not much to the honour of the people, that they have the same character of stupidity from their enemy and their friend. Such was the power of our author's mind, that he looked through life in all its relations private and civil. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Abated captives,]* *Abated* is dejected, subdued, depressed in spirit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *The same. Before a Gate of the City.**Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.**Cor.* Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell: — the
beast

With many heads butts me away. — Nay, mother,
 Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
 To say, extremity was† the trier of spirits;
 That common chances common men could bear;
 That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
 Show'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows,
 When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
 A noble cunning^b; you were us'd to load me
 With precepts, that would make invincible
 The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!*Cor.* Nay, I pr'ythee, woman, —*Vol.* Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!

† "extremities was" — MALONE.

^b — *fortune's blows,**When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves*

A noble cunning:] This is the ancient and authentick reading. The sense is, when fortune strikes her hardest blows, to be wounded, and yet continue calm, requires a generous policy. He calls this calmness *cunning*, because it is the effect of reflection and philosophy. Perhaps the first emotions of nature are nearly uniform, and one man differs from another in the powers of endurance, as he is better regulated by precept and instruction.

"They bore as heroes, but they felt as men."

JOHNSON.

Cor. What, what, what!
 I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
 Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
 If you had been the wife of Hercules,
 Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
 Your husband so much sweat. — Cominius,
 Droop not; adieu: — Farewell, my wife! my mother!
 I'll do well yet. — Thou old and true Menenius,
 Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
 And venomous to thine eyes. — My sometime general
 I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
 Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,
 'Tis fond⁹ to wail inevitable strokes,
 As 'tis to laugh at them. — My mother, you wot well,
 My hazards still have been your solace: and
 Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone,
 Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
 Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen,) your son
 Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
 With cautelous¹ baits and practice.

Vol. My first son,²
 Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
 With thee a while: Determine on some course,
 More than a wild exposture³ to each chance
 That starts i'the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!
Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
 Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
 And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
 A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
 O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;

⁹ 'Tis fond —] i. e. 'tis foolish.

¹ — cautelous —] *Cautelous*, in the present instance, signifies — *insidious*.

² *My first son*,] *First*, i. e. noblest, and most eminent of men.

³ *More than a wild exposture* —] I know not whether the word *exposture* be found in any other author. If not, I should incline to read *exposure*. MALONE.

And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I'the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well : —
Thou hast years upon thee ; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruis'd : bring me but out at gate. —
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch⁴, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still ; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear. — Come, let's not weep. —
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand :
Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Street near the Gate.

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home ; he's gone, and we'll no further. —

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home :

⁴ *My friends of noble touch,*] i. e. of true metal unallayed. Metaphor from trying gold on the touchstone.

Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then!

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all. —

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continued to his country,
As he began; and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had! 'Twas you incens'd the rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this;
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome: so far, my son,
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see,
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you. —
I would the gods had nothing else to do,

[*Exeunt* Tribunes.]

But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with
me?

Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding. — Come, let's go:

Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fye, fye, fye!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman and a Volce, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

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

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against them: Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you; but your favour is well appeared by your tongue.⁶ What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there: You have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so; They are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever.

⁶ — *but your favour is well appeared by your tongue.*] i. e. Your favour is fully manifested, or rendered apparent, by your tongue.

This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banished?

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, The fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one: the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment¹, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ — *already in the entertainment,*] That is, though not actually encamped, yet already in *pay*. To *entertain* an army is to take them into pay.

SCENE IV.

Antium. *Before Aufidius's House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean Apparel, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium : City,
'Tis I that made thy widows : many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop : then know me not ;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me. — Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies : Is he in Antium ?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you ?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir ; farewell.
[*Exit Citizen.*

O, world, thy slippery turns ! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissention of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity : So, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues. So with me : —
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon

This enemy town. — I'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

The same. A Hall in Aufidius's House.

Musick within. Enter a Servant.

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is here!
I think our fellows are asleep.

[*Exit.*]

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* Where's Cotus! my master calls for him.
Cotus!

[*Exit.*]

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: The feast smells well: but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence are
you? Here's no place for you: Pray, go to the door.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.⁸

Re-enter second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his
eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such compa-
nions⁹? Pray, get you out.

⁸ *In being Coriolanus.*] i. e. in having derived that surname from the sack of Corioli.

⁹ — *that he gives entrance to such companions?*] *Companion* was formerly used in the same sense as we now use the word *fellow*.

Cor. Away!

2 Serv. Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2 Serv. Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 Serv. What fellow's this?

1 Serv. A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o'the house: Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3 Serv. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand: I will not hurt your hearth.

3 Serv. What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 Serv. A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go!
And batten on cold bits. *[Pushes him away.]*

3 Serv. What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 Serv. And I shall. *[Exit.]*

3 Serv. Where dwellest thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 Serv. Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 Serv. Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 Serv. I' the city of kites and crows? — What an ass it is! — Then thou dwellest with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 Serv. How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honest service, than to meddle with thy mistress:

Thou prat'st, and prat'st: serve with thy trencher,
hence! [Beats him away.]

Enter AUFIDIUS and the second Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 Serv. Here, sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog,
but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldest thou?
Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus, [Unmuffling.]
Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?
[Servants retire.]

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou me
yet?

Auf. I know thee not: — Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,¹
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou should'st bear me: only that name remains;
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who

¹ — a good memory,] *Memory for memorial.*

Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest ;
 And suffered me by the voice of slaves to be
 Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
 Hath brought me to thy hearth ; Not out of hope,
 Mistake me not, to save my life ; for if
 I had fear'd death, of all the men i'the world
 I would have 'voided thee : but in mere spite,
 To be full quit of those my banishers,
 Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
 A heart of wreak in thee², that will revenge
 Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
 Of shame³ seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
 And make my misery serve thy turn ; so use it,
 That my revengeful services may prove
 As benefits to thee ; for I will fight
 Against my canker'd country with the spleen
 Of all the under fiends⁴. But if so be
 Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
 Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
 Longer to live most weary, and present
 My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice :
 Which not to cut, would show thee but a fool ;
 Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
 Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
 And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
 It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius,
 Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart

² *A heart of wreak in thee,*] A heart of resentment.

³ — *maims*

Of shame —] That is, disgraceful diminution of territory.

⁴ — *with the spleen*

Of all the under fiends.] Shakspeare, by imputing a stronger degree of inveteracy to subordinate fiends, seems to intimate, and very justly, that malice of revenge is more predominant in the lower than the upper classes of society. This circumstance is repeatedly exemplified in the conduct of Jack Cade and other heroes of the mob. STEEVENS.

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
 Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and say,
 'Tis true; I'd not believe them more than thee,
 All noble Marcius. — O, let me twine
 Mine arms about that body, where against
 My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
 And scar'd the moon⁵ with splinters! Here I clip⁶
 The anvil of my sword; and do contest
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
 As ever in ambitious strength I did
 Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
 I loved the maid I married; never man
 Sighed truer breath; but that I see thee here,
 Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
 Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
 We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
 Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
 Or lose mine arm for't: Thou hast beat me out
 Twelve several times⁷, and I have nightly since
 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
 We have been down together in my sleep,
 Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
 And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
 Had we no quarrel† else to Rome, but that
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
 Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
 Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
 And take our friendly senators by the hands;
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,

⁵ *And scar'd the moon* —] that is, *frightened*. But Mr. Malone reads *scarr'd*.

⁶ — *Here I clip* —] To *clip* is, to embrace.

⁷ *Thou hast beat me out*

Twelve several times,] *Out* here means, *full, complete*.

† “no other quarrel” — MALONE.

Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission; and set down, —
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness, — thine own
ways:

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
Say, *yea*, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;

Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand! Most wel-
come! [*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*]

1 *Serv.* [*advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration!

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have stricken
him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his
clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turned me about
with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a
top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was some-
thing in him: He had, sir, a kind of face, methought, —
I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had so; looking as it were, — 'Would
I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him
than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn: He is simply the
rarest man i'the world.

1 *Serv.* I think, he is: but a greater soldier than he,
you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who? my master?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six of him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither ; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that : for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O, slaves, I can tell you news ; news, you rascals.

1. 2. *Serv.* What, what, what ? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman of all nations ; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1. 2. *Serv.* Wherefore ? wherefore ?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, — Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say, thwack our general ?

3 *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general ; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends : he was ever too hard for him ; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't : before Corioli, he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news ?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars : set at upper end o'the table : no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him : Our general himself makes a mistress of him ; sanctifies himself with's hand,⁸ and turns up the white o'the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i'the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday ; for the

⁸ — *sanctifies himself with's hand,*] Perhaps the allusion is (however out of place) to the degree of sanctity anciently supposed to be derived from touching the corporal relick of a saint or a martyr.

other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears⁹: He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage polled.¹

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do't? he will do't: For, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies: which friends, sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, sir,) show themselves (as we term it,) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 *Serv.* Directitude! what's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent.² Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mulled³, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than wars a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so: and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

⁹ *He'll* — sowle *the* —] Skinner says this word is derived from *sow*, i. e. to take hold of a person by the ears, as a dog seizes one of these animals.

¹ — his passage polled.] That is, bared, cleared.

² — full of vent.] Full of rumour, full of materials for discourse.

³ — mulled,] i. e. softened and dispirited, as wine is when burnt and sweetened.

3 *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him; His remedies are tame i'the present peace⁴ And quietness o'the people, which before Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold Dissentious numbers pestering the streets, than see Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind Of late. — Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus, sir, is not† much miss'd, But with his friends; the common-wealth doth stand; And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if He could have temporiz'd.

⁴ *His remedies are tame i'the present peace* —] i. e. *ineffectual* in times of peace like these.

† “Coriolanus is not,” &c. — MALONE.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter Three or Four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good e'en, our neighbours.

Bru. Good e'en to you all, good e'en to you all.

1 Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our
knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours: We wish'd Co-
riolanus

Had lov'd you as we did.

Cit. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying, Confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i'the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving, —

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.⁵

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

⁵ — affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.] That is, without *assessors*; without any other
suffrage.

Enter Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, — the Volces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inshell'd, when Marcius stood for Rome,⁶
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd. — It cannot be,
The Volces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,⁷
Before you punish him, where he heard this:
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:
I know, this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate-house: some news is come, †

⁶ — stood for *Rome*,] i. e. stood up in its defence.

⁷ — reason *with the fellow*,] That is, have some *talk* with him.
In this sense Shakspeare often uses the word.

† "come in," — MALONE.

That turns their countenances.⁸

Sic. 'Tis this slave; —
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes: — his raising!
Nothing but his report!

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome;
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone,⁹
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the senate;
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already,
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

⁸ — some news is come,

That turns their countenances.] i. e. that renders their aspect
sour.

⁹ — can no more atone.] To *atone*, in the active sense, is to
reconcile, and is so used by our author. To *atone* here, is in the
neutral sense, to *come to reconciliation*. To *atone* is to *unite*.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work !

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have holp to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates ;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses ; —

Men. What's the news? what's the news?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.

Men. Pray now, your news? —
You have made fair work, I fear me: — Pray, your news?
If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians, —

Com. If!
He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better: and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation¹, and
The breath of garlick-eaters !

Com. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit²: You have made fair
work !

Bru. But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions

¹ Upon the voice of occupation,] *Occupation* is here used for *mechanicks*, men occupied in daily business.

² As Hercules, &c.] A ludicrous allusion to the apples of the Hesperides.

Do smilingly revolt³; and, who resist,
 Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,
 And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?
 Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
 The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?
 The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
 Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
 Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
 Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd him even
 As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
 And therein show'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true:
 If he were putting to my house the brand
 That should consume it, I have not the face
 To say, *'Beseech you, cease.* — You have made fair hands,
 You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought
 A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
 So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but, like
 beasts,
 And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters,
 Who did hoot him out o'the city.

Com. But, I fear
 They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
 The second name of men, obeys his points
 As if he were his officer: — Desperation
 Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
 That Rome can make against them.



³ *Do smilingly revolt*;] *To revolt smilingly* is to revolt with signs
 of pleasure, or with marks of contempt.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. — Here comes the clusters. —
 And is Aufidius with him? — You are they
 That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
 Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
 Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
 And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
 Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,
 As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
 And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
 If he could burn us all into one coal,
 We have deserv'd it.

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
 When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did
 very many of us: That we did, we did for the best:
 and though we willingly consented to his banishment,
 yet it was against our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
 Good work, you and your cry!⁴ — Shall us to the
 Capitol?

Com. O, aye; what else?

[*Exeunt COMINIUS and MEN.*

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd;
 These are a side, that would be glad to have
 This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
 And show no sign of fear.

1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters,
 let's home. I ever said, we were i'the wrong, when we
 banished him.

⁴ — you and your cry!] Alluding to a pack of hounds. So in *Hamlet*, a company of players are contemptuously called a *cry* of players.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.

[*Exeunt* Citizens.]

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol: — 'Would, half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

A Camp; at a small distance from Rome.

Enter AUFIDIUS, *and his* Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now;
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier
Even to my person, than I thought he would,
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,
(I mean, for your particular,) you had not
Join'd in commission with him: but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,

And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state;
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators, and patricians, love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome,
As is the osprey⁵ to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether⁶ defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war; but, one of these,
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,⁷
For I dare so far free him,) made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merit,

⁵ *As is the osprey, —] Osprey a kind of eagle, ossifraga.*

⁶ *— whether 'twas pride,*

Which out of daily fortune ever taints

The happy man; whether, &c.] Aufidius assigns three probable reasons of the miscarriage of Coriolanus; pride, which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success; unskilfulness to regulate the consequences of his own victories; a stubborn uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper transition from the casque or helmet to the cushion or chair of civil authority; but acted with the same despotism in peace as in war.

⁷ *As he hath spices of them all, not all,] i. e. not all complete, not all in their full extent.*

To choke it in the utterance.⁸ So our virtues
 Lie in the interpretation of the time :
 And power, unto itself most commendable,
 Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
 To extol what it hath done.
 One fire drives out one fire ; one nail, one nail ;
 Rights by rights fouler †, strengths by strengths do fail.
 Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
 Thou art poor'st of all ; then shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. — Rome. *A public Place.*

*Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and
 Others.*

Men. No, I'll not go : you hear, what he hath said,
 Which was sometime his general ; who lov'd him
 In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father :
 But what o'that ? Go, you that banish'd him,
 A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel
 The way into his mercy : Nay, if he coy'd⁹
 To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men.

Do you hear ?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name :
 I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
 That we have bled together. Coriolanus
 He would not answer to : forbad all names ;

⁸ — *he has a merit,*

To choke it in the utterance.] He has a merit, for no other purpose than to destroy it by boasting it.

† “founder,” — MALONE.

⁹ — *coy'd—] i. e. condescended unwillingly, with reserve.*

He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name i'the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so; you have made good work :
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd¹ for Rome,
To make coals cheap : A noble memory !²

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected : He replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well :
Could he say less ?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends : His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff : He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain
Or two? I am one of those; his mother, wife,
His child, and this brave fellow too, we are the grains :
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon : We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient : If you refuse your aid
In this so never-heeded help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No; I'll not meddle.

Sic. I pray you, go to him. †

Men. What should I do?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.

¹ — that have rack'd —] To *rack* means to *harass by exactions*.

² — *memory*] for memorial.

† Mr. Malone omits the personal pronoun *I*.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then? —
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? Say't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it:
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd:³
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [*Exit.*

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold⁴: his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise*; dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: What he would do,

³ *He was not taken well; he had not din'd: &c.]* This observation is not only from nature, and finely expressed, but admirably befits the mouth of one, who in the beginning of the play had told us, that he loved convivial doings.

⁴ *I tell you, he does sit in gold:]* He is enthroned in all the pomp and pride of imperial splendour.

He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
 Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions;⁵
 So, that all hope is vain,
 Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
 Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
 For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
 And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*An advanced Post of the Volscian Camp before Rome.
 The Guard at their Stations.*

Enter to them MENENIUS.

1 G. Stay: Whence are you?

2 G. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: But, by your
 leave,

I am an officer of state, and come
 To speak with Coriolanus.

1 G. From whence?

Men. From Rome.

1 G. You may not pass, you must return: our ge-
 neral

Will no more hear from thence.

2 G. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
 You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,

⁵ *Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions ;] What he would do,* i. e. the conditions on which he offered to return, he sent in writing after Cominius, intending that he should have carried them to Menenius. *What he would not,* i. e. his resolution of *neither dismissing his soldiers, nor capitulating with Rome's mechanics,* in case the terms he prescribed should be refused, he bound himself by an oath to maintain. If these conditions were admitted, the oath of course, being grounded on that proviso, must *yield to them,* and be cancelled.

If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,⁶
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

1 G. Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;
For I have ever verified my friends,
(Of whom he's chief,) with all the size that verity⁷
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,⁸
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing⁹: therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1 G. 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his
behalf, as you have uttered words in your own, you
should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous to
lie, as to live chastly. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Mene-
nius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2 G. Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say,
you have,) I am one that, telling true under him, must
say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

⁶ — lots to blanks,] A lot here is a prize.

⁷ For I have ever verified my friends,

— with all the size that verity, &c.] To verify, is to establish by testimony. One may say with propriety, he brought false witnesses to verify his title. Shakspeare considered the word with his usual laxity, as importing rather testimony than truth, and only meant to say, I bore witness to my friends with all the size that verity would suffer.

⁸ — upon a subtle ground,] Subtle means smooth, level, perhaps, deceitful.

⁹ — and in his praise

Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing:] i. e. given the sanction of truth to my very exaggerations.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 *G.* You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 *G.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans¹ of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant² as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived: therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, If thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 *G.* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 *G.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood; — back, — that's the utmost of your having: — back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow, —

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now, that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant³ cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertain-

¹ — easy groans —] i. e. slight, inconsiderable.

² — a decayed dotant —] Thus the old copy. Modern editors have read — dotard.

³ — a Jack guardant —] This term is equivalent to one still in use — a *Jack in office*; i. e. one who is as proud of his petty consequence as an excise-man.

ment with him, if thou stand'st not i'the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee. — The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs: and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others: Though I owe
My revenge properly⁴, my remission lies
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,
In great forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much. — Therefore, be gone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,⁵
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake, [*gives a Letter.*
And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak. — This man, Aufidius,
Was my beloved in Rome: yet thou behold'st —

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*

1 G. Now, sir, is your name Menenius.

⁴ — *Though I owe*

My revenge properly,] Though I have a *peculiar right* in revenge,
in the power of forgiveness the Volscians are conjoined.

⁵ — *for I lov'd thee,*] i. e. because.

2 G. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: You know the way home again.

1 G. Do you hear how we are shent⁶ for keeping your greatness back?

2 G. What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself⁷, fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [Exit.

1 G. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 G. The worthy fellow is our general: He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The Tent of Coriolanus.

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and Others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow Set down our host. — My partner in this action, You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly I have borne this business.⁸

Auf. Only their ends You have respected; stopp'd your ears against The general suit of Rome; never admitted

⁶ — *how we are shent* —] i. e. *shamed, disgraced, made ashamed of ourselves*. Mr. Malone says, rebuked, reprimanded. Cole, in his *Latin Dict.* 1679, renders to *shend, increpo*. It is so used by many of our old writers.

⁷ — *by himself,*] i. e. by his own hands.

⁸ — *how plainly*

I have borne this business.] That is, *how openly, how remotely* from artifice or concealment.

A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Loved me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him: for whose old love, I have
(Though I show'd sourly to him) once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more; a very little
I have yielded too: Fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to. — Ha! what shout is this?

[*Shout within.*]

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not. —

Enter, in Mourning Habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, leading young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate. —
What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn? — I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others. — My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, *Deny not.* — Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.⁹

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, *Forgive our Romans*. — O, a kiss.
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now by the jealous queen of heaven¹, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since. — You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i'the earth; [*Kneels*.
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up bless'd!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all the while
Between the child and parent. [*Kneels*.

Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach²
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

⁹ *The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,*

Makes you think so.] Virgilia makes a voluntary misinterpretation of her husband's words. He says, *These eyes are not the same*, meaning that he saw things with *other eyes*, or *other dispositions*. She lays hold on the word *eyes*, to turn his attention on their present appearance. JOHNSON.

¹ *Now by the jealous queen of heaven,*] That is, *by Juno*.

² — *on the hungry beach* —] The *hungry beach* is the *sterile unprolific* beach.

Vol. Thou art my warrior ;
I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady ?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome ; chaste as the icicle,
That's curded † by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple : Dear Valeria !

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness ; that thou may'st prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw, ³
And saving those that eye thee !

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace :
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before ;
The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanicks : — Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural : Desire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more !
You have said, you will not grant us any thing ;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already : Yet we will ask ;
That, if you fail in our request ⁴, the blame
May hang upon your hardness : therefore hear us.

† " curdied" — MALONE.

³ Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,] That is, every gust,
every storm.

⁴ That, if you fail in our request,] That is, if you fail to grant us

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volces, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private. — Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment,
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with com-
forts,

Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy: For how can we,
Alas! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound; together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win: for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till
These wars determine⁵: if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread

our request; if you are found *failing* or deficient in love to your country, and affection to your friends, when our request shall have been made to you, the blame, &c.

⁵ *These wars determine:]* i. e. conclude, end.

(Trust to't, thou shalt not,) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and on mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me;
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long.

[*Rising.*

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour: No; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volces
May say, *This mercy we have show'd*; the Romans,
This we receiv'd; and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be bless'd*
For making up this peace! Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ, — *The man was noble,*
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
Destroy'd his country; and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd. Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the fine strains⁶ of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur⁷ with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man

⁶ — *the fine strains* —] The niceties, the refinements.

⁷ *And yet to charge thy sulphur* —] The meaning of the passage is,
To threaten much, and yet be merciful.

Still to remember wrongs? — Daughter, speak you :
 He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy :
 Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
 Than can our reasons. — There is no man in the world
 More bound to his mother ; yet here he lets me prate,
 Like one i'the stocks.⁸ Thou hast never in thy life
 Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy ;
 When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
 Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
 Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
 And spurn me back : But, if it be not so,
 Thou art not honest ; and the gods will plague thee,
 That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
 To a mother's part belongs. — He turns away :
 Down, ladies ; let us shame him with our knees.
 To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
 Than pity to our prayers. Down ; An end :
 This is the last ; — So we will home to Rome,
 And die among our neighbours. — Nay, behold us :
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
 But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
 Does reason our petition⁹ with more strength
 Than thou hast to deny't. — Come, let us go :
 This fellow had a Volscian to his mother ;
 His wife is in Corioli, and his child
 Like him by chance : — Yet give us our despatch :
 I am hush'd until our city be afire,
 And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. O mother, mother !

[*Holding VOLUMNIA by the Hands, silent.*

What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
 They laugh at. O my mother, mother ! O !

⁸ *Like one i'the stocks.*] Keeps me in a state of ignominy talking to no purpose.

⁹ *Does reason our petition* —] Does argue for us and our petition.

You have won a happy victory to Rome: •
 But, for your son, — believe it, O, believe it,
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
 If not most mortal to him. But, let it come: —
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
 I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
 Were you in my stead, say †, would you have heard
 A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was moved withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were:
 And, sir, it is no little thing, to make
 Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
 What peace you'll make, advise me: for my part,
 I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,
 Stand to me in this cause. — O mother! wife!

Auf. I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy
 honour

At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
 Myself a former fortune.¹ [*Aside.*

[*The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.*

Cor. Ay, by and by;
[*To VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, &c.*

But we will drink together; and you shall bear
 A better witness back than words, which we,
 On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
 Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
 To have a temple built you²: all the swords
 In Italy, and her confederate arms,
 Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

† “say” is omitted by Mr. Malone, who considers *heard* as a disyllable.

¹ — a former fortune.] i. e. restore myself to my former credit and power.

² *To have a temple built you:*] Plutarch informs us, that a temple dedicated to the *Fortune of the Ladies*, was built on this occasion by order of the senate.

SCENE IV.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond' coign o'the Capitol; yond' corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say, there is no hope in't; our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.³

Sic. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his motherly dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight-year old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state⁴, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger;

³ — *stay upon execution.*] i. e. stay but for it.

⁴ *He sits in his state, &c.*] His *state* means his *chair of state*.

that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house; The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune, And hale him up and down; all swearing, if The Roman ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mess. Good news, good news; — The ladies have prevail'd, The Volces are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone: A merrier day did never yet greet Rome, No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend, Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Mess. As certain, as I know the sun is fire: Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it? Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide, As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you;
[*Trumpets and Hautboys sounded, and Drums beaten, all together. Shouting also within.*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes, Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans, Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*Shouting again.*

Men. This is good news: I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians, A city full; of tribunes, such as you, A sea and land full: You have pray'd well to-day;

This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not had given a doit. Hark, how they joy!

[*Shouting and Musick.*

Sic. First, the gods bless you for their tidings: next,
Accept my thankfulness.

Mess. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city?

Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [Going.

*Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians,
and People. They pass over the Stage.*

1 *Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome:
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry, — Welcome, ladies, welcome! —

All. Welcome, ladies!
Welcome!

[*A Flourish with Drums and Trumpets.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Antium. *A publick Place.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and

Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: Despatch.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Enter Three or Four Conspirators of Aufidius' Faction.

Most welcome!

1 *Con.* How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so,

As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

2 *Con.* Most noble sir,

If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;

We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twi'xt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;

And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: Who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping, ——

Auf. That I would have spoke of:

Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments

In mine own person; help to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance⁵, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd
For no less spoil, than glory, —

Auf. There was it; —
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd⁶ upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action; Therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and Trumpets sound, with great Shouts
of the People.*]

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,
With giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more;
Here come the lords.

⁵ *He wag'd me with his countenance,*] This is obscure. The meaning, I think, is, he *prescribed* to me with an air of authority, and gave me *his countenance* for *my wages*; thought me sufficiently rewarded with good looks. JOHNSON.

⁶ *For which my sinews shall be stretch'd* —] This is the point on which I will attack him with my utmost abilities.

Enter the Lords of the City,

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it,
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

1 Lord. And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge⁷; making a treaty, where
There was a yielding; This admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with Drums and Colours; a Crowd
of Citizens with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am returned your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage, led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home,
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans: and we here deliver,
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o'the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

⁷ — *answering us*

With our own charge;] That is, *rewarding us with our own ex-
pences; making the cost of war its recompence.*

Cor. Traitor! — How now? —

Auf.

Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor.

Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt⁸, your city Rome
(I say, your city,) to his wife and mother:
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o'the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor.

Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears, —

Cor.

Ha!

Auf. No more.⁹

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave! —
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impress'd on him; that must bear
My beating to his grave;) shall join to thrust
The lie unto him.

1 Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me. — Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your voices in Corioli:
Alone I did it. — Boy!

⁸ For certain drops of salt,] For certain tears.

⁹ *Auf.* No more.] By these words Aufidius does not mean to put a stop to the altercation; but to tell Coriolanus that he was no more than a "boy of tears."

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

Con. Let him die for't. [*Several speak at once.*]

Cit. [*speaking promiscuously.*] Tear him to pieces,
do it presently. He killed my son;—my daughter;—
He killed my cousin Marcus;—He killed my father.—

2 Lord. Peace, ho;—no outrage;—peace.
The man's noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o'the earth.¹ His last offence to us
Shall have judicious hearing.²—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[*AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and
kill CORIOLANUS, who falls, and AUFIDIUS
stands on him.*]

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 Lords. O Tullus,—

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will
weep.

3 Lord. Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet;
Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,
Provok'd by him you cannot,) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice,
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver

¹ — his fame folds in
This orb o'the earth.] His fame overspreads the world.

² — judicious hearing.] Perhaps *judicious*, in the present instance, signifies *judicial*; such a hearing as is allowed to criminals in courts of judicature. Thus *imperious* is used by our author for *imperial*.

Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him : let him be regarded
As the most noble corse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn. ³

2 *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow. — Take him up :
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers ; I'll be one. —
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully :
Trail your steel pikes. — Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory. — ⁴
Assist.

[*Exeunt, bearing the Body of CORIOLANUS.*
A Dead March sounded. ⁵

³ — *that ever herald*
Did follow to his urn.] This allusion is to a custom unknown, I believe, to the ancients, but observed in the publick funerals of English princes, at the conclusion of which a herald proclaims the style of the deceased. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *a noble memory.*] *Memory for memorial.*

⁵ The tragedy of *Coriolanus* is one of the most amusing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in Menenius ; the lofty lady's dignity in Volumnia ; the bridal modesty in Virgilia ; the patrician and military haughtiness in Coriolanus ; the plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence in Brutus and Sicinius, make a very pleasing and interesting variety : and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune fill the mind with anxious curiosity. There is, perhaps, too much bustle in the first Act, and too little in the last. JOHNSON.

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.



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